SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY

J. G. HOLLAND.

FROM NOV. 1874 TO APRIL, 1875.

SCRIBNER & CO.

NEW YORK.

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FRANCIS HART & Co.
Printers and Stationers, 12 & 14 College Place,
NEW YORK.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER, 1874. No. 1.

THE GREAT SOUTH.

SCENE ON THE OCLAWAHA RIVER, FLORIDA.

PICTURES FROM FLORIDA.

I ENTERED Florida on a frosty morning. Thin flakes of ice had formed in the little pools along the railway's sides, and the Northern visitors in the Pullman car shrouded themselves in their traveling-blankets, and grumbled bitterly. Here and there, in the forest's gaps, the negroes had kindled huge fires, and were grouped about them, toasting their heads, and freezing their

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

backs. Now and then we caught glimpses of beautiful thickets; we passed long stretches of field carpeted with thick growths of palmetto; from time to time rattling through pine-barrens, and past log depots.

It is two hundred and sixty-three miles by the present rail route from Savannah to Jacksonville, the chief city of Florida, and the rendezvous for all travelers who intend to penetrate to the interior of the beautiful peninsula. The train traverses the distance at the comfortable speed of twelve miles an hour; half an hour is here and there consumed in wooding up,—an operation performed in the most leisurely manner by the negroes,—and one arrives in Jacksonville after a night's travel. The current of Northern comers pours in by three great channels—the Atlantic and Gulf rail route from Savannah, the outside steamers from Charleston, which ascend the St. John's river as far as Palatka, and the inland route from Savannah, which conducts the traveler along a series of estuaries and lagoons between the fertile sea islands and the main-land.

By the first of these routes, one passes but few towns of importance. At Live Oak,—the junction where one reaches the Jacksonville, Pensacola & Mobile railroad,—at Wellborn, and at Lake City, there is nothing to answer to one's ideas of the typical Florida town. The rail route passes Olustee, the site of a fierce engagement in February, 1864, between Federals and Confederates, in which the former were defeated. At Baldwin one comes to the Florida railroad, grappled to Fernandina, northward, on the Atlantic, and stretching away through Duval, Bradford, Alachua, and Leroy counties to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf coast.

When we reached Jacksonville the frost had vanished, and two days thereafter the genial December sun bade the thermometer testify to 80 degrees in the shade. Here and there we saw a tall banana, whose leaves had been yellowed by the frost's breath; but the oranges were unscathed, and the Floridians content.

Pause with me at the gateway of the great peninsula, and reflect for a moment upon its history. Fact and fancy wander here hand in hand; the airy chronicles

MOONLIGHT VIEW ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.

of the ancient fathers hover upon the confines of the impossible. The austere Northerner and the cynical European have been heard to murmur incredulously at the tales of the modern writers who grow enthusiastic over the charms of our new winter paradise. Yet what of fiction could exceed in romantic interest the history of this venerable State? What poet's imagination, seven times heated, could paint foliage whose splendors should surpass that of the virgin forests of the Oclawaha and Indian rivers? What "fountain of youth" could be imagined more redolent of enchantment than the "Silver Spring" now annually visited by fifty thousand tourists? The subtle moonlight, the perfect glory of the dying sun as he sinks below a horizon fringed with fantastic trees, the perfume faintly borne from the orange grove, the murmurous music of the waves along the inlets, and the mangrove-covered banks, are beyond words.

"Canst thou copy in verse one chime
Of the woodbell's peal and cry?
Write in a book the morning's prime,
Or match with words that tender sky?"

Our American Italy has not a mountain within its boundaries. Extending from 25° to 31° North latitude, it has an area of 60,000 square miles. Nearly four hundred miles in length, it lies in the latitude of Northern Mexico, the desert of Sahara, Central Arabia, Southern China, and Northern Hindostan. But its heats are tempered by the Gulf of Mexico on the one hand, and the Gulf Stream, which flows along the eastern coast for three hundred miles, on the other. Over the level breadth of ninety miles between these two waters constantly blow odorous and health-giving ocean winds, and under their influence and that of the genial sun springs up an almost miraculous sub-tropical vegetation. It is the home of the palmetto and the cabbage palm, the live-oak and the cypress, the mistletoe with its bright green leaves and red berries, the Spanish moss, the ambitious mangrove, the stately magnolia, the *smilax china*, the orange, the myrtle, the water-lily, the jasmine, the cork-tree, the sisal-hemp, the grape, and the cocoanut. There the Northerner, wont to boast of the brilliant sunsets of his own clime, finds all his past experiences outdone. In the winter months, soft breezes come caressingly; the whole peninsula is carpeted with blossoms, and the birds sing sweetly in the untrodden thickets. It has the charm of wildness, of mystery; it is untamed; civilization has not stained it. No wonder the Indian fought ferociously ere he suffered himself to be banished from this charming land.

The beautiful peninsula has been the ambition of many nationalities. First came the hardy Venetian, Cabot, to whose father Henry the Seventh accorded the right to navigate all seas under the English flag. In 1497, groping blindly, doubtless, like his father before him, for the passage to Cathay, Cabot touched at Florida. Early in the sixteenth century came Ponce de Leon, the chimerical old Governor of Porto Rico, who vainly sought in the recesses of the peninsula for the fabled "Fountain of Youth," and perished in a broil with the savages. To him our gratitude is due for the name which the fair land has kept through all the changes of domination which have fallen to its lot. During his second search after the fountain, landing on Palm Sunday,* amid groves of towering palm-trees, and noting the profusion of flowers everywhere, the pious knight christened the country "Florida." After him came other Spaniards, bent on proselyting Indians, by kidnapping and enslaving them;

*In Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.

but speedy vengeance fell on these ignoble fellows; the Indians massacred them by scores. Then Narvaez, and the Spaniards in his train, waded through the dangerous lagoons and dreary swamps, fought the Indians from behind breastworks made of rotten trees, and finally perished in storms along the treacherous coast. Nothing daunted, and fresh from triumphs in other lands, De Soto followed, overrunning with his army the vast extent of territory which the Spaniards claimed under the name of Florida, and which extended from the Chesapeake to the Tortugas.

The definite settlement of Florida by Europeans was consecrated by a massacre, by which the fanatical Spaniard added fresh infamy to his already tarnished name. When Coligny had received from Charles the Ninth of France permission to found a colony upon the peninsula, and Ribault's expedition had erected a monument near the mouth of the St. John's river, ere sailing to found the settlement at Port Royal, the Spaniards were enraged; and as soon as, in 1564, Laudonniere's expedition had founded Fort Caroline on a little eminence a few miles from the mouth of the St. John's (then called the river May), active hostilities were begun by Spain. The counter expedition of Menendez de Avila resulted in the massacre of all the Huguenots at Fort Caroline; and the grim Spaniards placed an inscription on the spot stating that "the murdered ones had been slain, not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." Two years later came vengeance, in the person of the brave Protestant chevalier, Dominique de Gourgues of France, who relentlessly slew the Spaniards settled on the site of the old Fort Caroline, and hanged many of them, averring by an inscription above them that it was not done "as to Spaniards, but to traitors, robbers, and murderers."

The town which Menendez established on the site of the Indian village of Seloo, and which he named St. Augustine, was the first permanent European settlement in North America. In the eighteenth century the British gained possession of Florida. The American colonists had already unsuccessfully tried to gain St. Augustine; but were destined to wait a century longer. In 1781, the English lost their hold, and the territory reverted to Spain, only to be purchased by the United States in 1819, after Fernandina and Pensacola had been taken by the force of American arms. Ceded and re-ceded, sacked and pillaged, languishing undeveloped through a colonial existence of two hundred years, shocked to its center by terrible Indian wars, and plunged into a

LOOKING TOWARD JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, FROM THE FOREST.

war of secession at the moment when it was hoping for rest and stability, the lovely land seems indeed to have been the prey of a stern yet capricious fate.

It is not wonderful, in view of the perturbed condition of the peninsula, since its discovery, that to-day it has hardly more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and that its rich lands remain untilled. The weight of the slave system kept it down, after the Government of the United States had guaranteed it against the wonted invasions and internal wars; the remoteness from social centers enforced by the plantation life made its populations careless of the enterprise and thrift which characterize a country filled with rich and thriving towns; and the few acres which were tilled were forced to exhaustion by the yearly production of the same staple. Now, with more than thirty-three millions of acres within its limits, it has barely three millions partially improved, and on its ten thousand farms much is still woodland. Large farms and plantations have, throughout the State, decreased, and small ones have multiplied, but the total yearly value of farm products now rises hardly above $11,000,000 or $12,000,000, while the value of home manufactures is but a couple of hundred thousand dollars. With eleven hundred miles of practicable coast line, studded with excellent bays, and with such noble navigable rivers as the St. John's, the St. Mary's, the Appalachicola, and the Suwanee, it is wonderful that a larger commerce has not sprung up within the State limits.

We will not be too statistical. Imagine yourself transferred from the trying climate of the North or North-west into the gentle atmosphere of the Floridian peninsula, and seated just at sunset in an arm-chair, on some of the verandas which overlook the pretty square in Jacksonville. Your face is fanned by the warm December breeze, and the chippering of the birds mingles with the music which the negro band is playing in yonder portico. The lazy, ne'er-do-well black boys sporting in the sand, so abundant in all the roads, have the unconscious pose and careless grace of Neapolitan beggars. Here and there among the race is a face beautiful in its duskiness as was ever face of olive-brown maid in Messina. This is the South, slumbrous, voluptuous, round and graceful. Here beauty peeps from every door-yard. Mere existence is pleasure; exertion is a bore. Through orange-trees, and grand oaks thickly bordering the broad avenues, gleams the wide current of the St. John's river. Parallel with it runs Bay street, Northern in appearance, with brick

THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. H. B. STOWE, MANDARIN, FLA.

blocks on either side, with crowds of smartly dressed tourists hurrying through it, with a huge "National Hotel," with banks, with elegant shops. Fine shell roads run out beyond the town limits, in either direction. Riding toward the river's mouth, which is twenty-five miles below the town, one comes to marshes and broad expanses of luscious green thicket. Passing the long rows of steam saw-mills,—Jacksonville is a flourishing lumber port,—one reaches the point of debarkation for millions of feet of pine lumber, shingles and staves, and great quantities of naval stores. The fleet of sailing vessels used in this trade finds at the new city as fine a port as the country can boast.

The St. John's, at Jacksonville, makes a crescent bend, not unlike that of the Mississippi at New Orleans. Nearly two miles broad directly in front of the wharves, it widens to an expanse of six miles a little way above, and offers superb opportunities for commerce. The bar at its mouth is nearly always practicable for large ocean steamers, and they run with ease sixty miles above Jacksonville to Palatka. The journey is charming from the river's mouth, past

Baton island, the residence of the hardy river pilots, and the site of two excellent light-houses; past the mounds of oyster-shells, through which tangled shrubbery has pierced a difficult way; past the intensely white dunes, glistening under the sun, and ghostly and weird under the moonlight; past the little eminence known as St. John's Bluff, the location of old Fort Caroline, where Menendez massacred the unfortunate Huguenots; and past Yellow Bluff, with its ancient Spanish ramparts. Along the river side, on elevated ground beyond the commercial part of Jacksonville, many New York and Boston gentlemen have erected elegant residences, and the climate has already seduced them from even a summer allegiance to their Northern birthplaces. The view from "Riverside" is charming; no other Southern town has a more delightful promenade than this will become in a few years, when the banks are completely lined with costly mansions and elaborate gardens.

It is not a score of years since there was a corn-field on the site of Bay street, now the chief avenue of a city of twelve thousand inhabitants. Jacksonville was once known as "Cow Ford." There the "King's Road," in the old days, crossed the river, and connected the northern settlements with St. Augustine. During the war it ran to decay; it was strongly fortified, and was clung to desperately by the Confederates. The Union troops occupied it then several times, and on the third assault a fire broke out, which did much damage. At the close of the great struggle, the grass stood waist-high in the streets, and the cattle had taken refuge from the sun in the deserted houses. But Northern people have swept in so resistlessly that so far as its artificial features are concerned, the city has grown up according to the New England pattern, though the foliage, climate, and sun are the antipodes of those of the North!

A good many people fancy that, in going to Florida, they are about to absent themselves from the accessories of civilization,—that they must undergo considerable privation. Nothing could more agreeably correct this impression than a stay of a few days in Jacksonville. All city characteristics have crept into the young Florida metropolis. Such good hotels as the St. James and the National, such well-ordered streets, such charming suburbs as "Brooklyn" and "Riverside" and "La Villa," and "Wyoming," where the invalid can find the coveted repose and enjoy the delicious climate; such an abundance of newspapers and books, of carriages and saddle-horses, and such convenient access to all other desirable points along the great river, as one finds, are sufficient to satisfy even the most querulous. Jacksonville is filled with pleasant houses where lodgings are let; and from December until April its population is doubled; society is active; excursions, parties, and receptions occur almost daily; gayety rules the hour. For it is not invalids who crowd Florida now-a-days, but the wealthy and the well. One-fourth of the an-

GREEN COVE SPRINGS, ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.

EN ROUTE FOR ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

nual visitors are in pursuit of health; the others are crusading to find the phantom Pleasure. Fully one-half of the resident population of Jacksonville is Northern, and has settled there since the war. The town boasts excellent public schools for white and black children; the Catholics have established educational institutions there, and there are several fine churches. The winter evenings are especially pleasant. In the early days of December, on my first visit, the mercury during the day ranged from 79° to 80°, but at nightfall sank to 70°, and the cool breeze from the river produced a most delicious temperature.

The St. John's river is a capricious stream, and the Indians characterized it for its waywardness as "Il-la-ka,"—meaning that "it had its own way, and was contrary to every other." Its actual source, though, no man knows; it seems to be formed by a myriad of small streams pouring out of the unexplored region along the Indian river. It is four hundred miles in length, and here and there broadens into lakes from six to twelve miles wide. The banks are low and flat, but bordered with a wealth of exquisite foliage to be seen nowhere else upon this continent. One passes for hundreds of miles through a grand forest of cypresses robed in moss and mistletoe; of palms towering gracefully far above the surrounding trees; of palmettoes whose rich trunks gleam in the sun; of swamp, white and black ash, of magnolia, of water-oak, of poplar, and of plane-tree; and, where hummocks rise a few feet above the water-level, the sweet bay, the olive, the cotton-tree, the juniper, the red cedar, the sweet gum, the live-oak, shoot up their splendid stems; while among the shrubbery and inferior growths one may note the azalea, the sumach, the sensitive-plant, the agave, the poppy, the mallow and the nettle. The vines run not in these thickets, but over them. The fox grape clambers along the branches, and the woodbine and bignonia escalade the haughtiest forest monarchs. When the steamer nears the shore, one can see, far through the tangled thickets, the gleaming water out of which rise thousands of "cypress knees," looking exactly like so many champagne bottles set into the current to cool. The heron and the crane saucily watch the shadow which the approaching boat throws near their retreat. The wary monster turtle gazes for an instant, with his black head cocked knowingly on one side, then disappears with a gentle slide and a splash. An alligator grins familiarly as rifles

"AT INTERVALS IN THE SWAMPS, PALM-TREES SHOOT UP THEIR SLENDER, GRACEFUL TRUNKS."

and revolvers are pointed at him over the boat's side; suddenly "winks with his tail," and vanishes—as the bullets meant for his tough hide skim harmlessly over the ripples left above him.

The noble stream appears of a dark blue, as one sails along it, but taken up in a glass, the water is of a light coffee color, a thin scum sometimes rising to its surface. Its slightly brackish taste is accounted for by the fact that the ocean tides are often perceptible as far up as Lake George. Many insist that there must be springs along the channel of the river, as they cannot otherwise account for the great volume of water which it always affords. Along its whole length of four hundred miles, there are glimpses of perfect beauty. One ceases to long for hills and mountains, and can hardly imagine ever having thought them necessary—so much do these visions of beauty surpass them. It is not grandeur which one finds along the banks of the great stream, it is nature run riot. The very irregularity is delightful, the decay, charming, the solitude, picturesque. The bitter-sweet orange grows in wild profusion along the St. John's and its tributary streams; thousands of orange-trees demand but transplanting and careful culture to become grand fruit-bearers.

The local steamers which ascend the river from Jacksonville regularly leave the wharves at eleven in the morning, though advertised for nine, as it has been a tradition, time out of mind, that they shall be two hours late. This brace of hours will be well spent by the traveler, however, if he seats himself on the deck and watches the proceedings on the wharf. A multitude of drays, driven by ragged negroes, come and go incessantly, bringing every conceivable kind of merchandise and household goods; the deck hands carry piles of lumber, baskets of eggs, crates of crockery; hoist in kicking and biting mules, toss aboard half a hundred chickens tied together by the legs; stow away two or three portable houses destined for the far interior, where some lone lumbermen are felling the massive cypresses; and finally fill in the interstices with coal, chains, fertilizers, salt-pork, garden seeds, mail-bags, and an unimaginable hodge-podge. Meantime, if the boat you have taken be her favorite, "Aunt Rose," the venerable river stewardess,—one of the characters along the Jacksonville wharves,—has danced up and down the gang-plank a hundred times with various letters and packages. Even though the day be hot, you find that a cool breeze comes from the dense thickets and forests bordering the current, for you go up

the stream at a rapid pace when at last the little craft moves off.

It used to be said, a few years since, that the St. John's banks, from its mouth to its source, were strewn with the wrecks of orange groves. After the war, hundreds of Northerners who knew little of Florida rushed in, dug up the wild orange-trees from the swamps, and transplanted them along the river banks—leaving them with the firm belief that they would care for themselves, and that, in a few years, golden fortunes would hang on every tree. But these careless cultivators were doomed to bitter disappointment; hardly any of them succeeded. In their train, however, came Northerners who made a study of the culture, and now there are dozens of noble groves scattered up and down the river, and a score of years hence the yellow glow of the orange will be encountered at every point along the stream.

When the war closed there was not a wharf left on the river. Federal and Confederate had warred and wasted, and to-day, as a battle memorial, there lies in the stream, some distance above Jacksonville, a sunken gun-boat, its engine gear just showing above the waves. Inquiring of a venerable Floridian how it happened to be there, I was informed that "the derned Yankees' shot was too hot for her."

The journey from Jacksonville to Tocoi, whence an extempore horse-railway conducts the traveler to St. Augustine, is delightful, though one's first experience of the great river has a zest which no subsequent one can rival. Stemming the current, which, under the brilliant noonday sunshine, seems a sheet of molten silver, the steamer passes little tugs, drawing in their train immense rafts of cypress and pine logs; or salutes, with three loud shrieks, the ponderous "City Point" or "Dictator," from Charleston. The cattle, knee-deep in water, are feeding on the fresh herbage springing from the sand-bars; hundreds of little fish are leaping out of the current and falling back again, their shining bodies coquettishly bent as if they were making mock of the sun. Sometimes the boat enters a pleasant inlet, where the pines on the shores have cut across the "hummock," and stand quaintly draped in Spanish moss, as if they had come to be baptized. Fifteen miles from Jacksonville, on the eastern shore, is the pretty town of Mandarin, so called from the culture there of that variety of the orange. Through the trees gleam white cottages. Orange groves, with the golden fruit glistening among the dark leaves, come to the very water's edge. There, in winter, lives Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, besieged by hundreds of visitors, who do not seem to understand that she is not on exhibition. Mandarin was once the scene of a dreadful Indian massacre; a generation ago, the Seminoles fell upon it and massacred all within its limits.

"Hibernia," on its island, with a lovely promenade under the sheltering branches of live-oaks, and "Magnolia," where a large establishment was erected especially for invalids many years ago, and is now very successfully conducted, are on the right, as you ascend, and are much frequented by Northerners. Oak forests border the water, and pines and palmettoes form a striking background. Throughout the winter months these health-resorts have the climate of

THE OLD GATEWAY AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

Indian summer, and at Green Cove Spring, just above Magnolia, where there are sulphur waters of peculiar healing virtues in rheumatism and dyspepsia, a goodly company usually assembles with the first advent of "the season." Crossing the river to Picolata, a wharf with a prospective town, the steamer follows the eastern bank until it arrives at Tocoi. The traveler was formerly condemned to journey from Picolata to St. Augustine, over a terrible road, through cypress clumps, and masses of briars and palmettoes, in a species of *volante*, in which his bones were so racked that he rarely recovered before it was time to make the journey again. It is expected that a railroad will one day penetrate the country between Jacksonville and St. Augustine, and following the coast as far as Cape Sable, be conducted over trestles to Key West, thus placing Cuba within three or four hours' sail. The road could be built for a comparatively small sum, as it would run through an absolutely level country.

But that road would rob good old St. Augustine of its romance. I object to it on that account; and so, I am sure, will many hundred others. What! must we lose the pleasure of arriving at nightfall at the Sebastian river, and hearing the cheery horn sounded as we dash through the quaint streets, and alight at the hostelry? *A bas* the railroad! rather let us have the diligence, the mules with tinkling silver bells, the broad-hatted, velvet-jacketed drivers of primitive Spain!

Useless—vain—these protestations; as I stand on the wharf, at Tocoi, I can see that modernism is already here. A horse-car! Ye gods!

Out through a seemingly interminable forest leads a straight road, bordered here by pines, and there by the palmetto, which springs in dense beds from the rolling ground.

THE APPROACH TO FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

There is a little group of houses at Tocoi, and along the river bank, under the shade of the beautiful moss-hung oaks, several Northerners have established charming homes. A few miles back from the river, on either side, are good cane-growing lands, and the negroes, about the station, are munching stalks of cane. An old mill near by is half-buried under a wilderness of tropical vegetation. At intervals in the swamps palm-trees shoot up their slender, graceful trunks.

It is eighteen miles from Tocoi to St. Augustine. The journey is made partially on iron, partly on wooden rails, but is comfortable, and affords one an excellent chance to see a veritable Florida back-country. There is not a house along the route, hardly a sign of life. Sometimes the roll of the wheels startles an alligator who has been napping on the track; and once, the conductor says, they found two little brown bears asleep directly in their path.

It is night ere we approach the suburbs of the old city. The vegetation takes on a ghostly aspect; the black swamp canal over which the vehicle passes sends up a fetid odor of decay; the palm thickets under the moonlight in the distance set one to tropical imagining. Arrived at the Sebastian river, an arm of the sea flowing in among long stretches of salt-marsh clad in a kind of yel-

lowish grass, and inhabited by innumerable wild fowls that make the air ring with their cries, the horse-car stops, we are transferred to a long omnibus, brown-skinned Minorcans and French touters for hotels surround us; the horn sounds ta-ra! ta-ra-ta-ra! and we rattle through the streets, to descend at the hotel.

There is no noise in the town; evening has brought with it profound quiet. As for me, I alight at the "Magnolia," in a street as narrow as any in Valencia or Genoa, strolling after supper into the dark and mysterious lanes. This moonless night is kindly; it lends the proper weirdness—the charm which should be thrown about St. Augustine. Walking in the middle of the street which is overhung by wide projecting balconies, I detect a murmur, as of far-off music—a soft and gentle monotone. Now that I hear it clearly, surely it is the rhythm of the sea, and the warm breeze which blew across my face then had a smell of the ocean! There is plainly the sound of water lapping on the shore. Ah! here is a half-ruined cottage built of coquina, with a splendid palmetto overshadowing its remains, and some strange vines, which I cannot identify in the darkness, creeping about the decaying windows! A little farther on, an open plain—and here—an ancient gateway, in ruins also, with a fragment of a high wall adjoining it; to the right,—looming up through the shadows at a little distance,—the massive walls and moresque towers of an antique fortress. Yonder is the beach, and, as I draw near to it, there are two or three stalwart figures pulling in a boat.

I turn again, and wander through other streets, Hypolita, Bay, Treasury Lane. Some of the little alleys are barely eight feet wide. Where is the bravo with his dagger? Not here. St. Augustine is most peaceable of towns. No moss-grown corner of Europe, asleep this two hundred years, shall boast a steadier population than this—our oldest town in the United States.

Here is a sea-wall, wide enough to walk upon. Against it the waves are gently beating. The fort, at its end yonder, seems now but a great blot on the sky. I come to the Plaza, a little park in the city's midst. A few fishermen, a soldier or two, and some visitors are lazily reclining on the benches opposite the venerable Cathedral. A tall white monument stands in the park's center, I light a match, and climb the pedestal.

Plaza de la Constitucion.

It is a monument to one of the short-lived forms of government in Spain. Nothing but a plain shaft.

Now every one has left the square. There are no lights, no voices. So I go home to bed.

Morning, in mid-December, brings warmth and sunlight; noon, slumbrous heat. Still roaming in the quiet streets, I see few signs of activity. Hammers are ringing on the walls of the new wooden hotel in which Northern tourists are to be lodged, a splendid coquina wall, which might have stood for another century, having been torn down to make room for this ephemeral box. The old arch, which marked the site of the Treasury, is crumbling, and will soon vanish.

A STREET IN ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE ON ANASTASIA ISLAND, NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

The quondam residence of the Spanish governors, on the west side of the Plaza, has been rebuilt and altered until there is nothing antique in its appearance. It is now a prosaic court-house and post-office, and around its doors daily gather swarms of Northern tourists awaiting their mail. The balconies of the huge St. Augustine hotel are crowded at evening when the band of the crack artillery regiment stationed there plays. In February and March the streets are gay with the costumes of the Northern cities.

St. Augustine, which the proud Spanish monarch once called the *siempre fiel Ciudad*, is situated on the eastern coast of Florida. The town is situated on the north shore of Matanzas Sound, two miles from the sea, from which it is separated by Anastasia Island, a long irregular strip of snowy sand. Menendez drew the attention of the Spanish nation to the spot by his landing there in 1565; by his joyous return to the little garrison there, and his reception by the priesthood, who glorified him for the zeal he had displayed, after the massacre of the Huguenots at Fort Caroline, and by the subsequent bloody deeds among the dunes of Anastasia Island, at Matanzas Inlet. Menendez, finding that Ribault's Huguenots had been wrecked near this inlet, went to them with seeming protestations of friendship. He heard their pitiful story; how they had lost four galleons in the mighty storm, and that other vessels were missing; how they desired boats with which to traverse the inlet, and to pass through St. Augustine on their way to a fort "which they had twenty leagues from there." Menendez was too thorough a scoundrel and too little of a gentleman to declare open war against them, but he announced boldly that he had massacred the garrison and destroyed the fort. Then they desired that he should enable them to return to France, since "the kings of Spain and of France were brothers and friends." But Menendez told them that, as they were of the new sect, he held them for enemies, and if they would throw themselves upon his mercy he would *do with them what God should of His grace direct.* Thus, having shifted the responsibility of his crime from himself to his Maker, he enticed the unfortunate Frenchmen into his clutches, and his soldiers massacred every one of them, after tying their hands. As the two hundred and eight prisoners came, one by one, into a lonely place among the sand-hills, they were poignarded and stricken down by the swords of their treacherous and murderous assailants. It is not strange that the people of Florida should to this day speak of the "bloody Matanzas river."

But this was not all. On the very next day after the massacre, the Spaniards, who

had returned to St. Augustine, learned that large numbers of Frenchmen had been seen "at the same part of the river as the others had been." This was Ribault himself, with the remains of his shipwrecked company. The Adelantado, Menendez the infamous, at once pushed forward to meet them. A conference was had; the Frenchmen were shown the dead bodies of their comrades, and grimly directed to surrender to the clemency of the noble hidalgos. Terrified and shocked, starving and without any means of escape, Ribault surrendered himself and one hundred and fifty of the men-at-arms with him, as well as the royal standards, into the hands of Menendez. Two hundred of Ribault's men, well knowing the fate in store for them, had braved the horrors of the wilderness during the night, preferring them to Spanish "clemency." Ribault and the others who surrendered, save sixteen persons, were ruthlessly slaughtered.

In the world's history there is recorded no more infamous massacre than this. The two hundred who fled the night before the final massacre built a fort at some distance from St. Augustine, but were finally attacked by the Spaniards, and great numbers were made prisoners. Menendez did not kill them, perhaps fearing that a fourth slaughter would arouse even the tardy fury of the King of France, but pressed them into his service.

THE OLD SERGEANT IN CHARGE OF FORT MARION.

That was three hundred years ago. The remains of a citadel are still visible at Matanzas Inlet, and a Government revenue officer keeps as regular watch there as ever did Menendez, but not exactly with the same intent. The first fort built at St. Augustine is described by the ancient chroniclers as built of logs, and it is said to have been the council-house of the Indian village, on whose site the town is founded. The ruins at Matanzas are undoubtedly more ancient than any building in St. Augustine.

Menendez went to his reward in 1574, and for two centuries thereafter the records of the settlement were eventful. Sir Francis Drake attacked and burned it in 1586; the buccaneers now and then landed and plundered the helpless inhabitants, and Indians massacred the missionaries. At the end of the seventeenth century the Spanish governor saw that the sea was working inward over the town, and for half a century thereafter the inhabitants toiled at the erection of a massive sea-wall, the remains of which may now be seen in the middle of Bay street, and which was superseded by the fine breakwater built by the United States Government between 1837 and 1843. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the South Carolinians came in hostile array against St. Augustine by land and sea. The siege by land was successful, the attack by sea was a fiasco, and the invasion failed after having cost South Carolina six thousand pounds, for which she issued promises to pay. A quarter of a century later the Carolinians raided again upon the old town, but went no farther than the gates. In 1740 Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia led a movement of Georgians, Carolinians and English against it; but retired, after an unsuccessful siege and bombardment. Shortly thereafter, the garrison of St. Augustine retaliated, and attacked the English settlements in Georgia with a formidable force; it was profitless. Back came Oglethorpe in 1743, carrying fire and death to the very walls of the old fort.

At the time of Oglethorpe's siege, St. Augustine was stoutly walled about and intrenched, with salient angles and redoubts. On the principal fort, fifty pieces of brass cannon were mounted, and growled defiance across a moat two score feet wide to any

enemy prowling beneath the walls. There were twenty-five hundred inhabitants—of whom nearly one-half were Spanish soldiers.

THE OLD FORT ON MATANZAS ISLAND.

Outposts were maintained on the St. John's river, and scouts quickly brought intelligence of any hostile movement.

England obtained the province of Florida by treaty, in 1763, and when the red-coats came to St. Augustine, the Spanish inhabitants nearly all left. Many of them or their descendants, however, returned when the re-cession to Spain occurred, in 1783, in exchange for the Bahamas. In the year 1821, the standard of Spain, raised over St. Augustine, by Menendez and his men, two hundred and fifty-six years before, was hauled down, and the stars and stripes were raised in its place. Since then, the old town has had its share of vicissitudes. It changed hands three times during our civil war.

A century ago, St. Augustine was, in general plan, very much as it is now. The "Governor's official residence," the present Court-house, has lost the beautiful garden which surrounded it; a Franciscan convent stood on the site of the artillery barracks of to-day. An Indian village was still standing upon the little peninsula in those days; the town was regularly fortified with "bastions, half bastions, and a ditch, along whose sides were planted thick rows of the Spanish bayonet, forming an almost impenetrable *chevaux de frise*." The outer lines of defense can still be traced. The gardens surrounding the solidly built two-story flat-roofed houses were still filled with fruit-trees, as the Spaniards had left them; the fig, pomegranate, lemon, lime, orange, guava and the bergamot, flourished then as now; and great vines bent under loads of luscious grapes.

The romance of the place is gradually departing now. The merry processions of the carnival, with mask, violin and guitar, are no longer kept up with the old taste; the rotund figure of the *padre*, the delicate form of the Spanish lady, clad in mantilla and basquina, and the tall, erect, brilliantly uniformed cavaliers, are gone; the "posy dance," with its arbors and garlands, is forgotten; and the romantic suburbs are undergoing a complete transformation. The wealth of the northern cities is erecting fine pleasure houses, surrounded with noble orchards and gardens, and in a few years there will be as many villas as at Newport within a half hour's drive from the center of St. Augustine. A brilliant society already gathers there every winter, and departs reluctantly when the long summer heats begin. Although the majority of those who visit the venerable town are not in search of health, so much as of an agreeable climate and an escape from the annoyances of winter, still, the preservation of health has been found so certain in the genial air of Florida, that hundreds of families have determined to make it henceforth their winter home. Those invalids who cannot endure a sea-air would do well to avoid St. Augustine, and seek some of the interior towns; but the over-worked and careworn, and the sufferers from nervous disease, can find speedy relief in the permeating influence of the genial sunshine, which continues almost uninterruptedly throughout the winter months. In December, the days are ordinarily bright and sunny, a salt sea-wind blowing across the peninsula; from ten until four o'clock, one can sit out of doors, bathed in floods of delicious light. During my stay at St. Augustine, in December, there were two days in which I gave myself completely up to the mere pleasure of existence. I seemed incapable of any effort; the strange fascination of the antiquated and remote fortress-town was upon me. The sunshine penetrated to every corner of my room. There was no broad and unpleasant glare—no impertinent staring on the sun's part, but a gladsome light which I have never seen elsewhere. I walked out at noonday; the town seemed transfigured: the shadows from the balconies, from the date-trees, from the thickets of roses, were mystical; I sat down on the grass-grown rampart near old Fort Marion, and (forgetting the gnats) let the gentle sea-breeze caress my temples, and memories of by-

FORT MARION, LOOKING SEA-WARD.

gone centuries take complete possession of me. At that moment, the rest of the world seemed remote as Paradise, vague as Ilium, foreign as the Zendavesta.

Falling, at last, to contemplation of the ancient fort, I could not repress my indignation as I remembered that when there was talk of building a railroad to St. Augustine, some enterprising company wished to buy and demolish the quaint landmark, that they might establish a railway terminus there. Such vandalism would be a disgrace to our country. The fort should be tenderly clung to. The more moss-grown it becomes, the more we should love it. It is a grand monument. For more than a century hundreds of men toiled in the quarries on Anastasia Island and along the bay shore, wresting out the material now in the massive walls.

Coquina, of which the fort is built, is a kind of concretion of shell-fragments, often very beautiful. This formation extends along the Floridian coast for more than a hundred miles. It crumbles when exposed for a very long time to the air, but rarely falls to pieces. Coquina resists a bombardment better than ordinary stone, as it is elastic and will bend before the fiery messengers, so that it is quite possible that Fort Marion, decaying and aged though it seem, would stand the broadsides of a foreign man-of-war better than the forts which have been built but a few years.

The fort is built after Vauban's principles, in the form of a trapezium, with walls twenty-one feet high and enormously thick, and with bastions at each corner, originally named after St. Paul, St. Pierre, etc. The Castle of San Marco was its former title. On it the Appalachean Indians alone labored for sixty years. The garrison was also compelled to contribute to the work, and convicts were brought from far Mexico to labor in the quarries. Thousands of hands must have been employed for half a century in transporting those giant blocks across the bay, and raising them to position in the thick walls. As one traverses the drawbridge, coming from the town, he sees over the main entrance the arms of Spain, with the globe and cross above them, and an inscription showing that in 1756 Field-Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Herrera, then "governor and captain of the city of San Augustin de la Florida," finished the castle, "Don Fernando Sixth being then King of Spain."

San Marco, now Fort Marion, has never been taken by a besieging enemy. It is a noble fortification, requiring one hundred cannon and a thousand men as complement and garrison; and it has been so strengthened by the water-battery added to it since the United States came into possession that it is a very formidable defense. The old sergeant in charge exhibits the interior to visitors. You penetrate the cell which was suddenly discovered some years ago by a break in a wall, and which the Spaniards had concealed before ceding the fort to our Government. In this cell were found cages in which men had been confined. Torch in hand, the sergeant leads you through the chapel in the casemate, to the cell whence

THE CATHEDRAL AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

a Seminole chief once made his escape during the war with his countrymen, and mounts with you to the breezy promenade overlooking the water-battery, flanked at either end by the little Moorish sentry-boxes whence the men-at-arms were wont to watch the forest and the sea for the approach of the enemies who came so frequently. The moss-grown and discolored walls, the worn coquina slits, the gloomy corridors, the mysterious recesses, the grand old moat, with the gigantic walls above it, are too perfect reminders of the past to be allowed to perish. The vandal who shall destroy Fort Marion will deserve banishment.

The cathedral is in real Spanish style, and although it is neither large nor imposing, there is a subtle charm about its gray walls, its time-eaten doorway, its belfry from which bell-notes are always clanging. On Sunday evenings, crowds assemble in the plaza, and listen to the sweet-voiced choir at vespers, while from the Episcopal Church across the way, one can now and then hear the murmur of Protestant song. I shall not soon forget the startling contrast which I observed one Sabbath evening in the plaza. The cathedral bells tolled solemnly. I could see, in the open belfry, three bright-faced lads striking the notes on the bells; while out from under the gray portal came a funeral procession—the young acolytes in their long robes of black and white, and the priests, then the mourners, strange, dark-bearded men, and dark-skinned women, facing in somber fashion toward the little cemetery. It was like a bit out of the seventeenth century. Turning, I saw on the plaza's other side, the congregation leaving the Episcopal Church;—hosts of richly dressed ladies chatting gaily together; the row of young gentlemen ranged outside to criticise the belles admiringly; an army officer passing, and touching his cap with lofty courtesy; and half-a-dozen Northern business men eagerly discussing the latest news from the stock market; this was the nineteenth century come to St. Augustine.

The brown maidens, the olive-colored women, that one sees in the streets are the descendants of that colony from the Minorcan Islands, which one Dr. Turnbull induced to settle on the coast, at a place called New Smyrna, more than a hundred years ago. Fourteen hundred persons were brought out, and engaged in the culture of indigo, which then commanded an enormous price. Turnbull succeeded in obtaining absolute control over the defenseless colonists, cut them off from all communication with other settlements, and was rapidly reducing them to a condition of actual slavery, when they revolted, but in vain; and it was not until the English attorney-general of the province interfered in their behalf, that they were emancipated from Turnbull's tyranny, and allowed to remove to St. Augustine, where they and their descendants have now been a part of the population for nearly a century. Their old habits and customs, brought from the islands, are rapidly dying out; and the dialect songs which William Cullen Bryant heard during his visit, in 1843, have almost entirely disappeared. Many of the women are extremely beautiful in their youth, but they fade early. The men are bold, hardy fishermen, Greek and Italian in type and robustness, while the women gradually partake somewhat of the delicacy in form and features of their American sisters.

Much as one may fear that the influx of Northern fashion will rob the old town of its chief charm, it is easy to see that a delightful watering place is to be created. The people of New England, who seem to have taken Florida under their especial tutelage, here meet and mingle freely with those from other sections; even the English and French

are beginning to find attractions at St. Augustine, and my lord doffs his shooting suit to spend a few days in the pleasant society gathered in the shade of the orange-trees and the pines. The Florida "Press," which Mr. Charles Whitney, of New York, has established at St. Augustine, represents Northern sentiment, and in its pleasant editorial parlors gentlemen from all the Northern and Western States gather every morning to exchange opinions. Meantime the ladies are shopping in the tiny box-like shops in the narrow streets. They buy rich stores of brilliant wings of flamingoes, or pink curlews (all the hues of the rainbow are found on the feathers of the Florida birds), or they fill their pockets with alligators' teeth, curiously carved, or send home coquina vases, or box a young alligator, a foot long, in Spanish moss, and express him North to a timid friend. Or they enter such superb orange groves as that of Dr. Anderson, where eight hundred noble trees hang loaded with yellow fruit; or visit the cemetery where repose Dade and the brave soldiers who lost their lives in the Seminole war, under the tomahawks of Osceola and his men; or peer into the two convents; or at evening, when the sky near the horizon is filled with Daubigny tints, wander on the beach, the warm, moist wind blowing across their faces, and the shells and brittle sea-weeds crackling beneath their feet.

The war did not greatly impair St. Augustine. A few fine homes were destroyed, and much suffering and privation were caused by the removal to the Nassau river of such families as refused to take the oath of loyalty. The Federal Government obtained possession in 1862, and kept it. Of course many fortunes were completely broken, and scores of people in the town, as throughout Florida, are living in straightened circumstances which are doubly painful because they have never before known self-dependence. The town now has good educational facilities for white and black, although before the war it had none. The Peabody fund contributes largely, and the natives of St. Augustine rejoice as much as do the Northerners at the progress of the free and public schools. But in the back-country, so far as I could learn, there are neither school-houses, schools, nor sentiment in favor of either.

The climate of Florida is undoubtedly its chief charm. Its beauties and virtues have for a hundred years filled the homes of St. Augustine with people striving to recover from the effects of severer surroundings. The equable temperature is one of the great excellences of the climate. The thermometer rarely falls below 30 degrees, or rises above 95 degrees. The mean temperature of the winter months at St. Augustine for one hundred years, according to the old Spanish records, averaged a little over 60 degrees. The climate of the State is of course varied, as it extends through six degrees of latitude. The greatest heats in summer are never equal to those experienced in New York and Boston. One writer, who is considered good authority, says that during his eighteen years of residence in Florida, the greatest heat was 96 degrees in the shade. The climate of the whole State from October to June has been characterized as "one continuous spring." Periods of cold or frost never last but a few hours, and rarely come, save in January, once or twice. The nights, whatever the character of the days preceding them, are always cool. Both the winter and summer weather in East Florida are

THE BANANA.

delightful. The winters in that section are so mild that "the most delicate vegetables and plants of the Caribbean Islands," says one writer, "experience there not the least injury from the season;" and the orange, the plantain, the banana, the guava, and the pine-apple, attain a luxuriant growth. The medical statistics of the army show that the climate of the State as a whole ranks preëminent in point of salubrity. Solon Robinson, formerly the agricultural editor of the "Tribune," who now resides at Jacksonville, tells me that he considers the climate of East Florida undoubtedly the best in the country. A general impression prevails in the North that on account of the large bodies of swamp land in the State, any one going there to reside, even temporarily, would incur danger of malarial disease. It is, however, established beyond controversy that there is never any danger from malaria in the winter months; and that it is, to quote Mr. Robinson once more, "certainly no worse for immigrants from any of the Northern States, than Central New York was in its early settlement, for those who went into the forests from New England." Despite the fact that there are malarial diseases which attack the careless and unacclimated who remain in the State through all the seasons, it is still true that Florida can show cleaner bills of health than any other State in the Union, even when the moribund from half a dozen harsh climates are counted among her population.

Frost reaches all parts of the State on rare occasions, but has seldom been known to go below latitude 27°. It has sometimes visited Jacksonville and other points along the St. John's river when the mercury stood at 40°. In Eastern Florida it rarely does damage to the sweet oranges, or the banana. In West Florida, say the authorities, there is "a constant struggle between the north-west wind and the trade-wind, and fruit growing incurs dangers." The seasons are the wet and the dry; the rains, which come with astonishing regularity at certain hours during the summer days, fall in heavy showers, and leave a cloudless sky behind them. There is rarely any rain during the winter months. Surgeon-General Lawson in one of his reports announces that while in the middle division of the United States the proportion is one death to thirty-six cases of remittent fever, in the northern division one to fifty-two, in the southern division one to fifty-four, in Texas one to seventy-eight, and in California one to one hundred and forty-eight, in Florida it is only one to two hundred and eighty-seven.

If a perfectly equable climate, where a soothing warmth and moisture combined prevail, be desirable for consumptives, it can be found nowhere in the Southern States

ENTRANCE TO COL. HART'S ORANGE GROVE, NEAR PALATKA, FLORIDA.

save in South-eastern Florida. The number of persons whom I saw during my journey, who had migrated to the eastern or southern sections of the State many years before, "more than half dead with consumption," and who are now robust and vigorous, was sufficient to convince me of the great benefits derived from a residence there. Physicians all agree that the conditions necessary to insure life to the consumptive are admirably provided in the climatic resources of the peninsula. That great numbers of invalids find the localities along the St. John's river, and even on the coast, distressing to them, is said by some physicians to be due to the fact that those invalids go there after disease has become too deeply-seated. The European medical men are beginning to send many patients to Florida, cautioning them where to go. It would seem impossible for the most delicate invalid to be injured by a residence anywhere on the eastern or south-eastern coast from St. Augustine down. For those who from various causes find that each successive Northern winter,—with its constantly shifting temperature and its try-

ing winds, which even the healthy characterize as "deadly,"—saps their vitality more and more, Florida may be safely recommended as a home, winter and summer. For the healthy, and those seeking pleasure, it will become a winter paradise; for the ailing it is a refuge and strength; for those severely invalided its results depend entirely upon choice of location and the progress which the disease has already made. The perfection of the Florida winter climate is said to be obtained at Miami, near Key Biscayne bay, on the Miami river. There, among the cocoanuts and the mangroves, invalids may certainly count on laying a new hold upon life.

Returning from St. Augustine to the St. John's river, I continued my journey southward from Tocoi, the terminus of the horse-railroad before mentioned. Over this road, by the way, thousands of Northern people journey yearly; and the wharf, during the winter months, is crowded at the arrival and departure of the boats with fashionably dressed tourists, who seem strangely out of place in the great tropical forests. The "Florence," a sprightly steamer, brought me to Palatka early in the afternoon, affording all the way, a delightful view of the wide stream, on whose sun-transfigured breast the wild ducks were flushing their eager wings; and over which now and then flew the heron and the water-goose, uttering strange cries. Dr. Westcott, at Tocoi (a venerable gentleman who spent thirty-three years of his life in the Floridian forests, and who has once been surveyor-general of the State), told me that the Spaniards called the river at that point Lake Valdes. One finds it wide and narrow alternately until Palatka is reached. There, the stream has formed a broad lake, from which there seems no outlet whatever. Palatka is a very pretty town of fifteen hundred inhabitants on the west bank. It is at the head of navigation for ocean steamers, and is characterized by a richness of vegetation, and a mildness of climate which is not found at Jacksonville. It has become a favorite resort for the Northerners, and I found the Vermonters there in force. Col. Hart, who went to Florida to die some years ago, now owns fine properties around and in Palatka, and has drawn to him the sterling New England thrift and management of which he is such an admirable example. Steamers arrive daily from North and South, and the facilities for travel are quite as numerous and as good as upon the Hudson. The consumptives from the North return yearly to this vivifying and delicious climate, in which they find an arrest of the decree which Death has apparently signed against them.

At Palatka we first found the banana and the orange in their richest profusion, and noted what culture would do for them both. The town is backed by an interminable pine forest, through which run but few roads; but the ample space along the river front abounds in grand groves of oak, draped with the cool mosses, hung in most ravishingly artistic forms; and the wild orange grows in the streets. The town has a cheery, neat, New England look; the white painted houses, with their porches nestling in vines and shrubbery, invite to repose. The two old-fashioned, roomy hotels (to one of which a huge wooden addition has been made) are cool and comfortable. The mornings in December, January, February and March, the four absolutely perfect months of Eastern Florida, are wonderfully soft and balmy; the sun shines generously, but there is no suspicion of annoying heat. The breeze gently rustles the enormous leaves of the banana, or playfully tumbles a golden orange to the ground, that a plump goose or duckling may at once thrust its bill into the tender fruit. The giant cactus in a neighboring garden peers out from among the fruit-trees like some scaly monster. The cart of the "cracker" (the native farmer's appellation), laden with game and vegetables, plies from door to door, and wild turkeys and dappled deer are purchased for dinner. Little parties lazily bestow themselves along the river bank, with books or sketching materials, and alternately work, doze, or gossip, until the whistles of the ascending or descending steamers are heard, when everybody flocks to the wharves. At evening a splendid white moonlight transfigures all the leaves and trees and flowers; the banjo and guitar, accompanying negro melodies, are heard in the streets; a heavy tropical repose falls over the little town, its wharves, and its rivers.

This was not always so. After the war was over, a few adventurous Yankees betook themselves to Palatka, but were not heartily received by the rude backwoodsmen and dubious "cracker" element which still lingered about there. In war time, 15,000 Union troops had been quartered at Palatka, and previous to that the town had on one occasion been bombarded. The Floridians had suffered a good deal, and there was severe enmity toward the "Yankees." The

first attempt to open a hotel by a Northern man was severely resented. Parties of rough horsemen used to ride in and attempt to provoke a fight by sticking their bowie-knives in the hotel door. Shooting affrays were common. I was shown a spot where the sheriff himself tore up the turf during a fight of an hour or two with his own brothers-in-law, who were determined to kill him because he supported the "Yankees," then gradually creeping in. Now and then a negro was massacred. The river's banks were sometimes the scene of terribly bloody affrays. Of course it was only the under classes who had a hand in this—people who rather objected to the march of civilization. It made them uncomfortable. Now the town is as peaceable as the mountain resorts in New Hampshire and Vermont. Property is good there, and has taken on prices which show a real demand for it. Three thousand dollars are asked for a little house and lot which would hardly bring any more in the North. But all the region adjacent to Palatka, and especially on the opposite side of the river, is getting settled up and cultivated.

Just across the river from Palatka, lies the beautiful orange grove owned by Col. Hart, in which seven hundred trees, some forty years old, annually bear an enormous crop of the golden fruit, and yield their owner an income of $12,000 or $15,000. The trees bear from twelve to twenty-five hundred oranges each; some have been known to bear four or five thousand. The orchard requires the care of only three men, an overseer and two negroes. The thousands of fish to be caught at any time in the river furnish material for compost heaps, with which the land is annually enriched. At the gateway of this superb orchard stand several grand bananas; entering the cool shade,—some resplendent December day,—one finds the negroes gathering the fruit into bags strapped at their sides, and bearing it away to storehouses where it is carefully packed for the steamers which are to bear it North. On the sand from which the hardy trunks of the orange spring, there is a splendid checker-work of light and shade, and one catches through the interstices occasional glimpses of the broad river current. In an adjacent nursery, a hundred thousand young orange-trees await transplanting and "budding."

This culture of oranges will certainly become one of the prime industries of Florida. The natives of the poorer class, who might make fortunes by turning their attention to it, are too idle to develop the country. They prefer to hunt and fish, and as a rule, cannot be prevailed upon to undertake se-

COL. HART'S ORANGE GROVE.

rious work. The mass of Northern men who undertook orange raising directly after the war failed because they did not employ skilled labor. The eastern bank of the river is considered safer than the western for the culture, as frosts rarely reach the former. But for many miles up and down the stream, the culture has proved reasonably successful on both sides. The property is becoming exceedingly good, yearly rising in value. Col. Hart thinks his grove worth at least $75,000. In a few years such establishments as those of Mr. Stockwell of Maine, with four hundred bearing trees; Mr. Burr of Morristown, N. J.; the estate of Masters (two hundred trees); Mr. Brown, a New Yorker (two thousand young trees); Dr. Parsons, the Long Island nurseryman, and others in the vicinity of Col. Hart's property, will yield fortunes to their owners. Connected with most of the orchards are many fine lemon and lime-trees. Col. Dancey, six miles below Palatka, has a lemon grove of two hundred trees. Among the other noticeable groves below Palatka, are those of Dr. Cowgill, the State comptroller; Col. Cole of Orange Mills, who has some two thousand trees well started; Dr. Mays, at Orange Mills; a number of New York gentlemen at Federal Point; that of Capt. J. W. Stark, nearly opposite Orange Mills, and the fine estate of Capt. Rossignol.

THE "MARION" LYING AT SILVER SPRINGS, FLORIDA.

Just above Palatka, on the eastern bank, where the bluffs are quite high for Florida, and where the magnolia and the water-oak alternate charmingly with the cypress, the swamp ash and the palm, there are also many successful orange groves, scattered along from Rawlestown (where a hundred years ago an unsuccessful attempt was made to found an industrial retreat for the unfortunate women of London) to San Matteo, Murphy's Island, Buffalo Bluff, Welaka, and the thriving new town known as Beecher. There are many young groves on the Oclawaha river, and more than a million trees are already budded there. Before the war, acres of land covered with the wild orange were ruthlessly cleared to make room for cotton and cane. It is mainly Northern capital that is invested in orange culture throughout the State at present. In the Indian river region, the woods along the banks are, according to one account, "great gardens of the sour wild orange, and we often," says a recent traveler, "had to clear the ground of vast quantities of the fruit before we could pitch our tents." These wild trees can be set out in new lands, and at a proper time budded with the sweet orange. Any time during the winter months is proper for transplanting. The "buds," or grafts, grow enormously the first year; and in five years at most, if one hundred transplanted trees have been set out on an acre, that acre will yield 10,000 oranges, the next year the yield will be doubled, and in ten years from the date of transplanting, with anything like reasonable success, one is sure of an income for life. For the orange is a hardy tree, gives a sure crop, has few insect enemies, and lives for more than a hundred years.

A good tree will bear from one thousand to three thousand oranges yearly. Some of the trees in an orchard at Mandarin have produced as many as 5,500, many of the oranges weighing nearly a pound each. One single grove on the Indian river, with 1,350 trees, produced in a season 700,000 oranges.

But very little capital is needed for the starting of a grove, and the rewards of a successful one are very great. Oranges sell at from $25 to $68 per thousand in Jacksonville, and are readily transportable to any of the Atlantic seaports. When the necessary dredging and building of canals has been accomplished, so that the Indian river may have an outlet via the St. John's, the North will be supplied with oranges of more delicate texture than any it has yet seen; and the number of groves along the river will be legion.

The fitness of Florida for the growth of tropical and semi-tropical fruits is astonishing. Not only do the orange, the lemon, the lime and the citron flourish there, but the peach, the grape, the fig, the pomegranate, the plum, all varieties of berries, the olive, the banana, and the pine-apple, grow luxuriantly. Black Hamburg and white Muscat grapes fruit finely in the open air; the Concord and the Scuppernong are grown in vast quantities. The guava, the tamarind, the wonderful alligator-pear, the plantain, the cocoanut and the date, the almond and the pecan, luxuriate in Southern Florida. We have within our boundaries a tropic land, rich and strange, which will in future years be inhabited all winter long by thousands of families, and where beautiful towns, and perhaps cities, will spring up.

Nothing can be more beautiful than one of the Florida cottages, surrounded with a flourishing grove of orange-trees. That of Dr. Moragné, at Palatka, is one of the best examples. Down at the river front the good doctor has a long row of flourishing bananas. From his porch he looks out upon several acres of noble trees, among whose dark green leaves nestle thousands of oranges. They flourish without care; one man picks them and prepares them for market, and they leave a golden, or, at least, a paper harvest annually behind them. Some of the two hundred trees within the doctor's inclosure yearly produce three to four thousand oranges, and will go on their round of blossom and fruits for half a century.*

In 1835, Palatka was an Indian trading post. The Government built a road thence to Tampa, and kept a guard upon it, in the days when the Seminoles were still vigorous in their warfare. There are now but few Indians left in the State, and they, though peacefully inclined, remain hidden in the Everglades, or among the forests of Indian river. Great numbers of them were ignominiously hunted down at various periods after the wars, and rewards were set upon their heads as if they had been criminals. Soldiers were employed, or induced by the hope of money, to follow them into their remotest fastnesses, and to disperse them. An occasional warrior, scantily clad, and dejected in appearance, is at rare intervals seen in some of the towns.

From Palatka one may gain a good idea of what culture and the advent of ambitious Northerners can do for Florida. There are so many superior inducements offered by the peninsula to those in search of new abiding places, that I must content myself with a brief summing up of each. I suppose that the average observer, unfamiliar with the character of a sub-tropical country, would traverse the peninsula constantly remarking that he never saw so much good-for-nothing land. The extensive pine woods in many sections would prepossess him unfavorably; he would not even appreciate the exceeding richness of the hummocks until he had been instructed in their qualities. The lands of the State are usually classified into hummocks, pine, and swamp. Through the first-rate pine lands, where forests of pitch and yellow pine grow rank, runs a dark vegetable mold, under which lies a chocolate-colored sandy loam, mixed with limestone pebbles, and resting on a substratum of marl. Lands of this class are so fertile that they have yielded 400 pounds of long staple cotton to the acre for fourteen successive years without any fertilizing. The second-rate pine lands offer excellent pasturage, and when re-enforced, will yield two thousand pounds of sugar to the acre. Upon them also can be grown oranges, lemons, and Cuba tobacco. Even the poorest pine lands have been found admirably adapted to the growth of hemp, and give a good income from the naval stores which the trees yield.

* The Union officer in command at Palatka during the war was ordered to destroy all the trees around the town for military purposes. He could not find it in his heart to ruin Dr. Moragné's beautiful grove; so he picketed his cavalry there, and evaded the order.

Throughout these pine lands at intervals of a few miles, there are hummocks of every size, varying from a few acres to tracts of twenty or thirty thousand. These are wonderfully rich, and persons wishing to cultivate them can choose their residences on the higher pine lands, where there will be no danger of malarial affections, and only spend their days among the hummocks. The low hummocks are very fertile, and before the war were the seats of many fine sugar plantations. The high hummocks are considered among the best land in Florida; their fertility is really extraordinary, and the only preparation which they need for the production of luxuriant crops is clearing and plowing, while in addition the low hummocks require draining.

The swamp lands of the peninsula are still, as it were, in process of formation, and are thought to be of even more durable fertility than the hummocks. They are of alluvial formation, occupying basins into which immense deposits of decaying vegetable matter have been washed from higher lands. Some astonishing results in sugar-planting have been obtained in those swamps —four hogsheads to the acre were produced near New Smyrna, in Eastern Florida, a production which completely overtops that of Louisiana. While Texas and Louisiana cane-planters are obliged to cut their cane in October, because of early frost, in Florida it may stand unharmed until late in December. Vast bodies of these swamp lands are now lying untilled in Florida, and may be had at $2 per acre. In Leroy county alone it is said there are one hundred thousand acres of the best kind of sugar land.*

While the tracts along the St. John's river are not considered extraordinary in point of fertility, still, within a mile of the banks, there are thousands of acres of fine hummock land which might be tilled with great profit. The counties of middle Florida offer abundant high hummock lands; so do many counties in the eastern section. As soon as production begins in earnest, the producer will learn to appreciate the advantageous situation of Florida. Lying directly across one of the great highways of traffic, and within a day and a-half of New Orleans, three days of New York, and one of Cuba by steamer; with such harbors as Tampa, Fernandina, Pensacola, Cedar Keys and Charlotte, and with reasonably good means of internal communication by road, and superb ones by river, the State has no reason to complain. Cotton was, of course, the principal staple before the war; but a great variety of production will henceforth be the rule. Indian corn will grow throughout the State, and has been liberally raised, although not yet in sufficient quantities to supply the home demand. Fruit and vegetable culture along the rivers, with reference to the Northern markets, is becoming one of the principal industries. The culture of cotton does not pay in the State at present; and the production, which, in 1860, amounted to 63,000 bales of ginned cotton, is gradually decreasing. Sugar-cane is one of the great hopes of the commonwealth. It is confidently asserted that the yield of this staple in Florida is twice that of Louisiana. Solon Robinson says that "small farmers can grow cane upon any good pine land, and can make sugar as easily as Yankee farmers make cider." He evidently does not believe that the successful culture of the cane is inseparable from the old plantation system. Rice, indigo, silk, coffee, tea, and the ramie plant are likely to be among the other agricultural interests of Florida. The palmetto, scattered so luxuriantly through Florida, is now extensively used in the manufacture of paper, and forms the basis of a great industry. On the entire coast are excellent locations for salt works, and at the commencement of the war, large preparations had been made on Key West Island for the manufacture of salt by solar evaporation. Along the coast, too, there is such an abundance of oysters, fish, and game, that enterprises for supplying the market from that section should be very successful. The turtle and the fish are celebrated everywhere; and the Indian river oyster deserves a ballad by some noted gastronomer in honor of his charms.

The natural resources for fertilizers are abundant in the State. From the swamp lands may always be had a muck which serves admirably, and the clay itself which lies next to the sandy soil, in a large part of the State, is a fine fertilizer. There are also immense accumulations of shells of the periwinkle and conch, well calculated to strengthen land, and deposits of green marl are easily accessible.

The expense of building is very slight in Florida, for the houses need none of the plastering and weather tightening so necessary in Northern climates. Simple houses, cellarless, and raised some two feet from the ground on posts, with large, airy rooms, bat-

* See Adams on Florida.

ON THE OCLAWAHA.—"LOOK OUT THAR!"

tened instead of plastered, and surrounded by verandas, are best adapted to the climate. In the towns, as a rule, rents are rather high, owing to the lack of building during the past perturbed years.

The Oclawaha is a small stream running through swamps and still lakes in Putnam and Marion counties. It empties into the St. John's about twenty-five miles south of Palatka, and opposite a settlement called We-la-ka. The whole Oclawaha region had not been thoroughly explored until toward 1867, although many travelers, who had penetrated as far as the then supposed head of navigation, had told strange and seemingly exaggerated stories of its wonderful beauty. The tales of floating islands, of the grandeur and almost frightful calm of the mighty swamps, of the curious colonies of birds and animals, the superb lakes, and the lucent waters, had thrilled many a brain; but only a few had penetrated these watery sylvan retreats until the prying Northern element demanded to be shown all. Now a journey up the Oclawaha is as fashionable as a promenade on the Rhine, and really more interesting and amusing.

Our party embarked at Palatka on the little steamer "Marion," one cool evening, just after the arrival of a steamer from Charleston; and while the officers of her huge sister were still shouting themselves hoarse with commands to the slouching negroes about them, our tiny boat slipped out into the broad current, and set slowly off midstream, at the rate of four miles an hour, for a journey to Silver Spring. Although cool it was not uncomfortable, and one was from time to time startled, as on the Mediterranean, by a warm breath across his face, perfumed with the scent of oranges and of the rich forest growth. The lights of cottages along the banks blinked cheerily; a descending steamer yelled her warning, and we blundered leisurely forward. We were still in the great stream when midnight came, and reluctantly sought the tiny cabins allotted us.

It must have been two in the morning when I was awakened by a violent brushing and scraping noise, as if the boat were held fast amid the boughs of trees. Lazily gazing out of the cabin, I saw with surprise the bough of a stout shrub entering the window, then vanishing with a shriek and a whisk, as if it had merely looked in to frighten me. The whole thicket was lighted up as by supernatural agency. I saw giant cypresses, their dirty white trunks seeming as if about to topple down upon me; saw acres of glimmering water, in which the mysterious light cast a thousand fantastic gleams which shifted uneasily every moment; saw the cypress-knees again dotting the

thicket in every direction; saw lovely green vines, literally spangled with white and blue flowers, and arrayed in such dense and symmetrical masses that I could not persuade myself they grew wild in the thicket; saw a heron perching on a swinging bough, and saw the flash of wings, as from time to time our advancing boat's monotonous refrain of sighs from its two steam-pipes startled the birds from the tree-tops. The red-bay, the holly, the ash, the maple, the cypress, *toujours* the cypress, floated before my half-closed eyes, then vines again, then more birds—wondered if I should see an alligator—what would they have for breakfast—another tree coming in at my window—"Look out thar, Bill, for them torches!" and at that point, I think, I fell asleep again.

In the morning it was all explained. I had awakened just after we had entered the Oclawaha, and had seen the glare of the torches by which we groped our way in the narrow channel filled with swamp-water. Had we arrived in the day-time, I should have seen immense floating islets of lilies and barnets, gently swayed by the tremulous currents, and hundreds of light-footed birds poising airily upon them; the haughty kingfisher diving for his prey; the wild turkey uttering his startled cry; the crane making himself as invisible as possible, by shrinking until he seemed merely a feather-ball; and the rose-colored curlew rising into air like a flash of light from a ruby. I should have noted the rafts of cypress-trees, girded together with bark and palmetto strings; and as we approached the shores, might have caught sight of the wrinkle-throated alligator wagging his huge tail cheerily in the sunshine.

All day we wound in and out of the recesses of this delicious forest. The banks of the stream were scarcely thirty feet apart, as a rule, although sometimes the current broadened to twice that width. We were perpetually coming to a pocket in the forest from which there seemed no possible egress, when, rounding a sharp corner, the negro boatmen pushing with their long poles, we would brush past the trees and vines, and once more plod on by cypress, water-oak, and ash and orange-tree.

The richly variegated colors of the far extending thickets were mirrored so completely in the water that we seemed suspended or floating over an enchanted forest. The clumps of saplings garnished with red and yellow vines; the stately bosquets of palms, now growing a score together on a little hillock, and now standing apart, like sentinels; the occasional magnolias; the long swamp-ways out of which barges, moved by negroes, would come to receive the mail, and into which they would vanish again, the oarsmen hardly exchanging a word with our captain; the fierce-faced, bearded men, armed with rifles and revolvers, who sometimes hailed us from a point of land, to know if we "wanted any meat," and showed us deer and turkeys, and perhaps the skin of a gray wolf or a black bear; all these novelties of

A PEEP INTO THE FOREST ON THE BANKS OF THE OCLAWAHA, FLORIDA.

the tropics and the backwoods kept us in perplexed wonder. When evening came slowly on again, a round moon silvered the water, and enabled us to see even the ducks that floated half submerged, and curiously eyed our little boat. By day, one sees hundreds of turtles, as on the St. John's, sunning themselves; and the birds are legion. They chatter in the tree-tops; they offer themselves freely as marks for revolver-bullets; they scold at night as the torchlight awakes them; and they accompany the echo of each unsuccessful shot with loud derisive singing.

The torches of pine knots placed securely on the boat's roof, and watched there by a negro boy, aided the reflection in the water to a new beauty. The cypresses seemed more ghostly, the vines more luxuriant, the long-necked white birds more comical, the palms more majestic than by day. Now and then a beacon disclosed some lonely cabin, thatched with palmetto, beside which stood a solitary figure with gun strapped over his back. "Got any terbacker, Cap'n?" or some such question, and we left the figure behind.

Penetrating Eureka Creek, we wormed our way through a little streamlet only twenty feet wide. At Fort Brooke, large quantities of the rich crops of Alachua county were formerly shipped, but the railroad now transports them. A little above Fort Brooke we came to Orange Creek, the outlet of a charming lake, in Masson and Alachua counties, with lovely orange groves upon its banks and sulphur springs near by. In conversation with people who came and went at the wayside stations in the swamps, I found that they had all been well-to-do before the war, and that they were healthy and happy in their tropic wilderness home. The needs of Florida in the lines of canals and convenient short-cuts was well exemplified in the case of a planter from the St. John's river, who, with some friends, was going on a hunting excursion near Silver Spring. From his home on the St. John's, by land across to Silver Spring, it was only at best forty miles; but by the only practicable route he was compelled to travel 175 miles, and spend three entire days on the road.

Silver Spring is certainly one of the wonders of the world. The tradition that it is "the Fountain of Youth," of which the aborigines talked so enthusiastically to Ponce de Leon, seems firmly founded. The river or spring rises suddenly from the ground, and after running nine miles through foliage-shrouded banks, which are more luxuriantly beautiful than poet's wildest dream, empties into the Oclawaha. Transparent to the very bottom, the waters show one, at the depth of thirty or forty feet, the floor of this wonderful basin, with bubbles here and there denoting one of the sources; and the refraction of the rays of light produces most brilliant effects. We rowed about on the bosom of this fairy spring, quite overcome with the strangeness of the scene. There is nothing like it elsewhere either in Europe or America; the foliage is even more gorgeously tropical than that on the Oclawaha, and its arrangement is more dainty and poetic. We spent hours rocking in little skiffs among the oases of lily pods which extend along the borders of the spring; or in threading in and out through the little forests which set boldly into the tranquil stream, not without occasional misgivings as to the quantity and temper of the alligators that might be lurking there.

Nothing befell us, save headaches from the too zealous sun. The thermometer confessed to 90 degrees, and the little boat seemed to bake as she lay at the wharf receiving cotton bales and bags of cotton-seed from Ocala, Marion county's principal town, and from its surroundings. The planters and negroes from the neighborhood, each superintending the loading of his own cotton, formed a lively group under the wharf-shed at Silver Spring. The tiny steamer was by no means equal to the task demanded of it, and left great quantities of freight awaiting its return. Half concealed among the tall, rustling flags, we sat in our boat watching the grimy negroes as they tussled with the cotton; the young Floridians practicing at the curlews and the herons with their revolvers; and the wonderful dreamy green of the foliage, through which peered hundreds of strange plants and flowers.

Silver Spring was once considered the head of navigation in this direction, but steamers now run far beyond it on the Oclawaha, through Lakes Griffin, Eustis, Harris, and Dora, to Okahumkee, a little settlement in the wilderness where sportsmen delight to spend much of their time while in the peninsula. All the lands near the lakes are specially valuable for cane-growing, and for cotton, corn and fruit. In the vicinity of Lake Harris, frost is seldom known; and sugar-cane matures so as to tassel, which the early frost never permits it to do in Louisiana and Texas. Colonel

SHOOTING ALLIGATORS.

Hart, of Palatka, was the explorer of this region, and when his adventurous steamer pushed up through the encumbered channel, the crew had to combat sunken logs, fallen trees, and labyrinths of overhanging limbs. Then "floating islands" were encountered, formed of water-flags securely rooted in a soil under which the current had made its way. These islands are sometimes borne down into the larger streams by the winds and the rising of the waters; and those which had become stationary in the river channel were so tough that a saw was required to cut them in pieces. This whole lake region seems gradually becoming a marsh, and much labor and expense is required to keep the channel open as far as Okahumkee. A project for cutting a canal through to the Gulf by this route, taking advantage of the lakes and their outlets, has been conceived, and would be of great commercial importance to Florida. The country around Lake Apopka, which is the source of the Oclawaha river, is considered one of the most remarkable in Florida, and cannot fail, when communication is more thoroughly established, to attract large numbers of immigrants.

At Okahumkee the waters divide, running into the Gulf by way of Lake Pansoffkee and the Withlacoochee rivers—the route of the contemplated ship canal across the State. The Oclawaha is navigable for about 250 miles, and a semi-weekly line of small steam-packets gives the up-country connection with the outer world. A charter has been obtained for the "Great Southern" railroad to run from Augusta, Ga., via Millen and Jessup in that State, to Jacksonville in Florida—thence to Palatka, and so on to Key Biscayne Bay and Key West. A large land grant from the State has been accorded the projectors, and the work of laying down the track from Jessup to Jacksonville has been let to contractors.

Our captain, the cheery and active skipper of the "Marion," had navigated the Oclawaha river for nearly a quarter of the

century, and his pilot, formerly his slave, still stands at the helm, a post requiring no small skill in view of the sharp turns which the "Marion" is compelled to make to avoid being ignominiously stuck fast in the swamp thickets. The captain expressed himself better satisfied, on the whole, with free than slave labor; and thought that it released employers like himself from a great many obligations. But he said that the sudden advent of emancipation had greatly hindered the development of hundreds of plantations along the Oclawaha, chiefly because the planters did not wish to encourage more negroes to come into the country, as they were already so formidable a political element. These planters cannot work their broad acres without the very immigration which they dread, and so they suffer them to lie idle. But industrial progress had been very marked in many things since the war. A few manufactories scattered through some of the rich counties would, he thought, add greatly to the wealth of those sections. People suffered from the large prices which they were obliged to pay for manufactured articles brought many hundreds of miles, in a toilsome manner, from the outer world.

Sailing back, we were treated to the sight of an alligator fifteen feet long, sunning himself on a hummock of yellow grass. The wrinkle underneath his lower jaw gave him a good-humored look, and he seemed actually to smile as the bullets hissed around him. The alligator is by no means a trifling enemy; and the Floridian tells strange stories of the creature's strength, fleetness, and strategy. An alligator hunter in Jacksonville gave me an idea of these characteristics, somewhat after the following fashion:

"The 'gaiter, sir, is ez quick ez lightnin', and ez nasty. He kin outswim a deer, and he *hez* dun it, too; he swims more 'n two-thirds out o' water, and when he ketches you, sir, he jest wabbles you right over 'n over, a hundred times, or mo', sir, ez quick ez the wind; and you 're dead in no time, sir. When a dog sees one he allus begins to yelp, sir, for a 'gaiter is mighty fond of a dog and a nigger, sir. Nobody can 't tell how old them old fellows is, sir; I reckon nigh on to a hundred years, them biggest ones. Thar 's some old devils in them lagoons you see off the St. John's; they lie thar very quiet, but it would be a good tussle if one of you was out thar in a small boat, sir. They won't always fight; sometimes they run away very meek; the best way to kill 'em is to put a ball in the eye, sir; thar 's no use in wasting shot on a 'gaiter's hide. When the boys wants sport, sir, they git a long green pole, and sharpen it; 'n then they find a 'gaiter's hole in the marsh, and put the pole down it, then the 'gaiter he snaps at it, 'n hangs on to it, 'n the boys get together, 'n pull him out, 'n put a rope aroun' his neck, and set him to fightin' with another 'gaiter. O Lord! reckon 't would make yo' har curl to see the tails fly."

Southward and up the St. John's river from Palatka, the vegetation becomes more tropical, the river narrowing so that one can comfortably inspect the thickets, and widening out only to be merged in grand Lake George, twelve miles wide, Dexter's Lake, and Lake Monroe, at Enterprise. Steamers make the run from Enterprise to Palatka between sunrise and sunset, and there are also night boats. In March, when the flowers on the banks are at their perfection, if the moonlight be brilliant, do not neglect the journey by night. The glamour of the southern moon throws an enchantment over all the splendid foliage which makes it doubly bewitching; the lilies, the barnets on the water, and the palms and cypresses on shore, form perfect pictures which you can never forget.

Welaka, opposite the mouth of the Oclawaha, was well supplied with accommodations for visitors before the war destroyed them. There is a grand hotel there now, near some excellent sulphur springs; and Dunn's Lake, with its shores abounding in game, and many rich plantations on its shores, is but eight miles distant. At the southern end of Lake George lies Drayton's Island, where it is said there are some remarkable Indian mounds. A barren rib of land divides the St. John's and the lake from the Oclawaha. The steamers dexterously skim over the dangerous bar at the southern extremity of Lake George, and, passing Valusia and Fort Butler, a noted relic of the Indian wars, enter Dexter's Lake, surrounded by its wild and seemingly limitless marshes and hummocks. Beyond this lake the river flows through a very narrow channel, whose banks are clothed in the omnipresent palm, the maiden cane, and the tall sedge in the meadows. At Lake Monroe, one lands at Enterprise, where a Maine man keeps a hotel. This is a famous rendezvous for sportsmen who are about to visit the Indian river. On the opposite shore is Mellonville, a promising settlement. All along this lake there is superb hunting and fishing. and the invalid who comes pale and racked

with a harrowing cough, after a few weeks is seen tramping about in the cool of the morning with gun and fishing rod, a Nimrod and Walton combined.

The source of the St. John's is higher up, in some unknown marsh, and after one has penetrated to Lake Harney and Salt Lake, there is little left to see on the noble stream, which, at a distance of nearly three hundred miles from its mouth, flows within seven miles of the ocean into which it empties.

Indian river is difficult of access, but swarms of travelers are now finding their way there. One of the favorite means of reaching it is to row from Enterprise to Lake Harney, and to take a portage across to Sand Point. The entrance from the coast is decidedly less easy than from the St. John's; the deepest of the outlets, Fort Pierce channel, having rarely more than seven feet of water at high tide. The so-called river is really an arm of the sea; its waters are salt; its westward shore was once highly cultivated by the Spaniards, and it could, with a little renewed attention, be made one of the richest garden spots in America. The westward side presents a sad panorama of ruined sugar plantations and houses, of superb machinery lying idle, and of acres of wild orange-trees, which only need some replanting and budding to produce fruit equal to the best which we receive from Havana. The sportsman who pitches his tent for a few days on the splendid camping grounds on this same shore, will see the pelican, the cormorant, the sea-gull, gigantic turtles, many of them weighing five hundred pounds; may see the bears exploring the nests for turtles' eggs; may "fire-hunt" the deer in the forests; chase the alligator to his lair; shoot at the "raft-duck," and fish from the salt-ponds all kinds of finny monsters. Hardly a thousand miles from New York, one may find the most delicate and delightful tropical scenery, and may dwell in a climate which neither Hawaii nor Southern Italy can excel. Settlements throughout this section are few and far between. The mail is carried down the great silent coast by a foot-messenger—for there is a stretch of nearly one hundred miles along which there is not a drop of fresh water for a horse to drink.

The islands extending along the south coast, from Cape Florida to the Dry Tortugas lie close to the Gulf Stream, and between the mainland and the dangerous reefs on which so many vessels are annually wrecked. They are but a few feet above tide-water, and are wooded with the mangrove, the bay, the palmetto, the oak, the cocoa, and the pine-apple tree, all of which thrive in the rocky soil of these keys. A large trade is here carried on in the gathering of sponges and turtles. The traveler in search of health will find a pleasant recreation in sailing about Biscayne Bay, and penetrating thence into the vast shallow lakes of the "Everglades," where a thousand islands are covered with a wealth of live-oaks and cocoas, and with masses of trailing vines, on which, in the season, hang gigantic clusters of grapes. There one may see miles of flower-beds, where every conceivable hue greets the eye; and will find some of the richest lands in the world lying idle, and to be purchased for a trifle. North of Biscayne Bay, on the coast, tobacco, bananas, plantains, oranges, coffee, dates, pine-apples, rice, indigo, and sugar cassava will flourish admirably. The production of sea-island cotton on the Florida coast requires but about one-half the labor necessary in South Carolina, and it is contended that a sugar plantation there can be made for one-fifth of the money required in Louisiana. Biscayne Bay is within four days' easy sail of New York, and there is no reason why vegetables and the great variety of tropical fruits which can be grown there should not find a ready market in the metropolis.

Of course, the labor question in Florida, as elsewhere in the Southern States, is perplexing and startling. The only means by which the State can secure the full development of its extraordinary riches is by inducing immigration on the part of people who live in similar latitudes, and who will find it agreeable and easy to develop the resources of the vast sub-tropical peninsula. While it is evident that the Northern and Western men will develop the region bordering on the St. John's, and possibly the northern part of the commonwealth, those who do the work on the vast sugar plantations of the future, and who develop the whole south-eastern coast, must be native to the South. The Floridians have already given some attention to the subject of immigration, and a bureau to take charge of that matter was appointed under the new Constitution. The "Agricultural and Immigration Association of Florida" was organized in 1868, and is composed of the officers of the county association of the same nature, and of those of the various boards of trade.

Key West, only four hundred miles from

Cuba, is an important Government naval station, and is connected with the world by semi-monthly steamship to Baltimore, Havana and New Orleans, semi-weekly boats to Galveston and New York, and the United States dispatch boats to Fort Jefferson, Tampa, Cedar Keys, St. Mark's, Appalachicola, Pensacola and Mobile. One may stand on a cracker-box and look over the whole island, which is formed of a species of coralline limestone. Key West town is prettily situated amid "groves of cocoa and of palm" and has five thousand inhabitants; it becomes quite lively in aspect when the fleet rendezvous is fixed there and is famous for the beauty of its ladies, the matchless flavor of its green turtle, the dexterity of its wreckers, the extent of its salt works and cigar manufactories, its naval hospital and its formidable Fort Taylor, with two hundred heavy guns pointing seaward. All winter long at Key West* the south winds blow; the air is loaded with warmth and perfume; the moonlight is brilliant, and the "northers" considerately come only two or three times a year. From this port steamers run occasionally to the Dry Tortugas, where a thousand prisoners were confined during the war, and where some other "conspirators" once found a forced seclusion.

Florida accepted reconstruction peacefully, and the new Constitution is, on the whole, a good one. It makes proper provision for schools, and the machinery of the Courts and the regulations with regard to the distribution of lands are wise. The Republican party in the State has suffered a good deal at the hands of some of the men intrusted with its interest; so that many citizens of the State, who, on national questions, always vote with Republicans, array themselves, so far as regards their local interests, with the Conservative faction. The balance of power in the State is at present held by the blacks, led by a few white men; but the Conservative element is rapidly gaining strength, and it is noted as somewhat remarkable that Northerners who settle there gradually lean toward Conservatism, as they are compelled to do to protect themselves against a torrent of ignorance and vice. Congressman Cox, of New York, was one day at a Republican meeting in Jacksonville, and was invited to address it. He professed great surprise, and inquired how it was that a Democrat was asked to make an address in a Republican caucus. He was thereupon informed that it was not a party meeting, but that it was an effort to secure the best men and the best ideas for the service of the State, even if they were found outside party limits. There has been a great deal of fraud and plundering on the part of county officers who, dazzled by the possession of newly acquired power, have not hesitated to place both hands in the public purse. Many have been detected, but some have been so adroit as to completely cover their tracks. A firm and thoroughly honest administration of State affairs would bring Florida into front rank among the prosperous States.

Taxation is about $2.38 on every hundred dollars, but the property owner is allowed to fix his own valuation. This includes a school and county tax of one cent on a dollar. The various railroad enterprises into which the State has been urged have done considerable to embarrass it. The present State debt is nearly $2,000,000, some $700,000 of which was contracted before the war. Many of the politicians regard the $4,000,000 of bonds issued by the State for the completion of the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile railroad, as a contingent liability, because the bonds will be issued to the company only on completion of the road, which is now completed only to Chattahoochee, the site of the State penitentiary. The road would be of great advantage to the State, if it were possible to get it freed from the endless litigation surrounding it, and to put even the section which is already completed into decent running order. It was an enterprise of too much magnitude for the capital or the management of the clever adventurer who got it into his possession, and who obtained everything he wished from the reconstruction legislature. He having sunk beneath its weight, the project languishes. An act of the last legislature but one has prohibited the further issuing of State bonds for any purpose whatever.

At the period of my visit to Florida, the State Superintendent of Education was a negro, and a gentleman of considerable culture and capacity. But neither he nor his predecessors have succeeded in doing much for common schools. The same prejudice which existed against them elsewhere in the South was felt in Florida up to a very recent date, and possibly exists in some degree now, because of the lurking fear of the whites that some day mixed schools may

* The name Key West is a corruption of the Spanish *Cayo Hueso*, "Bone Key."

be insisted upon by the black masters of the situation. In such counties as Duval, where the influence of a large and flourishing town has been felt, there are many schools, well supplied and well taught; but as a rule, throughout the back-country there are no schools, and there is no immediate prospect of any. The scrip which came to Florida, as her share of the national gift for the founding of an agricultural college, was swallowed up by some financial sharks in New York; it amounted to more than $80,000. The establishment of such a college would have been of great value to the State, giving an impetus to effort in exactly the necessary direction. The educational affairs of each county are managed by a "board of public instruction," consisting of five men recommended by the representatives of the legislature, and appointed by the State Superintendent. There are about 700,000 acres of "school lands" in the State, and there are some funds which are used in aiding counties to start schools. Of the 63,000 pupil-children in Florida, not more than one-fourth are supplied with any facilities for instruction. The amount annually expended for free education by the State, including donations from the Peabody fund, is $100,000. It was claimed that in 1873, 18,000 children attended the schools. At Gainesville, Key West, Tallahassee, Pensacola and Madison, there are successful schools for both colored and white children, and at Ocala, Quincy, and Appalachicola, there are colored free schools, liberally aided by the Peabody bequest. In the backwoods there is an alarming amount of ignorance among the adults; there are hundreds of men and women who have not the simplest rudiments of education. Many amusing stories are told of the simplicity and boorishness of the "crackers." They are a soft-voiced, easy-going, childlike kind of folk; quick to anger, vindictive when their rage is protracted and develops into a feud; and generous and noble in their rough hospitality. But they live the most undesirable of lives, and, surrounded by every facility for a luxurious existence, subsist on "hog and hominy," and drink the meanest whisky.

A clause in the Constitution provides that the Legislature shall enact laws requiring educational qualifications for electors after the year 1880, but that no such law shall be made applicable to any elector who may have registered and voted at any election previous to that time. The Governor is elected for four years. Governor Stearns, the present incumbent, has won the confidence of the people by numerous wise measures. The blacks predominate in the tiny Senate and Assembly, composed of twenty-four and fifty-three members respectively; and during the sessions, Tallahassee, the capital, situated in a rolling country, in the midst of a beautiful spring region, is the scene of a vast deal of tyro legislation, such as at present distinguishes the capitals of Louisiana and South Carolina.

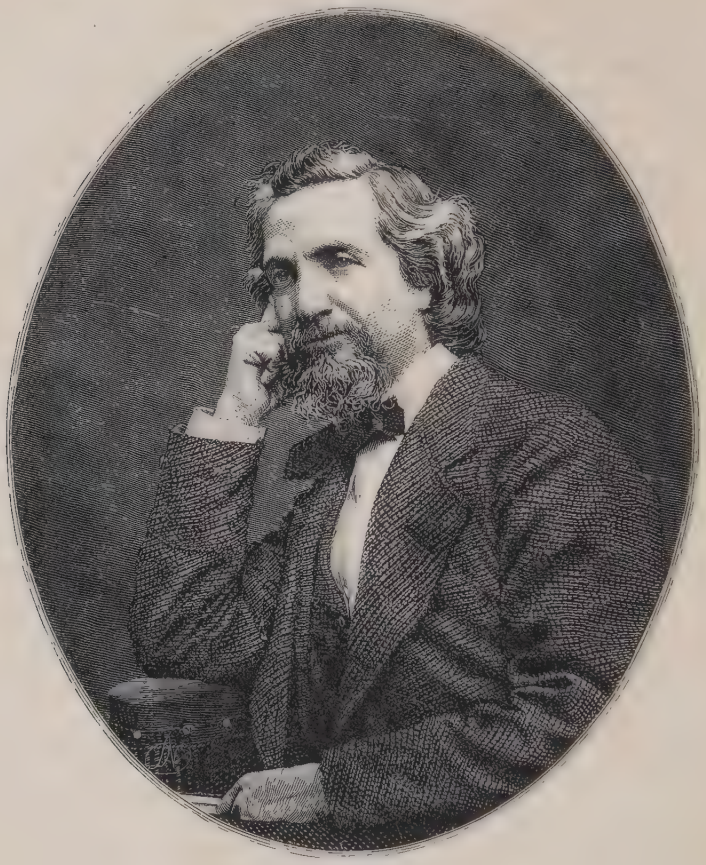
Quincy, St. Marks, and Monticello, all offer attractions to the traveler; the latter is the site of a sanguinary fight between the forces under Gen. Jackson and the Miccosakie Indians, and there, too, De Soto is said to have encamped on his way to the northward.

MAKING PEACE.

After this feud of yours and mine
The sun will shine;
After we both forget, forget,
The sun will set.

I pray you think how warm and sweet
The heart may beat;
I pray you think how soon the rose
From grave-dust grows.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WITH a little freedom of metaphor it may be said that in our literary orchard it is the exception for the pear-trees to produce nothing but pears, and the apple-trees to yield nothing but apples. The two species are strangely crossed and intermixed. The poets are constantly writing novels and the novelists producing poems, and which is the proper and native fruit, one cannot always tell. Holmes, Harte, Hay, Aldrich, Taylor, Trowbridge, and others, each seems able to shake down either story or poem from his branches at pleasure. It is a curious feature of recent literature, this taking of our poets to novel-writing, and of our novelists to poetizing. I believe there is nothing like it to the same extent on the other side of the Atlantic. Is the American genius so versatile then? or rather is the bent not very deep and mastering? Literature in the Old World is no doubt a more serious and engrossing occupation than here. Men do not play at literature there as they so often do in this country.

But I do not accuse any of the authors named of playing at literature, though I cannot help thinking that we should have better poems if we had less fiction, or better fiction if we had less poetry.

The subject of this sketch, John Townsend Trowbridge, is known to all enterprising novel readers as the author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave" and such capital magazine stories as "Coupon Bonds," and "The Man Who Stole a Meeting-House," and I hope to a whole army of boys as the charming narrator of "Jack Hazard's Fortunes," "Doing His Best," and "A Chance for Himself;" but he is known and perhaps better known to a smaller and choicer circle as the author of a slender volume of poems, many of them of great beauty and spirituality.

Mr. Trowbridge takes rank, though well to

the front, as a minor poet and novelist. He makes no pretension to being a sky-shaker, and I suppose that if we had to wait for larks till any of our popular poets rattled the sky down upon us, we should wait a long time. The major key of human passion is sounded so rarely in polite literature, now-a-days, that one has ceased to expect it, and is quite content with a writer of Mr. Trowbridge's naturalness and spirit. Neither does he seem to have made any attempt to write the much-talked-of American novel; yet some of the most characteristic touches, some of the most faithful portraitures of the speech, manners and lives of our average rural farming population, that I have yet met with, are to be found in Mr. Trowbridge's stories. Almost too faithful, one sometimes feels, too literal, too near the truth, too photographic, to charm the imagination. A little more atmosphere of the author's own effusing and creating, a little more witchery of art, a little more "rose color," if you please, would be an improvement; for however real and truthful your story or faithful to contemporary events and characters, it must be bathed and flooded with that light that never was on sea or land to finally satisfy the best readers.

Trowbridge comes honestly by his insight into the lives and characters of the country folk, for these are his own immediate antecedents. His father was a farmer, and one of the pioneer settlers of Western New York, where, in 1827, in a log-house but a few miles from the present site of the city of Rochester, our author first saw the light—that of a tallow candle, he says, the kitchen clock striking midnight, and his own small voice making itself heard at so nearly the same time that it is uncertain whether the 17th or the 18th of the month should be set down as his birthday. The bent and temperament of the son seem to have been inherited in about equal measure from both parents. The mother, a woman of great native energy of character, early recognized and encouraged his literary talents. The father seems to have been a man of more than ordinary sensibility—passionately fond of music, which he used to teach in those early pioneer days—and who at times was so affected by the singing of the choir in the church as to be quite overcome with emotion.

Young Trowbridge was left fatherless at the age of sixteen. Up to that time he had led the ordinary life of country boys: going to school in winter and working on the farm in summer. He developed an early taste for books, and especially for imaginative literature, Scott and Byron impressing him most deeply and lastingly. Before he was fifteen he learned to read and translate French without any of the modern aids. He seems to have had his share of the precious day-dreams of youth, cherished, whispered not to any mortal, and composed endless rhymes while following the plow, which were afterward fondly written down.

At the age of eighteen we find him in Illinois, teaching a district school in the winter, and raising a crop of wheat on a piece of land he had hired in the summer, and reading Virgil for a nooning. The wheat was struck with the rust and young Trowbridge was struck with the conviction that he was not cut out for a farmer. So he quit the plow-tails, as one of his own characters might say, and took up the tales far more congenial to him and of which he yet has a good hold. These tales were in both prose and verse, and were published in various country newspapers and magazines. About this time he was the successful competitor for a prize offered by a paper published at Lockport, N. Y., for the best poetical New Year's Address of the carrier to his patrons. The prize was a book worth two or three dollars, but the publishers concluding afterward that they could not afford so expensive a volume, compromised the matter by paying the young poet one dollar and a-half in money.

When nineteen years of age our hero set out for the city of New York in the regular traditional fashion, unprovided with friends or acquaintances, or letters of introduction, but with his pockets full of sketches and poems. These he had moderate success in disposing of, some of them appearing in "The Sunday Times" of the day and in "The Dollar Magazine," a publication that earned its title by being furnished to subscribers at a dollar a year, and by paying authors one dollar per page for their contributions. A story of our author's, which appeared in its pages, was widely copied both in this country and in England—a piece of success that sent his hopes up immensely and caused him to post an article forthwith to "The Knickerbocker Magazine," whence he expected still more gratifying returns both in cash and fame. The sketch was speedily published, but the author was informed by the polite editor that it was not his custom to pay for the contributions of new writers.

After many vicissitudes of fortune in New York,—at one time coming face to face with the grim specter Want, and at another keeping him at bay by engraving gold pencil cases in Jersey City,—Trowbridge left New York for Boston, where he found a better market for small literary wares like his. Here he wrote a great deal under the name of "Paul Creyton," and in 1849 started a newspaper which was short-lived. Then he edited Ben Perley Poore's "Sentinel" during the absence of that journalist in Washington, and nearly killed it by writing an article in it on the Fugitive Slave Law that cost the paper subscribers both at the North and at the South.

In 1853, Trowbridge published his first book, "Father Brighthopes," which had a large sale and led to the publication within a short time of four other volumes of a similar character under the general title of "Brighthopes Series."

In 1854, he wrote "Martin Merrivale, His X Mark," which, however, did not make its mark upon the reading public.

In 1855, he made a trip to Europe where he spent a year, and wrote "Neighbor Jackwood." After his return in 1856, he wrote the play of the same name which was produced with brilliant success in Boston and New York, and afterward in other cities. During the great rebellion he wrote "Cudjo's Cave," one of the most noteworthy war stories of that period.

Immediately after the close of the war, he spent several months in the Southern States for the purpose of giving accurate views of the state of affairs there. The result of his observations appeared in 1866 in a volume entitled "The South."

In 1869, he collected his poems into a volume, which was published by Fields, Osgood & Co., under the title of "The Vagabonds and Other Poems."

In the winter of 1872, he appears to have been engaged in other poetical works, of which the public has heard little, though I remember an item at the time which stated that the Massachusetts Humane Society had awarded J. T. Trowbridge, of Arlington, its large silver medal for rescuing a lad from drowning. The circumstance is worth mentioning as showing how a poet in word can be a poet in deed also. The boy had broken through the ice into sixty feet of water at the outlet of Mystic lake where the current is very strong. His terrified cries attracted Trowbridge to the place, who, with a couple of light boards hastily torn from an old fence, went out after him on ice, so thin that ice, boards and all sank beneath him. A crowd of men and boys looking on at a safe distance warned him to desist, but to the astonishment of all, the lad was saved, though the poet got a ducking.

Trowbridge was one of the original corps of contributors to "The Atlantic Monthly," and among the many good things that have appeared in that magazine, his articles have been conspicuous. "The Vagabonds," "At Sea," "The Pewee," among the poems, and "Coupon Bonds," among the stories, have taken a high place in the general literature of the day.

"Coupon Bonds" is undoubtedly one of the best short stories ever published in this country. It is a most happy and felicitous stroke. It is brimful of the very best quality of humor, the humor that grows naturally out of the character and the situation, and it moves along briskly without any urging or pushing by the author. It is full of incident, full of character, full of novel and ludicrous surprises and situations, and if it could be composed into a three-act comedy, would be as irresistible in its way as Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

Indeed, one great merit of all Trowbridge's stories, is their unfailing dramatic fusion and flow. Much more famous writers in this field could be named who cannot lay claim to genius so thoroughly plastic and sympathetic. His characters are all vitally conceived, and hence his page is essentially dramatic—full of action and the throb of real life, as distinguished from novels that are mainly narrative and descriptive. The interest of his stories is not at all in what he the author has to say, but in what his personages do and say. It is not his wit, but their wit that makes us laugh.

Hence, whatever may be Trowbridge's defects, he has unmistakably the genial, magnetic heart-nature that is characteristic of the true race of creators.

Neither as a writer does he stand apart from the great currents of life and select some exceptional phase or odd combination of circumstances. He stands on the common level and appeals to the universal heart, and all that he suggests or achieves is on the plane and in the line of march of the great body of humanity.

I must name one other trait, noteworthy in these days, and that is his hearty good nature, and entire freedom from the contempt, the condescension, the irreverence and superciliousness that vitiates so much

of the work of our younger geniuses. There is only charity and good-will in his hearty laugh. He does not hold himself aloof, superior. He does not portray human nature through mere intellectual acuteness and cleverness, but creatively, through his sympathy and hearty affiliation with it, in all its normal forms and conditions.

"Neighbor Jackwood" is noteworthy as being the pioneer of novels of *real* life in New England, just as "The Vagabonds" is the first specimen (and one of the best) of what has come to be known as the Bret Harte school of poetry. Toward "Neighbor Jackwood," one feels that it is such a good story that it ought in all conscience to be a better one. It sparkles with wit, it is liquid with humor, it has unmistakably the touch of nature, its dramatic flux, so to speak, is nearly perfect, and it has a procession of characters like a novel of Scott. Indeed, in many ways it recalls that great master. There is less description and more action in it than is habitual with Scott, and the conception of some of its secondary characters, like the crazy-brained Edward Longman, would shine in any page Scott ever wrote. And yet it will not bear the test which itself seems to challenge. One of its great sins is insubordination of parts. Its minor characters stand in as strong a light as its principals, and very often take up time that should be given to the latter.

The Jack Hazard series of stories, published in the late "Our Young Folks," and continued in the first volume of "St. Nicholas" under the title of "Fast Friends," are no doubt destined to hold a high place in this class of literature. The delight of the boys in them (and of their seniors too), is well founded. They go to the right spot every time. Trowbridge knows the heart of a boy like a book, and the heart of the man too, and he has lain them both open in these books in a most successful manner. Apart from the qualities that render the series so attractive to all young readers, they have great value on account of their portraitures of American country life and character. The drawing is wonderfully accurate, and as spirited as it is true. The constable, Sellick, is an original character, and as minor figures where will we find anything better than Miss Wansey, and P. Pipkin, Esquire? The picture of Mr. Dink's school too, is capital, and where else in fiction is there a better nickname than that the boys gave to poor little Stephen Treadwell, "Step Hen," as he himself pronounced his name in an unfortunate moment when he saw it in print for the first time in his lesson in school!

On the whole these books are very satisfactory, and afford the critical reader the rare pleasure of works that are just adequate, that easily fulfill themselves and accomplish all they set out to. As a poet, Trowbridge bids fair to become "the American Hood." He has the same affinities and attractions, and, perhaps, by the time he has written as much his quality and character will be as clearly defined. At present his collected poems lack a sufficiently distinct flavor of their own; they do not stamp the author's individuality upon the mind quite vividly enough. Hence his fame as a poet seems disproportioned to the popularity of many of his poems. There is hardly a public elocutionary reading in the country where "The Vagabonds" or "Evening at the Farm," or "Darius Green and his Flying-Machine," are not down in the bill; still it cannot be said that Trowbridge has yet made a distinctive mark as a poet. He appeals to the universal heart, but not yet to the private individual heart.

If one is to apply severe tests, I suppose the first question to be asked in regard to any new candidate for poetic honors is not: has he written beautiful poems, but are they *his poems?* do they exhibit the manner of his soul or of some one else? are they simply expressive of the general poetic culture and susceptibility of the times and of the influence of other poets, or are they the product of an original and peculiar experience? Indeed I suppose all we mean by originality in imaginative literature, is fresh, new power, and not at all new material. But however this may be, there are only three or four American poets who can stand the test proposed better than Trowbridge. He has written a few characteristic poems—poems the best of their kind that have been produced in a long while. His vein is the one indicated in "The Vagabonds" and the "One Day Solitary." His genius is essentially dramatic and realistic, and it is in this direction that his chief merit as a poet as well as a novelist lies. His more fanciful and ostensibly poetical poems, like "Beyond," or "By the River," "The Frozen Harbor," &c., do not seem as native and proper to him as those I have indicated. "La Cantatrice" again has got the ring of the true metal. Of such poems as "Beauty," "Midwinter," and "Midsummer," one wishes they had been produced before

Emerson's day. They are capital, and yet there is just that taint of insincerity about them that one feels in reading poems, the production of which has evidently been unconsciously rendered much easier by reason of some other poet.

The best of our poet's serious pieces, or poems of sentiment, is "At Sea," which I believe has been included in the "Hymns of the Ages."

AT SEA.

The night is made for cooling shade,
For silence and for sleep;
And when I was a child I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep;
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels;
As o'er her deck the billows tramp
And all her timbers strain and cramp,
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hingéd socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!—
Though weak and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own, with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light:
The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms,
Happy as if, to-night,
Under the cottage roof, again
I heard the soothing summer-rain.

"The Pewee" shows the author a very careful and loving student of nature. How vividly some of our native trees are brought before the mind in these lines:

Like beggared princes of the wood,
In silver rags the birches stood;
The hemlocks, lordly counsellors,
Were dumb; the steady servitors
In beechen jackets patched and gray
Seemed waiting spellbound all the day."

Our poet's "Lighter Pieces," again, just fill their measure. "Evening at the Farm," is full of a wild sweet melody like the lowing of kine among the hills. "The Little Theater," is the most ingenious and exquisite, while "Darius Green and his Flying-Machine," is replete with the broad humor so characteristic of this author. "The Wonderful Sack," is a poem to be read and *acted* with the children by the winter fireside. Indeed, nearly all Trowbridge's poems crave the living voice; they are so full of the vowel qualities, and are so clear, so simple and so charged with action.

His readers will be glad to know that he has in press another volume called "The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems," which will include his latest, and on the whole his best work.

Mr. Trowbridge lives in a home of his own, on the shores of Arlington lake, near Boston.

THE STORY OF AN OUTCAST.

I.

THERE was an ancient feud between the families; and Bjarne Blakstad was not the man to make it up, neither was Hedin Ullern. So they looked askance at each other whenever they met, on the highway, and the one took care not to cross the other's path. But on Sundays, when the church-bells called the parishioners together, they could not very well avoid seeing each other on the church-yard; and then, one day, many years ago, when the sermon had happened to touch Bjarne's heart, he had nodded to Hedin and said: "Fine weather to-day;" and Hedin had returned the nod and answered: "True is that." "Now I have done my duty before God and men," thought Bjarne, "and it is his turn to take the next step." "The fellow is proud," said Hedin to himself, "and he wants to show off his generosity. But I know the wolf by his skin, even if he has learned to bleat like a ewe-lamb."

What the feud really was about, they had both nearly forgotten. All they knew was that some thirty years ago there had been a quarrel between the pastor and the parish about the right of carrying arms to the church. And then Bjarne's father had been the spokesman of the parish, while Hedin's grandsire had been a staunch defender of the pastor. There was a rumor, too, that they had had a fierce encounter somewhere in the woods, and that the one had stabbed the other with a knife; but whether that was really true, no one could tell.

Bjarne was tall and grave like the weather-beaten fir-trees in his mast-forest. He had a large clean-shaven face, narrow lips, and small fierce eyes. He seldom laughed, and when he did, his laugh seemed even fiercer than his frown. He wore his hair long, as his fathers had done, and dressed in the style of two centuries ago; his breeches were clasped with large silver buckles at the knees, and his red jerkin was gathered about his waist with a leathern girdle. He loved everything that was old, in dress as well as in manners, took no newspapers, and regarded railroads and steamboats as inventions of the devil. Bjarne had married late in life, and his marriage had brought him two daughters, Brita and Grimhild.

Hedin Ullern was looked upon as an upstart. He could only count three generations back, and he hardly knew himself how his grandfather had earned the money that had enabled him to buy a farm and settle down in the valley. He had read a great deal, and was well informed on the politics of the day; his name had even been mentioned for *storthingsmand*, or member of parliament from the district, and it was the common opinion, that if Bjarne Blakstad had not so vigorously opposed him, he would have been elected, being the only "cultivated" peasant in the valley. Hedin was no unwelcome guest in the houses of gentle-folks, and he was often seen at the judge's and the pastor's omber parties. And for all this Bjarne Blakstad only hated him the more. Hedin's wife, Thorgerda, was fair-haired, tall and stout, and it was she who managed the farm, while her husband read his books, and studied politics in the newspapers; but she had a sharp tongue and her neighbors were afraid of her. They had one son, whose name was Halvard.

Brita Blakstad, Bjarne's eldest daughter, was a maid whom it was a joy to look upon. They called her "Glitter-Brita," because she was fond of rings and brooches, and everything that was bright; while she was still a child, she used to take the old family bridal-crown out from the storehouse and carry it about on her head. "Beware of that crown, child," her father had once said to her, "and wear it not before the time. There is not always blessing in the bridal silver." And she had looked wonderingly up into his eyes and answered: "But it glitters, father;" and from that time forth they had named her Glitter-Brita. And Glitter-Brita grew up to be a fair and winsome maiden, and wherever she went the wooers flocked on her path. Bjarne shook his head at her, and often had harsh words upon his lips, when he saw her braiding field-flowers into her yellow tresses or clasping the shining brooches to her bodice; but a look of hers or a smile would completely disarm him. She had a merry way of doing things which made it all seem like play; but work went rapidly from her hands, while her ringing laughter echoed through the house, and her sunny presence made it bright in the dusky ancestral halls. In her kitchen the long rows of copper pots and polished kettles shone upon the walls, and the neatly scoured milk-pails stood like soldiers on parade about the shelves under the ceiling. Bjarne would often sit for hours watching her, and a strange spring-feeling would steal into his heart. He felt a father's pride in her stately growth and her rich womanly beauty. "Ah!" he would say to himself, "she has the pure, genuine blood in her veins and, as true as I live, the farm shall be hers." And then, quite contrary to his habits, he would indulge in a little reverie, imagining the time when he, as an aged man, should have given the estate over into her hands, and seeing her as a worthy matron preside at the table, and himself rocking his grandchildren on his knee. No wonder, then, that he eyed closely the young lads who were beginning to hover about the house, and that he looked with suspicion upon those who selected the Saturday nights for their visits.* When Brita was twenty years old, however, her father thought that it was time for her to make her choice. There were many fine, brave lads in the valley, and, as Bjarne thought, Brita would have the good sense to choose the finest and the bravest. So, when the winter came, he suddenly flung his doors open to the youth of the parish, and began to give parties with

* In the country districts of Norway Saturday evening is regarded as "the wooer's day."

ale and mead in the grand old style. He even talked with the young men, at times, encouraged them to manly sports, and urged them to taste of his home-brewed drinks and to tread the spring-dance briskly. And Brita danced and laughed so that her hair flew around her and the silver-brooches tinkled and rang on her bosom. But when the merriment was at an end, and any one of the lads remained behind to offer her his heart and hand, she suddenly grew grave, told him she was too young, that she did not know herself, and that she had had no time as yet to decide so serious a question. Thus the winter passed and summer drew near.

In the middle of June, Brita went to the saeter* with the cattle; and her sister, Grimhild, remained at home to keep house on the farm. She loved the life in the mountains; the great solitude sometimes made her feel sad, but it was not an unpleasant sadness, it was rather a gentle toning down of all the shrill and noisy feelings of the soul. Up there, in the heart of the primeval forest, her whole being seemed to herself a symphony of melodious whispers with a vague delicious sense of remoteness and mystery in them, which she only felt and did not attempt to explain. There, those weird legends which, in former days, still held their sway in the fancy of every Norsewoman, breathed their secrets into her ear, and she felt her nearness and kinship to nature, as at no other time.

One night, as the sun was low, and a purple bluish smoke hung like a thin veil over the tops of the forest, Brita had taken out her knitting and seated herself on a large moss-grown stone, on the croft. Her eyes wandered over the broad valley which was stretched out below, and she could see the red roofs of the Blakstad mansion peeping forth between the fir-trees. And she wondered what they were doing down there, whether Grimhild had done milking, and whether her father had returned from the fjord, where it was his habit at this hour to ride with the footmen to water the horses. As she sat thus wondering, she was startled by a creaking in the dry branches hard by, and lifting her eye, she saw a tall, rather clumsily built, young man emerging from the thicket. He had a broad but low forehead, flaxen hair which hung down over a pair of dull ox-like eyes; his mouth was rather large and, as it was half open, displayed two massive rows of shining white teeth. His red peaked cap hung on the back of his head and, although it was summer, his thick wadmal vest was buttoned close up to his throat; over his right arm he had flung his jacket, and in his hand he held a bridle.

"Good evening," said Brita, "and thanks for last meeting;" although she was not sure that she had ever seen him before.

"It was that bay mare, you know," stammered the man in a half apologetic tone, and shook the bridle, as if in further explanation.

"Ah, you have lost your mare," said the girl; and she could not help smiling at his helplessness and his awkward manner.

"Yes, it was the bay mare," answered he, in the same diffident tone; then, encouraged by her smile, he straightened himself a little and continued rather more fluently: "She never was quite right since the time the wolves were after her. And then since they took the colt away from her the milk has been troubling her, and she hasn't been quite like herself."

"I haven't seen her anywhere hereabouts," said Brita; "you may have to wander far, before you get on the track of her."

"Yes, that is very likely. And I am tired already."

"Won't you sit down and rest yourself?"

He deliberately seated himself in the grass, and gradually gained courage to look her straight in the face; and his dull eye remained steadfastly fixed on her in a way which bespoke unfeigned surprise and admiration. Slowly his mouth broadened into a smile; but his smile had more of sadness than of joy in it. She had, from the moment she saw him, been possessed of a strangely patronizing feeling toward him. She could not but treat him as if he had been a girl or some person inferior to her in station. In spite of his large body, the impression he made upon her was that of weakness; but she liked the sincerity and kindness which expressed themselves in his sad smile and large, honest, blue eyes. His gaze reminded her of that of an ox, but it had not only the ox's dullness, but also its simplicity and good-nature.

And they sat talking on for a while about the weather, the cattle, and the prospects of the crops.

* The saeter is a place in the mountains where the Norwegian peasants spend their summers pasturing their cattle. Every large farm has its own saeter, consisting of one or more *châlets*, hedged in by a fence of stone or planks.

"What is your name?" she asked at last.

"Halvard Hedinson Ullern."

A sudden shock ran through her at the sound of that name; in the next moment a deep blush stole over her countenance.

"And my name," she said slowly, "is Brita Bjarne's daughter Blakstad."

She fixed her eyes upon him, as if to see what effect her words produced. But his features wore the same sad and placid expression; and no line in his face seemed to betray either surprise or ill-will. Then her sense of patronage grew into one of sympathy and pity. "He must either be weak-minded or very unhappy," thought she, "and what right have I then to treat him harshly." And she continued her simple, straightforward talk with the young man, until he, too, grew almost talkative, and the sadness of his smile began to give way to something which almost resembled happiness. She noticed the change and rejoiced. At last, when the sun had sunk behind the western mountain tops, she rose and bade him good-night; in another moment the door of the saeter-cottage closed behind her, and he heard her bolting it on the inside. But for a long time he remained sitting on the grass, and strange thoughts passed through his head. He had quite forgotten his bay mare.

The next evening when the milking was done, and the cattle were gathered within the saeter enclosure, Brita was again sitting on the large stone, looking out over the valley. She felt a kind of companionship with the people when she saw the smoke whirling up from their chimneys, and she could guess what they were going to have for supper. As she sat there, she again heard a creaking in the branches, and Halvard Ullern stood again before her, with his jacket on his arm, and the same bridle in his hand.

"You have not found your bay mare yet?" she exclaimed, laughingly. "And you think she is likely to be in this neighborhood?"

"I don't know," he answered; "and I don't care if she isn't."

He spread his jacket on the grass, and sat down on the spot where he had sat the night before. Brita looked at him in surprise and remained silent; she didn't know how to interpret this second visit.

"You are very handsome," he said, suddenly, with a gravity which left no doubt as to his sincerity.

"Do you think so?" she answered, with a merry laugh. He appeared to her almost a child, and it never entered her mind to feel offended. On the contrary, she was not sure but that she felt pleased.

"I have thought of you ever since yesterday," he continued with the same imperturbable manner. "And if you were not angry with me, I thought I would like to look at you once more. You are so different from other folks."

"God bless your foolish talk," cried Brita, with a fresh burst of merriment. "No, indeed I am not angry with you; I should just as soon think of being angry with —— with that calf," she added for want of another comparison.

"You think I don't know much," he stammered. "And I don't." The sad smile again settled on his countenance.

A feeling of guilt sent the blood throbbing through her veins. She saw that she had done him injustice. He evidently possessed more sense, or at least a finer instinct than she had given him credit for.

"Halvard," she faltered—"if I have offended you, I assure you, I didn't mean to do it; and a thousand times I beg your pardon."

"You haven't offended me, Brita," answered he, blushing like a girl. "You are the first one who doesn't make me feel that I am not so wise as other folks."

She felt it her duty to be open and confiding with him in return; and in order not to seem ungenerous, or rather to put them on an equal footing by giving him also a peep into her heart, she told him about her daily work, about the merry parties at her father's house, and about the lusty lads who gathered in their halls to dance the Halling and the spring-dance. He listened attentively while she spoke, gazing earnestly into her face, but never interrupting her. In his turn he described to her in his slow deliberate way, how his father constantly scolded him because he was not bright, and did not care for politics and newspapers, and how his mother wounded him with her sharp tongue by making merry with him, even in the presence of the servants and strangers. He did not seem to imagine that there was anything wrong in what he said, or that he placed himself in a ludicrous light; nor did he seem to speak from any unmanly craving for sympathy. His manner was so simple and straightforward that what Brita probably would have found strange in another, she found perfectly natural in him.

It was nearly midnight when they parted.

She hardly slept at all, that night, and she was half vexed with herself for the interest she took in this simple youth. The next morning her father came up to pay her a visit and to see how the flocks were thriving. She understood that it would be dangerous to say anything to him about Halvard, for she knew his temper and feared the result, if he should ever discover her secret. Therefore, she shunned an opportunity to talk with him, and only busied herself the more with the cattle and the cooking. Bjarne soon noticed her distraction, but, of course, never suspected the cause. Before he left her, he asked her if she did not find it too lonely on the saeter, and if it would not be well if he sent her one of the maids for a companion. She hastened to assure him that that was quite unnecessary; the cattle-boy who was there to help her was all the company she wanted. Toward evening, Bjarne Blakstad loaded his horses with buckets, filled with cheese and butter, and started for the valley. Brita stood long looking after him as he descended the rocky slope, and she could hardly conceal from herself that she felt relieved, when, at last, the forest hid him from her sight. All day she had been walking about with a heavy heart; there seemed to be something weighing on her breast, and she could not throw it off. Who was this who had come between her and her father? Had she ever been afraid of him before, had she been glad to have him leave her? A sudden bitterness took possession of her, for in her grief, she gave Halvard the blame for all that had happened. She threw herself down on the grass and burst into a passionate fit of weeping; she was guilty, wretchedly miserable, and all for the sake of one whom she had hardly known for two days. If he should come in this moment, she would tell him what he had done toward her; and her wish must have been heard, for as she raised her eyes, he stood there at her side, the sad feature about his mouth and his great honest eyes gazing wonderingly at her. She felt her purpose melt within her; he looked so good and so unhappy. Then again came the thought of her father and of her own wrong, and the bitterness again revived.

"Go away," cried she, in a voice half reluctantly tender and half defiant. "Go away, I say; I don't want to see you any more."

"I will," he answered with a strange firmness. "I will do anything you bid me do."

He picked up his jacket which he had dropped on the ground, then turned slowly, gave her another long look, an infinitely sad and hopeless one, and went. Her bosom heaved violently—remorse, affection and filial duty wrestled desperately in her heart.

"No, no," she cried, "why do you go? I did not mean it so. I only wanted——"

He paused and returned as deliberately as he had gone.

Why should I dwell upon the days that followed—how her heart grew even more restless, how she would suddenly wake up at nights and see those large blue eyes sadly gazing at her, how by turns she would condemn herself and him, and how she felt with bitter pain that she was growing away from those who had hitherto been nearest and dearest to her. And strange to say, this very isolation from her father made her cling only the more desperately to him. It seemed to her as if Bjarne had deliberately thrown her off; that she herself had been the one who took the first step had hardly occurred to her. Alas, her grief was as irrational as her love. By what strange devious process of reasoning these convictions became settled in her mind, it is difficult to tell. It is sufficient to know that she was a woman and that she loved. She even knew herself that she was irrational, and this very sense drew her more hopelessly into the maze of the labyrinth from which she saw no escape.

His visits were as regular as those of the sun. She knew that there was only a word of hers needed to banish him from her presence forever. And how many times did she not resolve to speak that word? But the word was never spoken. At times a company of the lads from the valley would come to spend a merry evening at the saeter; but she heeded them not, and they soon disappeared. Thus the summer went amid passing moods of joy and sorrow. She had long known that he loved her, and when at last his slow confession came, it added nothing to her happiness; it only increased her fears for the future. They laid many plans together in those days; but winter came as a surprise to both, the cattle were removed from the mountains, and they were again separated.

Bjarne Blakstad looked long and wistfully at his daughter that morning, when he came to bring her home. She wore no more rings and brooches, and it was this which excited Bjarne's suspicion that everything was not right with her. Formerly he

was displeased because she wore too many; now he grumbled because she wore none.

II.

THE winter was half gone; and in all this time Brita had hardly once seen Halvard. Yes, once,—it was Christmas-day,—she had ventured to peep over to his pew in the church, and had seen him, sitting at his father's side, and gazing vacantly out into the empty space; but as he had caught her glance, he had blushed, and began eagerly to turn the leaves of his hymn-book. It troubled her that he made no effort to see her; many an evening she had walked alone down at the river-side, hoping that he might come; but it was all in vain. She could not but believe that his father must have made some discovery, and that he was watched. In the meantime the black cloud thickened over her head; for a secret gnawed at the very roots of her heart. It was a time of terrible suspense and suffering—such as a man never knows, such as only a woman can endure. It was almost a relief when the cloud burst, and the storm broke loose, as presently it did.

One Sunday, early in April, Bjarne did not return at the usual hour from church. His daughters waited in vain for him with the dinner, and at last began to grow uneasy. It was not his habit to keep irregular hours. There was a great excitement in the valley just then; the America-fever had broken out. A large vessel was lying out in the fjord, ready to take the emigrants away; and there was hardly a family that did not mourn the loss of some brave-hearted son, or of some fair and cherished daughter. The old folks, of course, had to remain behind; and when the children were gone, what was there left for them but to lie down and die? America was to them as distant as if it were on another planet. The family feeling, too, has ever been strong in the Norseman's breast; he lives for his children, and seems to live his life over again in them. It is his greatest pride to be able to trace his blood back into the days of Sverre and St. Olaf, and with the same confidence he expects to see his race spread into the future in the same soil where once it has struck root. Then comes the storm from the Western seas, wrestles with the sturdy trunk, and breaks it; and the shattered branches fly to all the four corners of the heavens. No wonder, then, like a tree that has lost its crown, his strength is broken and he expects but to smoulder into the earth and die.

Bjarne Blakstad, like the sturdy old patriot that he was, had always fiercely denounced the America rage; and it was now the hope of his daughters that, perhaps, he had stayed behind to remind the restless ones among the youth of their duty toward their land, or to frighten some bold emigration agent who might have been too loud in his declamations. But it was already eight o'clock and Bjarne was not yet to be seen. The night was dark and stormy; a cold sleet fiercely lashed the window-panes, and the wind roared in the chimney. Grimhild, the younger sister, ran restlessly out and in and slammed the door after her. Brita sat tightly pressed up against the wall in the darkest corner of the room. Every time the wind shook the house she started up; then again seated herself and shuddered. Dark forebodings filled her soul.

At last,—the clock had just struck ten,—there was a noise heard in the outer hall. Grimhild sprang to the door and tore it open. A tall, stooping figure entered, and by the dress she at once recognized her father.

"Good God," cried she, and ran up to him.

"Go away, child," muttered he, in a voice that sounded strangely unfamiliar, and he pushed her roughly away. For a moment he stood still, then stalked up to the table, and, with a heavy thump, dropped down into a chair. There he remained with his elbows resting on his knees, and absently staring on the floor. His long hair hung in wet tangles down over his face, and the wrinkles about his mouth seemed deeper and fiercer than usual. Now and then he sighed, or gave vent to a deep groan. In a while his eyes began to wander uneasily about the room; and as they reached the corner where Brita was sitting, he suddenly darted up, as if stung by something poisonous, seized a brand from the hearth, and rushed toward her.

"Tell me I did not see it," he broke forth in a hoarse whisper, seizing her by the arm and thrusting the burning brand close up to her face. "Tell me it is a lie—a black, poisonous lie."

She raised her eyes slowly to his and gazed steadfastly in his face. "Ah," he continued in the same terrible voice, "it was what I told them down there at the church—a lie—an infernal lie. And I drew blood—blood, I say—I did—from the slanderer's heart. Ha, ha, ha! What a lusty sprawl that was!"

The color came and departed from Brita's cheeks. And still she was strangely self-possessed. She even wondered at her own calmness. Alas, she did not know that it was a calmness that is more terrible than pain, the corpse of a forlorn and hopeless heart.

"Child," continued Bjarne, and his voice assumed a more natural tone, "why dost thou not speak? They have lied about thee, child, because thou art fair, they have envied thee." Then, almost imploringly, "Open thy mouth, Brita, and tell thy father that thou art pure—pure as the snow, child—my own—my beautiful child."

There was a long and painful pause, in which the crackling of the brand, and the heavy breathing of the old man were the only sounds to break the silence. Pale like a marble image stood she before him; no word of excuse, no prayer for forgiveness escaped her; only a convulsive quivering of the lips betrayed the life that struggled within her. With every moment the hope died in Bjarne's bosom. His visage was fearful to behold. Terror and fierce indomitable hatred had grimly distorted his features, and his eyes burned like fire-coals beneath the bushy brow.

"Harlot," he shrieked, "harlot!"

A cold gust of wind swept through the room. The windows shook, the doors flew open, as if touched by a strong invisible hand—and the old man stood alone, holding the flickering brand above his head.

It was after midnight, the wind had abated, but the snow still fell, thick and silent, burying paths and fences under its cold white mantle. Onward she fled—onward and ever onward. And whither, she knew not. A cold numbness had chilled her senses, but still her feet drove her irresistibly onward. A dark current seemed to have seized her, she only felt that she was adrift, and she cared not whither it bore her. In spite of the stifling dullness which oppressed her, her body seemed as light as air. At last,—she knew not where,—she heard the roar of the sea, resounding in her ears, a genial warmth thawed the numbness of her senses, and she floated joyfully among the clouds—among golden, sunbathed clouds. When she opened her eyes, she found herself lying in a comfortable bed, and a young woman with a kind motherly face was sitting at her side. It was all like a dream, and she made no effort to account for what appeared so strange and unaccountable.

What she afterward heard was that a fisherman had found her in a snow-drift on the strand, and that he had carried her home to his cottage and had given her over to the charge of his wife. This was the second day since her arrival. They knew who she was, but had kept the doors locked and had told no one that she was there. She heard the story of the good woman without emotion; it seemed an intolerable effort to think. But on the third day, when her child was born, her mind was suddenly aroused from its lethargy, and she calmly matured her plans; and for the child's sake she resolved to live and to act. That same evening there came a little boy with a bundle for her. She opened it and found therein the clothes she had left behind, and—her brooches. She knew that it was her sister who had sent them; then there was one who still thought of her with affection. And yet her first impulse was to send it all back, or to throw it into the ocean; but she looked at her child and forbore.

A week passed, and Brita recovered. Of Halvard she had heard nothing. One night, as she lay in a half doze, she thought she had seen a pale, frightened face pressed up against the window-pane, and staring fixedly at her and her child; but, after all, it might have been merely a dream. For her fevered fancy had in these last days frequently beguiled her into similar visions. She often thought of him, but, strangely enough, no more with bitterness, but with pity. Had he been strong enough to be wicked, she could have hated him, but he was weak, and she pitied him. Then it was that, one evening, as she heard that the American vessel was to sail at daybreak, she took her little boy and wrapped him carefully in her own clothes, bade farewell to the good fisherman and his wife, and walked alone down to the strand. Huge clouds of fantastic shapes chased each other desperately along the horizon, and now and then the slender new moon glanced forth from the deep blue gulfs between. She chose a boat at random and was about to unmoor it, when she saw the figure of a man tread carefully over the stones and hesitatingly approach her.

"Brita," came in a whisper from the strand.

"Who's there?"

"It is I. Father knows it all, and he has nearly killed me; and mother, too."

"Is that what you have come to tell me?"

"No, I would like to help you some. I

have been trying to see you these many days." And he stepped close up to the boat.

"Thank you; I need no help."

"But, Brita," implored he, "I have sold my gun and my dog, and everything I had, and this is what I have got for it." He stretched out his hand and reached her a red handkerchief with something heavy bound up in a corner. She took it mechanically, held it in her hand for a moment, then flung it far out into the water. A smile of profound contempt and pity passed over her countenance.

"Farewell, Halvard," said she, calmly, and pushed the boat into the water.

"But, Brita," cried he in despair, "what would you have me do?"

She lifted the child in her arms, then pointed to the vacant seat at her side. He understood what she meant, and stood for a moment wavering. Suddenly, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. Within half an hour, Brita boarded the vessel, and as the first red stripe of the dawn illumined the horizon, the wind filled the sails, and the ship glided westward toward that land where there is a home for them whom love and misfortune have exiled.

It was a long and wearisome voyage. There was an old English clergyman on board, who collected curiosities; to him she sold her rings and brooches, and thereby obtained more than sufficient money to pay her passage. She hardly spoke to any one except her child. Those of her fellow-parishioners who knew her, and perhaps guessed her history, kept aloof from her, and she was grateful to them that they did. From morning till night, she sat in a corner between a pile of deck freight and the kitchen skylight, and gazed at her little boy who was lying in her lap. All her hope, her future, and her life were in him. For herself, she had ceased to hope.

"I can give thee no fatherland, my child," she said to him. "Thou shalt never know the name of him who gave thee life. Thou and I, we shall struggle together, and, as true as there is a God above, who sees us, he will not leave either of us to perish. But let us ask no question, child, about that which is past. Thou shalt grow and be strong, and thy mother must grow with thee."

During the third week of the voyage, the English clergyman baptized the boy, and she called him Thomas, after the day in the almanac on which he was born. He should never know that Norway had been his mother's home; therefore she would give him no name which might betray his race. One morning, early in the month of June, they hailed land, and the great New World lay before her.

III.

Why should I speak of the ceaseless care, the suffering, and the hard toil, which made the first months of Brita's life on this continent a mere continued struggle for existence? They are familiar to every emigrant who has come here with a brave heart and an empty purse. Suffice it to say that at the end of the second month, she succeeded in obtaining service as milkmaid with a family in the neighborhood of New York. With the linguistic talent peculiar to her people, she soon learned the English language and even spoke it well. From her countrymen, she kept as far away as possible, not for her own sake, but for that of her boy; for he was to grow great and strong, and the knowledge of his birth might shatter his strength and break his courage. For the same reason she also exchanged her picturesque Norse costume for that of the people among whom she was living. She went commonly by the name of Mrs. Brita, which, pronounced in the English way, sounded very much like Mrs. Bright, and this at last became the name by which she was known in the neighborhood.

Thus five years passed; then there was a great rage for emigrating to the far West, and Brita, with many others, started for Chicago. There she arrived in the year 1852, and took up her lodgings with an Irish widow, who was living in a little cottage in what was then termed the outskirts of the city. Those who saw her in those days, going about the lumber yards and doing a man's work, would hardly have recognized in her the merry Glitter-Brita, who in times of old trod the spring-dance so gaily in the well-lighted halls of the Blakstad mansion. And, indeed, she was sadly changed! Her features had all become sharper, and the firm lines about her mouth expressed severity, almost sternness. Her clear blue eyes seemed to have grown larger, and their glance betrayed secret, ever-watchful care. Only her yellow hair had resisted the force of time and sorrow; for it still fell in rich and heavy folds over a smooth white forehead. She was, indeed, half ashamed of it, and often took pains to force it into a sober, matronly hood. Only at nights, when

she sat alone talking with her boy, she would allow it to escape from its prison; and he would laugh and play with it, and in his child's way even wonder at the contrast between her stern face and her youthful, maidenly tresses.

This Thomas, her son, was a strange child. He had a Norseman's taste for the fabulous and fantastic, and although he never heard a tale of Necken or the Hulder, he would often startle his mother by the most fanciful combinations of imagined events, and by bolder personifications than ever sprung from the legendary soil of the Norseland. She always took care to check him whenever he indulged in these imaginary flights, and he at last came to look upon them as something wrong and sinful. The boy, as he grew up, often strikingly reminded her of her father, as, indeed, he seemed to have inherited more from her own than from Halvard's race. Only the bright flaxen hair and his square, somewhat clumsy, stature might have told him to be the latter's child. He had a hot temper, and often distressed his mother by his stubbornness; and then there would come a great burst of repentance afterward, which distressed her still more. For she was afraid it might be a sign of weakness. "And strong he must be," said she to herself, "strong enough to overcome all resistance, and to conquer a great name for himself, strong enough to bless a mother who brought him into the world nameless."

Strange to say, much as she loved this child, she seldom caressed him. It was a penance she had imposed upon herself to atone for her guilt. Only at times, when she had been sitting up late, and her eyes would fall, as it were, by accident upon the little face on the pillow, with the sweet unconsciousness of sleep resting upon it like a soft, invisible veil, would she suddenly throw herself down over him, kiss him, and whisper tender names in his ear, while her tears fell hot and fast on his yellow hair and his rosy countenance. Then the child would dream that he was sailing aloft over shining forests, and that his mother, beaming with all the beauty of her lost youth, flew before him, showering golden flowers on his path. These were the happiest moments of Brita's joyless life, but even these were not unmixed with bitterness; for into the midst of her joy would steal a shy anxious thought, a thought which was the more terrible because it came so stealthily, so soft-footed and unbidden. Had not this child been given her as a punishment for her guilt? Had she then a right to turn God's scourge into a blessing? Did she give to God "that which belongeth unto God," as long as all her hopes, her thoughts, and her whole being revolved about this one earthly thing, her son, the child of her sorrow? She was not a nature to shrink from grave questions; no, she met them boldly, when once they were there, wrestled fiercely with them, was defeated, and again with a martyr's zeal rose to renew the combat. God had himself sent her this perplexing doubt and it was her duty to bear his burden. Thus ran Brita's reasoning. In the meanwhile the years slipped by, and great changes were wrought in the world about her.

The few hundred dollars which Brita had been able to save, during the first three years of her stay in Chicago, she had invested in a piece of land. In the meanwhile the city had grown, and in the year 1859 she was offered five thousand dollars for her lot; this offer she accepted and again bought a small piece of property at a short distance from the city. The boy had since his eighth year attended the public school, and had made astonishing progress. Every day when school was out, she would meet him at the gate, take him by the hand and lead him home. If any of the other boys dared to make sport of her, or to tease him for his dependence upon her, it was sure to cost that boy a black eye. He soon succeeded in establishing himself in the respect of his schoolmates, for he was the strongest boy of his own age, and ever ready to protect and defend the weak and defenseless. When Thomas Bright (for that was the name by which he was known) was fifteen years old he was offered a position as clerk in the office of a lumber-merchant, and with his mother's consent he accepted it. He was a fine young lad now, large and well-knit, and with a clear and earnest countenance. In the evening he would bring home books to read, and as it had always been Brita's habit to interest herself in whatever interested him, she soon found herself studying and discussing with him things which had in former years been far beyond the horizon of her mind. She had at his request reluctantly given up her work in the lumber-yards, and now spent her days at home, busying herself with sewing and reading and such other things as women find to fill up a vacant hour.

One evening, when Thomas was in his nineteenth year, he returned from his office with a graver face than usual. The mother's

quick eye immediately saw that something had agitated him, but she forbore to ask.

"Mother," said he at last, "who is my father? Is he dead or alive?"

"God is your father, my son," answered she tremblingly. "If you love me, ask me no more."

"I do love you, mother," he said, and gave her a grave look, in which she thought she detected a mingling of tenderness and reproach. "And it shall be as you have said."

It was the first time she had had reason to blush before him, and her emotion came near overwhelming her; but with a violent effort she stifled it, and remained outwardly calm. He began pacing up and down the floor with his head bent and his hands on his back. It suddenly occurred to her that he was a grown man, and that she could no longer hold the same relation to him as his supporter and protector. "Alas," thought she, "if God will but let me remain his mother, I shall bless and thank Him."

It was the first time this subject had been broached, and it gave rise to many a doubt and many a question in the anxious mother's mind. Had she been right in concealing from him that which he might justly claim to know? What had been her motive in keeping him ignorant of his origin and of the land of his birth? She had wished him to grow to the strength of manhood, unconscious of guilt, so that he might bear his head upright, and look the world fearlessly in the face. And still, had there not in all this been a lurking thought of herself, a fear of losing his love, a desire to stand pure and perfect in his eye? She hardly dared to answer these questions, for, alas, she knew not that even our purest motives are but poorly able to bear a searching scrutiny. She began to suspect that her whole course with her son had been wrong from the very beginning. Why had she not told him the stern truth, even if he should despise her for it, even if she should have to stand a blushing culprit in his presence? Often, when she heard his footsteps in the hall, as he returned from the work of the day, she would man herself up and the words hovered upon her lips: "Son, thou art a bastard born, a child of guilt, and thy mother is an outcast upon the earth." But when she met those calm blue eyes of his, saw the unsuspecting frankness of his manner and the hopefulness with which he looked to the future, her womanly heart shrank from its duty, and she hastened out of the room, threw herself on her bed, and wept. Fiercely she wrestled with God in prayer, until she thought that even God had deserted her. Thus months passed and years, and the constant care and anxiety began to affect her health. She grew pale and nervous, and the slightest noise would annoy her. In the meanwhile, her manner toward the young man had become strangely altered, and he soon noticed it, although he forbore to speak. She was scrupulously mindful of his comfort, anxiously anticipated his wants, and observed toward him an ever vigilant consideration, as if he had been her master instead of her son.

When Thomas was twenty-two years of age, he was offered a partnership in his employer's business, and with every year his prospects brightened. The sale of his mother's property brought him a very handsome little fortune, which enabled him to build a fine and comfortable house in one of the best portions of the city. Thus their outward circumstances were greatly improved, and of comfort and luxury Brita had all and more than she had ever desired; but her health was broken down, and the physicians declared that a year of foreign travel and a continued residence in Italy might possibly restore her. At last, Thomas, too, began to urge her, until she finally yielded. It was on a bright morning in May that they both started for New York, and three days later they took the boat for Europe. What countries they were to visit they had hardly decided, but after a brief stay in England we find them again on a steamer bound for Norway.

IV.

WARM and gentle, as it is, June often comes to the fjord-valleys of Norway with the voice and the strength of a giant. The glaciers totter and groan, as if in anger at their own weakness, and send huge avalanches of stones and ice down into the valleys. The rivers swell and rush with vociferous brawl out over the mountain-sides, and a thousand tiny brooks join in the general clamor, and dance with noisy chatter over the moss-grown birch-roots. But later, when the struggle is at an end, and June has victoriously seated herself upon her throne, her voice becomes more richly subdued and brings rest and comfort to the ear and to the troubled heart. It was while the month was in this latter mood that Brita and her son entered once more the valley whence, twenty-five years ago, they had fled. Many strange, turbulent emotions stirred the mother's bosom, as she saw again the great snow-capped mountains, and the calm, green val-

ley, her childhood's home, lying so snugly sheltered in their mighty embrace. Even Thomas's breast was moved with vaguely sympathetic throbs, as this wondrous scene spread itself before him. They soon succeeded in hiring a farm-house, about half an hour's walk from Blakstad, and, according to Brita's wish, established themselves there for the summer. She had known the people well, when she was young, but they never thought of identifying her with the merry maid, who had once startled the parish by her sudden flight; and she, although she longed to open her heart to them, let no word fall to betray her real character. Her conscience accused her of playing a false part, but for her son's sake she kept silent.

Then, one day,—it was the second Sunday after their arrival,—she rose early in the morning, and asked Thomas to accompany her on a walk up through the valley. There was Sabbath in the air; the soft breath of summer, laden with the perfume of fresh leaves and field-flowers, gently wafted into their faces. The sun glittered in the dewy grass, the crickets sung with a remote voice of wonder, and the air seemed to be half visible, and moved in trembling wavelets on the path before them. Resting on her son's arm, Brita walked slowly up through the flowering meadows; she hardly knew whither her feet bore her, but her heart beat violently, and she often was obliged to pause and press her hands against her bosom, as if to stay the turbulent emotions.

"You are not well, mother," said the son. "It was imprudent in me to allow you to exert yourself in this way."

"Let us sit down on this stone," answered she. "I shall soon be better. Do not look so anxiously at me. Indeed, I am not sick."

He spread his light summer coat on the stone and carefully seated her. She lifted her veil and raised her eyes to the large red-roofed mansion, whose dark outlines drew themselves dimly on the dusky background of the pine forest. Was he still alive, he whose life-hope she had wrecked, he who had once driven her out into the night with all but a curse upon his lips? How would he receive her, if she were to return? Ah, she knew him, and she trembled at the very thought of meeting him. But was not the guilt hers? Could she depart from this valley, could she die in peace, without having thrown herself at his feet and implored his forgiveness? And there, on the opposite side of the valley, lay the home of him who had been the cause of all her misery. What had been his fate, and did he still remember those long happy summer days, ah! so long, long ago? She had dared to ask no questions of the people with whom she lived, but now a sudden weakness had overtaken her, and she felt that to-day must decide her fate; she could no longer bear this torture of uncertainty. Thomas remained standing at her side and looked at her with anxiety and wonder. He knew that she had concealed many things from him, but whatever her reasons might be, he was confident that they were just and weighty. It was not for him to question her about what he might have no right to know. He felt as if he had never loved her as in this moment, when she seemed to be most in need of him, and an overwhelming tenderness took possession of his heart. He suddenly stooped down, took her pale, thin face between his hands and kissed her. The long pent-up emotion burst forth in a flood of tears; she buried her face in her lap and wept long and silently. Then the church-bells began to peal down in the valley, and the slow mighty sound floated calmly and solemnly up to them. How many long-forgotten memories of childhood and youth did they not wake in her bosom—memories of the time when the merry Glitter-Brita, decked with her shining brooches, wended her way to the church among the gaily-dressed lads and maidens of the parish?

A cluster of white-stemmed birches threw its shadow over the stone where the penitent mother was sitting, and the tall grass on both sides of the path nearly hid her from sight. Presently the church-folk began to appear, and Brita raised her head and drew the veil down her face. No one passed without greeting the strangers, and the women and maidens, according to old fashion, stopped and courtesied. At last, there came an old white-haired man, leaning on the arm of a middle-aged woman. His whole figure was bent forward, and he often stopped and drew his breath heavily.

"Oh, yes, yes," he said in a hoarse, broken voice, as he passed before them, "age is gaining on me fast. I can't move about any more as of old. But to church I must this day. God help me! I have done much wrong and need to pray for forgiveness."

"You had better sit down and rest, father," said the woman. "Here is a stone, and the fine lady, I am sure, will allow a weak old man to sit down beside her."

Thomas rose and made a sign to the old man to take his seat.

"O yes, yes," he went on murmuring, as if talking to himself. "Much wrong—much forgiveness. God help us all—miserable sinners. He who hateth not father and mother—and daughter is not worthy of me. O, yes—yes—God comfort us all. Help me up, Grimhild. I think I can move on again, now."

Thomas, of course, did not understand a word of what he said, but seeing that he wished to rise, he willingly offered his assistance, supported his arm and raised him up.

"Thanks to you, young man," said the peasant. "And may God reward your kindness."

And the two, father and daughter, moved on, slowly and laboriously, as they had come. Thomas stood following them with his eyes, until a low, half-stifled moan suddenly called him to his mother's side. Her frame trembled violently.

"Mother, mother," implored he, stooping over her, "what has happened? Why are you no more yourself?"

"Ah, my son, I can bear it no longer," sobbed she. "God forgive me——thou must know it all."

He sat down at her side and drew her closely up to him and she hid her face on his bosom. There was a long silence, only broken by the loud chirruping of the crickets.

"My son," she began at last, still hiding her face, "thou art a child of guilt."

"That has been no secret to me, mother," answered he gravely and tenderly, "since I was old enough to know what guilt was."

She quickly raised her head, and a look of amazement, of joyous surprise, shone through the tears that veiled her eyes. She could read nothing but filial love and confidence in those grave, manly features, and she saw in that moment that all her doubts had been groundless, that her long prayerful struggle had been for naught.

"I brought thee into the world nameless," she whispered, "and thou hast no word of reproach for me?"

"With God's help, I am strong enough to conquer a name for myself, mother," was his answer.

It was the very words of her own secret wish, and upon his lips they sounded like a blessed assurance, like a miraculous fulfillment of her motherly prayer.

"Still, another thing, my child," she went on in a more confident voice. "This is thy native land,—and the old man who was just sitting here at my side was — my father."

And there, in the shadow of the birch-trees, in the summer stillness of that hour, she told him the story of her love, of her flight, and of the misery of these long, toilsome five and twenty years.

Late in the afternoon, Brita and her son were seen returning to the farm-house. A calm, subdued happiness beamed from the mother's countenance; she was again at peace with the world and herself, and her heart was as light as in the days of her early youth. But her bodily strength had given out, and her limbs almost refused to support her. The strain upon her nerves and the constant effort had hitherto enabled her to keep up, but now, when that strain was removed, exhausted nature claimed its right. The next day, she could not leave her bed, and with every hour her strength failed. A physician was sent for. He gave medicine, but no hope. He shook his head gravely, as he went, and both mother and son knew what that meant.

Toward evening, Bjarne Blakstad was summoned, and came at once. Thomas left the room, as the old man entered, and what passed in that hour between father and daughter, only God knows. When the door was again opened, Brita's eyes shone with a strange brilliancy, and Bjarne lay on his knees before the bed, pressing her hand convulsively between both of his.

"This is my son, father," said she in a language which her son did not understand; and a faint smile of motherly pride and happiness flitted over her pale features. "I would give him to thee in return for what thou hast lost; but God has laid his future in another land."

Bjarne rose, grasped his grandson's hand, and pressed it; and two heavy tears ran down his furrowed cheeks. "Alas," murmured he, "my son, that we should meet thus."

There they stood, bound together by the bonds of blood, but, alas, there lay a world between them.

All night they sat together at the dying woman's bedside. Not a word was spoken. Toward morning, as the sun stole into the darkened chamber, Brita murmured their names, and they laid their hands in hers.

"God be praised," whispered she, scarcely audibly, "I have found you both—my father, and my son." A deep pallor spread over her countenance. She was dead.

Two days later, when the body was laid out, Thomas stood alone in the room. The windows were covered with white sheets,

and a subdued light fell upon the pale, lifeless countenance. Death had dealt gently with her, she seemed younger than ever before, and her light wavy hair fell softly over the white forehead. Then there came a middle-aged man, with a dull eye, and a broad forehead, and timidly approached the lonely mourner. He walked on tip-toe and his figure stooped heavily. For a long while he stood gazing at the dead body, then he knelt down at the foot of the coffin, and began to sob violently. At last he arose, took two steps toward the young man, paused again, and departed silently as he had come. It was Halvard.

Close under the wall of the little red-painted church, they dug the grave; and a week later her father was laid to rest at his daughter's side.

But the fresh winds blew over the Atlantic and beckoned the son to new fields of labor in the great land of the future.

THE CITY OF GOOD-WILL.

As through the wood I went, by rock and spring,
And leopard-colored banks with bright moss furred,
Careless as are the brooks, or birds that sing,
Of any other song of brook or bird;
Heeding my own sweet thoughts, and hearkening
To voices which no ear hath ever heard;
Through moss and leaf and flickering sunbeam, seeing
A world which in my own mind had its being;—

As thus I went, the pathway ceased in light:
Aloft upon a jutting crag I stood,
Beside a sudden torrent leaping white
From out its lair within the darksome wood;
A sea of dazzling mist below the height
Heaved silently; while on the solitude,
From the deep bosom of an unseen valley,
The sound of many bells broke musically.

Slowly anon, like a wind-wasted cloud,
The veil of vapor, lifting, rolled asunder;
And through its lucent edges pierced the proud
Spires of a vast, dim city, shining under,
Whose golden belfries, still more sweetly loud,
Pealed forth, unmuffled, their harmonious thunder,
Beneath a full, resplendent bow, which spanned
With its swift arch all that enchanted land.

The forest path had ceased: but there, beside
The torrent tumbling sheer athwart the brown
Crest of the crag, a stairway I descried,
By many a vine-clad terrace winding down;
And with the wild, white waters for my guide,
I took that wondrous highway to the town,
Past many a cottage hanging like a nest,
Or bosomed in the mountain's verdurous vest.

So to the foot I came of that high hill;
And on a lofty flower-wreathed gateway saw
These sun-bright words: "THE CITY OF GOOD-WILL:"
And through its welcoming portal went with awe.
On arch beyond high arch uprising still,
I read, "TRUTH IS OUR TRUST," and "LOVE IS LAW."
Thus, flaming amid flowers, on every hand
Were raised the written statutes of the land.

Strange yet familiar were the streets: I seemed
Revisiting, upon a festal day,
Some future London, or New York redeemed;
So sweet a peace on all that city lay!
And over all an air of gladness gleamed,
Which never shone in Cheapside or Broadway,—
A light, methought, which came not from the sky,
But from the faces of the passers-by.

I talked with some. They were a strong, fair race,
Who wrought and trafficked without haste or din.
There is no prison-house in all the place;
For to its wise inhabitants each sin
Reveals itself so subtly in the face
Unlighted by the heavenly beam within,
And meets such looks of searching truth and pity,
That forth it goes, self-banished, from the city.

Nor sovereignty nor servitude appears:
Each in his place does simply what he can:
No rank, but of the soul; but all careers
Are free to all, to woman as to man,
Of diverse gifts and attributes, yet peers
Forever in the sacred social plan.
All in their fitting labor find enjoyment,
But deeds of love are still their best employment.

Their busy life is like a river flowing
Between broad banks of flower-embroidered leisure;
High thoughts attend their coming and their going,
And sweet discourse is their immortal pleasure;
A wisely serious, joyous people, knowing
The blessedness of love, beyond all measure;
Whose proudest wishes ever at the seat
Of Justice wait, and kiss her shining feet.

No sacrifice of soul and body's health
To Mammon or the passions' direful furies;
Nor poor nor rich in that pure commonwealth,
Nor any need of wrangling courts and juries.
"Here good alone," they said, "is done by stealth,
And only evil thoughts are held in duress.
Most blessed are they who labor most to bless,
And happiest hearts reck not of happiness."

The needful laws, which in our lower state
Protect the many and confound the few,

The outward ties which, binding mate to mate,
Constrain the false, and sometimes vex the true,
Have here no place; where all subordinate
All things to charity, as angels do,
And men, through righteousness and reverence,
Dwell in an age of second innocence.

On faint winds borne, the soul of odorous balm,
From gardens fountain-cooled, breathed everywhere;
Music, commingled with the jubilant psalm
Of chiming golden bells, rose on the air;
And awful beauty gleamed in godlike calm,
Where rangéd statues stood entranced and bare
On pallid pedestals within the shades
Of endless alabaster colonnades.

And over all, with soaring porticoes,
And pillared dome and glittering pinnacles,—
Of cloud, or marble pure as sculptured snows,—
And all its tuneful towers of marvelous bells,
In frozen beauty and divine repose,
The phantasm of a vast cathedral swells.
From far within the organ's music pours,
Deep-toned as surges upon thunderous shores.

Amidst the organ's sounding and the chime
Of bells above, O strong, and clear, and solemn,
Ascends a thousand-voicéd chant sublime,
By thrilling architrave and shivering column;
And silver eloquence or golden rhyme,
From living lips or treasured script and volume,
Fills up the pauses of the chant, and stirs
With joy the souls of countless worshipers.

Their prayers—the aspirations of the heart;
Their worship—good to man and thanks to Heaven;
Religion—no sad symbol set apart,
Or fashion to be served one day in seven,
But, lighting home and hearth and public mart,
A constant ray for guide and solace given.
All who throng hither, ravished by its beauty,
Go forth, diffusing it in daily duty.

Thereat I cried aloud: "O life elysian!
O mortals! love and truth alone are good!
Forsake the ways of falsehood and derision,
And seek the holy paths of Brotherhood!"
When, lo! at sound of my own voice the vision
Vanished, and I was walking in the wood,
Only in moss and leaf and sunbeam seeing
That brighter world which in my mind had being.

THE MIRACLE OF LOURDES.

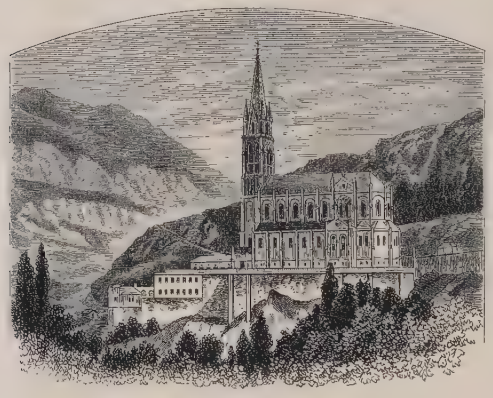
It was toward the end of April of the present year that I found myself at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. I had come, not as a pilgrim, but as a wayfaring man, a chance traveler through the border land of France and Spain, bent on idle exploration. It was during the dull season; no pilgrims were to be seen, but the air was rife with rumors of mighty hordes that were coming from far and near,—from the north, and the east, and the west,—even from beyond the seas, when the summer campaign should be open. The field was clear for investigation, but there was a sense of incongruity in coming to a scene of pageants and finding no pageant there; as to an empty theater in the broad light of day, where tiers of vacant boxes, and the row of extinct footlights, and the blank drop-curtain, strike a chill to all the senses and mock the imagination. I can only regret, therefore, that my visit there could not have been better timed.

The little city of Lourdes lies nestling at the foot of the Pyrenees, at the opening of several valleys, between the last undulations of the plains on the north, and the foot-hills of the great mountain range on the south. There is little of interest in the town itself, the streets and houses of which are irregularly

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.

grouped around the base of an enormous isolated rock; and upon the top of this is

perched, like an eagle's nest, a strong fort or château of the olden time. At the foot of the rock, opposite the city, the river, called the Gave, runs tumultuously by, and hastens west past the city of Pau, and further on to the great Ocean.



THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The Château of Lourdes,—almost impregnable before the invention of artillery,—was long considered the key to this pass of the Pyrenees. A halo of sacred interest also hangs around it, through a strange legend that comes down from the Middle Ages, finding record in the annals of the Christian church. It is related that Charlemagne, in a war against the infidels, had exhausted all his efforts in the vain endeavor to take possession of the fortress; and at the moment when he was about to raise the siege, an eagle, flying over the principal tower, let drop a magnificent fish that he had just caught in a neighboring lake. The chronicler of this legend naïvely asked: "Was it because on that day the laws of the church prescribed abstinence, or was it because the fish was a Christian symbol, already popular at that epoch?" However it may be, the Saracen chief, Mirat, who then occupied the fort, saw therein a preternatural wonder, and was converted to the faith. "It required," continues the historian, "nothing less than this miracle of Mirat's, and his baptism, to cause the Château to enter into the domain of Christianity." The coat of arms of the city,—an eagle bearing a fish in his beak,—bears faithful testimony to the truth of this tradition.

This ancient renown, however, is quite overshadowed by the "miraculous" events which took place here in the winter of 1858. By way of introduction to these occurrences, it may not be amiss to recall to mind that, some three years previously, the famous dogma of the Immaculate Conception had been launched from the Vatican, with a loud flourish of trumpets. This dogma,—wholly unsupported by Scripture authority,—taught that the Holy Virgin Mary, alone among all the descendants of Adam, was conceived without any taint of original sin, and was born without sin—and to this was added the doctrine that all her subsequent life was spotless and sinless. This practical deification of the mother of Jesus was acquiesced in by most of the Catholic clergy, but did not produce the enthusiasm that had been expected. Among the mass of the laity it fell flat and kindled no emotion; hence the need of a "miracle;" and if this miracle of Lourdes was not made to order, it was certainly opportune.

The historical statements here recorded are borrowed from a work that may be considered official—that is to say, it was written in the interest of the church, published under the sanction of the bishop of the diocese, and accompanied by a pastoral letter from the Pope, bestowing upon the book and its author the apostolic benediction. In short, it was written for the edification of 200,000,000 faithful believers.

The grotto, or rock cave, called *La Grotte de Massabielle*,—"massabielle" signifying, in the patois of the country, "old rocks,"—is situated on the banks of the Gave, just outside of the city. On the 11th day of February, 1858, a young girl of fourteen years, named Bernadette Soubirous, the daughter of poor and ignorant parents, was sent out with her younger sister and another girl to gather dead wood and fagots for fuel. Her two companions had preceded her by a few moments, and had partly filled their aprons with sticks gathered near these rocks, when they looked back and saw Bernadette on her knees in the attitude of prayer, looking intently into the cave. From the explanation she afterward gave, it appears that while her companions were engaged in their work of gleaning, she heard a sound like that of a sudden gust of wind, but on looking around and seeing that the poplars and bushes on the banks of the stream were still, she thought herself mistaken. She soon, however, heard again the same sound, though louder, and raising her head and looking toward the grotto, she cried out, or rather tried to utter a cry, which was instantly stifled in her throat. Frightened at what she had seen, she was seized with trembling in all her limbs, and, staggering and nearly

fainting, dropped on her knees on the ground.

That which had caused her such terror was an apparition of a woman of incomparable splendor (I follow here the language of the historian), standing at the entrance of the cave, and surrounded by an aureole of ineffable brightness; not like the piercing light of the sun, but rather like a bundle of rays softened by a gentle shade, which irresistibly attracted the gaze, and on which the eyes reposed with ecstatic delight.

It was like the morning star—light in its true freshness. There was nothing vague or vaporous, however, in the apparition itself; it had none of the fugitive outlines of a fantastic vision; it was a living reality, a human form, which the eye judged to be palpable as though of flesh and bone, and which differed from an ordinary person only by its divine beauty and its surrounding halo. The figure was of medium height; it seemed young, and had all the grace of a maiden of twenty years. The oval curve of the face was of infinite beauty; the eyes were blue and of a softness which seemed to melt the hearts of every one who beheld them.

The vestments, of an unknown tissue, were white as snow, and more magnificent in their simplicity than the resplendent costume

THE VISION OF LOURDES.

of Solomon in all his glory. The long training robe opened at the bottom, showing the bare feet, which rested on the rock, and on each foot blossomed the mystic rose of the color of gold. A long blue ceinture, tied at the waist, hung in two bands reaching nearly to the feet; and a white veil fixed to the head, enveloping the shoulders and arms, and falling to the bottom of the robe, completed the dress. A chaplet of pearl beads on a golden chain hung from the hands, which were fervently joined together. The apparition remained silent; but subsequent events, as well as its own words, "attest that it was the Immaculate Virgin, the Very August and Very Holy Mary, the Mother of God."

Bernadette in her first stupor tried to make the sign of the cross, but had not the power to do so. The apparition smiled encouragingly, and, with a mild gesture, which had the air of an omnipotent benediction, made herself the mystic sign. The child then followed with the same motion, and, being no longer affrighted, humbly recited,—while holding in her fingers the chaplet of beads,—the prayer: "I believe in God, I salute thee, Mary, full of grace;" and as she was closing with the words: "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," the luminous Virgin suddenly disappeared. This scene occupied about a quarter of an hour; not that Bernadette was at all conscious of the passing time, but the calculation is made from the circumstance that she was able to count off in prayer five dozen beads on her chaplet.

Her two companions, though near the cave, had seen nothing of the apparition, and knew nothing of it till Bernadette related the incident to them, when they at once became filled with fear and curiosity.

On the following Sunday, Bernadette, in company with several other girls, made another visit to the grotto, when the same scene was repeated, she alone being able to see the apparition. The face of the clairvoyant seemed to be suddenly transfigured by ecstasy into something divine or angelic. She was no longer Bernadette. Her attitude, her slightest gestures, and her manner, for instance, when she made the sign of the cross, had a nobleness, a dignity, a grandeur that seemed to be more than human.

The report of these proceedings spread with lightning rapidity through the city and surrounding country, and during the visits which the child afterward made to the grotto, she was followed by crowds of curious spectators. At the instigation of some of the visitors, she provided herself with pen, ink and paper for the purpose of having the apparition write her name and the object of her coming. "Ma Dame,"

THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

said the child, "if you have anything to communicate to me, have the goodness to write who you are and what you desire." The divine Virgin smiled, and said: "What I have to say to you, I have no need to write; only do me the favor to come here every day for the next fortnight, and let others come also in crowds and religious processions, for I wish to see all the world coming to me." The vision then disappeared, leaving behind her the bright aureole with which she was surrounded, and which then faded away, little by little, and finally vanished altogether.

It should be borne in mind that the apparition was at no time visible to any one but the clairvoyant, and that consequently the only testimony we have concerning the existence of the phantom is the word of this poor child, who is represented by the historian as being of a weak constitution, ignorant, not knowing how to read or write, and who could not even speak French, her only language being the miserable patois of that part of France.

At the next visit, the apparition was the first to speak. "Bernadette," said the divine Mother. "Here I am," answered the child. "I have a secret to impart to you, which you are never to repeat to any one; do you promise?" "I promise," said Bernadette, and the secret was then communicated to her. "And now, my child," continued the Virgin, "go, go and tell the priests that I wish them to build a chapel here in my honor," and then she vanished.

On a subsequent occasion, when Bernadette was praying before the grotto, surrounded by an innumerable multitude of people, the figure again appeared and addressed the child as follows: "Go now and drink and wash at the fountain, and eat of the herb that is growing by the side of it;" at the same time pointing to a spot on the right side of the cave, where nothing was to be seen but dry earth and a few tufts of grass.

Bernadette approached the place on her knees, and, following a sign made by the Virgin, scratched the soil with her hands and made a small cavity. This immediately became moist, and afterward filled with water. The girl drank of it, and washed in it, and ate of the plant, as commanded.

The water soon increased in volume, and trickled down toward the crowd, in a small stream of the size of a straw. This phenomenon, which was at once hailed as a miracle, caused a profound emotion among the simple people, who pressed eagerly forward to catch sight of the sacred water, and to touch and taste it.

By way of digression, it may be stated, that this phenomenon has a ready solution in the belief that a spring or mountain rill had existed there from time immemorial—

(whether it was known or not by those engaged in this scheme, has never been proven)—that it had a subterranean passage beneath the rocks into the river Gave, but that it came so near the surface in the cave, that the slight displacement of the earth by the young girl was sufficient to give the current a new turn and bring it above ground. This theory is strengthened by the fact that the orifice in the crevice of the rock has gradually become enlarged by the wearing away of the earth, until now the flow of water forms a very considerable stream, discharging many hundred gallons daily. There is nothing in the water itself,—either in its taste or appearance,—to distinguish it from ordinary spring or brook-water; nor has chemistry been able to detect in it any extraordinary properties.

The time had now come when these manifestations were to reach their climax.

Bernadette, with an immense crowd, again approached the grotto. It was the anniversary of the day when the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin of Nazareth, and saluted her in the name of the Lord. The church was celebrating the fête of the Annunciation. As soon as Bernadette fell upon her knees, the apparition stood before her more glorious and resplendent than ever, surrounded by a halo of ineffable splendor; it was like the eternal glory of absolute peace. Bernadette, in ecstasy, had forgotten the earth in presence of this spotless beauty.

"O Ma Dame," she cried, "tell me, I pray thee, who thou art, and what is thy name?"

The royal apparition smiled, but gave no answer. The churches were at that moment singing the anthem, "*Sancta et immacula Virginitas*," etc., but Bernadette heard not these distant voices, these profound harmonies.

She again prayed, "O Ma Dame, have the goodness to tell me who thou art, and what is thy name." The apparition became more and more radiant, though still keeping silence; but, by a strange coincidence, the universal heart of the church was at that very instant making the earth resound with the chant: "*Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus.*"

"O Ma Dame," cried the child, "tell me, I beseech thee, who thou art, and what is thy name?"

At this last prayer, the apparition unclasped her hands, letting the chaplet of beads fall upon her right arm; then raising her two hands toward the eternal region, whence, on a similar day, the divine messenger of the Annunciation had descended, she again joined them with fervor, and looking to Heaven, pronounced these words:

"*I am the Immaculate Conception!*"

She then disappeared, while the church again, by a wonderful coincidence, was singing:

"O, Gloriosa Virginum,
Sublimis inter Sidera!"

The civil authorities were much vexed and embarrassed by these scenes, which they denounced as scandalous and blasphemous, and finally issued an order forbidding all persons trespassing upon the precincts of the grotto, the violation of the order being punishable by heavy fines. Barriers were erected to restrain the poor deluded devotees, and a posse of police and *gens d'armes* was stationed there day and night to preserve order. The public authorities showed but slight knowledge of the workings of human nature. It is not so easy to deal with superstition; it yields to no influences; to reason with it is like whipping the fog, to ridicule it is not much better, but to oppose it by force is only to give it additional strength by raising the cry of persecution. And so it proved in this case. Two or three days of distressing refusal of pilgrims, who had come from far, in the last stage of despair, to partake of the water and be healed of their infirmities,—a few cases of desperate trespass and consequent fines,—these were enough to rouse the excited mob to fury; the barriers were scaled and then demolished, and the reign of "persecution" was ended. The authorities tacitly confessed themselves thwarted, and quickly yielded to the popular will.

The rest is soon told. Bernadette, through whose hallucination these strange scenes were enacted, has become a Sister of Charity, and is residing in a religious house at Nevers. There is little doubt that, at first, the delusion was real, for it is not uncommon for superstitious people of a certain temperament to imagine they see ghosts or phantoms or specters; nor is it strange that her delusion took a religious turn, as it is now known that for two or three weeks previous to these occurrences, she was undergoing special instructions at a nunnery, preparatory to her first communion; and it is more than probable that the Virgin Mary and the Immaculate Conception formed the burden of these instructions.

But at the subsequent stages, there is no

doubt whatever that she was employed as a not unwilling instrument for the carrying out of a monstrous fraud, by, or with the connivance of, those high in authority in the church. There are good reasons for this belief. First, the curious coincidences above cited; second, the sudden seclusion of the whole body of the clergy,—and their name is legion,—who, from the very day of the first sight of the vision, disappeared from the streets and from all public places, except the churches, *by order of the bishop*, and were forbidden to visit the grotto or to hold communication with any of the devotees. This is claimed to have been only an act of prudence, but it proves too much; it showed not merely prudence, but prescience also, on the part of the bishop. He must have known that something unusual was in process of development, or so extreme an order would never have been given.

The wishes of the Virgin, as revealed to Bernadette, have been carried out in a most magnificent manner. The grotto and the adjacent land have been purchased by the bishop, a gorgeous church has been built out of the contributions of the faithful, at an expense of some two millions of francs, and pilgrims come in myriads from all parts of the earth to the grotto, for prayer and consecration, and to partake of the miraculous water of the fountain.

The cures that are claimed to have been wrought by the water, in conjunction with the exercise of faith and with the devout worship of the Virgin, are certainly remarkable. A long row of canes and crutches hung across the front of the cave,—left there by those who had been healed, and now have no further use for them,—is a formidable witness to the reality of the cures. But these cases of sudden healing are perhaps no more wonderful than thousands of similar ones placed on record for centuries past; and also by such men as Dr. Brown-Séquard, Professor Hughes Bennett of Edinboro', and others, of our own time—cases where a lively imagination, excited by some peculiar circumstances, has produced upon the patient an almost magical effect; and yet these *savants* have never thought it worth while to go upon the house-tops and raise the cry of "miracle."

The Church, however, is not so faithless. After the first excitement, caused by these events, had partially subsided, the bishop of the diocese appointed a commission to examine and report upon the reality of the apparition and miracles; and this body was composed exclusively of ecclesiastics—for the obvious reason that the clergy alone are competent to deal with things supernatural! The report was strongly affirmative, and the bishop, in his official capacity, ordained as follows:

"In view of the favorable report presented to us by the episcopal commission; considering that the fact of the Apparition can be explained only upon the supposition of a supernatural cause, attributable to the Author of grace and the God of nature; and after having invoked the light of the Holy Spirit and the assistance of the Very Holy Virgin;

"We declare, as our judgment, that the Immaculate Mary, Mother of God, really appeared to Bernadette Soubirous, on the 11th of February, 1858, and following days, to the number of eighteen times, in the Grotto of Massabielle, near the city of Lourdes; that this Apparition was possessed of all the characteristics of truth, and that the faithful are warranted in believing it a reality.

"We humbly submit our judgment to the judgment of the Sovereign Pontiff, who is charged with the control of the Church Universal."

The Pope had no reluctance in confirming the judgment; the Church accepts the responsibility; and the Immaculate Conception, now installed in marble at the opening of the grotto, will there hold high court, in perpetuity, under the name and title of "OUR LADY OF LOURDES."

Apropos of miracles, I will here close with a legend,—culled from the annals of a by-gone age,—which will serve to show how complacent and accessible the Blessed Virgin is, whenever a miracle is wanted *for a purpose*.

At a certain epoch, in the good old mediæval times,—so runs the legend,—when the place now known as Perpignan was but a rustic village, that small parish was presided over by a curé, who had managed to fall into disfavor with his bishop. The latter often had occasion to chide him for his inattention to the cure of souls under his charge, always closing his reproofs with the apostolic doctrine that "faith without works is dead." This last remark finally had its effect upon the priest, who earnestly set to work to redeem his character and regain the confidence of his superior. He betook himself to fasting and prayer, meditating in the night-watches, and watering his couch with tears. At last, his resolution was taken, and he only awaited an opportunity to carry into

effect his ambitious project, which was nothing less than the working of a miracle, and the converting of his parish into the scene of many mighty pilgrimages.

Near by the village, in a sequestered place, was a small field, occupied as a pasture for a cow, which was watched over by a simple boy of lazy intellect—one of those rare beings whom Longfellow somewhere describes as troubled with a chronic suspension of the mental faculties.

His drowsy mind found a sympathetic friend in his own well-fed body, and when satisfied that his gentle charge was doing well, he was wont to roll upon the turf, and go to sleep.

This season of the boy's repose was the priest's opportunity. Taking with him a handful of salt, he approached the docile cow, and, by scattering here and there a few grains, allured her to a certain spot where the sod had been recently removed, and there deposited the remainder upon the ground. The next day, and for several succeeding days, he repeated this operation, taking pains each time to remove some of the earth before placing the salt in the excavated place, until at last the cavity became so deep that the animal was obliged to drop down upon her knees in order to reach the coveted salt with her tongue. When he had brought her to this stage of her education, he contrived in some way to rouse the sleeper, without himself being seen. The lad, on awaking, caught sight of the beast on her knees, apparently in the act of devotion and kissing the earth with pious effusion.

Overcome by excitement, he bounded off toward home, and with shouts and wild gesticulations roused the whole village,—men, women and children,—who came running with him to the scene of operations. The shout, "a miracle," "a miracle," was instantly raised, and passed from mouth to mouth till the whole country round about resounded with it. The curé was soon upon the ground, and, as may be supposed, was quite equal to the gravity of the occasion. He ordered the earth to be excavated, and what was their astonishment to find, a few inches below the surface, a leaden statuette of the Virgin Mary, of about a cubit's length! This was carefully exhumed; and, a procession having been formed, it was borne in great pomp to the humble village church, where it was placed upon the altar.

The following morning, at the first sound of the Angelus,—the morning bell for prayer,—the whole village came hastening to pay their respects to the new-found Virgin, but on entering the church, it was discovered that the image had mysteriously disappeared. Their first thought was of the pasture, and hastening thither, strange to say, there they found the cow, which had just been turned out for the day, again prostrate upon her knees, over the same place. On re-opening the earth, the statuette was there seen reposing in the same position as before. The people were about to disinter it again, when the curé interposed and arrested their work, telling his simple flock that he looked upon the miraculous return of the image to its former resting-place as a happy omen, and that it might be interpreted as the expressed wish of the Holy Mother that a chapel should be built in her honor, upon that very spot, to which pilgrims from all quarters might resort to do her reverence.

The bishop's sanction was sought and obtained; funds poured in from rich and poor; the chapel was built; and the leaden Virgin was placed upon the altar, whence, for many a year, she dispensed her favors and miraculous cures to the devoted pilgrims who came to her shrine. Thus the enterprising curé managed to redeem his character; and the amiable bishop, seeing such proofs of faith united to works, could no longer find it in his heart to chide the priest who had so successfully wrought the miracle of the cow.

And now, in comparing this miracle with that of the Grotto of Lourdes, can it be said that we, of the nineteenth century, have made much improvement upon the sharp-witted curé of the Middle Ages?

MILDRED IN THE LIBRARY.

FROM "THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE;" BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"SHE ROSE AND PACED THE SILKEN FLOOR, AS IF IN MAD CAPRICE, THEN PAUSED, AND FROM THE EMPRESS CHANGED TO IMPROVISATRICE."

She sat in Philip's vacant chair,
And pondered long her doubtful way;
And, in her impotent despair,
Lifted her longing eyes to pray,
When on a shelf, far up, and bare,

She saw an ancient volume lie;
And straight her rising thought was checked,
What were its dubious treasures? Why
Had it been banished from respect,
And from its owner's hand and eye?

The more she gazed, the stronger grew
The wish to hold it in her hand.
Strange fancies round the volume flew,
And changed the dust their pinions fanned
To atmospheres of red and blue,

That blent in purple aureole,—
As if a lymph of sweetest life
Stood warm within a golden bowl,
Crowned with its odor-cloud, and rife
With strength and solace for her soul!

And there it lay beyond her arm,
And wrought its fine and wondrous spell,
With all its horde of good or harm,
Till curious Mildred, struggling well,
Surrendered to the mighty charm.

The steps were scaled for boon or bale,
The book was lifted from its place,
And, bowing to the fragrant grail,
She drank with pleased and eager face
This draught from off an Eastern tale:

Selim, the haughty Jehangir, the Conqueror of the Earth,
With royal pomps and pageantries and rites of festal mirth
Was set to celebrate the day—the white day—of his birth.

His red pavilions, stretching wide, crowned all with globes of gold,
And tipped with pinnacles of fire and streamers manifold,
Flamed with such splendor that the sun at noon looked pale and cold!

And right and left, along the plain, far as the eye could gaze,
His nobles and retainers who were tented in the blaze,
Kept revel high in honor of that day of all the days.

The earth was spread, the walls were hung, with silken fabrics fine,
And arabesque and lotus-flower bore each the broidered sign
Of jewels plucked from land and sea, and red gold from the mine.

Upon his throne he sat alone, half buried in the gems
That strewed his tapestries like stars, and tipped their tawny hems,
And glittered with the glory of a hundred diadems.

He saw from his pavilion-door the nodding heron-plumes
His nobles wore upon their brows, while, from the rosy glooms
Which hid his harem, came low songs, on wings of rare perfumes!

The elephants, a thousand strong, had passed his dreaming eye,
Caparisoned with golden plates on head and breast and thigh,
And a hundred flashing troops of horse unmarked had thundered by.

He sat upon old Akbar's throne, the heir of power and fame;
But all his glory was as dust, and dust his wondrous name—
Swept into air, and scattered far, by one consuming flame!

For on this day of all the days, and in this festal hour,
He sickened of his glory and grew weary of his power,
And pined to bind upon his breast his harem's choicest flower.

"Oh, Nourmahal! oh, Nourmahal! why sit I here," he cried,—
"The victim of these gaudy shows, and of my haughty pride,
When thou art dearer to my soul than all the world beside!

"Thy eyes are brighter than the gems piled round my gilded seat;
Thy cheeks are softer than the silks that shimmer at my feet,
And purer heart than thine in woman's breast hath never beat!

"My first love—and my only love—oh, babe of Candahar!
Torn from my boyish arms at first, and, like a silver star
Shining within another heaven, and worshiped from afar,

"Thou art my own at last, my own! I pine to see thy face;
Come to me, Nourmahal! Oh come and hallow with thy grace
The glories that without thy love are meaningless and base!"

He spoke a word, and, quick as light, before him lying prone
A dark-eyed page, with gilded vest and crimson-belted zone,
Looked up with waiting ear to mark the message from the throne.

"Go summon Nourmahal, my queen: and when her radiance comes,
Bear my command of silence to the vinas and the drums,
And for your guerdon take your choice of all these gilded crumbs."

He tossed a handful of the gems down where his minion lay,
Who snatched a jewel from the drift, and swiftly sped away
With his command to Nourmahal, who waited to obey.

But needlessly the mandate fell of silence on the crowd,
For when the Empress swept the path, ten thousand heads were bowed,
And drum and vina ceased their din and no one spoke aloud.

As comes the moon from out the sea with her attendant breeze,
As sweeps the morning up the hills and blossoms in the trees,
So Nourmahal to Selim came: then fell upon her knees.

The envious jewels looked at her with chill barbaric stare,
The cloth of gold she knelt upon grew lusterless and bare,
And all the place was cooler in the darkness of her hair.

And while she knelt in queenly pride and beauty strange and wild,
And held her breast with both her palms and looked on him and smiled,
She seemed no more of common earth, but Casyapa's child.

He bent to her as thus she smiled, he kissed her lifted cheek;
"Oh, Nourmahal," he murmured low, "more dear than I can speak,
I'm weary of my lonely life; give me the rest I seek."

She rose and paced the silken floor, as if in mad caprice,
Then paused, and from the Empress changed to improvisatrice,
And wove this song—a golden chain—that led him into peace:

Lovely children of the light,
Draped in radiant locks and pinions,—

Red and purple, blue and white,—
  In their beautiful dominions,
On the earth and in the spheres,
Dwell the little glendoveers.

And the red can know no change,
  And the blue are blue forever,
And the yellow wings may range
  Toward the white or purple never.
But they mingle free from strife,
For their color is their life.

When their color dies they die,—
  Bent with earth or ether slowly—
Leaving where their spirits lie,
  Not a stain, so pure and holy
Is the essence and the thought
Which their fading brings to naught!

Each contented with the hue
  Which indues his wings of beauty,
Red or yellow, white or blue,
  Sings the measure of his duty
Through the summer clouds in peace,
And delights that never cease.

Not with envy love they more
  Locks and pinions purple-tinted,
Nor with jealousy adore
  Those whose pleasures are unstinted,
And whose purple hair and wings
Give them place with queens and kings.

When a purple glendoveer
  Flits along the mute expanses,
They surround him, far and near,
  With their glancing wings and dances,
And do honor to the hue
Loved by all and worn by few.

In the days long gone, alas!
  Two upon a cloud, low-seated,
Saw their pinions in the glass
  Of a silver lake repeated.
One was blue and one was red,
And the lovely pair were wed.

"Purple wings are very fine,"
  Spoke the voice of Ruby, gently;
"Ay," said Sapphire, "they're divine!"—
  Looking at his blue intently.
"But we're blest," said Ruby, then,
"And we'll not complain like men."

Sapphire stretched his loving arms,
  And she nestled in his bosom,
While his heart inhaled her charms
  As the sense inhales a blossom;

Drank her wholly, tint and tone,
Blent her being with his own.

Rapture passed, they raised their eyes,
  But were startled into clamor
Of a marvelous surprise!
  Was it color! was it glamour!
Purple-tinted, sweet and warm,
Was each wing and folded form.

Who had wrought it—how it came—
  These were what the twain disputed.
How were mingled smoke and flame
  Into royal hue transmuted?
Each was right, the other wrong:
But their quarrel was not long,

For the moment that their speech
  Differed o'er their little story,
Swiftly faded off from each
  Every trace of purple glory:
Blue was bluer than before,
And the red was red once more.

Then they knew that both were wrong,
  And in sympathy of sorrow
Learned that each was only strong
  In the power to lend and borrow,—
That the purple never grew
But by grace of red to blue.

So, embracing in content,
  Hearts and wings again united,
Red and blue in purple blent,
  And their holy troth re-plighted,
Both, as happy as the day,
Kissed and rose and flew away.

And for twice a thousand years,
  Floating through the radiant ether,
Lived the happy glendoveers,
  Of the other jealous neither,—
Sapphire naught without the red,
Ruby still by blue bested.

But when weary of their life,
  They came down to earth at even,—
Purple husband, purple wife,—
  From the upper deeps of heaven,
And reclined upon the grass,
That their little lives might pass.

Wing to wing and arms enwreathed,
  Sank they from their life's long dreaming;—
Into earth their souls they breathed,
  But when morning's light was streaming,
All their joys and sweet regrets
Bloomed in banks of violets!

As from its dimpled fountain, at its own capricious will,
Each step a note of music, and each fall and flash a thrill,
The rill goes singing to the meadow levels and is still,

So fell from Nourmahal her song upon the captive sense;
It dashed in spray against the throne, it tinkled through the tents,
And died at last among the flowery banks of recompense;

For when great Selim marked her fire, and read her riddle well,
And watched from the flushing to the fading of the spell,
He sprang forgetful from his seat and caught her as she fell.

He raised her in his tender arms, he bore her to his throne:
"No more, oh, Nourmahal, my wife, no more I sit alone;
And the future for the dreary past shall royally atone!"

He called to him the princes and the nobles of the land,
Then took the signet-ring from his, and placed it on her hand,
And bade them honor as his own, fair Nourmahal's command.

And on the minted silver that his largess scattered wide,
And on the gold of commerce till the mighty Selim died,
Her name and his in shining boss stood equal side by side.

She closed the volume with a gust
That sprent the light with powdered gold,
Then placed it high to hide and rust
Where, curious and over-bold,
She found it lying in its dust.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WELL, Captain, where are we going to begin?" asked Pencroff next morning of the engineer.

"At the beginning," replied Cyrus Smith.

And in fact, the settlers were compelled to begin at the very beginning. They did not possess even the tools necessary for making tools, and they were not even in the condition of nature, who, "having time, husbands her strength." They had no time, since they had to provide for the immediate wants of their existence, and though, profiting by acquired experience, they had nothing to invent, still they had everything to make: their iron and their steel were as yet only in the state of minerals, their earthenware nothing but clay, their linen and their clothes only textile material.

It must be said, besides, that the settlers were "men" in the complete and higher sense of the word. The engineer could not have been seconded by more intelligent companions, nor with more devotion and zeal. He had tried them. He knew their abilities.

Gideon Spilett, a talented reporter, having learned everything to be able to speak of everything, would contribute largely with his head and hands to the colonization of the island. He would not shrink from any task: a determined sportsman, he would make a business of what till then had only been a pleasure to him.

Harbert, a gallant boy, already remarkably well-informed in the natural sciences, would render great service to the common cause.

Neb was devotion personified. Clever, intelligent, indefatigable, robust, with iron health, he knew a little about the work of the forge, and could not fail to be useful in the colony.

As to Pencroff, he had sailed over every sea, a carpenter in the dock-yards at Brooklyn, assistant tailor in the vessels of the State, gardener, cultivator, during his holidays, &c., and like all seamen, fit for everything, he knew how to do everything.

It would have been difficult to unite five men better fitted to struggle against fate, more certain to triumph over it.

"At the beginning," Cyrus Smith had said. Now this beginning, of which the engineer spoke, was the construction of an apparatus which would serve to transform the natural substances. The part which heat plays in these transformations is known. Now fuel, wood or coal, was ready for immediate use, an oven must be built to use it.

"What is this oven for?" asked Pencroff.

"To make the pottery which we have need of," replied Smith.

"And of what shall we make the oven?"

"Of bricks."

"And the bricks?"

"With clay. Let us start, my friends. To save trouble, we will establish our manufactory at the place of production. Neb will bring provisions, and there will be no lack of fire to cook the food."

"Ah," said the reporter; "but there may be a lack of food, for want of instruments for the chase?"

"Ah, if we only had a knife!" cried the sailor.

"Well?" said Cyrus Smith.

"Well! I would soon make a bow and arrows, and then there would be plenty of game in the larder!"

"Yes, a knife, a sharp blade—" said the engineer, as if he was speaking to himself.

At this moment, his eyes fell upon Top, who was running about on the shore. Suddenly Smith's face became animated.

"Top, here!" said he.

The dog came at his master's call. The latter took Top's head between his hands, and unfastening the collar which the animal wore round his neck, he broke it in two, saying—

"There are two knives, Pencroff!"

A hurrah from the sailor was the reply. Top's collar was made of a thin piece of tempered steel. They had only to sharpen it on a piece of sandstone, then to raise the edge on a finer stone. Sandstone was abundant on the beach, and two hours afterward the stock of tools in the colony consisted of two sharp blades, which were easily fixed in solid handles.

The production of these first tools was hailed as a great triumph. It was indeed a valuable result of their labor, and a very opportune one. They set out. Cyrus Smith proposed that they should return to the western shore of the lake, where the day before he had noticed the clayey ground of which he possessed a specimen. They therefore followed the bank of the Mercy, traversed Prospect Heights, and after a walk of five miles or more, reached a glade, situated two hundred feet from Lake Grant.

On the way, Harbert had discovered a tree, the branches of which the Indians of South America employ for making their bows. It was the crejimba, of the palm family, which does not bear edible fruit. Long straight branches were cut, the leaves stripped off; it was shaped, stronger in the middle, more slender at the extremities, and nothing remained to be done but to find a plant fit to make the bow-string. This was the "hibiscus heterophyllus," which furnishes fibers of such remarkable tenacity that they have been compared to the tendons of animals. Pencroff thus obtained bows of tolerable strength, for which he only wanted arrows. These were easily made with straight stiff branches, without knots, but the points with which they must be armed, that is to say, a substance to serve in lieu of iron, could not be found so easily. But Pencroff said, that having done his part of the work, chance would do the rest.

The settlers arrived on the ground which had been discovered the day before. Being composed of the sort of clay which is used for making bricks and tiles, it was very useful for the work in question. There was no great difficulty about it. It was enough to scour the clay with sand, then to mold the bricks and bake them by the heat of a wood fire.

Generally bricks are formed in molds, but the engineer contented himself with making them by hand. All that day and the day following were employed in this work. The clay, soaked in water, was mixed by the feet and hands of the manipulators, and then divided into pieces of equal size. A practiced workman can make, without a machine, about ten thousand bricks in twelve hours; but in their two days' work the five brickmakers on Lincoln

Island had not made more than three thousand, which were ranged near each other, until the time when their complete desiccation would permit them to be used in building the oven, that is to say, in three or four days.

It was on the 2nd of April that Smith had employed himself in fixing the orientation of the Island, or, in other words, the precise spot where the sun rose. The day before, he had noted exactly the hour when the sun disappeared beneath the horizon, making allowance for the refraction. This morning he noted, no less exactly, the hour at which it re-appeared. Between this setting and rising twelve hours and twenty-four minutes passed. Then, six hours and twelve minutes after its rising, the sun on this day, would exactly pass the meridian, and the point of the sky which it occupied at this moment, would be the north.*

At the said hour, Cyrus marked this point, and putting in a line with the sun two trees which would serve him for marks, he thus obtained an invariable meridian for his future operations.

The settlers employed the two days before the oven was built in collecting fuel. Branches were cut all around the glade and all the fallen wood under the trees picked up. They were also able to hunt with greater success, since Pencroff now possessed some dozen arrows armed with sharp points. It was Top who had furnished these points, by bringing in a porcupine, rather inferior eating, but of great value, thanks to the quills with which it bristled. These quills were fixed firmly at the ends of the arrows, the flight of which was made more certain by some cockatoos' feathers. The reporter and Harbert soon became very skillful archers. Hereafter, game of all sorts abounded at the Chimneys, capybaras, pigeons, agoutis, grouse, &c. The greater part of these animals were killed in the part of the forest on the left bank of the Mercy, to which they gave the name of Jacamar Wood, in remembrance of the bird which Pencroff and Harbert had pursued when on their first exploration.

MAKING POTTERY.

This game was eaten fresh, but they preserved some capybara hams, by smoking them above a fire of green wood, after having perfumed them with sweet smelling leaves. However, this food, although very strengthening, was always roast upon roast, and although they would have been delighted to hear some soup bubbling on the hearth, they were obliged to wait till a pot could be

* Indeed at this time of the year and in this latitude the sun rises at 33 minutes past 5 in the morning and sets at 17 minutes past 6 in the evening.

GETTING THE LONGITUDE.

made, and, consequently, till the oven was built.

During these excursions, which did not extend far from the brickfield, the hunters could discern the recent passage of animals of a large size, armed with powerful claws, but they could not recognize the species. Cyrus Smith advised them to be very careful, as the forest probably contained many dangerous beasts.

And he was right. Indeed, Gideon Spilett and Harbert one day saw an animal which resembled a jaguar. Happily, the creature did not attack them, or they might not have escaped without a severe wound. As soon as he could get a regular weapon, that is to say, one of the guns Pencroff begged for, Gideon Spilett resolved to make desperate war against the ferocious beasts, and exterminate them from the island.

The Chimneys during these few days was not made more comfortable, for the engineer hoped to discover, or build if necessary, a more convenient dwelling. They contented themselves with spreading moss and dried leaves on the sand of the passages, and on these primitive couches the tired workers slept soundly.

They also reckoned the days they had passed on Lincoln Island, and from that time kept a regular account. The 5th of April, which was Wednesday, was twelve days from the time when the wind threw the castaways on this shore.

On the 6th of April, at daybreak, the engineer and his companions were collected in the glade, at the place where they were going to perform the operation of baking the bricks. Naturally this had to be in the open air, and not in a kiln, or rather, the agglomeration of bricks made an enormous kiln, which would bake itself. The fuel, made of well-prepared fagots, was laid on the ground and surrounded with several rows of dried bricks, which soon formed an enormous cube, to the exterior of which they arranged air-holes. The work lasted all day, and it was not till the evening that they set fire to the fagots. No one slept that night, all watching carefully to keep up the fire.

The operation lasted forty-eight hours, and succeeded perfectly. It then became necessary to leave the smoking mass to cool, and during this time, Neb and Pencroff, guided by Cyrus Smith, brought, on a hurdle made of interlaced branches, loads of carbonate of lime and common stones, which were very abundant to the north of the lake. These stones, when decomposed by heat, made a very strong quicklime, greatly in-

creased by slacking, at last as pure as if it had been produced by the calcination of chalk or marble. Mixed with sand, the lime made excellent mortar.

The result of all this labor was, that on the 9th of April the engineer had at his disposal a quantity of prepared lime and several thousands of bricks.

Without losing an instant, therefore, they began the construction of a kiln to bake the pottery, which was indispensable for their domestic use. They succeeded without much difficulty. Five days after, the kiln was supplied with coal, which the engineer had discovered lying open to the sky toward the mouth of the Red Creek, and the first smoke escaped from a chimney twenty feet high. The glade was transformed into a manufactory, and Pencroff was not far wrong in believing that from this kiln would issue all the products of modern industry.

In the meantime what the settlers first manufactured was common pottery in which to cook their food. The chief material was clay, to which Smith added a little lime and quartz. This paste made regular "pipe-clay," with which they manufactured bowls, cups molded on stones of a proper size, great jars and pots to hold water, &c. The shape of these objects was clumsy and defective, but after they had been baked in a high temperature, the kitchen of the Chimneys was provided with a number of utensils, as precious to the settlers as the most beautifully enameled china. We must mention here that Pencroff, desirous to know if the clay thus prepared was worthy of its name of pipe-clay, made some large pipes, which he found charming, but for which, alas! he had no tobacco—the greatest privation for Pencroff. "But tobacco will come, like everything else!" he repeated, in a burst of absolute confidence.

This work lasted till the 15th of April, and the time was well employed. The settlers having become potters, made nothing but pottery. When it suited the engineer to change them into smiths, they would become smiths. But the next day being Sunday, and also Easter Sunday, all agreed to sanctify the day by rest. These Americans were religious men, scrupulous observers of the precepts of the Bible, and their situation could not but develop sentiments of confidence in the Author of all things.

On the evening of the fifteenth of April they returned to the Chimneys, carrying with them the pottery, the furnace being extinguished until they could put it to a new use. Their return was marked by a fortunate incident; the engineer discovered a substance which replaced tinder. It is known that a spongy, velvety flesh is procured from a certain mushroom of the genus polyporous. Properly prepared, it is extremely inflammable, especially when it has been previously saturated with gunpowder, or boiled in a solution of nitrate or chlorate of potash. But, till then, they had not found any of these polypores or even any of the morels which could replace them. On this day, the engineer, seeing a plant belonging to the wormwood genus, the principal species of which are absinthe, balm-mint, tarragon, &c., gathered several tufts, and, presenting them to the sailor, said,—

"Here, Pencroff, this will please you."

Pencroff looked attentively at the plant, covered with long silky hair, the leaves being clothed with soft down.

"What's that, captain?" asked Pencroff. "Is it tobacco?"

"No," replied Smith, "it is wormwood—Chinese wormwood to the learned; but to us it will be tinder."

When the wormwood was properly dried it provided them with a very inflammable substance, especially afterward when the engineer had impregnated it with nitrate of potash, of which the island possessed several beds, and which is in truth saltpetre.

The colonists had a good supper that evening. Neb prepared some agouti soup, a smoked capybara ham, to which was added the boiled tubercules of the "caladium macrorhizum," an herbaceous plant of the arum family. They had an excellent taste, and were very nutritious, being something similar to the substance which is sold in England under the name of "Portland sago;" they were also a good substitute for bread, which the settlers in Lincoln Island did not yet possess.

When supper was finished, before sleeping, Smith and his companions went to take the air on the beach. It was eight o'clock in the evening; the night was magnificent. The moon, which had been full five days before, had not yet risen, but the horizon was already silvered by those soft, pale shades which might be called the dawn of the moon. At the southern zenith glittered the circumpolar constellations, and above all the Southern Cross, which some days before the engineer had greeted on the summit of Mount Franklin.

Cyrus Smith gazed for some time at this splendid constellation, which has at its sum-

mit and at its base two stars of the first magnitude, at its left arm a star of the second, and at its right arm a star of the third magnitude.

Then, after some minutes' thought—

"Harbert," he asked of the lad, "isn't this the 15th of April?"

"Yes, captain," replied Harbert.

"Well, if I am not mistaken, to-morrow will be one of the four days in the year in which the real time is identical with average time; that is to say, my boy, that to-morrow, to within some seconds, the sun will pass the meridian just at midday by the clocks. If the weather is fine, I think that I shall obtain the longitude of the island with an approximation of some degrees."

"Without instruments—without sextant?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"Yes," replied the engineer. "Also, since the night is clear, I will try, this very evening, to obtain our latitude by calculating the height of the Southern Cross, that is, from the southern pole above the horizon. You understand, my friends, that before undertaking the work of installation in earnest it is not enough to have found out that this land is an island; we must, as nearly as possible, know at what distance it is situated, either from the American continent or Australia, or from the principal archipelagoes of the Pacific.

"In fact," said the reporter, "instead of building a house, it would be more important to build a boat, if by chance we are not more than a hundred miles from an inhabited coast."

"That is why," returned Smith, "I am going to try this evening to calculate the latitude of Lincoln Island, and to-morrow, at midday, I will try to calculate the longitude."

If the engineer had possessed a sextant, an apparatus with which the angular distance of objects can be measured with great precision, there would have been no difficulty in the operation. This evening by the height of the pole, the next day by the passing of the sun at the meridian, he would have obtained the position of the island. But as they had not one he would have to supply the deficiency.

Smith then entered the Chimneys. By the light of the fire he cut two little flat rulers, which he joined together at one end so as to form a pair of compasses, whose arms could separate or come together. The fastening was fixed with a strong acacia thorn which was found in the wood-pile. This instrument finished, the engineer returned to the beach, but as it was necessary to take the height of the pole from above a clear horizon, that is, a sea horizon, and as Claw Cape hid the southern horizon, he was obliged to look for a more suitable station. The best would evidently have been the shore exposed directly to the south; but the Mercy would have to be crossed, and that was a difficulty. He resolved, therefore, to make his observation from Prospect Heights, taking into consideration its height above the level of the sea—a height which he intended to calculate next day by a simple process of elementary geometry.

The settlers, therefore, went to the plateau, ascending the left bank of the Mercy, and placed themselves on the edge which looked north-west and south-east, that is, above the curiously-shaped rocks which bordered the river.

This part of the plateau commanded the heights of the left bank, which sloped away to the extremity of Claw Cape, and to the southern side of the island. No obstacle intercepted their gaze, which swept the horizon in a semicircle from the cape to Reptile End. To the south, the horizon, lighted by the first rays of the moon, was very clearly defined against the sky.

At this moment the Southern Cross presented itself to the observer in an inverted position, the star Alpha marking its base, which is nearer to the southern pole.

This constellation is not situated as near to the antarctic pole as the Polar Star is to the arctic pole. The star Alpha is about twenty-seven degrees from it, but Cyrus Smith knew this and made allowance for it in his calculation. He took care also to observe the moment when it passed the meridian below the pole, which would simplify the operation.

Cyrus Smith pointed one arm of the compasses to the sea horizon, the other to Alpha, and the space between the two arms gave him the angular distance which separated Alpha from the horizon. In order to fix the angle obtained, he fastened with thorns the two pieces of wood on a third placed transversely, so that their separation should be properly maintained.

That done, there was only the angle to calculate by bringing back the observation to the level of the sea, taking into consideration the depression of the horizon, which would necessitate measuring the height of the cliff. The size of this angle would give

the height of Alpha, and consequently that of the pole above the horizon, that is to say, the latitude of the island, since the latitude of a point of the globe is always equal to the height of the pole above the horizon of this point.

The calculations were left for the next day, and at ten o'clock every one was sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next day, the 16th of April, and Easter Sunday, the settlers issued from the Chimneys at daybreak, and proceeded to wash their linen. The engineer intended to manufacture soap as soon as he could procure the necessary materials—soda or potash, and fat or oil. The important question of renewing their wardrobe would be treated of in the proper time and place. At any rate, their clothes would last at least six months longer, for they were strong and could resist the wear of manual labor. But all would depend on the situation of the island with regard to inhabited land. This would be settled to-day if the weather permitted.

The sun, rising above a clear horizon, announced a magnificent day, one of those beautiful autumn days which are like the last farewells of the warm season.

It was then necessary to complete the observations of the evening before by measuring the height of the cliff above the level of the sea.

"Shall you not need an instrument similar to the one which you used yesterday?" said Harbert to the engineer.

"No, my boy," replied the latter, "we are going to proceed differently, but in as precise a way."

Harbert, wishing to learn everything he could, followed the engineer to the beach. Pencroff, Neb, and the reporter remained behind and occupied themselves in different ways.

Cyrus Smith had provided himself with a straight stick, twelve feet long, which he had measured as exactly as possible by comparing it with his own height, which he knew to a hair. Harbert carried a plumb-line which Smith had given him, that is to say, a simple stone fastened to the end of a flexible fiber. Having reached a spot about twenty feet from the edge of the beach, and nearly five hundred feet from the cliff, which rose perpendicularly, Smith thrust the pole two feet into the sand, and wedging it up carefully, he managed by means of the plumb-line to erect it perpendicularly with the plane of the horizon.

That done, he retired the necessary distance, when, lying on the sand, his eye glanced at the same time at the top of the pole and the crest of the cliff. He carefully marked the place with a little stick.

Then addressing Harbert—

"Do you know the first principles of geometry?" he asked.

"Somewhat, captain," replied Harbert, who did not wish to put himself forward.

"You remember what are the properties of two similar triangles?"

"Yes," replied Harbert; "their homologous sides are proportional."

"Well, my boy, I have just constructed two similar right-angled triangles; the first, the smallest, has for its sides the perpendicular pole, the distance which separates the little stick from the foot of the pole, and my visual ray for hypothenuse; the second has for its sides the perpendicular cliff, the height of which we wish to measure, the distance which separates the little stick from the bottom of the cliff, and my visual ray also forms its hypothenuse, which proves to be the prolongation of that of the first triangle."

"Ah, captain, I understand!" cried Harbert.

"As the distance from the stick to the pole is to the distance from the stick to the base of the cliff, so is the height of the pole to the height of the cliff."

"It is just that, Harbert," replied the engineer; "and when we shall have measured the two first distances, knowing the height of the pole, we shall only have a sum in proportion to do, which will give us the height of the cliff, and will save us the trouble of measuring it directly."

The two horizontal distances were ascertained by means of the pole, whose length above the sand was exactly ten feet.

The first distance was fifteen feet between the stick and the place where the pole was thrust into the sand.

The second distance between the stick and the bottom of the cliff was five hundred feet.

These measurements finished, Cyrus Smith and the lad returned to the Chimneys.

The engineer then took a flat stone which he had brought back from one of his previous excursions, a sort of slate, on which it was easy to trace figures with a sharp shell.

He then made and solved the following proportion:—

$$15 : 500 :: 10 : x$$
$$500 \times 10 = 5000$$
$$\frac{5000}{15} = 333{\cdot}3$$

From which it was proved that the granite cliff measured 333 feet in height.

Cyrus Smith then took the instrument which he had made the evening before, the space between its two arms giving the angular distance between the star Alpha and the horizon. He measured very exactly the opening of this angle on a circumference which he divided into 360 equal parts. Now this angle, by adding to it the twenty-seven degrees which separated Alpha from the antarctic pole, and by reducing to the level of the sea the height of the cliff on which the observation had been made, was found to be fifty-three degrees. These fifty-three degrees being subtracted from ninety degrees,—the distance from the pole to the equator,—there remained thirty-seven degrees. Cyrus Smith concluded, therefore, that Lincoln Island was situated on the thirty-seventh degree of south latitude, or allowing an error of five degrees for imperfections, that it must be situated between the thirty-fifth and the fortieth parallel.

There was only the longitude to be obtained, and the position of the island would be determined. The engineer hoped to attempt this the same day, at twelve o'clock, at which moment the sun would pass the meridian.

It was decided that Sunday should be spent in a walk, or rather an exploring expedition, to that side of the island between the north of the lake and Shark Gulf, and if there was time they would push their discoveries to the northern side of Cape South Mandible. They would breakfast on the downs and not return till evening.

At half-past eight, the companions were following the edge of the channel. On the other side, on Safety Islet, numerous birds were gravely strutting—among them divers, easily recognized by their cry, which much resembles the braying of a donkey. Pencroff only considered them in an eatable point of view, and learned, with some satisfaction, that their flesh, though blackish, is not bad food.

Great amphibious creatures could also be seen crawling on the sand—seals, doubtless, who appeared to have chosen the islet for a place of refuge. It was impossible to think of those animals in an alimentary point of view, for their oily flesh is detestable; however, Cyrus Smith observed them attentively, and without making known his idea, he announced to his companions that very soon they would pay a visit to the islet. The beach was strewn with innumerable shells, some of which would have rejoiced the heart of a conchologist; there were, among others, the phasianella, the terebratula, &c. But what would be of more use, was the discovery, by Neb, at low tide, of a large oyster-bed, among the rocks, nearly five miles from the Chimneys.

"Neb will not have lost his day," cried Pencroff, looking at the spacious oyster-bed.

"It is really a fortunate discovery," said the reporter, "and as it is said that each oyster produces yearly from fifty to sixty thousand eggs, we shall have an inexhaustible supply there."

"Only I believe that the oyster is not very nourishing," said Harbert.

"No," replied Smith. "The oyster contains very little nitrogen, and if a man lived exclusively on them, he would have to eat not less than fifteen to sixteen dozens a day."

"Capital!" replied Pencroff. "We might swallow hundreds of them without exhausting the bed. Shall we take some for breakfast?"

And, without waiting for a reply to his proposal, knowing that it would be approved, the sailor and Neb detached a quantity of the mollusks. They put them in a sort of net of hibiscus fiber, which Ned had manufactured, and which already contained food; they then continued to climb the coast between the downs and the sea.

From time to time Smith consulted his watch, so as to be prepared in time for the solar observation, which had to be made exactly at midday.

All that part of the island was very barren as far as the point which closed Union Bay, and which had received the name of Cape South Mandible. Nothing could be seen there but sand and shells, mingled with *débris* of lava. A few sea-birds frequented this desolate coast—gulls, great albatrosses, as well as wild duck, which justly excited Pencroff's covetousness. He tried to knock some over with an arrow, but without success, for they seldom perched, and he could not hit them on the wing.

This led the sailor to repeat to the engineer,—

"You see, captain, so long as we have not one or two fowling-pieces, we shall never get anything!"

"Doubtless, Pencroff," replied the reporter, "but it depends on you. Procure us some iron for the barrels, steel for the hammers, saltpetre, coal, and sulphur for powder, mercury and nitric acid for the fulminate, and lead for the shot, and the captain will make us first-rate guns."

"Oh!" replied the engineer, "we might, no doubt, find all these substances on the island, but a gun is a delicate instrument, and needs very particular tools. However, we shall see hereafter!"

"Why were we obliged," cried Pencroff, "to throw overboard all the weapons we had with us in the car, all our implements, even our pocket-knives?"

"But if we had not thrown them away, Pencroff, the balloon would have thrown us to the bottom of the sea!" said Harbert.

"What you say is true, my boy," replied the sailor.

Then, passing to another thought,—

"But," said he, "how astounded Jonathan Forster and his companions must have been, next morning, when they found the place empty, and the machine flown away!"

"I am utterly indifferent about knowing what they may have thought," said the reporter.

"It was all my idea, that!" said Pencroff, with a satisfied air.

"A splendid idea, Pencroff!" replied Gideon Spilett, laughing, and "one which has placed us where we are."

"I would rather be here than in the hands of the Southerners," cried the sailor, "especially since the captain has been kind enough to come and join us again."

"So would I, indeed!" replied the reporter. "Besides, what do we want? Nothing."

"If that is not—everything!" replied Pencroff, laughing, and shrugging his shoulders. "But, some day or other, we shall find means of going away!"

"Sooner, perhaps, than you imagine, my friends," remarked the engineer, "if Lincoln Island is but a medium distance from an inhabited island, or from a continent. We shall know in an hour. I have not a map of the Pacific, but my memory has preserved a very clear recollection of its southern part. The latitude which I obtained yesterday placed New Zealand to the west of Lincoln Island, and the coast of Chili to the east. But between these two countries, there is a distance of at least six thousand miles. It has, therefore, to be determined what point in this great space the island occupies, and this the longitude will give us presently, with a sufficient approximation, I hope."

"Is not the archipelago of the Pomantous, the nearest point to us in latitude?" asked Harbert.

"Yes," replied the engineer, but the distance which separates us from it is more than twelve hundred miles."

"And that way?" asked Neb, who followed the conversation with extreme interest, pointing to the south.

"That way, nothing," replied Pencroff.

"Nothing, indeed," added the engineer.

"Well, Cyrus," asked the reporter, "if Lincoln Island is not more than two or three thousand miles from New Zealand or Chili—"

"Well," replied the engineer, "instead of building a house we will build a boat, and Pencroff shall be put in command—"

"Well then," cried the sailor, "I am quite ready to be captain—as soon as you can make a craft that's able to keep at sea!"

"We shall do it, if it is necessary," replied Cyrus Smith.

But while these men, who really hesitated at nothing, were talking, the hour approached at which the observation was to be made. What Cyrus Smith was to do to ascertain the passage of the sun at the meridian of the island, without an instrument of any sort, Harbert could not guess.

The observers were then about six miles from the Chimneys, not far from that part of the downs in which the engineer had been found after his mysterious preservation. They halted at this place and prepared for breakfast, for it was half-past eleven. Harbert went for some fresh water from a stream which ran near, and brought it back in a jug which Neb had provided.

During these preparations Smith arranged everything for his astronomical observation. He chose a clear place on the shore, which the ebbing tide had left perfectly level. This bed of fine sand was as smooth as ice, not a grain out of place. It was of little importance whether it was horizontal or not, and it did not matter much whether the stick, six feet high, which was planted there, rose perpendicularly. On the contrary, the engineer inclined it toward the south, that is to say, of the coast opposite to the sun,—for it must not be forgotten that the settlers in Lincoln Island, as the island was situated in the southern hemisphere, saw the radiant planet describe its diurnal arc above the

northern, and not above the southern, horizon.

Harbert now understood how the engineer was going to proceed to ascertain the culmination of the sun, that is to say, its passing the meridian of the island, or, in other terms, the south of the place. It was by means of the shadow cast on the sand by the stick, a way which, for want of an instrument, would give him a suitable approach to the result which he wished to obtain.

In fact, the moment when this shadow would reach its minimum of length would be exactly twelve o'clock, and it would be enough to watch the extremity of the shadow, so as to ascertain the instant when, after having successively diminished, it began to lengthen. By inclining his stick to the side opposite to the sun, Cyrus Smith made the shadow longer, and consequently its modifications would be more easily ascertained. In fact, the longer the needle of a dial is, the more easily can the movement of its point be followed. The shadow of the stick was nothing but the needle of a dial.

When he thought the moment had come, Cyrus Smith knelt on the sand, and with little wooden pegs, which he stuck into the sand, he began to mark the successive diminutions of the stick's shadow. His companions, bending over him, watched the operation with extreme interest. The reporter held his chronometer in his hand, ready to tell the hour which it marked when the shadow would be at its shortest. Moreover, as Cyrus Smith was working on the 16th of April, the day on which the true and the average time are identical, the hour given by Gideon Spilett would be the true hour then at Washington, which would simplify the calculation. Meanwhile the sun slowly advanced, the shadow slowly diminished, and when it appeared to Cyrus Smith that it was beginning to increase, he asked, "What o'clock is it?"

"One minute past five," replied Gideon Spilett directly.

They had now only to calculate the operation. Nothing could be easier. It could be seen that there existed, in round numbers, a difference of five hours between the meridian of Washington and that of Lincoln Island, that is to say, it was midday in Lincoln Island when it was already five o'clock in the evening in Washington. Now the sun, in its apparent movement round the earth, traverses one degree in four minutes, or fifteen degrees an hour. Fifteen degrees multiplied by five give seventy-five degrees.

Then, since Washington is $77^{\circ}\ 3'\ 11''$, that is, counted from the meridian of Greenwich, —which the Americans as well as the English take for their starting-point for longitude,—it followed that the island must be situated seventy-five or seventy-seven degrees west of the meridian of Greenwich, or, on the hundred and fifty-second degree of west longitude.

Cyrus Smith announced this result to his companions, and taking into consideration errors of observation, as he had done for the latitude, he believed he could positively affirm that the position of Lincoln Island was between the thirty-fifth and the thirty-seventh parallel, and between the hundred and fiftieth and the hundred and fifty-fifth meridian to the west of the meridian of Greenwich.

The margin allowed for errors in the observation was, it may be seen, five degrees on both sides, which, at sixty miles to a degree, would give a distance of three hundred miles in latitude and longitude as the possible variation from the exact position.

But this error would not influence the determination which it was necessary to take. It was very evident that Lincoln Island was at such a distance from every country or island that it would be too hazardous to attempt to leave it in a frail boat.

In fact this calculation placed it at least twelve hundred miles from Tahiti and the islands of the archipelago of the Pomantous, more than eighteen hundred miles from New Zealand, and more than four thousand five hundred miles from the American coast!

And when Cyrus Smith consulted his memory, he could not remember any island in that part of the Pacific which occupied the situation assigned to Lincoln Island.

(To be continued.)

A CAMBODIAN CEREMONY.

LEARNING that I was to stay over a day at Compang Luong, the Governor invited me to be present at the taking of the dress of Bonze by one of his sons about to enter the pagoda for three years; promising to come, I was escorted back to my boat by some of his men armed with lances. After siesta I returned to witness the ceremony.

The audience room was changed in appearance. Some twenty young people were finishing a meal, and had begun the betel chewing and smoking of bourris. At the right were some forty trays of copper, placed in order and covered by a little conical pyramid of reed fiber, over which red cloth was stretched, and containing the presents to the pagoda. At the left, in a corner, a naked sword and a dozen lances rested against the wall. Whips of hippopotamus hide, two elephant tusks, a Khen or Laosian flute, cymbals, bells, buffalo collars, with harness and various fishing materials, were strewn pell-mell on the matting soiled by grains of rice and fish bones. In another corner, beside the utensils for betel, bunches of sapeques were carelessly heaped together, and through the open window the wind brought in the outside dust and the odor of elephants, which were heard eating and rattling their chains. The future Bonze appeared, his father presented him to me, and, according to custom, I made him my present, which consisted of a little glass, a small tea service of Chinese porcelain, and a dozen cigars, with which he seemed overjoyed. The musicians at the head of the procession were followed by slaves, who, two by two, bore the presents; then came the novice covered by a long tunic of very white linen, his head and eyebrows newly shaved. He was a youth of about twenty, and was followed by his parents, friends and paternal slaves. The procession, in all about a hundred persons, at the sound of the music, took up the march toward the pagoda, about half a mile away. I entered the Governor's pirogue with that dignitary, and, going by water, reached the temple a little before the rest. Taking up a respectful position in a corner I was able, thanks to my knowledge of the tongue, to understand the strange questions put to the neophyte. The pagoda in which we were stands a little north of Compang Luong at the edge of the forest. Of large size, it lies almost untouched amid the universal ruin of the cities which adhered to the rebel Phou-Kambo. On entering, one sees an infinite number of little statues of Buddha set in gilded niches and decking the walls from top to bottom. Before the altar, which supports an immense statue of the god in gilded bronze, statuettes of different sizes were piled up, and affixed to the pillars a vast number of *ex-votos* signified the devotion of the inhabitants. On arriving, the neophyte was conducted into the great hall where a dozen Bonzes squatted in a circle after the Hindoo fashion. One of them presented the candidate, saying:

"Behold a man whom I bring before you desirous of being ordained, Phra."

The candidate then advanced, trailing himself along on his knees, and after three obeisances, while clasping his hands before his forehead, said:

"Venerable president, I look upon you as my ordainer," and retired a dozen cubits.

Whereupon the Phra who introduced him put the following questions:

"Candidate, it is your duty to answer truly all the questions which shall be asked you. Are you a leper?"

"No, Phra!"

"Has your mind been touched with madness?"

"No, Phra!"

"Have magicians wrought upon you any evil influence?"

"No, Phra!"

"Are you a male?"

"Yes, Phra!"

"Have you debts?"

"No, Phra!"

"Are you a slave or a fugitive?"

"No, Phra!"

"Have your parents given consent?"

"Yes, Phra!"

"Are you more than twenty years old?"

"Yes, Phra!"

"Have you provided yourself with a yellow robe, a girdle and a pot?"

"Yes, Phra!"

"Advance then," said the Phra.

The neophyte went forward on his knees and clasping his hands said three times:

"Oh, benevolent father, I beg you to admit me to the dignity of Phra. Have pity on me; withdraw me from the abasement of the laity wherein I lie, and raise me to the perfect condition of a Phra."

The presiding Phra then said:

"Brothers, if there be any among you who have objections to the reception of the candidate, now is the moment for speech."

After a pause, he added:

"The candidate is admitted."

While a register is brought and the age of the new Phra is entered therein, the latter inducts himself into the new clothes of the Bonze, an unused fan is put in his hand, a mendicant's earthen pot under his arm, and the officiating Phra speaks these words:

"Now that you are received, it is my duty to teach you what your duties will be, and what are the sins you must more particularly avoid:

"Every day you shall ask alms for your subsistence. Always you shall be clad in your yellow robes; you shall dwell in pagodas and not in the dwellings of the laity; you shall abstain from carnal desires, from lying, theft and murder, whatsoever and whomsoever it may be."

Here it may not be uninteresting to insert some maxims or precepts which compose the greater part of the rule of the Phras, a code about which little is known.

"Kill no human being; do not steal; do not sin in the flesh; be not proud of your own sanctity.

"Do not work the earth; destroy no tree; kill no beast; drink no intoxicating liquid.

"Pay no attention to songs, music, dancing; perfume not your body.

"Seat not yourself, neither sleep in a place higher than that which your superior occupies.

"Retain neither gold nor silver in your possession.

"Speak of religious subjects only; do only religious works.

"Give not flowers to women; thank no one for alms; borrow nothing from the laity.

"Lend nothing at interest, not even a little pot.

"Do not own implements of war, lances or sabers.

"Eat not in excess; sing no gay song; play on no instrument; avoid races and games.

"Judge not your neighbor; say not of this one: He is bad, nor of that one: He is good.

"Work not for hire; give not strong medicine to a woman with child; seek not pleasure in looking on women.

"Make no incision which bringeth the blood; neither buy nor sell aught; when you eat make not a noise like dogs; sleep not in an exposed place.

"It is a sin: Not to walk in the street in a position of contemplation; not to shave head and eyebrows; to neglect the nails; to move the legs when seated; to effect an austere air like the monks of the woods; to have a severer air than others, and not to liken your words to your acts; to receive alms in order to give them to another; to speak to a woman in a secret place; to have to do with royal affairs, save when they relate to religion; to cultivate the ground; to raise turkeys, chickens, cows, buffaloes, elephants, horses, pigs or dogs, as do the laity; to own in person gold or silver articles; to preach in any other tongue but Pali; to seat yourself on the same mat with a woman; to cook rice; to eat anything not offered with clasped hands; to long for others' goods; to speak in an abusive way of the earth, wind, fire, water, or anything else, &c., &c."

When a Phra dies, they take away his yellow robes, for these must never have any connection with putrefaction.

The following is a succinct abridgement of Buddhist dogmas:

All that exists is divided into two entirely distinct parts; first, those things which, being susceptible of change, obey a principle of mutability, such as matter in all its modifications, and living beings; and secondly, eternal and immutable things, that is to say, the precepts of the law and Neibban. Immutable things have neither author, nor cause; they exist by themselves, and are placed under such conditions that the influences causing mutability cannot reach them. As to the revealer or reformer of the law, Buddha, he is a pure man, who during myriads of ages has accumulated merit on merit until he has obtained Neibban or Kiletha, that is to say, deliverance from all passions. From that time till his death this illustrious person is held to be the chief of religion and the teacher of the law; through the perfect knowledge he has acquired, he has discovered and taught all the precepts which constitute the law to the saving of all mankind. Not himself the author of that law, he merely understands and points out its teachings through the power of his mighty intelligence, just as we can distinguish objects at night by means of a lamp. Thus a man destined to observe the law is marked by the following signs: His knowledge is greater than that of all animate beings, excepting genii and Brahmas; his intelligence and power of thought surpass those of all other human beings.

The supreme end which he tries to reach by meditation and observance of the law is a state of entire indifference toward everything else. But here it must be noted that such indifference does not consist in a stupid carelessness respecting the things of this world, but must be a resultant of an intimate acquaintance with the vanity of these things. The sage who has reached such a degree of knowledge is no longer subject to the influence of the common illusion, concerning things which in fact have no reality in themselves, but, with a merely ephemeral existence, incessantly change in form, and at last die out or are annihilated.

From this results a disdain which extends even to oneself; the individual then longs only for the moment when he shall be freed from his earthly shell. And hence it is that the Buddha Gautama, having conquered this lofty state of perfection, looked upon bad and good men with a like indifference. Many hermits, it is related, have been held in great repute for allowing wild beasts to devour them, or venomous snakes to bite them, rather than show the slightest sign of terro.. Their self-contempt is so much the greater, since they are aware that their bodies, like all things, are compounds of four elements and entirely separate from the moral being.

In fine, five commandments compose the groundwork of Buddhistic morality and are obligatory on all human beings. They are:

Not to take the life of any living thing;
Not to steal;
Not to commit adultery;
Not to lie;
Not to drink intoxicating liquors.

The Buddhist law prohibits evil without showing the way to do right; it does not raise the individual, but only prevents his falling lower. At the same time, one must not suppose that the Buddhism of Indo-China is identical with that of India proper. The Indo-Chinese, for instance, distinguish nine steps toward perfection, but the Indians eleven; properly speaking, there are only ten, since the eleventh is the assimilation to Buddha. On the other hand, the doctrine of Nirvâna, obtaining among the Indian Buddhists, is the counterpart of the Niphan of the Siamese, Laosians and Cambodians, both embody the idea of annihilation.

Almsgiving is the sovereign virtue, according to Buddhist teaching, and therefore every day at dawn the rivers and canals are covered with mendicant boats of bonzes or talapoins, and all the pious inhabitants, particularly women and children, stand at their doors to place their offering in the pots or bags of the passing priests.

RUDDER GRANGE.

For some months after our marriage, Euphemia and I boarded. But we didn't like it. Indeed, there was no reason why we should like it. Euphemia said that she never felt at home except when she was out, which feeling, indicating such an excessively unphilosophic state of mind, was enough to make me desire to have a home of my own, where, except upon rare and exceptional occasions, my wife would never care to go out.

If you should want to rent a house, there are three ways to find one. One way is to advertise; another is to read the advertisements of other people. This is a comparatively cheap way. A third method is to apply to an agent. But none of these plans are worth anything. The proper way is to know some one who will tell you of a house that will just suit you. Euphemia and I thoroughly investigated this matter, and I know that what I say is a fact.

We tried all the plans. When we advertised, we had about a dozen admirable answers, but although everything seemed to suit, the amount of rent was not named. (None of those in which the rent was named would do at all.) And when I went to see the owners, or agents of these houses, they asked much higher rents than those mentioned in the unavailable answers—and this, notwithstanding the fact that they always asserted that their terms were either very reasonable or else greatly reduced on account of the season being advanced. (It was now the fifteenth of May.)

Euphemia and I once wrote a book,—this was just before we were married,—in which we told young married people how to

go to housekeeping and how much it would cost them. We knew all about it, for we had asked several people. Now the prices demanded as yearly rental for small furnished houses, by the owners and agents of whom I have been speaking, were actually more than we had stated a house could be bought and furnished for!

The advertisements of other people did not serve any better. There was always something wrong about the houses when we made close inquiries, and the trouble was generally in regard to the rent. With agents we had a little better fortune. Euphemia sometimes went with me on my expeditions to real estate offices, and she remarked that these offices were always in the basement, or else you had to go up to them in an elevator. There was nothing between these extremes. And it was a good deal the same way, she said, with their houses. They were all very low indeed in price and quality, or else too high. She assured me several times that if we could find any office on the second or third floor we should certainly be suited. But we never found such an office.

One trouble was that we wanted a house in a country place, not very far from the city, and not very far from the railroad station or steamboat landing. We also wanted the house to be nicely shaded and fully furnished, and not to be in a malarious neighborhood, or one infested by mosquitoes.

"If we do go to housekeeping," said Euphemia, "we might as well get a house to suit us while we are about it. Moving is more expensive than a fire."

There was one man who offered us a house that almost suited us. It was near the water, had rooms enough, and some—but not very much—ground, and was very accessible to the city. The rent, too, was quite reasonable. But it was unfurnished. The agent, however, did not think that this would present any obstacle to our taking it. He was sure that the owner would furnish it if we paid him ten per cent. on the value of the furniture he put into it. We agreed that if the landlord would do this and let us furnish the house according to the plans laid down in our book, that we would take the house. But unfortunately this arrangement did not suit the landlord, although he was in the habit of furnishing houses for tenants and charging them ten per cent. on the cost.

I saw him myself and talked to him about it.

"But you see," said he, when I had shown him our list of articles necessary for the furnishing of a house, "it would not pay me to buy all these things, and rent them out to you. If you only wanted heavy furniture, which would last for years, the plan would answer, but you want everything. I believe the small conveniences you have on this list come to more money than the furniture and carpets."

"Oh, yes," said I. "We are not so very particular about furniture and carpets, but these little conveniences are the things that make housekeeping pleasant and,—speaking from a common-sense point of view,—profitable."

"That may be," he answered, "but I can't afford to make matters pleasant and profitable for you in that way. Now, then, let us look at one or two particulars. Here, on your list, is an ice-pick: twenty-five cents. Now, if I buy that ice-pick and rent it to you at two and a-half cents a year, I shall not get my money back unless it lasts you ten years. And even then, as it is not probable that I can sell that ice-pick after you have used it for ten years, I shall have made nothing at all by my bargain. And there are other things in that list, such as feather-dusters and lamp-chimneys, that couldn't possibly last ten years. Don't you see my position?"

I saw it. We did not get that furnished house. Euphemia was greatly disappointed.

"It would have been just splendid," she said, "to have taken our book and have ordered all these things at the stores, one after another, without even being obliged to ask the price."

I had my private doubts in regard to this matter of price. I am afraid that Euphemia generally set down the lowest prices and the best things. She did not mean to mislead, and her plan certainly made our book attractive. But it did not work very well in practice. We have a friend who undertook to furnish her house by our book, and she never could get the things as cheaply as we had them quoted.

"But you see," said Euphemia, to her, "we had to put them down at very low prices, because the model house we speak of in the book is to be entirely furnished for just so much."

But, in spite of this explanation, the lady was not satisfied.

We found ourselves obliged to give up the idea of a furnished house. We would have taken an unfurnished one and furnished it ourselves, but we hadn't money enough.

We were dreadfully afraid that we should have to continue to board.

It was now getting on toward summer, at least there was only a part of a month of spring left, and whenever I could get off from my business Euphemia and I made little excursions into the country round about the city. Sometimes we had only an hour or two of an evening, but on Sundays we had all day. One afternoon we went up the Harlem river, and there we saw a sight that transfixed us, as it were. On the river bank, a mile or so above High Bridge, stood a canal-boat. I say stood, because it was so firmly imbedded in the ground by the river-side, that it would have been almost as impossible to move it as to have turned the Sphinx around. This boat we soon found was inhabited by an oyster-man and his family. They had lived there for many years and were really doing quite well. The boat was divided, inside, into rooms, and these were papered and painted and nicely furnished. There was a kitchen, a living-room, a parlor and bedrooms. There were all sorts of conveniences—carpets on the floors, pictures, and everything, at least so it seemed to us, to make a home comfortable. This was not all done at once, the oyster-man told me. They had lived there for years and had gradually added this and that until the place was as we saw it. He had an oyster-bed out in the river and he made cider in the winter, but where he got the apples I don't know. There was really no reason why he should not get rich in time.

Well, we went all over that house and we praised everything so much that the oyster-man's wife was delighted, and when we had some stewed oysters afterward,—eating them at a little table under a tree near by,—I believe that she picked out the very largest oysters she had, to stew for us. When we had finished our supper and had paid for it, and were going down to take our little boat again,—for we had rowed up the river,—Euphemia stopped and looked around her. Then she clasped her hands and exclaimed in an ecstatic undertone:

"We must have a canal-boat!"

And she never swerved from that determination.

After I had seriously thought over the matter, I could see no good reason against adopting this plan. It would certainly be a cheap method of living, and it would really be housekeeping. I grew more and more in favor of it. After what the oyster-man had done, what might not we do? *He* had never written a book on housekeeping, nor, in all probability, had he considered the matter, philosophically, for one moment in all his life.

But it was not an easy thing to find a canal-boat. There were none advertised for rent—at least, not for housekeeping purposes.

We made many inquiries and took many a long walk along the water-courses in the vicinity of the city, but all in vain. Of course, we talked a great deal about our project and our friends became greatly interested in it, and, of course, too, they gave us a great deal of advice, but we didn't mind that. We were philosophical enough to know that you can't have shad without bones. They were good friends and, by being careful in regard to the advice, it didn't interfere with our comfort.

We were beginning to be discouraged, at least Euphemia was. Her discouragement is like water-cresses, it generally comes up in a very short time after she sows her wishes. But then it withers away rapidly, which is a comfort. One evening we were sitting, rather disconsolately, in our room, and I was reading out the advertisements of country board in the "Herald," when in rushed Dr. Heare—one of our old friends. He was so full of something that he had to say that he didn't even ask us how we were. In fact, he didn't appear to want to know.

"I tell you what it is, Arden," said he, "I have found just the very thing you want."

"A canal-boat?" I cried.

"Yes," said he, "a canal-boat."

"Furnished?" asked Euphemia, her eyes glistening.

"Well, no," answered the doctor, "I don't think you could expect that."

"But we can't live on the bare floor," said Euphemia; "our house *must* be furnished."

"Well, then, I suppose this won't do," said the doctor, ruefully, "for there isn't so much as a boot-jack in it. It has most things that are necessary for a boat, but it hasn't anything that you could call house-furniture; but, dear me, I should think you could furnish it very cheaply and comfortably out of your book."

"Very true," said Euphemia, "if we could pick out the cheapest things and then get some folks to buy a lot of the books."

"We could begin with very little," said I, trying hard to keep calm.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "you need make no more rooms, at first, than you could furnish."

"Then there are no rooms," said Euphemia.

"No, there is nothing but one vast apartment extending from stem to stern."

"Won't it be glorious!" said Euphemia to me. "We can first make a kitchen, and then a dining-room, and a bedroom, and then a parlor—just in the order in which our book says they ought to be furnished."

"Glorious!" I cried, no longer able to contain my enthusiasm; "I should think so. Doctor, where is this canal boat?"

The doctor then went into a detailed statement.

The boat was stranded on the shore of the Scoldsbury river not far below Ginx's. We knew where Ginx's was, because we had spent a very happy day there, during our honeymoon.

The boat was a good one, but superannuated. That, however, did not interfere with its usefulness as a dwelling. We could get it—the doctor had seen the owner—for a small sum per annum, and there was positively no end to its capabilities.

We sat up until twenty minutes past two, talking about that house. We ceased to call it a boat at about a quarter of eleven.

The next day I "took" that boat and paid a month's rent in advance. Three days afterward we moved into it.

We had not much to move, which was a comfort, looking at it from one point of view. A carpenter had put up two partitions in it which made three rooms—a kitchen, a dining-room and a very long bedroom, which was to be cut up into a parlor, study, spare-room, etc., as soon as circumstances should allow, or my salary should be raised. Originally, all the doors and windows were in the roof, so to speak, but our landlord allowed us to make as many windows to the side of the boat as we pleased, provided we gave him the wood we cut out. It saved him trouble, he said, but I did not understand him at the time. Accordingly, the carpenter made several windows for us, and put in sashes, which opened on hinges like the hasp of a trunk. Our furniture did not amount to much, at first. The very thought of living in this independent, romantic way was so delightful, Euphemia said, that furniture seemed a mere secondary matter.

We were obliged indeed to give up the idea of following the plan detailed in our book, because we hadn't the sum upon which the furnishing of a small house was therein based.

"And if we haven't the money," remarked Euphemia, "it would be of no earthly use to look at the book. It would only make us doubt our own calculations. You might as well try to make bricks without mortar, as the children of Israel did."

"I could do that myself, my dear," said I, "but we won't discuss that subject now. We will buy just what we absolutely need, and then work up from that."

Acting on this plan, we bought first a small stove, because Euphemia said that we could sleep on the floor, if it were necessary, but we couldn't make a fire on the floor—at least not often. Then we got a table and two chairs. The next thing we purchased was some hanging shelves for our books, and Euphemia suddenly remembered the kitchen things. These, which were few, with some crockery, nearly brought us to the end of our resources, but we had enough for a big easy-chair which Euphemia was determined I should have, because I really needed it when I came home at night, tired with my long day's work at the office. I had always been used to an easy-chair, and it was one of her most delightful dreams to see me in a real nice one, comfortably smoking my cigar in my own house, after eating my own delicious little supper in company with my own dear wife. We selected the chair, and then we were about to order the things sent out to our future home, when I happened to think that we had no bed. I called Euphemia's attention to the fact.

She was thunderstruck.

"I never thought of that," she said. "We shall have to give up the stove."

"Not at all," said I, "we can't do that. We must give up the easy-chair."

"Oh, that would be too bad," said she. "The house would seem like nothing to me without the chair!"

"But we must do without it, my dear," said I, "at least for awhile. I can sit out on deck and smoke of an evening, you know."

"Yes," said Euphemia. "You can sit on the bulwarks and I can sit by you. That will do very well. I'm sure I'm glad the boat has bulwarks."

So we resigned the easy-chair and bought a bedstead and some very plain bedding. The bedstead was what is sometimes called a "scissors-bed." You could shut it up when you didn't want to sleep in it, and stand it against the wall.

When we packed up our trunks and left the boarding-house Euphemia fairly skipped with joy.

We went down to Ginx's in the first boat, having arranged that our furniture should be sent to us in the afternoon. We wanted to be there to receive it. The trip was just wildly delirious. The air was charming. The sun was bright, and I had a whole holiday. When we reached Ginx's we found that the best way to get our trunks and ourselves to our house was to take a carriage, and so we took one. I told the driver to just drive along the river road and I would tell him where to stop.

When we reached our boat, and had alighted, I said to the driver:

"You can just put our trunks inside, any where."

The man looked at the trunks and then looked at the boat. Afterward he looked at me.

"That boat ain't goin' anywhere," said he.

"I should think not," said Euphemia. "We shouldn't want to live in it, if it were."

"You are going to live in it?" said the man.

"Yes," said Euphemia.

"Oh!" said the man, and he took our trunks on board, without another word.

It was not very easy for him to get the trunks into our new home. In fact it was not easy for us to get there ourselves. There was a gang-plank, with a rail on one side of it, which inclined from the shore to the deck of the boat at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and when the man had staggered up this plank with the trunks (Euphemia said I ought to have helped him, but I really thought it would be better for one person to fall off the plank than for two to go over together), and we had paid him, and he had driven away in a speechless condition, we scrambled up and stood upon the threshold, or, rather, the after-deck of our home.

It was a proud moment. Euphemia glanced around, her eyes full of happy tears, and then she took my arm and we went down stairs—at least we tried to go down in that fashion, but soon found it necessary to go one at a time. We wandered over the whole extent of our mansion and found that our carpenter had done his work better than the woman whom we had engaged to scrub and clean the house. Something akin to despair must have seized upon her, for Euphemia declared that the floors looked rather dirtier than on the occasion of her first visit, when we rented the boat.

But that didn't discourage us. We felt sure that we should get it clean in time.

Early in the afternoon our furniture arrived, together with the other things we had bought, and the men who brought them over from the steamboat landing had the brightest, merriest faces I ever noticed among that class of people. Euphemia said it was an excellent omen to have such cheerful fellows come to us on the very first day of our housekeeping.

Then we went to work. I put up the stove, which was not much trouble, as there was a place all ready in the deck for the stove-pipe to be run through. Euphemia was somewhat surprised at the absence of a chimney, but I assured her that boats were very seldom built with chimneys. My dear little wife bustled about and arranged the pots and kettles on nails that I drove into the kitchen walls. Then she made the bed in the bedroom and I hung up a looking-glass and a few little pictures that we had brought in our trunks.

Before four o'clock our house was in order. Then we began to be very hungry.

"My dear," said Euphemia, "we ought to have thought to bring something to cook."

"That is very true," said I, "but I think perhaps we had better walk up to Ginx's and get our supper to-night. You see we are so tired and hungry."

"What!" cried Euphemia, "go to a hotel the very first day? I think it would be dreadful! Why, I have been looking forward to this first meal with the greatest delight. You can go up to the little store by the hotel and buy some things and I will cook them, and we will have our first dear little meal here all alone by ourselves, at our own table and in our own house."

So this was determined upon and, after a hasty counting of the fund I had reserved for moving and kindred expenses, and which had been sorely depleted during the day, I set out, and in almost an hour returned with my first marketing.

I made a fire, using a lot of chips and blocks the carpenter had left, and Euphemia cooked the supper, and we ate it from our little table, with two large towels for a table-cloth.

It was the most delightful meal I ever ate!

And, when we had finished, Euphemia

washed the dishes (the thoughtful creature had put some water on the stove to heat for the purpose, while we were at supper) and then we went on deck, or on the piazza, as Euphemia thought we had better call it, and there we had our smoke. I say *we*, for Euphemia always helps me to smoke by sitting by me, and she seems to enjoy it as much as I do.

And when the shades of evening began to gather around us, I hauled in the gang-plank (just like a delightful old draw-bridge, Euphemia said, although I hope for the sake of our ancestors that draw-bridges were easier to haul in) and went to bed.

It is lucky we were tired and wanted to go to bed early, for we had forgotten all about lamps or candles.

For the next week we were two busy and happy people. I rose about half-past five and made the fire,—we found so much wood on the shore, that I thought I should not have to add fuel to my expenses,—and Euphemia cooked the breakfast. I then went to a well belonging to a cottage near by where we had arranged for water-privileges, and filled two buckets with delicious water and carried them home for Euphemia's use through the day. Then I hurried off to catch the train, for, as there was a station near Ginx's, I ceased to patronize the steamboat, the hours of which were not convenient. After a day of work and pleasurable anticipation at the office, I hastened back to my home, generally laden with a basket of provisions and various household necessities. Milk was brought to us daily from the above-mentioned cottage by a little toddler who seemed just able to carry the small tin bucket which held a lacteal pint. If the urchin had been the child of rich parents, as Euphemia sometimes observed, he would have been in his nurse's arms—but being poor, he was scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk around to other people.

After I reached home came supper and the delightful evening hours, when over my pipe (I soon gave up cigars, as being too expensive and inappropriate, and took to a tall pipe and canaster tobacco) we talked, and planned, and told each other our day's experience.

One of our earliest subjects of discussion was the name of our homestead. Euphemia insisted that it should have a name. I was quite willing, but we found it no easy matter to select an appropriate title. I proposed a number of appellations intended to suggest the character of our home. Among these were: "Safe Ashore," "Firmly Grounded," and some other names of that style, but Euphemia did not fancy any of them. She wanted a suitable name, of course, she said, but it must be something that would *sound* like a house and *be* like a boat.

"Partitionville," she objected to, and "Gang-plank Terrace," did not suit her because it suggested convicts going out to work, which naturally was unpleasant.

At last, after days of talk and cogitation, we named our house "Rudder Grange."

To be sure, it wasn't exactly a grange, but then it had such an enormous rudder that the justice of that part of the title seemed to overbalance any little inaccuracy in the other portion.

But we did not spend all our spare time in talking. An hour or two, every evening was occupied in what we called "fixing the house," and gradually the inside of our abode began to look like a conventional dwelling. We put matting on the floors and cheap but very pretty paper on the walls. We added now a couple of chairs, and now a table or something for the kitchen. Frequently, especially of a Sunday, we had company, and our guests were always charmed with Euphemia's cunning little meals. The dear girl loved good eating so much that she could scarcely fail to be a good cook. We removed our bed to the extreme bow-part of the boat, and put up muslin curtains to separate it from the parlor.

We worked hard, and were very happy. And thus the weeks passed on.

In this delightful way of living, only one thing troubled us. We didn't save any money. There were so many little things that we wanted, and so many little things that were so cheap, that I spent pretty much all I made, and that was far from the philosophical plan of living that I wished to follow.

We talked this matter over a great deal after we had lived in our new home for about a month, and we came at last to the conclusion that we would take a boarder.

We had no trouble in getting a boarder, for we had a friend, a young man who was engaged in the flour business, who was very anxious to come and live with us. He had been to see us two or three times, and had expressed himself charmed with our household arrangements.

So we made terms with him. The carpenter partitioned off another room, and

our boarder brought his trunk and a large red velvet arm-chair, and took up his abode at "Rudder Grange."

We liked our boarder very much, but he had some peculiarities. I suppose everybody has them. Among other things, he was very fond of telling us what we ought to do. He suggested more improvements in the first three days of his sojourn with us than I had thought of since we commenced housekeeping. And what made the matter worse, his suggestions were generally very good ones. Had it been otherwise I might have borne his remarks more complacently, but to be continually told what you ought to do, and to know that you ought to do it, is extremely annoying.

He was very anxious that I should take off the rudder, which was certainly useless to a boat situated as ours was, and make an ironing table of it. I persisted that the laws of symmetrical propriety required that the rudder should remain where it was—that the very name of our home would be interfered with by its removal, but he insisted that "Ironing-table Grange" would be just as good a name, and that symmetrical propriety in such a case did not amount to a row of pins.

The result was, that we did have the ironing table, and that Euphemia was very much pleased with it. A great many other improvements were projected and carried out by him, and I was very much worried. He made a flower-garden for Euphemia on the extreme forward-deck, and having borrowed a wheelbarrow, he wheeled dozens of loads of arable dirt up our gang-plank and dumped them out on the deck. When he had covered the garden with a suitable depth of earth, he smoothed it off and then planted flower-seeds. It was rather late in the season, but most of them came up. I was pleased with the garden, but sorry I had not made it myself.

One afternoon I got away from the office considerably earlier than usual, and I hurried home to enjoy the short period of daylight that I should have before supper. It had been raining the day before, and as the bottom of our garden leaked so that earthy water trickled down at one end of our bedroom, I intended to devote a short time to stuffing up the cracks in the ceiling or bottom of the deck—whichever seems the most appropriate.

But when I reached a bend in the river road, whence I always had the earliest view of my establishment, I didn't have that view. I hurried on. The nearer I approached the place where I lived, the more horror-stricken I became. There was no mistaking the fact.

The boat was not there!

In an instant the truth flashed upon me.

The water was very high—the rain had swollen the river—my house had floated away!

It was Wednesday. On Wednesday afternoons our boarder came home early.

I clapped my hat tightly on my head and ground my teeth.

"Confound that boarder!" I thought. "He has been fooling with the anchor. He always said it was of no use, and taking advantage of my absence, he has hauled it up, and has floated away, and has gone—gone with my wife and my home!"

Euphemia and "Rudder Grange" had gone off together—where I knew not,—and with them that horrible suggester!

I ran wildly along the bank. I called aloud, I shouted and hailed each passing craft—of which there were only two—but their crews must have been very inattentive to the woes of landsmen, or else they did not hear me, for they paid no attention to my cries.

I met a fellow with an axe on his shoulder. I shouted to him before I reached him:

"Hello! did you see a boat—a house, I mean,—floating up the river?"

"A boat-house?" asked the man.

"No, a house-boat," I gasped.

"Didn't see nuthin' like it," said the man, and he passed on, to his wife and home, no doubt. But me! Oh, where was my wife and my home?

I met several people, but none of them had seen a fugitive canal-boat.

How many thoughts came into my brain as I ran along that river road! If that wretched boarder had not taken the rudder for an ironing-table he might have steered in shore! Again and again I confounded—as far as mental ejaculations could do it—his suggestions.

I was rapidly becoming frantic when I met a person who hailed me.

"Hello!" he said, "are you after a canal-boat adrift?"

"Yes," I panted.

"I thought you was," he said. "You looked that way. Well, I can tell you where she is. She's stuck fast in the reeds at the lower end o' Peter's Pint."

"Where's that?" said I.

"Oh, it's about a mile furder up. I seed her a-driftin' up with the tide—big flood tide,

to-day—and I thought I'd see somebody after her, afore long. Anything aboard?"

Anything!

I could not answer the man. Anything, indeed! I hurried on up the river without a word. Was the boat a wreck? I scarcely dared to think of it. I scarcely dared to think at all.

The man called after me and I stopped. I could but stop, no matter what I might hear.

"Hello, mister," he said, "got any tobacco?"

I walked up to him. I took hold of him by the lapel of his coat. It was a dirty lapel, as I remember even now, but I didn't mind that.

"Look here," said I. "Tell me the truth, I can bear it. Was that vessel wrecked?"

The man looked at me a little queerly. I could not exactly interpret his expression.

"You're sure you kin bear it?" said he.

"Yes," said I, my hand trembling as I held his coat.

"Well, then," said he, "it's mor'n I kin," and he jerked his coat out of my hand, and sprang away. When he reached the other side of the road, he turned and shouted at me, as though I had been deaf.

"Do you know what I think?" he yelled. "I think you're a darned lunatic," and with that he went his way.

I hastened on to Peter's Point. Long before I reached it, I saw the boat.

It was apparently deserted. But still I pressed on. I must know the worst. When I reached the Point, I found that the boat had run aground, with her head in among the long reeds and mud and the rest of her hull lying at an angle from the shore.

There was consequently no way for me to get on board, but to wade through the mud and reeds to her bow, and then climb up as well as I could.

This I did, but it was not easy to do. Twice I sank above my knees in mud and water, and had it not been for reeds, masses of which I frequently clutched when I thought I was going over, I believe I should have fallen down and come to my death in that horrible marsh. When I reached the boat, I stood up to my hips in water and saw no way of climbing up. The gangplank had undoubtedly floated away, and if it had not, it would have been of no use to me in my position.

But I was desperate. I clasped the post that they put in the bow of canal-boats; I stuck my toes and my finger-nails in the cracks between the boards—how glad I was that the boat was an old one and had cracks!—and so, painfully and slowly, slipping part way down once or twice, and besliming myself from chin to foot, I climbed up that post and scrambled upon deck. In an instant, I reached the top of the stairs, and in another instant I rushed below.

There sat my wife and our boarder, one on each side of the dining-room table, complacently playing checkers!

My sudden entrance startled them. My appearance startled them still more.

Euphemia sprang to her feet and tottered toward me.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed; "has anything happened?"

"Happened!" I gasped.

"Look here," cried the boarder, clutching me by the arm, "what a condition you're in. Did you fall in?"

"Fall in!" said I.

Euphemia and the boarder looked at each other. I looked at them. Then I opened my mouth in earnest.

"I suppose you don't know," I yelled, "that you have drifted away!"

"By George!" cried the boarder, and in two bounds he was on deck.

Dirty as I was, Euphemia fell into my arms. I told her all. She hadn't known a bit of it!

The boat had so gently drifted off, and had so gently grounded among the reeds, that the voyage had never so much as disturbed their games of checkers.

"He plays such a splendid game," Euphemia sobbed, "and just as you came, I thought I was going to beat him. I had two kings and two pieces on the next to last row, and you are nearly drowned. You'll get your death of cold—and—and he had only one king."

She led me away and I undressed and washed myself and put on my Sunday clothes.

When I reappeared, I went out on deck with Euphemia. The boarder was there, standing by the petunia bed. His arms were folded and he was thinking profoundly. As we approached, he turned toward us.

"You were right about that anchor," he said, "I should not have hauled it in; but it was such a little anchor that I thought it would be of more use on board as a garden hoe."

"A very little anchor will sometimes do very well," said I, cuttingly, "when it is hooked around a tree."

"Yes, there is something in that," said he.

It was now growing late, and as our agitation subsided we began to grow hungry. Fortunately, we had everything necessary on board, and, as it really didn't make any difference in our household economy, where we happened to be located, we had supper quite as usual. In fact, the kettle had been put on to boil during the checker-playing.

After supper, we went on deck to smoke, as was our custom, but there was a certain coolness between me and our boarder.

Early the next morning I arose and went up stairs to consider what had better be done, when I saw the boarder standing on shore, near by.

"Hello!" he cried, "the tide's down and I got ashore without any trouble. You stay where you are. I've hired a couple of mules to tow the boat back. They'll be here presently. And, hello! I've found the gangplank. It floated ashore about a quarter of a mile below here."

In about ten minutes the mules and two men with a long rope appeared, and then one of the men and the boarder came on board (they didn't seem to have any difficulty in so doing). Then we carried the ironing-table on deck and shipped it into its place as a rudder.

We were then towed back to where we belonged.

And we are there yet. Our boarder remains with us, as the weather is still fine, and the coolness between us is gradually diminishing. But the boat is moored at both ends, and twice a day I look to see if the ropes are all right.

The petunias are growing beautifully, but the geraniums do not seem to flourish. Perhaps there is not a sufficient depth of earth for them. Several times our boarder has appeared to be on the point of suggesting something in regard to them, but, for some reason or other, he says nothing.

RICHARD WAGNER.

GAMBLERS say, that after the consummate bliss of winning, the next degree in the scale of happiness is the sensation of losing. Applied to the rules of artistic success, this axiom might be translated thus: Next to being cried up, the best thing for a man is to be cried down. How little the latter process, even if carried on in the most systematic and unrelenting manner, can obstruct the ultimate victory of great progressive movements in art, is best proved by the example of Richard Wagner. It would be difficult to discern at first sight, what there is in his dramas or theories to excite the ire of critical worthies; certain it is, that, wherever the former have been sung, or the latter expounded, the effect on musical critics has been that of the red flag on the bull in a Spanish arena. It is well known that in his own country Wagner's operas have retained their footing on the stage exclusively by dint of their immediate impression on the public, which in this case laudably upheld its own opinion against the incessant and almost unanimous declamations of adverse critics. Even at the present time, while Wagner's reputation is established beyond dispute, the large German newspapers look upon him with ill-disguised hostility, and dole out their approbation with as chary a hand as their necessary regard for indisputable facts will allow them. Wagner told me himself not long ago, that if he wished to state a point of theory or experience in a certain leading journal, he would not be at all above a fear of its falling a victim to editorial scissors, or even to the waste-paper basket. A similar spirit of enmity on the part of influential journalists balked his success at Paris and partly paved the way for the signal fiasco of "Tannhäuser" in that city. *Quantæ molis erat* to uphold the standard of "the Music of the Future" against the ignorance and cliquism of musical criticism in England, the present writer from his own experience might have a long story to tell; too long, however, and too dreary to be interesting or (it must be hoped) even comprehensible to American readers. Moreover, my present purpose is not to write a diatribe or plead a cause; I only wish to give a short account of the life and artistic aims of a man who since the great success of "Lohengrin" at New York, cannot be looked upon without interest by any lover of music and poetry in America.

The Germans are fond of making a distinction between a man of genius and a man

of character. Seldom the two qualities are found together amongst them. Their lyrical poets generally live in the obscurity of small cities, whence they pour forth their song as the nightingale does her note from the loveliest nook of the wood. Even their dramatic writers are rarely men of character in our sense of the word; like the poet in "Joseph Andrews," they consider it their "business to record great actions and not to do them." Think of Schiller celebrating the hero of Swiss liberty in the æsthetic atmosphere of a diminutive German court. Wagner forms an exception to this rule—his nature is active, progressive. He looks on established rules and institutions with the suspicious eye of a reformer, but his genius is not negative only. He has overthrown much, but his reconstructions are vaster and more harmonious than the old fabric. If fate had placed him in a different position of life, he might have become a great statesman, a leader of nations. Being born in the obscure sphere of German middle-class life, he had no chance in that direction; so, fortunately for us, his energy was not diverted from that field of action to which the highest gifts of his nature tended—poetry and music. But the type of his character never denied itself. From his earliest youth his plans were of vast, almost superhuman scope. He himself tells us that the *Norne*, the Pandora of old Teutonic lore, deposited on his cradle "the never-contented spirit which always seeks the new," and this fatal gift has remained the rule and guidance of his life-long struggle. Having thus defined the prevailing tendency of this genius, let us now look a little closer at its earthly surroundings and appendages.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born May 22d, 1813, at Leipsic, where his father held a small municipal appointment. After his death, which took place in the same year with our composer's birth, the widow married L. Geyer, an actor, and afterwards a portrait-painter of some merit. He, however, also died before our composer had finished his seventh year. We know little of his influence on his step-son. It seems, that to some extent he recognized in the small boy artistic talent of some kind, and wanted to make him a painter, but Wagner proved an awkward pupil. At this time he used to practice by the ear little tunes on the piano, and it is said that hearing him one day engaged in this manner, his step-father remarked to the mother in the weak voice of an almost dying man: "Do you think he has talent for music?" After old Geyer had died, Wagner tells us, his twice-widowed mother came into the nursery to repeat to each of the children the father's parting word. To himself she said: "He wanted to make something of you." "For a long time afterwards," Wagner adds, "I used to imagine that something would become of me."

However, the idea of bringing him up as a musician, if ever seriously entertained, was soon abandoned. He was sent to an excellent day-school at Dresden, and received only occasional piano-forte lessons from his private Latin master. His progress in this noble art seems to have been anything but satisfactory. Instead of practicing scales and other useful digital exercises, he loved to hammer away at overtures and symphonies with a most abominable fingering of his own. After a short time his master gave him up as hopeless. "He was right," Wagner says, "I have never learned to play the piano in all my life." The truth is that he, the great virtuoso on the orchestra, looks down on that supplementary instrument with some disdain.

His first attempts at original production we have to date at a very early period. They were not of a musical but of a poetical kind, a fact full of significance in the future advocate of the "poetic principle" in music. At the age of eleven we find him pondering over the plan of a gigantic drama, conceived in the spirit of Shakespeare, but intended to far outdo the tragic pathos of that master-mind. Wagner describes his tragedy as a kind of compound of Hamlet and Lear. "The design," he says, "was grand in the extreme. Forty-two people died in the course of the piece, and I was obliged to let most of them re-appear as ghosts in the last acts, for want of living characters." We have no doubt that the piece was quite as ridiculous as this humorous self-criticism implies, but we have mentioned it, nevertheless, as indicating in its embryonic stage that Titanic struggle for the utmost expansion of artistic forms which characterizes the whole of Wagner's career. It proved important for his development in another respect. Not long after his play was finished he became acquainted with Beethoven's works, which excited his impressionable youthful mind to the utmost. His witnessing a performance of that master's music to Goethe's "Egmont" may be considered as the decisive turning-point in Wagner's life, for it filled him with emulative zeal to supply his own tragedy with a musical accompaniment of equal

grandeur, a bold resolve certainly in one who had yet to learn the rudiments of musical art, but again indicative of that indomitable courage and energy which conquers at last. He now saw himself compelled to make some preparatory theoretical studies; the first difficulties of thorough-bass and harmony once bravely encountered and overcome, impelled him to attack new problems; his attention became riveted, his genius roused; he had imperceptibly grown into the musician. I, of course, do not by any means wish to assert that by some miraculous process he acquired the mechanical part of that most difficult of arts, music, without a good deal of previous study. On the contrary, he had to combine his fugues and puzzle out his counterpoint in exactly the same manner as lesser mortals are wont to do. Indeed his struggle with merely formal difficulties seems to have been not an easy one. Patience and quiet application were wanting. His master could do nothing with such a pupil, and fairly put him down as a dunce, in musical matters at least; his family was in despair; only his own courage remained undaunted. He began writing overtures on a grand scale for the full orchestra, one of which the "climax of his nonsensicalities," as he himself calls it, was actually performed in public, but excited only irrepressible hilarity on the part of the audience, greatly to the mortification of the aspiring young genius. This was his first period of "storm and stress," to use Carlyle's words; everything was seething and bubbling. But soon the waters began to clear; his first disappointment cured him of his vanity; he began to see the necessity of theoretical knowledge, and a course of serious study under Cantor Weinlig resulted, as that excellent teacher expressed it, in Wagner's independence of formal fetters. But more than any living master could teach him Wagner learned in his intercourse with the great dead. The well-known Heinrich Dorn, at that time a friend, now the bitterest enemy, of Wagner, has described the young student's passionate, not to say violent, enthusiasm for his great predecessor's (Beethoven) works. "I am doubtful," he writes, "whether there ever has been a young musician more familiar with the works of Beethoven than Wagner was at eighteen. He possessed most of the master's overtures and large instrumental scores in copies made by himself; he went to bed with the sonatas, and rose again with the quartets. He sang the songs and whistled the concerti, for with the playing he could not get on very well. In brief, there was a regular *furor Teutonicus*, which, combined with considerable scientific culture and a peculiar activity of the mind, promised powerful shoots."

Beethoven was thus the load-star of our master's early aspirations, and well had it been for him had he never swerved from it. But his longing soul had still to pass through many errors and vanities before, cleansed in the fire of adversity, it could return to the original purity of its ideal aims.

The surroundings in which we next discover our hero, seem certainly anything but suited to a Beethoven enthusiast. To meet the exigencies of life, he had now to look for a more lucrative employment of his time than penning eccentric and inexecutable compositions, and the conductorship of a small operatic troupe at Magdeburg being offered to him, he accepted the position the more eagerly, as the unconventional ease of theatrical life tallied but too well with the high-strung sensuality of his nature. Neither were his artistic duties of a very elevated kind. He had chiefly to conduct the light though clever productions of the French and Italian stages, then so much *en vogue* in the Fatherland, and he himself confesses his childish joy in letting the orchestra "bang away," after a fashion, to right and left of his conductor's desk. His own productions during this period distinctly show the signs of the atmosphere in which he moved. I will not encumber the memory of my readers with the titles of several operas and numerous *pièces d'occasion*, which owe their origin to this time of pre-historic chaos. They were written for ephemeral applause, and without any conscientious scruples as to the artistic purity of their effects. But this abandonment of principle, fortunately, did not meet with its desired reward; only one of Wagner's operas saw the light of the stage, and, owing to insufficient rehearsals and an accumulation of other unfavorable circumstances, proved a failure. I repeat that, upon the whole, this ill-luck must be considered as a decidedly favorable circumstance. It may certainly be presumed that sooner or later his higher nature would have impelled him to leave the flesh-pots of easy success for the toilsome desert-paths of ideal aims; but when, or how this exodus of the satiated soul might have taken place, nobody can tell. As it was, the cares and troubles of his narrow sphere of action soon became intolerable to him. The small emoluments of his office were

wholly insufficient to supply the demands of his refined, luxurious taste, and when in a spirit of obstinate recklessness he resolved upon marrying an actress, the *res angusta domi* further entrammeled his already straitened circumstances. In addition to his domestic discomfort, he soon began to loathe the professional jealousies and intrigues which, combined with an utter want of artistic spirit, characterized the society in which his professional duties compelled him to mix.

He felt that something must be done, to save himself from this sea of miseries, and the step he took in consequence was quite in keeping with the undauntable energy of his nature. He resolved to write a great dramatic work, and in order to preclude any possibility of his longer remaining in the narrow sphere of provincial stage life, he fixed upon a subject the appropriate treatment of which would require an amount of scenic splendor, such as only the largest stages in Europe would have at their disposal. Rienzi, the last tribune, was chosen as the hero of his opera, and to Paris, at that time the musical as well as the social center of civilized Europe, the composer looked for a stage and a public.

It is evident, neither does Wagner try to conceal, that the chief purpose aimed at in "Rienzi" was to obtain the applause of the multitude. From a psychological point of view it therefore scarcely marks a step in advance, and, indeed, abounds with concessions of artistic consciousness to the taste of the vulgar. But amidst the platitudes of ordinary stage effects we distinctly see in the score of "Rienzi" the action of a tremendous dramatic force, scarcely conscious as yet, and clogged with earthy encumbrances, but capable of growth and purification. Wagner wrote the poetry, and finished the music of the first two acts of "Rienzi" at Riga, where he had conducted the opera for some time. In the summer of 1839 he embarked in a sailing vessel bound for London on his way to Paris. The voyage lasted more than three weeks. Three times they were caught in terrific storms, and on one occasion the captain had to seek shelter in a Norwegian harbor. Wagner's imagination was deeply struck with the wonders and terrors of the deep, and the impressions thus received he was soon to embody in a work to which we shall have to return. In September of the same year he arrived at Paris, supplied by Meyerbeer with introductions to theatrical managers and full of sanguine expectation. One slightly shudders in thinking of the possible consequences which a great Paris success might have had on Wagner's further career. Perhaps he might have been content to share with Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Halévy the lucrative laurels of a European reputation; but fortune, unlike herself, proved constant to him in her kind unkindness; all his attempts at obtaining publicity for his works were frustrated, and, to save himself from actual starvation, he had to go through the most degrading stages of musical drudgery, such as arranging tunes from popular operas for the cornet-a-piston.

Again the tide of despair was rising higher and higher—again something must be done and was done by Wagner to stem its destructive progress; but in what he did, and in how he did it, we see the process of purification which Wagner's artistic character had undergone during this second trial of "hope deferred." "Rienzi," as we said before, was written entirely with a view to outward success, to which the higher demands of art were to a great extent sacrificed; in the work which Wagner now began he scarcely hoped, nor even wished for this success. It was conceived and written entirely to supply a demand of his own nature—the demand, that is, of pouring out the anxieties and toilings of his soul in his inspired song. In this way music gave him help and comfort in his supreme need. The work we are referring to is "The Flying Dutchman." It was conceived during the eventful voyage to London; the music was written at Meudon, where Wagner had retired from Paris in the spring of 1841.

"Rienzi," finished in November, 1840, concludes the first period of Wagner's career. It was the time of his violent struggle for notoriety and self-assertion, without regard to the artistic purity of the means applied. The mode of his expression was confined to the forms of the French Grand Opera as established by Spontini, Meyerbeer, and others; hence this period may be described as his *operatic* period. With "The Flying Dutchman" Wagner enters a new stage of development. Henceforth he disregards the requirements of vulgar taste, or tastelessness. His works become the immediate effusion of his poetical inspiration, to which the forms of absolute music have gradually to give way. Ultimately he throws the whole apparatus of the opera, with its empty display of vocal skill and scenic *spectacle*, overboard. Even the name becomes odious

to him; he terms his new creations "Music-dramas." For the full appreciation of his vast schemes he looks to those to come rather than to the living generation. Hence the *sobriquet*—invented by his adversaries and adopted by him—"the Music of the Future." A close analysis of the ideas and principles comprised in this name we must defer for a little while. In "The Flying Dutchman" these new tendencies appear as yet in an all but embryonic state; only one circumstance we will point out in connection with it. Wagner's adversaries boldly assert that his reformatory deeds were the result of previous deliberate speculation, although the comparative dates of his dramatic and his theoretical works clearly prove the contrary. If a further proof of the spontaneity of his efforts was required his mode of conceiving "The Flying Dutchman" would furnish it; for it was only the symbolic representation of his own personal sufferings at the time. Friendless and loveless amongst strangers, he could realize but too well the type of his hero, who, doomed to roam on the wild waves of the ocean, longs for home and the redeeming love of woman. This intensely subjective character of his poetry he involuntarily transferred to his music, and was thus ultimately led to the breaking of forms insufficient to contain his impassioned utterances.

In the meantime his worldly prospects had undergone an unexpected favorable change. His "Rienzi" had been accepted for performance by the Dresden theater, and in 1842 Wagner left Paris for that city in order to prepare his work for the stage. The first performance took place in October of the same year, and its brilliant success led to the composer's engagement as conductor of the Royal Opera at Dresden.

It was natural that this first smile of fortune after so much adversity should have filled Wagner with elation. But he was not the man to rest on his laurels. During his stay at Paris he had become acquainted with the old popular story of Tannhäuser, the knightly singer who tarried in the mountain of Venus. This story, in connection with an imaginary prize-singing at Wartburg, the residence of the Dukes of Thuringia, struck him at once as eminently adapted for dramatic purposes. The impression was increased when, on his way to Dresden, he visited the romantic old castle surrounded by the nimbus of both history and romance, and overlooking a wide and varied expanse of field and forest. The poem to "Tannhäuser" was written soon afterward, even before the first performance of "Rienzi;" the music he finished by the end of 1844. The fundamental idea strikes one as somewhat similar to that of "The Flying Dutchman." It is again the self-surrendering love of pure woman, which in death releases the hero; nay, to carry the parallel still further, the Venusberg itself with its lust, and the satiety following thereafter, is only another aspect of that same cruel world which in the prior opera was symbolized by the waves of the ocean. Both Senta and Elizabeth would in that case be the representations of that purest idea of art, which alone can save its worshiper from the world and its lures, "for music," as Wagner has expressed it on another occasion, "is a woman, whose nature is love, surrendering itself unconditionally." Of the opera itself our limited space will not allow us to speak at length. Compared with its predecessor, "Tannhäuser" marks a decided advance, both from a dramatic and musical point of view. The character of the hero, representing in its large typical features one of the deepest problems of human nature, stands boldly forth from the chiaroscuro of its romantic surroundings, and the abundance of melodious strains (some of them, as, for instance, the celebrated "March," of a popular character) in "Tannhäuser" has, perhaps, contributed more to the spreading of its author's name than any of his other works.

At the first performance at Dresden in 1845, the reception of "Tannhäuser" was, however, much less favorable than might have been expected. The public was evidently astonished and somewhat disappointed at this new language, so widely differing from the coarser accents of "Rienzi." Altogether the prospects of Wagner's popularity as an operatic writer seemed to dwindle more and more. The performance of his "Flying Dutchman" at Berlin had little more than a *succès d'estime*, while even that was scarcely obtained by "Rienzi" at Hamburg. The brief glimmer of hope was waning rapidly, and Wagner's disappointment was now all the more bitter for his previous experience of success. But even more than by his personal ill fortune he was disgusted by the rank spirit of narrow-minded coterie and inartistic humbug with which the most prominent German theaters were infested. Neither the progress of his own, nor that of any other true art could be expected under such circumstances. As years advanced, Wagner's disappointment grew into a state of

morbid despondency, in which change at any price seemed a relief. In this mood, and more from a sense of antagonism to things existing than from any distinct political persuasion, Wagner took an active part in the revolutionary risings of 1848 and 1849. The dream of liberty in Saxony and its unpleasant interruption by Prussian bayonets are matters of history. Wagner personally had to pay dearly for his short illusion. As a matter of course he lost his official employment and was, moreover, compelled again to leave country and friends, a homeless exile. Before following him on his new wanderings, however, we must mention in a few words a work, which owes its existence to the period immediately before the outbreak of the revolution: I am speaking of "Lohengrin," the fourth of Wagner's acknowledged operas, the music of which was finished in March, 1843. The story of "The Knight of the Swan," originally founded on local traditions of the lower Rhine, Wagner owed to the same mediæval compilation which had been the source of "Tannhäuser." In his version it appears combined with the mystic tradition of the "Graal" and the spiritual order of knights guarding the holy vessel. Lohengrin, the son of Percival, king of the Graal, leaves his blissful abode, to save Elsa, Princess of Brabant, from a false accusation of having killed her young brother. The love of Elsa and her deliverer forms the main subject of the drama, the tragic key-note being touched when Elsa, despite her promise of implicit faith, asks the name and abode of the mystical knight. This wild craving of Elsa to pierce the mystery which seems to shroud her lover from the warm clasp of her hand, is a touch of intense psychological truth. The style of Wagner's music is quite in accordance with the elevated poetical intentions it serves to illustrate. The supernatural and natural elements are blended in his strains in the most marvelous manner, and rarely, if ever, is our impression marred by those purely theatrical effects which not unfrequently occur in "Tannhäuser."

The first performance of "Lohengrin" is connected with one of the most charming episodes of Wagner's life—his friendship with Franz Liszt. The intimate relations between these two great composers, subsisting at the present day and under circumstances which would have made jealousies and mutual animosities but too excusable, seem to claim our passing attention. I quote the following extracts from an autobiographical sketch by Wagner, published in 1851: "At Weimar I saw him," writes Wagner, "when I rested a few days in Thuringia, not yet certain whether the threatening prosecution would compel me to continue my flight from Germany. The very day when my personal danger became a certainty, I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my 'Tannhäuser,' and was astonished at recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music, he felt in performing it: what I wanted to express in writing it down, he said in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend I gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had longed for and sought for always in the wrong place. . . . . At the end of my last stay at Paris, when, ill, miserable, and despairing, I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my 'Lohengrin,' totally forgotten by me. Suddenly I felt something like compassion, that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt; his answer was, that preparations for the performance were being made on the largest scale that the limited means of Weimar would permit. Everything that men and circumstances could do was done, in order to make the work understood. . . . . Errors and misconceptions impeded the desired success. What was to be done to supply the want so as to further the true understanding on all sides, and with it the ultimate success of the work? Liszt understood it at once, and *did* it. He gave to the public his own impressions of the work in a manner, the convincing eloquence and overpowering efficacy of which remain unequaled. Success was his reward, and with this success he now approaches me saying: 'Behold, we have come so far; now create us a new work, that we may go still further.'"

On his flight from his country Wagner turned first to Paris, where, as usual, disappointment lay in store for him. After a short stay in France he settled at Zurich, in Switzerland, and now, when the conductor's baton was wrenched from his hand, took up the pen of the critic to fight again the good fight of art in this new field of action. I must here again remind the reader that his great theoretical work, "Oper und Drama," was written after his first four operas had been finished, and after even the plan of his last and most advanced work, the "Nibelungen-trilogy" had been conceived and

partly executed. His dramas, so far from being fashioned according to a certain theory, were only, like the works of other composers, the foundation on which this theory was constructed. It will be my task in the succeeding paragraphs to sketch as concisely as possible the fundamental ideas of the new epoch in art ushered in by Wagner. A detailed account of how far these ideas are carried out in his dramatic works would be possible only by extensive musical illustrations. A few most essential points must suffice. Wagner's artistic deeds were of two-fold import—destructive and reconstructive. Destroy he did what may collectively be called the apparatus of the opera. In Italy the "Opera Seria" was considered from an exclusively musical or rather vocal point of view. The singer reigned supreme, and, to suit his convenience, certain forms of absolute music, such as aria, duo, etc., were bodily inserted into the opera, wherever the castrato or prima donna saw a fit opportunity of displaying their skill. Whoever has witnessed (and who has not?) a performance of Bellini's or of one of Rossini's early serious operas, will know from his own experience how every rule of dramatic consistency is grossly violated by such intrusions. The same applies, although in a very modified way, to the operas of Mozart and even of Weber, who always suffered the musical form to outweigh dramatic truth. Wagner wages a deadly feud against the virtuoso and his stronghold, the aria. His highest aim is the rendering of dramatic passion, and to this purpose the requirements of absolute music have to yield and become subservient. As to the spontaneous and entirely unpremeditated way in which Wagner arrived at this result we again borrow his own words. As he gradually emerged from the "grand historical" atmosphere of "Rienzi" into the purer regions of popular mythology, from which all his later dramas are derived, he in the same degree freed himself from the traditional fetters of the *drame musicale*. "The plastic unity and simplicity," he says, "of the mythical subject-matter allowed of the concentration of the action on certain important and decisive points of its development. . . . . The nature of the subject could, therefore, not induce me, in sketching my scenes, to consider in advance their adaptability to any particular musical form, the particular kind of musical treatment being necessitated by these scenes themselves. It could not enter my mind to engraft on this my musical form, growing, as it did, out of the nature of the scenes, the traditional forms of operatic music, which could only have marred and interrupted its organic development. I therefore never thought of contemplating on principle, and as a deliberate reformer, the destruction of the aria, the duet and other operatic forms; but the dropping of these forms followed consistently from the nature of my subjects."

The question remains, by what new mode of expression Wagner supplied the old forms thus eradicated? The answer is to some extent forestalled by the above quotation. It was from the innate, though latent melody of the spoken language, that Wagner evolved his musical *melos*, in the same manner as the poetic feeling expressed in his verses guided his musical inspirations. His music, in this way inseparably wedded to the dialogue, became in reality the legitimate exponent of the action, now no more interrupted by the *fioriture* of the virtuoso, or by the effusions of lyrical sentiment. The overplus of the latter was from the voice transferred to the orchestra, which, without interrupting it, accompanies the dialogue with an unceasing current of passion. The importance of this new function of the orchestra for the economy of the whole work of art is at once apparent. The vocal part becomes a kind of impassioned declamation, widely differing from the monotonous dryness of the old *recitativo secco* and developed, wherever the poetical situation requires it, into a stream of beautiful *cantilena*. Melody, therefore, both vocal and instrumental, is the very essence of Wagner's art, and the accusations derived from its pretended absence by his adversaries can proceed only from a degree of blockheaded obstinacy, any further notice of which on our part would be waste of time.

From this short deviation on theoretical grounds, we return to our biographical sketch. After his settling down at Zurich, his connection with the public performance of his works ceases almost entirely for ten years, but, perhaps, no time of his life has been more fertile in lasting results than this period of involuntary eclipse. After the many excitements of his public career, the seclusion of exile could not but be of beneficial consequence to a nature so apt to be entirely absorbed by the excitement of life and action. The first fruit of his contemplative retirement was the just mentioned theoretical work, in which the vague aspirations of his earlier years came at last

to a distinct conscious expression. But how little his creative power was affected by these speculative exertions he soon proved by new dramatic works, wider in scope and deeper in conception than anything he had done before. We now touch upon that *opus magnum* of his life, the ultimate success of which will to a great extent determine his place in the history of his art. I am speaking of the gigantic trilogy, or more correctly tetralogy of the "Ring of the Nibelung," in which the oldest tradition of Teutonic lore is embodied, and which for that reason alone may justly aspire to the place of the national work of art of Germany. The performance of the whole work, the last part of which, "The Dusk of the Gods," is at present in the press, will take place at Bayreuth in 1876, under the master's own direction, and in a theater erected for the purpose. Perhaps I shall on that occasion have an opportunity of giving this magazine a full account of the great Nibelungen-drama. Before an actual test by means of a stage performance has taken place, it would be premature to decide upon the merits of a work so essentially dramatic. Moreover, its dimensions are so colossal that ever so short a sketch even of the story would by far exceed the limits of this essay. Wagner has been occupied with its completion for more than twenty years, the book in its present form having been begun about 1851, and the last note of the music written not many months ago. Twice, however, during this interval, his attention was diverted from the "Nibelungen" by other artistic plans of no less import and beauty. The first of these was his dramatic treatment of the old tragic story of "Tristan and Isolde," written and set to music between 1856–59. Barring the trilogy itself, Wagner's disciples see in it the highest efforts of his genius, and this importance placed on the work may be my excuse for quoting here some of the remarks made by me concerning "Tristan and Isolde" in the programme of our London Wagner Society last year, when a selection from it was performed at one of the Society's concerts.

"Tristan and Isolde" is the fifth of Wagner's acknowledged dramatic works, its first performance (at Munich, in 1865) following that of "Lohengrin," after an interval of fifteen years. The step in advance marked by it in its author's development, and in that of dramatic music in general, is proportionate to this lapse of time. According to his own assertion, Wagner wrote it with the full concentrated power of his inspiration, freed at last from the fetters of conventional operatic forms, with which he has broken here definitely and irrevocably. In "Tristan and Isolde" we hear for the first time the unimpaired language of dramatic passion, intensified by an uninterrupted flow of expressive melody, the stream of which is no longer obstructed or led into the artificial canals of aria, cavatina, etc. Here also the orchestra obtains that wide range of emotional expression which enables it, like the chorus of the antique tragedy, to discharge the dialogue of an overplus of lyrical elements, without weakening the intensity of the situation.

After the stated facts, it cannot surprise us that our music-drama (for opera would be a decided misnomer) has become a bone of contention between the adherents of the liberal and conservative schools of music. Many people who greatly admire "certain things" in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" draw the line at "Tristan and Isolde," which, on the other hand, is considered by the advanced party as the representative work of a new epoch in art. A musician's position to the present work may indeed be considered as decisive as to his general tendency toward the past or future.

About Wagner's treatment of the old story the following words must suffice. The subject of his tragedy is taken from the Celtic Mabinagi of "Tristrem and Iseult," which, at an early stage, became popular among different nations, and found its most perfect mediæval treatment in Gottfried von Strassburg's immortal epic. Our own modern poet has followed his original closely, pruning, however, and modifying where the economy of the drama seemed to require it. The scene opens on board the vessel destined to carry the unwilling Irish bride to old King Marke. Despair and love's disappointment, together with the insult inflicted upon her family by Tristan's victory over her kinsman, Morott, rankle in Isolde's bosom, and drive her to the resolution of destroying her own life, together with that of her beloved enemy. Tristan is invited to drink with her the cup of atonement, but, without Isolde's knowledge, the prepared poisonous draught is changed by her faithful companion, Brangäne, for the love-philter.

The reader will perceive at once the immense dramatic force of this version, compared with the old story, where the fatal potion is taken by a pure mistake. This potion itself becomes in Wagner only the symbol of irresistible love, which, to speak

with the Psalmist, is "strong as death" and knows no fetter.

The other important work carried on at the same time with the "Nibelungen" is the comic opera of the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," which was finished in October, 1869. The first draft of the book was written as early as 1845, immediately after the composition of "Tannhäuser," with an intention of parodying the romantic singers of the middle ages by their *bourgeoise* counterfeits, in the manner of the antique satyr-drama. The second version of the libretto, however, has been considerably modified. The worthy burghers of the beautiful German city appear in a more favorable light, the formal philistinism of their poetic doings being leavened by an admixture of true homely feeling. Hans Sachs, the poet and shoemaker, round whom, as their center figure, the numerous *dramatis personæ* are grouped, represents the rising citizen of the sixteenth century in his strength and justified pride of work. The character throughout is noble and grand in conception and ranks among the highest creations of Wagner's muse. A romantic love story of sweetest charm is interwoven with the scenes of busy citizen-life, and in the treatment of the latter Wagner displays throughout a power of humorous delineation for which his warmest admirers had scarcely given him credit. Wherever the "Meistersinger" has been adequately performed the success has been brilliant, and at the present day this last work of Wagner keeps its place on the *repertoires* of the great German theaters together with his first four operas. This is more than can be said of "Tristan," which, although received with enthusiasm on two or three special occasions, seems as yet too remote from the taste and understanding of ordinary amateurs to meet with general appreciation.

The remaining important facts of Wagner's biography up to the present day can be summed up in few words. In 1861, he went to Paris to superintend the performance of "Tannhäuser," which ended in the celebrated fiasco of the opera, owing perhaps more to political than to artistic prejudices. Previous to the fatal event three concerts at the "*Théâtre Italien*," consisting of Wagner's works, and conducted by himself, were received with enthusiasm, and amongst those who raised their voices in his defense against popular condemnation were men like Gautier, Champfleury and Charles Baudelaire—some small comfort to Wagner, perhaps, in his third and worst Parisian disappointment. In 1864, the art-loving King of Bavaria called Wagner to Munich, to assist in the re-organization of the theatrical and musical institutions of that city. Here he resided for two years and witnessed the excellent performance of "Tristan and Isolde," under the direction of Dr. von Bülow. About two years ago he settled at Bayreuth, where he has been living ever since, occupied with the preparations for the performance of his last and greatest work. In 1870, he was married for the second time, to Cosima von Bülow, daughter of Franz Liszt.

Here I must close my remarks, brief and insufficient as they may appear. My purpose is attained, if by my calm, matter-of-fact statement, I have succeeded in drawing for the American reader a distinct though ever so bold outline of a man and a movement in art, both so important and both so peculiarly distorted by the party passions of friend and foe.

DOLLY.

Just before young Fanning went to Rome—six or seven years ago—he showed me his sketch-book.

"I have been up among the Moravians all summer in Bethlelehem, Pennsylvania," he said. "It's the only place where one can catch a flavor of age in this cursedly new country."

The little fellow, from his yellow Dundreary whiskers to his dainty gaiters, was a mere exaggeration of his mother's æsthetic sensibilities. If Nature had thrown in to boot a little back-bone, or stomach, or passions, it would have been better; but, no matter. As things were, one was not surprised the country jarred on him. The old Moravian town had apparently contented him; he had made studies of the bridge and the quaint Eagle Hotel, and the fortress-like Brother and Sister and Gemein Houses, which the first settlers built in the wilderness of solid stone, and which stand now unal-

tered in the village street, solid enough to last for ages. He had the gray massive piles in crayons, and in water colors and in oils, with the yellow harvest sky behind them, or a thunder cloud, or the pale pink of spring dawn. Here was a bit of the buttress with wild ivy flaming red over it; there was a dim interior of a stone corridor, and an old woman, cloaked, with velvet slippers and a blue handkerchief on her head, sat on a high-backed bench, fingering the dusty strings of an old violin which she had just taken from its case.

"That," he said, "is one of the old Sisters, Frau Baum. The Moravian missionaries come home to these Houses when their work is done, and find shelter and repose. Life in them is but a long, calm twilight. That violin was unearthed one day from some closet where it had been buried almost a hundred years. If it had been knocking about the world in that time, just think of the thousands of waltzes and dances and song tunes it would have given to people! It would have been worn out, or at least have been common and unclean. But there it lay, with all its music, sacred and dumb, unwakened within it. I like to think of that."

I could not follow the young man's fantastic talk. "These Houses seem to have had a secret enchantment of some kind for you," I said, turning over the loose sheets; and just as I spoke I guessed that I had found the enchantment. I took up a carefully-finished picture of the door of the Sister-House, a deep-arched cut in the stone. In it, as in a frame, was a young girl looking back with a laughing good-bye before she disappeared in the darkness. There was another sketch of the same young woman standing in the graveyard, her hands clasped, her eyes bent thoughtfully on the rows of flat gray stones at her feet.

"A portrait, George?"

"Yes." He hesitated. "The niece of old Sister Baum. She is nothing but a child—has lived her sixteen years in that old house, just as pure as a flower that never felt the outside air. Did you ever see innocence or unselfishness shine so transparent in any face? Dolly—that is her name—Dorothea. That is a poor picture enough; the real Dolly, with the shimmer of yellow hair about her face, is fairer than one of Correggio's Madonnas."

I thought Dolly much less insipid than any of those virgins, who, surely, were only immaculate from sheer lack of ideas. There were inexhaustible resources of honesty and friendliness, and sweet temper, in this soft, pink-tinted face.

"Your Dorothea could bear the outside air," I suggested.

"She will never be tried, I hope," suddenly shutting the portfolio with a scowl. "Surroundings make a life, as a background a picture. This little girl will not leave the Sister-House until—until I come back for her."

He went on to convince me and himself of the wisdom of marrying her. The ordinary run of American girls were necessarily tainted by the publicity of their training and free manners. This girl had been reared in a seclusion equal to that of a French convent, etc., etc. The Fannings, mother and son, belonged to that class of Bostonians who stood on a level above consideration of wealth, conventionality, or even birth. I thought that there was every probability that Dolly's history, as it had begun like a story in a cheap magazine, would end in the same romantic groove. Mrs. Fanning was precisely the woman to rejoice in her daughter-in-law's picturesque antecedents, more than in a dower of Pennsylvania Central stock, and would go through society making out of Moravians, and old Sisters, and Gemein Houses a halo for this glorified Madonna.

George Fanning had been gone for a year, however, when, being on a visit to Bethlehem, I heard mention of an auction sale of some old chairs and crockery belonging to a Sister Baum, who had died the week before; certain lovers of rococo furniture bewailing an ancient clock, which had brought twenty-five cents, and a priceless harpsichord sold for firewood. Dolly, I learned, had been carried off by a cousin, living in Pennsylvania, who "charged herself with the girl's keep." She was, they assured me, "a helpful young woman, a good housekeeper, and the best hand with children!"—which is more than could be predicated on sight of any pictured Madonna of Southern Europe.

Dolly and her fortunes had died out of my remembrance, when, a couple of years later, I landed from an old-fashioned stage-coach, with a dozen other passengers, late at night, at the door of a pretentious inn in a country town in the Alleghanies. It was raining hard outside; cross women in waterproofs, whining little boys in knickerbockers, lunch baskets, screaming babies in crushed, white plumed hats, umbrellas and gaping leather valises, were huddled in one damp mass in the whitewashed parlor, a kerosene lamp flaring on the mantel-shelf, and a lady-

boarder, with red chignon, calmly playing "Twilight Dews" on the piano.

Suddenly, enter to us—Dolly. Her marvelous hair was not in a frouzy halo, but tucked up in a comb. She was ready, bright-eyed, low-voiced; she wore an apron with the pocket full of keys. I knew her the moment she opened the door. She went quickly, quietly, to one and another.

"Yes, madam, the rooms are ready. Yes, the fire is burning quite clear. And you are all back already? Where are the dear children? Let the baby come to Dolly. I shall have time to put her to sleep presently. Ah, how wet you are!" loading herself with dripping cloaks and overshoes. "Come up stairs at once, it is so comfortable—it is almost too warm there. I shall bring your supper up myself as soon as you are dry."

One of the men asked if she were the chambermaid. She might have been the chambermaid—these were all menial things that she did. But she carried quiet and comfort about with her, and we were wet and shivering. What Dolly's social rank was did not matter to us nor to her. Fanning had not overdrawn the rarity or fine quality of her beauty. Her eyes were dark and blue, and as full of light as any mediæval saint's—but I protest they seemed most beautiful to me when she brought me a cup of hot tea, or went tugging up the stairs, with the driver's lame and dirty boy in her arms.

George Fanning was of our party: he had come up to the mountains for the trout-fishing. He happened to enter the hall, dripping, in his oil-skin coat, as she came down again, a tray of dishes in her hand. I do not believe he really ever would have gone back to Bethlehem to find his Madonna; but this was not the less terrible shock to him. She held out one hand eagerly. Many people had been kind to Dolly, and George was only one of the many. He had been well? *She* had been well, and was very comfortable—oh, as comfortable as could be! There was a good deal to do. She had not time to be idle or melancholy—and she went on to see that his chocolate was properly made.

George looked ghastly—nauseated. He went to the other hotel that night, but said nothing. He was too well-bred to make his moan over his dead illusions for the benefit of the public. One could not but wish, maliciously, that he would come back to see "how many tunes, waltzes, dances, and lullabies" his musical instrument was giving to the very common world about her. The landlord and his wife had adopted her—she took the part of the daughter of the house. "Dolly" was known to the public of three counties. Nobody called her a heroine or a mediæval saint, but the public,—teamsters, and traders, and tourists,—were only so many human beings whom the modest, friendly girl had fed or cared for when they were hungry or tired. Each man and woman fancied they alone had discovered how blue and soft was her eye, how delicate and gentle her voice; their thought of the little Moravian was always modest and friendly.

There was a good deal of gossip in the inn about a young farmer whom Dolly was going to marry, but George Fanning was spared that. He went up the mountains the next day through the pelting storm, "after trout," he said.

Two winters later P. T. Barnum brought his traveling museum to Philadelphia. Attached to the show was a hippodrome, in which young girls ran chariot and hurdle races, driving three and four spirited horses abreast. George Fanning took my boys and their mother to look at the horses and audience, a queer phase of American life. In the midst of a headlong race I heard the little man give a groan and mutter, "Good God! has she fallen to that?"

Following his eye to the arena I saw Dolly in flowing robes of spangled blue, standing in a gilt chariot, driving three horses abreast at a frightful speed. Her eyes were flashing, her soft cheeks burning; her yellow hair floated behind her. It was for the moment Boanerges rushing to victory; the next the poor creature had disappeared behind the curtain. With some confused thoughts of the best way to appeal to unrepentant Magdalenes I followed her there when the crowd had dispersed. She had taken off her butterfly attire, and in a gray suit and sober bonnet, was walking composedly toward her cheap boarding-house, holding a little boy by the hand. She turned on me, beaming.

"To think of meeting me! Every day some old friend found her out. It was so pleasant! This was Joe, her boy, and the baby was at home. A girl—yes. So good to have it a girl. *He* was in Nebraska—had gone out to find them a home. This riding was a little trick of hers. He had written about a wonderful bit of ground to be had for four hundred dollars, and Mr. Barnum just then offered fifty dollars a week for chariot drivers. In two months—there was the money, you see. Such a surprise for him!" All this with flushes and wet eyes, and a

thousand little bursts and thrills of delighted laughter.

The appeal to poor lost creatures or unrepentant Magdalenes seemed strangely inappropriate just then. Yet George Fanning's brain was full of such thoughts, as he went night after night to watch her drive her horses. What the angels' thoughts were, keeping record overhead—how can we tell? Yet they surely would keep watch over hippodromes and country inns, as well as over the saintly seclusion of ancient nunneries or Sister-Houses! But Dolly, flashing by, probably never thought of men or angels; she only felt she was doing the natural and right thing for her to do, just as she had felt when she served the guests with hot tea in the country inn. She only saw "him," away off in Nebraska, and little Joe, and the baby in its cradle, and plenty of friendly people all about her.

I heard of Dolly's husband the other day. He is a judge—governor, for aught I know, in Nebraska. "His wife," says my informant, "is a lovely, genuine woman, of singularly quiet, gentle manner. Husband and children and the people about her fill up every moment of her life." George Fanning heard the story and said nothing, but I observed him showing a picture that evening to his wife of a faded old woman in the Moravian Sister-House, and heard him tell her of some instrument of marvelous sweetness that lay buried there until it crumbled to pieces—"died with all its music in it."

Something in the picture and the story seemed to please his æsthetic sensibilities.

MY TOURMALINE.

BY SAXE HOLM.

I HAD arrived, late one November afternoon, at a wretched little tavern in a small village in Maine. I was very unhappy. It was of no consequence to me that I was young; it was of no consequence to me that I had superb health; I was very unhappy. How compassionately middle age smiles, looking back upon the miseries of its healthy youth! How gladly to-day would I be sent away in disgrace from college, to rusticate for six months in a country parson's house, if I could feel the warm, strong blood bound in my veins, as it bounded that night when I jumped from the top of the stage to the ground under the ugly, creaking sign of that village tavern.

It was a dismal afternoon. A warm rain was slowly filtering down through the elm-trees with which the street was too thickly shaded. The ground was sprinkled with golden-yellow leaves, and little pools of muddy water filled every footprint on the grass-grown sidewalk. A few inert and dispirited men lounged on the tavern steps with that look of fossilized idleness which is peculiar to rural New England. In other countries, idlers look as if they were idling because they liked it; or perhaps because illness or lack of employment had forced them to idle; but the New England idler, on the steps of his native tavern, or by the stove of his native "store," looks as if he had been there since the pre-historic ages, and had no more volition or interest in his situation than a pterodactyl five hundred feet under ground.

Spite of the rain, I had persisted in riding on the outside of the stage. I took a perverse pleasure in being wet through, and chilled to the marrow. I remember I even thought that I hoped I should take cold and have a rheumatic fever, so that the President might see what had come of sending a fellow down into Maine to spend a winter. Jim Ordway, my chum, had been rusticated with me. His offense was simply calling the President an "inhuman old fool" to his face, on hearing of my sentence of rustication. Jim was a warm-hearted fellow. I have always wondered I did not love him better. He was snug and warm inside the coach, and had been exasperating me all day, by breaking out into snatches of the old college songs. For the last hour he had been quiet, and when I sprang down from the top of the coach, and called loudly to him, "Come, jump out, old fellow. Here we are, and an infernal hole it is to be sure," I was half paralyzed with astonishment at hearing him reply in a whisper, "Be quiet, Will! She's asleep." Slowly and carefully he came down the coach steps, holding in his arms a limp and shapeless bundle, from which hung down two long, thin, little gray legs, with feet much too big for them, and made bigger still by clumsy shoes.

"Good heavens, Jim," I exclaimed, "what is it?—where did you pick her up?" I added, for I saw tangled yellow curls straggling over his arm from the folds of the old plaid shawl in which the poor little thing was rolled.

"Hush, hush! Look after him, will you?" he said, nodding his head toward a man who sat in the corner of the coach and made no motion to get out. The driver took hold of him roughly and shook him. He swayed helplessly to and fro, but did not speak nor open his eyes; horrible fumes of rum came from his wide-open mouth. He was drunk and asleep. We carried him into the house as if he had been a log, and laid him on a buffalo-robe on the floor in the corner of the office. The loungers turned their slow, dull eyes on him. One said:

"Drunk, ain't he?" with a slight emphasis of surprise on the verb.

"Wall, yes, I sh'd say he wus," replied a second, the least talkative of the group, also conveying his sense of the unusualness of the incident by emphasizing the final verb of his sentence; and then the group returned to their vacant contemplations.

No such indifference was shown in the parlor, where Jim had carried the little girl, and, leaving her on the grim hair-cloth sofa, had summoned the landlady to care for her.

"The poor little creetur! Now, I never! Ain't she jes' skin an' bone," ejaculated the kind-hearted woman, as she bustled about, with pillows and shawls; "and, good gracious! I do declare, ef her feet ain't jest as stun cold as ef she wus dead," she cried out, beginning to rub them so energetically that the poor little waif shrank and screamed even in her sleep, and presently opened her eyes—the most beautiful and most terrified eyes I ever saw, hazel-brown, large, deep-set, with depths of appeal in their lightest glance.

"Where is my father?" she said, beginning to cry.

"Don't cry, dear. Your father is asleep in the other room. I'll take care of you," said Jim, trying in his awkward boy fashion to stroke her head.

She looked up at him gratefully. "Oh, you 're the kind gentleman that picked me up in the stage," and she shut her eyes contentedly and was asleep again in a moment.

It seemed that she and her father had taken the stage some ten miles back. I had been too absorbed in my own dismal reflections to notice them. The man was almost unconscious from the effects of liquor when he got into the stage, and had placed the child so carelessly on the seat, that at the first motion of the wheels she had fallen to the floor. Jim had picked her up, and held her in his lap the rest of the way. It was pathetic to see how he had already adopted her as his special charge. He was an impulsive and chivalrous boy, with any amount of unmanageable sentimentalism in him.

"I say, Will," he exclaimed, as soon as the landlady had left the room, "I say! That man out yonder will kill this child some day. He is a brute. She trembles if he looks at her. I wonder if we couldn't keep her—hide her away somehow. He'd never know where he lost her. He didn't know he lifted her into the stage. I 'd just like to adopt her for my sister. I 've got plenty of money for two, you know, and it would be jolly having the little thing down here this winter."

"Oh, bother!" said I. "It 's lucky you 've got a guardian, Jim Ordway, I know that much. You can't adopt any girls for five years to come; that 's one comfort. Come along, let 's see if there 's anything to eat in this hole. She 'll sleep well enough without your watching her."

But Jim would not stir. He sat watching the tiny, sleeping face, with an abstracted look, unusual to him. He did not even resent my cavalier treatment of his project. He was too much in earnest about it.

"No, no, I sha'n't leave her here alone," he said, in reply to my reiterated entreaties to him to come to the dining-room. "If she wakes up and finds herself alone, she will be frightened. And you can see, by her face, that she has cried herself almost sick already."

It was true. There were deep circles, swollen and dark, around the eyes, and a drawn look about the mouth, pitiful to see on such a little face. She could not have been more than eleven years old, but the grief was written in lines such as might have been written on the face of a woman.

On my way to the dining-room, I passed through the office, and looked at the drunken man, still in his heavy sleep, lying where we had laid him on the floor, like the brute he was. It was indeed a bad face—bad originally, and made more hideous still by the unmistakable record of a long life of vile passions. I shuddered to think of that child's pleading hazel eyes lifted up in terror to this evil countenance, and I no longer wondered at Jim's sudden and chivalrous

desire to rescue the little one by almost any means. But her rescue was already planned and nearer at hand than we could have dreamed. Only a few moments after I had taken my seat at the supper-table, I heard excited voices in the office, the quick trampling of feet, and then a pistol-shot. I sprang up, and reached the door just in time to see the drunken man's body fall heavily on the floor, while the blood spouted from a bullet-hole in his throat, and the men who had been grappling with him staggered back on all sides with terror-stricken faces. In a second, however, they gathered round him again, and, lifting him up, tried to stay the blood. It was too late; he was dying; a few inarticulate gasps, a dim look of consciousness and fear in the blood-shot eyes, and he was gone.

Loud and confused talk filled the room; men crowded in from the outside; pale and agitated in the doorway stood Jim, his eyes fixed on the dead man's face, with a look I never forgot. "Will," he whispered, as I pressed closer to him, "I feel just like a murderer. Do you know that just before that pistol went off, I was saying to myself that I wished the man were dead, and I believed it would be a good deed to shoot him! Oh God, it is awful," and Jim shuddered almost hysterically. In the excitement, everybody, even Jim, forgot the little girl. Presently, I felt my coat pulled by a timid touch. I turned. There, to my horror, stood the child. Her brown eyes were lifted with their ineffable appeal, not to my face, but to Jim, who stood just beyond me, and many inches taller; she had touched me only as the sole means of reaching him.

"Kind gentleman," she began. Before I could speak, Jim leaped past me, caught her in his arms, folded her on his breast as if she had been a baby, and carried her back into the parlor. She was beginning to cry, with vague terror; Jim was too overwrought himself to soothe her.

"Where is my father," she said. "Has he left me?"

Jim looked at me hopelessly.

"Why," said I, "does he often leave you?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone which was pitiful in its unconscious revelation of the truth.

"What do you do when he leaves you, dear?" said Jim, tenderly as a woman.

"A boy that lived in the room under our room took care of me the last time. He was very good, but he was away all day," replied the waif.

"Well, I'm the boy that 'll take care of you, this time," said Jim; "if he leaves you here, I'll take first-rate care of you."

A queer little wintry smile stole over the pinched face.

"But you're not a boy. You're a big gentleman—the kindest gentleman I ever saw," she added in a lower tone, and nestled her head on Jim's neck; "I like you."

Jim looked at me proudly, but with tears in his eyes.

"Didn't I tell you you never saw anything like it?" he said; then, turning to the child, he looked very earnestly in her face, saying,

"If you think I'm a kind gentleman and will take good care of you, will you mind me?"

"Yes, sir, I will," she replied with the whole strength of her childish little voice thrown on the "will."

"Very well. My friend and I want to go into the other room for a few minutes. I want you to promise to lie still on this sofa and not stir till I come back. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will," again with all her strength on the "will."

Jim stooped over and kissed her forehead.

"You know, I shall come back in a few minutes," he said.

"Yes, sir, I do;" and she looked up at Jim with an expression of trust which was as much too old for the little face, as were the lines about the mouth. Both were born of past suffering. As we went towards the door, the brown eyes followed us wistfully, but she did not speak.

As soon as we had closed the door, Jim took both my hands in his and exclaimed:

"Now, Will, don't you see, I've got to take her! It's a clear Providence from beginning to end; and if you don't help me through with it, I'll cut loose from you, and college may go to the devil. I've got five hundred dollars here with me, and that to these country folks is a fortune; they'll be glad enough to have me take her off their hands."

"But, Jim," I interrupted, "you talk like a crazy man. You don't know that she is on their hands, as you call it. There may be twenty relations here to the funeral before to-morrow, for all you know. The man may have lived in the very next town."

"No, no, I know all about them," said Jim. "I mean," he added shamefacedly, "I know they didn't live anywhere near here. They're English. You might have known it by the sweet tones of her poor little feeble voice. They have only just come

from the ship; she told me so; and her mother is dead; she told me that too."

We were interrupted by the appearance of the landlord, who came hurrying out of the office, his face red with excitement, which was part horror and part a pleasurable sense of importance in having his house the scene of the most startling event which had happened in the village for a half century.

"Oh!" he said, "I was jest a lookin' for you; we thought mebbe ye knowed suthin' about the miserable critter, as ye come in the stage with him."

"All I know," said Jim, "I know from the little girl. The man was nearly dead-drunk when they got into the stage. They are English, and have only just come to this country. She has no brothers and sisters, and her mother is dead. He was a cruel, inhuman brute, and it is a mercy he is dead. And I am going to take the little girl. I am an orphan myself, but I have friends who will care for her."

The landlord's light-blue eyes opened wider and wider at each word of Jim's last sentences. A boy, eighteen, who proposed to adopt a little girl of eleven, had never before crossed Caleb Bunker's path.

"Ye don't say so! Be ye—be ye rich, in yer—yer—own right?" he stammered, curiosity and surprise centering together on the one-sided view which the average New England mind would naturally take of this phenomenal philanthropy. "I expect ye be, though, and uncommonly free-handed, too, or else ye wouldn't think o' plaguin' yerself with a child, at your time o' life," and the inquisitive eyes scanned Jim's tall but boyish figure from head to foot.

"You 're a professor, I reckon," he added in a half earnest, half satirical tone.

Jim looked utterly bewildered. He had never heard the phrase, "a professor," except at college, and was about to disclaim the honor in language most inexpediently emphatic, when I interposed.

"No; neither my friend nor I have yet made a profession of religion, Mr. Bunker. We have come to study with Parson Allen this winter, and"—I had a vague intention of closing my sentence with a diplomatic intimation that we hoped to be spiritually as well as intellectually benefited by Parson Allen's teachings, but Mr. Bunker interrupted me, in tones most unflatteringly changed.

"So, ho! You 're them two young college chaps, be ye? We 've heerd considerable about ye; the parson was over a lookin' for ye, last night."

"Yes, Mr. Bunker," interposed Jim with great dignity, which, although it simply amused me, was not without its effect on Mr. Bunker: "we are the young college chaps; and if we had behaved wisely at college, we shouldn't be here to-day, as you evidently know. But we are going to study hard with the parson, and go back all right in the Spring. And about this little girl, I am entirely in earnest, in wishing to take care of her. Parson Allen will advise me as to the best way of doing it. In the meantime, perhaps your wife will be so kind as to get some clothes for her; the poor little thing is very ragged. Will this be enough, do you think, to get what she needs at present?" and Jim quietly put a hundred dollar bill in Mr. Bunker's hands. Its effect was ludicrous. Not very often had Caleb Bunker even handled a hundred dollar bill, and the idea of such a sum being spent at once on the clothing of a child stunned him. He fingered the bill helplessly for a second or two, saying "Wall—wall, reelly—naow—Mr.—I beg yer pardon, sir,—don'no 's I heered yer name yit."

"Ordway," interrupted Jim. "My name is Ordway."

"Wall, Mr. Ordway, reelly—reelly—I'll speak to Mis' Bunker," and the bewildered Caleb disappeared, totally forgetting in his astonishment at Jim's munificence, that the dead man still lay uncared for on the office floor.

"Will," said Jim, "you go in there, and tell those men I've taken the child. I don't want them coming near her. And if there's any trouble about burying that brute, I'll just pay for it. I expect, by the way the man glared at that bill, they're an awfully poor lot up here. No, no, I can't go in," he exclaimed, as I tried to persuade him to go with me. "I don't want to see that infernal face again. I won't forget it now as long as I live. I am thankful I didn't kick him out of the coach. I came near doing it a hundred times. You just manage it all for me, that's a dear fellow. I'm going back to the child."

The story of the hundred dollar bill had evidently reached the bar-room before I did. As I entered, the hum of excited conversation was succeeded by a sudden and awkward silence, and I was greeted with a respectfulness whose secret cause I very well knew. The dead body had been carried to an upper room, and the arrangements for the inquest were under discussion. There was no disagreement among the wit-

nesses of the death. The landlord had ordered the hostler and the stable boy to carry the drunken man to a room. On being lifted, he had roused from his sleep, and with a frightful volley of oaths had demanded to be let alone. As they persevered in the attempt to lift him he had drawn the revolver from his pocket, aimed it at random and tried to fire. In the scuffle, it fell from his hand, went off, and the bullet had passed through his neck, making a ghastly wound, and killing him almost instantly.

It was a horrible night. Not until near dawn did silence settle down on the excited house; neither Jim nor I shut our eyes. Jim talked incessantly. His very heart seemed on fire; all the lonely, pent-up, denied brotherhood in his great warm nature, had burst forth into full life at the nestling touch of this poor little outcast child. He was so lifted by the intense sentiment to a plane of earnestness and purpose that he seemed to me like a stranger and a grown man, instead of like my two years' chum and a boy some months my junior. I felt a certain awe of him, and of the strange new scenes, which had so transformed him. Mixed with it all, was a half defined terror lest he might not be quite in his senses. To my thoroughly prosaic nature, there was something so utterly inconceivable in this sudden passion of protecting tenderness towards a beggar child, this instantaneous resolve to adopt her into the closest relation but one in the world, that no theory but that of a sudden insanity could quite explain it. Jim had one of those finely organized natures, from whose magnetic sensitiveness nothing can be concealed. He recognized my fear, my thought.

"Will," he said, "I don't wonder you think I'm crazy. But you needn't. I was never cooler-headed in my life; and as for my heart, every bit of this love has been there ever since I was a little shaver. I never tell you fellows half I think; I never have. I know you'd only chaff me, and I dare say you'd be half right, too, for there's no doubt I've got an awful big streak of woman in me. But a fellow can't help the way he's made; and I tell you, Will, I cried myself to sleep many a night, when I was along about ten or twelve, because I didn't have a sister like most of the other boys. And since I have been a man [dear Jim, seventeen years and six months old] I have had the feeling just as strong as I had it then; only I've had to keep it under. Of course, I know I'll have a wife some day. And that's another thing, Will, I never can see how the fellows can talk about that as they do. I couldn't any more talk about my wife lightly and laughingly now, while I don't know who she'll be, than I could do it after I had her. I can't explain it, but that's the way I feel. But it'll be years and years before I have a wife, and do you know, Will—I suppose this is another streak of woman in me—when I think of a wife, I never think so much of some one who is going to be all feeble and clinging, dependent on me, as I do of somebody who will be great and strong and serene, and will let me take care of her only because she loves me so much, and not a bit because she *needs* to be taken care of. But a sister is different. I'd just like to have a sister that couldn't do without me. And, by Jove, if ever a man had the thing he wanted put right straight into his hand, I should think I had. Don't you?"

"Yes, I should think you had, you dear old muff," I said. "But, what in the thunder are you going to do with the child? You can't carry her back to college with us."

"I know that—but I can have her at school there, and see her every day; and we can keep her with us here, this winter, and she'll get to loving me first-rate before spring."

"Well, as for that, the little beggar loves you enough already—that's easy to see. It's a case of love at first sight, on both sides," I said, carelessly. Jim flushed.

"Look here, Will," he said, very soberly, "you mustn't speak that way. I can't bear it; and we'll quarrel as sure as fate, old boy, if you do it; you must remember that, from this day, Ally is just the same as if she were my own sister, blood-born. And isn't it strange, too, that Alice was my mother's name? That's only one more of the strange things about it all. Supposing, for instance, we'd gone the other road, as we came so near doing, we shouldn't have got here till day after to-morrow, and she'd have been in their infernal poor-house by that time, I dare say—isn't this what you might call Fate with a vengeance? I don't wonder the old Pagans believed in it as they did; I believe I'm half Pagan myself."

"Now, Jim," I interrupted, "don't go off into the classic ages. If you are really going to be such a ——"

"Say fool, and be done with it, Will; I don't mind," he laughed.

"Well; if you're really going to be such a

fool as to adopt 'Ally,' and really want to keep her with us at Parson Allen's this winter, the sooner we drive over and see the old gentleman and break the news to him, the better. Oh, Jim!"—and I roared at the bare thought of how queer a look the thing had on the face of it—"what will become of us if the parson has a keen sense of humor! Two college boys rusticated for serious misconduct, arriving at the door of his house with a young miss in their charge. I never thought of this before. It's enough to kill one!"

Jim laughed, too. He could not help it. But he looked very uneasy.

"It is awkward," he said, "there's no doubt about that! I'd rather face the President again, than this old parson, but I've got a conviction that this thing is going to be all of a piece right straight through, and that the parson 'll be on my side."

"The parson's wife is more important, I reckon," said I. "It 'll all turn on how she takes it."

"Well, I think she's all right," Jim replied. "Old Curtis, my guardian, knows her. He says she's an angel; he knew her before she was married, and something in the dear old man's face when he spoke of her made me wonder if it wasn't for her sake he'd lived an old bachelor all his life. She was a Quaker, he said, and they haven't ever had any children. You know that it was Curtis who asked the President to send us here, don't you?"

I had not known this; it gave me a great sense of relief, for "Old Ben Curtis," as he was always called, was a man whose instincts were of the finest order. A tenderer, purer, gentler, more chivalrous soul never lived. His lonely life had been for forty years a pain and a mystery to all who loved him. Was it possible that two careless college boys were to come upon the secret of it, in this little village in the heart of Maine?

When we went down stairs, Alice was fast asleep. She began already to look younger and prettier; the dark circles under her eyes were disappearing, and the pitiful look of anxiety had gone from the forehead. Mrs. Bunker stood watching her.

"She's as pooty a little gal as ye often see," she said, turning to Jim, with an evident and assured recognition of his paternal proprietorship. "I 'll be bound ye won't never regret a-takin' on her, sir. I suppose ye 'll send her right to yer folks?" she added, endeavoring to put the question carelessly, but succeeding poorly in veiling the thought which was uppermost in her mind.

"No, Mrs. Bunker," said Jim, "I shall not send her away if I can induce Parson Allen to keep her for the winter. I want her here very much."

Mrs. Bunker's countenance fell. Plainly she had had hopes that the child might be left in her own hands. But the native loyalty and goodness of her heart triumphed speedily, and she said, in a hearty tone,

"Lor' me! I never once thought of that! But I reckon it would be jest what Mis' Allen would like. She's dreadful fond o' children. She an' the parson hain't never had any o' their own."

Jim glanced at me triumphantly.

"Yes," the good soul went on, "I do reely think there's a kind o' Providence in the hull thing from fust to last. I've often heerd Mis' Allen say that she an' the Parson hed thought of adoptin' a little gal, but they never quite see their way to do it. You see, his salary's dreadful small. 'Tain't much we kin raise in money down here, and there's a sight o' men folks moved out o' town 'n the last few years. So I reckon Mis' Allen's given up all idea on't long ago. Did ye ever see her? She's jest the handsomest old lady ye ever sot eyes on. There ain't a gal in the meetin'us, not one, that's got such cheeks as Mis' Allen, an' she's goin' on sixty. She's a Quaker, for all she's married the Parson, an' they do say there's somethin' in the Quaker religion that's wonderful purifyin' to the complexion. I don'no how 'tis. But there ain't no such cheeks as Mis' Allen's in our meetin'us, old or young, I'll say that much, whether it's the religion makes 'em, or not."

Fairly launched on the subject of Mrs. Allen, good Mrs. Bunker would have talked until noon, apparently, if Jim had not interrupted her to say that we must go at once to report our arrival to Parson Allen, and to see what arrangements we could make for Alice there.

"Remember, Mrs. Bunker," he said, with great earnestness, "if Ally wakes, she is not to leave this room, and I do not wish her to see any one except yourself; she must not be told that her father is dead by any one but me. I hope very much that she will sleep till we return. I think she will, for she is very much exhausted." Jim's magnetism of nature always stood him in stead of authority, and was far more sure of obtaining his ends than any possible authority could be. He simply mesmerized people's wills, so that they desired and chose to do the things he wished done. It was perfectly

plain already that so far as Ally was concerned, Mrs. Bunker and her whole household were at Jim's command.

As we drew near the Parsonage, our hearts sank. Our errand grew more and more formidable in our eyes. Jim's face took on a look more serious than I had ever seen it wear, and he said little. I felt impatient and irritable.

"Oh, bother the thing!" I exclaimed, as I opened the gate; "I don't see how we're going to have the face to ask them to take the child. If it were only a boy, it would be different."

Jim turned a slow look of unutterable surprise on me.

"Why, I don't see what difference that would make. I guess girls are not so much trouble. And I shouldn't have taken her if she'd been a boy. It was a sister I wanted. I've got you for brother, you know."

I felt guilty at heart.

"You dear old boy," I exclaimed, "go ahead; I won't go back on you."

We walked slowly up to the door, between two old-fashioned narrow flower-beds. They were brown and rusty now, but in Spring must have been gay, for there were great mats of the moss pink, thickets of phlox, and bushes of flowering almond. Now, the only blossoms left were the old-fashioned "Ladies' Delights," which were still plentiful, and seemed to have been allowed to run at will from one end of the beds to the other. The house was a large two-story house, square, white, with nine windows on the front; on one side of the door stood a scrawny lilac-tree; on the other, a high bush of southern-wood. As Jim lifted the big black knocker, he said under his breath: "Well, there's room enough, anyhow. Look at the windows! I wonder what the Parson lives in such a big house for, if it isn't on purpose to take us all in."

"Perhaps he don't have the whole of it," said I.

At that instant, before the knocker fell, the door was opened, and there stood "Mis' Allen." I had broken a bit of the southern-wood, and was crumpling the sweet-bitter leaves in my fingers as the door opened. To this day, I can never smell southern-wood without recalling the picture of Mistress Dorothy Allen as she stood in that doorway.

"No such cheeks," indeed! Well might Mrs. Bunker have said it. They were of such pink as lines the innermost curves of the conch shell; and the rest of the face was white and soft. Her eyes were as bright-brown as little Alice's, but were serene and grave. Very thin white hair was put smoothly back under a transparent lace cap, which was tied under the chin, by a narrow white ribbon. Her dress was of a pale gray, and fell straightly to her feet. Folds of the finest plain white lace were crossed on her bosom, and fastened by two tiny gold-headed pins joined together by an inch or two of fine thread-like gold chain—the only thing bordering upon ornament which she ever wore.

"How does thee do? And thee?" she said, holding out motherly hands first to Jim, and then to me. "Come in. We were just about to have family prayers, and waited, because I had seen you at the gate. It is a good hour to have come home," and she smiled upon us so warmly, that we could not remember to speak, but followed her into the house, bewildered by our welcome.

Parson Allen sat at a window; the bright autumn sun streamed in across the open Bible which lay on his knees. Nearly in the center of the room stood a tall oleander-tree, in full bloom. The sunlight poured through and through its pink blossoms, and seemed to fill the room with a rosy glow.

"I am glad to see you, my sons," said Parson Allen. "I take it as a sign from the Lord, that you should have reached my house just at this hour; we always begin our days with prayer." There was not a trace of anything sanctimonious or pharisaical in his manner. It was as simple and hearty and loving as if he were speaking of his affection for an earthly friend, and his habit of morning greeting to him. As he waved his hand to us to be seated, and said: "After prayers, we will tell you how glad we are to see you, wife and I," by some sudden, undefined association, the words, "Christ, our elder brother," floated into my mind. I glanced at Jim. His eyes were misty. The religious element was much more fully developed in his nature than in mine, and he was much more profoundly impressed than I, by the spiritual atmosphere of the scene. He afterwards said to me, that he could think of nothing while the Parson was speaking, except that this must be the way angels welcomed newcomers into Heaven, if they happened to arrive while the singing was going on. We sat down together in one of the deep window-seats; more than once, at some Bible

verse read in a peculiarly impressive manner, Jim's hand stole over to mine, and his eyes dropped to the floor. But what was our astonishment when, after the Psalm, came these words from the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus:

"There are things which are within our power, and there are things which are beyond our power. Within our power are opinion, aim, desire, aversion, and, in one word, whatever affairs are our own. Beyond our power are body, property, reputation, office, and, in one word, whatever are not properly our own affairs.

"Now the things within our power are by nature free, unrestricted, unhindered; but those beyond our power are weak, dependent, restricted, alien. Remember, then, that if you attribute freedom to things by nature dependent, and take what belongs to others for your own, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will find fault both with gods and men. But if you take for your own only that which is your own, and view what belongs to others just as it really is, then no one will ever compel you, no one will restrict you; you will find fault with no one, you will accuse no one, you will do nothing against your will; no one will hurt you, you will not have an enemy, nor will you suffer any harm."

Jim and I had been wild boys. We had come down to this far away village in disgrace, with something of bitterness and resentment entering into all our resolutions of good behavior. But in our first hours in the Parsonage, the bitterness, the doubt, the resentment, melted away, and there was sown in our souls a seed of reverence, of belief, of purpose, whose whole harvest has never been garnered, neither indeed can be, since in Eternity is neither seed-time nor harvest.

In less than half-an-hour after prayers were ended, Jim and I had told to our newly-found friends the whole story of little Alice, and of our desire to bring her to live with us at the Parsonage for the winter. Mrs. Allen's eyes glistened at the thought.

"Husband," she said, slowly, "I feel myself much drawn toward this little girl. Does thee not think it is a clear call that this young man's heart is so set upon bringing her to live under our roof?"

"Dorothy, thee knows that it shall be as thee likes," said Parson Allen, his eyes resting as lovers' eyes rest, on the smooth cheeks, whose beautiful pink was deepening a little in her eager interest; "but we must consider whether James's guardian will think we have done wisely in permitting him to undertake the charge of a child. My mind misgives me that most people would not approve of his taking this burden upon him."

"Benjamin Curtis is not of the world's people at heart," said Mistress Dorothy, gently. "He cannot have changed in that, I am persuaded, though it is thirty-five years since I saw him. If, as James says, he has these thousands of dollars each year to spend, Benjamin Curtis will joy to see him spending it on another rather than himself."

"That he will," burst in Jim. "He's the most generous old boy in the world. Why, he goes looking like a beggar himself half the time, he gives away so much of his own money; and he's never so pleased with me as when I go and tell him that I've just given away my whole quarter's allowance, and am dead broke."

Mistress Allen's eyes were fixed dreamily on the oleander-tree, but her mouth was tremulous with intent interest.

"Did thee say that thy guardian was frequently impoverished himself, by reason of his gifts to the poor?" she asked. "That is like the boy I knew forty years ago."

"Why, no, I can't exactly say he's impoverished, because he's got heaps of money, you know," replied Jim, "but he's so full of other people's troubles and needs that he don't remember his own, and he goes pretty seedy half the time, bless his old heart! He's the biggest brick of a guardian a fellow ever had. I know just as well, Mrs. Allen, that he'll be only too glad to have me adopt Ally for my sister, and take care of her all the rest of my life, as if I'd asked him; and it will only take four days to hear from him; I sent a letter this morning. You'll very soon see that it is all right."

"In the meantime, the little girl would be better off with us than in that wretched place where she is now," said Mrs. Allen. "Mrs. Bunker is a kindly woman, but there are sights and sounds there which the child should know nothing of. Thee had better bring her over this afternoon, that is," she added, turning to me, "if thy friend will share thy room for a few days, and give up to the child the one we had prepared for him. We have not had need for many rooms, and have had no money to spend on anything but needs; so most of our chambers are still unfurnished;" and a shade of

what would have been mortification thirty-five years before, but was now only sweet resignation to a cross, passed over the beautiful old face.

The dreaded errand was over; the difficulties had all vanished, as Jim's prophetic sense had assured him they would; and we parted from Parson Allen and his wife, as we might have parted from our father and mother, eager to come back to our home at the earliest possible moment.

It was a mile from the Parsonage to the hotel; Jim drove furiously, and hardly spoke during the whole distance.

"I'll never forgive myself for staying so long, if Ally 's waked up and cried," he said. "We might have done it all in one half the time—Will, did you ever, in all your life, see such a heavenly old face? It's enough to make a saint of a fellow just to look at her! I sha' n't ever call her 'Mrs. Allen!' I've got to call her 'mother,' or 'aunt,' or something. Guardy was right, she's an angel," he exclaimed, as he jumped out of the buggy, and throwing the reins to me, bounded into the house.

Ally was still asleep; Mrs. Bunker said she had roused once, and asked for "the kind gentleman," and on being told that he had left word that she must not stir from bed, had asked pitifully: "Does he keep little girls in bed all day, every day?" and had then fallen asleep again almost immediately.

"I don't wonder, sir, that Mr. Ordway's so taken with her," said Mrs. Bunker to me, as we stood together in the front door. "She's jest the winnin'est child I ever laid eyes on; she's jest like a lamb, yit there ain't nothin' stoopid about her. But, ain't it strange, she never so much 's asked for her pa? I was all over a tremble for fear she would. I reckon it's a mercy the Lord's taken her out o' his hands."

I did not see Jim or Ally for some hours. I went several times to the door, but I heard Jim's voice talking in a low and earnest tone, and I knew he was telling the child of her father's death and of his intention of adopting her as his sister, and it was better that they should be alone. At last Jim called me in. He was sitting at the head of the bed, and Ally's head was on his shoulder. I never forgot the picture. Ally had been crying bitterly, but her face had a look of perfect peace on it. Jim had been crying also, but his eyes shone with joy and eager purpose.

"Ally," he said, as I entered, "this is Will. He is just the same as my brother; so he is just the same as your brother, you know."

"Yes, sir," said Ally, looking at me with a grave and searching expression. "Shall I kiss you?"

"Yes, indeed, you dear little thing," I exclaimed, and as I stooped over, she put one tiny thin arm around my neck,—the other was around Jim's,—drew my head down to her face, and kissed me once, twice, three times, with the sweetest kisses lips ever gave. I thought so then; I think so still. From that moment my fealty to Alice was as strong as Jim's. Wondrous little maid-child! Alone, unknown, beggared, outcast, she had won to her service and forever two strong and faithful hearts with all the loyalty of manhood springing in them.

Two days later, Jim and Alice and I were all so peacefully settled down in our new home, that it seemed as if we had been living there for weeks. Never did household so easily, so swiftly adjust itself to new bonds, new conditions. The secret laws of human relations are wonderfully like those of chemistry. An instant of time is enough for blending, where the affinity is true; an eternity is not enough, if the affinity do not exist. Oh, the years and strength, and vital force which we waste in the vain endeavor to make antagonistic currents flow smoothly together! When Mrs. Allen first looked into Ally's face, tears sprang to her eyes, and she exclaimed involuntarily: "Dear child, dear child; does thee think thee could call me mother?" Ally flung both her arms round the old lady's neck, and said, in a tone so earnest that it made her simple answer more emphatic than volumes of asseveration could have been:

"Yes, ma 'am, I'd like to very much, if you will be my brother Jim's mother, too."

"Oh, Mrs. Allen, please let me!" said Jim, in a tone as simple and earnest as Ally's.

"And me, too! I can't be the only orphan in the house," exclaimed I.

The sweet old face flushed, and she turned smilingly to her husband, saying:

"A quiver full—is it not, husband?"

"He setteth the solitary in families," replied Parson Allen, solemnly and tenderly. "God bless you all, my children." And he drew Ally to his arms very fondly.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER: II.

THE SENATOR'S HOME AND PICTURES.

PERHAPS the pleasantest part of Washington is that which surrounds the little gem of a park called Lafayette square. On the south side of it, across Pennsylvania avenue, surrounded by ample grounds, is the White House. On the east is a row of fine old houses, each illustrious from its owner, beginning with that occupied by Mr. Seward, and ending with the one built long years ago by Admiral Wilkes, who is still its owner. On the western side there are some new houses, in one of which Senator Schurz resides, but most of them are old and solid, beginning with that of Dr. Peter Parker, once Minister to China, and ending with the house built by Commodore Decatur, with walls like a fort—one of the finest of the olden time. On the north side, is the house built by Admiral Shubrick, and in which he lived and died, Corcoran's magnificent mansion, Riggs' fine house, the quaint, old St. John's Episcopal Church,—the Grace Church of the city,—and then the block in which Mr. Sumner lived. His house faced the east, but had windows looking to the south, upon Lafayette square. It would be hard to find a pleasanter corner in all the city. Here the Senator had built a modest three-story brick house, curiously arranged, so that the lower story, hall and all, could be thrown into one room, and in which he had the northern, eastern, and southern light. Into this house he gathered his art treasures, collected by himself, and by his brothers already gone, in many lands. Here he arranged them, superintending the hanging of every picture, the placing of every bust. So numerous were the paintings that not only every inch of wall space, in the halls as well as the principal rooms, was covered, but many pictures hung on the doors, stood in the corners, acted as screens for fire-places, or stood on movable easels. One hundred and thirty-three framed engravings were found by the appraisers, and scheduled and valued at $10,240 as they hung in Mr. Sumner's house. There were also several portfolios of various sizes, bursting with engravings of value, which two experts were occupied in cataloguing for the larger part of two days. The framed engravings, however, were the best, and the manner in which they were hung, indicated the Senator's knowledge and love of art. Take his study. He was wont to say that the pictures on the walls of this room were suggestions and inspirations. There were six, around which, as around centers, other pictures hung as if to define or illustrate them.

We begin with the grand old engraving, rare and interesting, by Suyderhoef, from Terburg's painting of "The Second Treaty of Westphalia, or Peace of Münster." The picture represents the plenipotentiaries of Holland, Spain and Austria, uniting in the great treaty at the close of the Thirty Years' War, which settled the future policy of the Catholics and the Protestants, and constituted an epoch in the Law of Nations. It is the actual moment of the oath. The faces are the faces of the men whom history places around that table—their actual portraits. The dress is not only that of the period, the seventeenth century, but each man appears in the dress of his own country. One fresh from the history of this treaty and of the times, hardly needs the accompanying key to select from this great body of men the chief actors, the figures are so well defined, the national traits of form, feature, and apparel are so faithfully depicted, even to the cut of the hair and beard, and the characteristic actions are so strikingly brought out. For instance, the adherents of the one faith swear with three uplifted fingers, while those of the other bow the head with the hand on the book. Surrounding this rare old work—it is valued at $100,—were various others, line engravings, mezzotints, and photographs, giving portraits of persons contemporary with the treaty makers, and showing the architecture of the period, and much of the dress of the time. Among these was a large photograph of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," a chromo of the picture known as "The Relief of the Guard," and a large and rare old engraving, "Misères de la Guerre," after Teniers. "We can enter better into the mental process of the history makers," the Senator, was wont to say, "when we know what were their accessories,—when we see on what their minds acted and reacted."

Over his desk hung a large engraving, by Godefroy, from Isabey's famous painting, "The Congress of Vienna," which figures at $150 in the schedule. Here, in 1815, at the Schönbrunn Palace, Napoleon was placed under the ban of Europe, and his downfall was decreed. Every face is a portrait, every

portrait is of a man famous in war or diplomacy, or both. The figures are by no means as numerous as in "The Peace of Münster," but the action is much finer, and the motion more free. It is a moment of discussion. Nesselrode is speaking with his eye on the Iron Duke, who, in turn, is watching Metternich. Following the direction of his pointing hand, you see the full length portrait of Maria Theresa, while through an open door is plainly visible the bust of Kaunitz, the Bismarck of his time. The picture is a study. The figures, though in full dress, are so grouped that it does not degenerate into what Randolph of Roanoke called Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence"—"a shin piece." This, also, was surrounded by pictures of various buildings, illustrating the architecture of the period, and on either side were pictures of Hugo Grotius and his wife.

"The Congress of Paris," painted by Dubufe, and engraved in Aug. Blanchard's best manner, hung over the mantel. Here were the faces of the men who re-made the map of Europe after the fall of Sebastopol, and who decreed the neutrality of the waters of the Black Sea. Here, for the first time, the Turk sits in solemn council with the Christian. Cavour, who had done for Italy what Bismarck has done for Germany, is one of the central figures. The gigantic Russians, Gortschakoff and Orloff, loom over Clarendon and Palmerston. Walewski has apparently the principal position at the council board, and the placing of a bust of the first Napoleon on a bracket on a line with his face, and near that of Morny, seems to challenge comparison with the features of the two, as if to suggest the question of their relationship.

A fine print of Hall's engraving of West's picture of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," caused more than one visitor to ask if this treaty were classed with the others. The Senator would make no direct reply, but he was apt to say, "it made its mark on the history of our country." He would not discuss the latter-day doubts of Penn, but would insist that the tradition of this treaty had its effect on the moral progress of the nation.

"The Declaration of Independence" was among the treaties. It was Jazet's engraving of Trumbull's well-known painting, valued at $50; and was surmounted by a fine photograph of the Capitol, and surrounded by pictures of certain of our public buildings. It was this picture which so pleased Thackeray. He defended it from Randolph's charge of being "a shin piece," declaring that where there were so many heads, to be natural there must be some legs, unless the signers were cherubs. He spent much time over the picture, and the effect it had on him is evident in "The Virginians."

The birth of the French Republic was represented by an excellent print of Jazet's engraving of David's picture "Serment du Jeu de Paume," or "The Oath of the Tennis Court of 1789." The picture is wonderful in the minuteness of its depiction of the action of the individual members of the Assembly. They are in great excitement, some throwing themselves into each other's arms, some shouting, some waving their handkerchiefs, some standing on the tables and benches, while some have managed to reach the high windows, and are declaiming to the crowd outside.

The Senator had made a study of engravings. In his article on "The Best Portraits in Engraving," published in the first and only number of "The City" (New York, January, 1872), from which I shall often quote, as giving the Senator's own recorded words about his own pictures, he says:

"Suffering from continued prostration, disabling me from the ordinary activities of life, I turned to engravings for employment and pastime. With the invaluable assistance of that devoted connoisseur, the late Dr. Thies, I went through the Gray collection at Cambridge, enjoying it like a picture gallery. Other collections in our country were examined also. Then in Paris, while undergoing severe medical treatment, my daily medicine for weeks was the vast cabinet of engravings, then called Imperial, now National, counted by the million, where was everything to please or instruct. Perhaps some other invalid, seeking occupation without burden, may find in them the solace that I did."

While thus looking at the galleries, the Senator did not forget the shops. In these he picked up, from time to time, prints that had been overlooked by previous purchasers. In this, and in other ways, he made his collection, which, though it numbered but one hundred and thirty-nine engravings thought worthy of a place on his walls, had among them plates to be found nowhere else in this country, if, indeed, in any private collection in any country. His taste had been so highly cultivated, and his eye was so true, that his selections were not only

rare, but were often proofs, and proofs before letter.

On the door of the study, leading to his bedroom, hung the portrait of Theodore Cuernhert, engraver, poet, musician, vindicator of his country, author of the national air, "William of Orange," and translator of Cicero's "De Officiis" and Seneca's "Treatise on Beneficence." It was executed by Henry Goltzius, of Haarlem, 1578, painter and engraver himself, pupil of Cuernhert. His prints show mastery of the art, making something like an epoch in its history.

Over the mantel hung three engravings of Edmund Burke at the respective ages of ten, forty, and sixty years. The one representing Burke as a boy is in colors, and was given the Senator by Lord Brougham while he was the latter's guest. The other two are from portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and were engraved, the one by Beindetts and the other by J. Watson. The one representing Burke at forty is often seen. The other picture had a striking resemblance to Mr. Sumner, so much so as to excite remark. On one occasion a caller said, on seeing this, "Why, Senator, I didn't know of that engraving of you; when was it made?" "When Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and I dropt in on Sir Joshua once at the Mitre Tavern," was the humorous reply. The portraits were so dissimilar that they would hardly be taken for likenesses of the same man. An artist who had heard of the resemblance, asked to see the pictures, and taking the later picture for a veritable likeness of the Senator, and knowing the other to be the popular likeness of Burke at forty, comparing the two, said, "I don't see how such a mistake could have been made. This is a passable likeness of you; but I can't perceive in it any resemblance to the Burke."

Here also was an etching of "Two Colored Children," done in 1645, by Hollar, which many visitors supposed were the pictures of the two who in 1854 were bought, freed and sent North by Mr. Sumner. He more than once referred to the time when for two hours,—the time that elapsed between the signing of the purchase and freedom papers,—he was a slaveholder.

There were in this room some of his choice engravings. High over the mantel, was his "Melancthon" by Albert Dürer. This is known best, through its reproduction in "The City" magazine, by the Albert-type process. He had loaned it, with several other engravings to which reference is made hereafter, for the illustration of his article on engraving. He had also another Dürer, a portrait of Erasmus. It hung in the dining-room, side by side with one by Holbein. Of these he says:

"His (Dürer's) portrait of Erasmus is justly famous, and is conspicuous among the prints exhibited in the British Museum. It is dated 1526, two years before the death of Dürer." There is here another portrait of Erasmus, by Holbein. "That by Dürer is admired. The general firmness of touch, with the accessories of books and flowers, shows the care in its execution; but it wants expression and the hands are far from graceful. Another most interesting portrait by Dürer, executed in the same year with the 'Erasmus,' is that of Philip Melancthon. * At the date of the print he was twenty-nine years of age, and the countenance shows the mild reformer. * * * The earliest engraved portraits are by Albert Dürer, who engraved his own works, translating himself. His eminence as a painter continued as engraver." The "Melancthon" was valued at $100, the "Erasmus" at $75, and that by Holbein at but $20.

There were four portraits of Titian in the house. The most famous was an etching by Carracci, after Titian's painting of himself, in which it is said the engraver improved on the painter. This also was represented in "The City." The print was believed by the Senator to be the only one in the country. When in Europe in 1871 he found another and clearer copy. On his return he gave me the first print and hung in its place his recent acquisition. Only a practiced eye can detect any difference between the two. He loaned the latter to an amateur artist (Mrs. Wm. O. Avery) of Washington, who reproduced it in ink, and had the copy framed and hung in place of the original, and such was its exactness in all respects that the Senator only noticed the change when he found the engraving behind the statue of Psyche. He could hardly find language in which to express his admiration of her success.

Among his engravings by Visscher were the portraits of Bouma and "The Cat." The latter was often shown as one of the curiosities of art, as its fur could almost be felt. Of these the Senator says, in "The City:"

"Contemporary with Rembrandt was Cornelius Visscher, also designer and engraver, whose portraits were unsurpassed in boldness and picturesque effect. At least one

authority has accorded to this artist the palm of engraving, hailing him as Coryphaeus of the art. Among his successful portraits is that of a cat; but all yield to what are known as the 'Great Beards,' being the portraits of William de Ryck, an ophthalmist at Amsterdam, and of Gellius de Bouma, the Zutphen ecclesiastic. The latter is especially famous. In harmony with the beard is the heavy face, seventy-seven years old, showing the fullness of long-continued potations, and hands like the face, original and powerful, if not beautiful."

In speaking of the French school of engravers which appeared in the reign of Louis XIV., Mr. Sumner said: "They brought the art to a splendid perfection, which many think has not been equaled since, so that Masson, Nanteuil, Edelinck, and Drevet may claim fellowship in genius with their immortal contemporaries, Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, and Molière. * * * Among French masters Antoine Masson is conspicuous for brilliant hardihood of style, which, though failing in taste, is powerful in effect. Metal, armor, velvet, feather, seem as if painted. He is also most successful in the treatment of hair. His immense skill made him welcome difficulties, as if to show his ability in overcoming them." The Senator had several of Masson's prints. Chief among them was the portrait of Guillaume de Brisacier, of which the Senator says: "Less powerful [than that of d'Harcourt], but having a charm of its own, is that of Brisacier, known as 'The Gray-Haired Man,' executed in 1664. The remarkable representation of hair in this print has been a model for artists, especially for Longhi, who recounts that he copied it in the head of Washington."

"Nanteuil," says the Senator, "was an artist of different character, being to Masson as Vandyck to Visscher, with less of vigor than beauty. His original genius was refined by classical studies and quickened by diligence. Though dying at the age of forty-eight, he had executed as many as two hundred and eighty plates, nearly all portraits. The favor he enjoyed during life has not diminished with time. His works illustrated the reign of Louis XIV., and are still admired." Among the engravings by Nanteuil, hanging on Mr. Sumner's walls, were portraits of Louis XIV., Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, Guillaume De Lamoignon, and Pompone. Of the latter, he says, after enumerating the masterpieces:—

"But above these is the Pompone de Bellièvre, foremost among his masterpieces; and a chief masterpiece of art, being, in the judgment of more than one connoisseur, the most beautiful engraved portrait that exists." After quoting Dr. Thies to this effect, he says: "It is bold, perhaps, to thus exalt a single portrait, giving to it the palm of Venus; nor do I know that it is entirely proper to classify portraits according to beauty. In disputing about beauty, we are too often lost in the variety of individual tastes, and yet each person knows when he is touched. In proportion as multitudes are touched there must be merit, as in music a single heart melody is often more effective than any triumph over difficulties or bravura of manner; so in engraving, the sense of the beautiful may prevail over all else, and this is the case with the Pompone, although there are portraits by others showing higher art. No doubt there have been as handsome men, whose portraits were engraved, but not so well. I know not if Pompone was what could be called a handsome man, although his air is noble and his countenance bright. But among portraits more boldly, delicately, or elaborately engraved, there are very few to contest the palm of beauty."*

This picture was successfully Albert-typed, and appeared as the frontispiece in that number of "The City" in which was printed the article referred to on engraved portraits. During its absence in New York, the Senator was so anxious as to its safety, that he telegraphed for news of it, and he appeared much relieved when it resumed its old place in a nook in the library, surrounded by other portraits of the period by Nanteuil, Masson, Houbraken, Edelinck, and Drevet. But this was the central object, and it hung out from the wall, as if as a mark of especial honor, full two inches further than any other. It, like all the other rarer engravings, while covered with a fine glass, had the merest bead of oiled black walnut for a frame.

* Dr. Thies, who knew engraving more thoroughly and sympathetically than any person whom the Senator could remember in our country, wrote to him in March, 1858: "When I call Nanteuil's Pompone the handsomest engraved portrait, I express a conviction to which I came when I studied all the remarkable engraved portraits at the Royal Cabinet of Engravings at Dresden, and at the large and exquisite collection there of the late king of Saxony, and in which I was confirmed, or, perhaps, to which I was led by the director of the two establishments, the late Professor Frenzel." After describing this head, he proceeds: "There is an air of refinement, *Vornehmheit*, round the mouth and nose, as in no other engraving. Color and life shine through the skin, and the lips appear red."

Nothing could be plainer, nothing cheaper, and yet nothing could be more effective.

"Younger than Nanteuil by ten years," says the Senator, "Gerard Edelinck excelled him in genuine mastery. Longhi says he is the engraver whose works, not only according to his own judgment, but that of the most intelligent, deserve the first place among exemplars, and he attributes to him all perfections, in highest degree—design, chiaroscuro, aërial perspective, local tints, softness, lightness, variety; in short, everything which can enter into the most exact representation of the true and beautiful without the aid of color. Others have surpassed him in particular things, but, according to the Italian teacher, he remains, by common consent, 'the prince of engraving.' Another critic calls him 'king.'" The Senator had several of the more famous prints of the works of this artist. Most conspicuous was "The Tent of Darius," a large engraving on two sheets, after Le Brun, where the family of the Persian Monarch prostrate themselves before Alexander, who approaches with Hephæstion. He also had the portrait of Martinus Dilgerus, another of the Great Beards, in which the venerable beard is white with age, and is treated so differently from the manner of Masson. But the Senator's most exquisite Edelinck was reproduced in "The City." It was his portrait of "Philippe de Champagne." Of this he says:

"The 'Philippe de Champagne' is the head of that eminent French artist, after a painting by himself, and it contests the palm with the 'Pompone.' Mr. Marsh, who is an authority, prefers it. Dr. Thies, who places the latter first in beauty, is constrained to allow that the other is 'superior as a work of the graver,' being executed with all the resources of the art in its chastest form. The enthusiasm of Longhi finds expression in unusual praise. 'The work which goes the most to my blood, and with regard to which Edelinck, with good reason, congratulated himself, is the portrait of Champagne. I shall die before I cease to contemplate it with wonder always new. Here is seen how he was equally great as designer and engraver.'* And he dwells on various details—the skin, the flesh, the eyes, living and seeing, the moistened lips, the chin covered with a beard unshaved for a few days, and the hair in all its forms. Between the rival portraits by Nanteuil and Edelinck it is unnecessary to decide; each is beautiful. In looking at them we recognize anew the transient honors of public service. The present fame of Champagne surpasses that of Pompone. The artist outlives the magistrate; but does not the poet tell us that 'the artist never dies?'"

"As Edelinck passes from the scene" Mr. Sumner proceeds, "the family of Drevet appeared, especially the son, Pierre Imbert Drevet, born in 1697, who developed a rare excellence, improving even upon the technics of his predecessor, and gilding his refined gold. The son was born engraver, for at the age of thirteen he produced an engraving of exceeding merit. He manifested a singular skill in rendering different substances, like Masson, by the effect of light, and at the same time gave to flesh a softness and transparency which remained unsurpassed. To these he added great richness in picturing costumes and drapery, especially in lace. He was eminently a portrait engraver, which, I must insist, is the highest form of art, as the human face is the most important object for its exercise. Less clear and simple than Nanteuil, and less severe than Edelinck, he gave to the face individuality of character, and made his works conspicuous in art. * * * Among his works are important masterpieces. I name only Bossuet, the famed eagle of Meaux; Samuel Bernard, the rich Councilor of State; Fénelon, the persuasive teacher and writer; Cardinal Dubois, the unprincipled minister and favorite of the Regent of France; and Adrienne Le Couvreur, the beautiful and unfortunate actress, linked in love with the Marshal Saxe." Each of these heads was among the Senator's art treasures, except that of Bernard, and he had no liking, even in art, for the merely rich. They are valued at more money by the appraisers than were any other portraits in his collection. But to continue the description:

"The portrait of Bossuet has everything to attract and charm. There stands the powerful defender of the Catholic Church, master of French style and most renowned pulpit orator of France, in episcopal robes, with abundant lace, which is the perpetual envy of the fair who look at this transcendent effort. The ermine of Dubois is exquisite, but the general effect of this portrait does not compare with the 'Bossuet,' next to which, in fascination, I put the 'Adrienne.' At her death the actress could not be buried in consecrated ground, but

* "La Calcografia," p. 176.

through art she has the perpetual companionship of the greatest Bishop of France."

The Senator, in treating of Wille of Königsburg, born in 1717, and reared as a gunsmith, calls him one of the two greatest engravers of his time, and says: "Wille lived to an old age, not dying till 1808. * * * His mastership of the graver was perfect, bending itself especially to the representation of satin and metal, although less happy with flesh. His 'Satin Gown,' or 'L'Instruction Paternelle,' after Terburg, * * * is always admired. Nothing of the kind in engraving is finer." "The Satin Gown," I have at this moment more vividly in my mind than any other Wille in the collection. In certain lights it is almost impossible to believe that the dress is not satin. Its sheen is perfect. The folds and creases are quite natural, and, while as drapery it is stiff, it is so only with the stiffness of the material it simulates. But Wille seems to have devoted himself to millinery rather than portraiture; nevertheless, he has some capital heads. He transmitted his skill in accessories to his pupils. "Among the portraits by this school deserving especial mention," said the Senator, "is that of King Jerome of Westphalia, brother of Napoleon, by the two Müllers, where the genius of the artist is most conspicuous, although the subject contributes little. * * * This work is a beautiful example of skill in the representation of fur and lace, not yielding even to Drevet." And thus Mr. Sumner almost apologizes for having a member of the family Napoleon in his collection. He had a number, but it was always for some special beauty in the accessories; for he held that the better the portrait the worse the picture. It was the lace, not the face, he valued.

"Longhi was a universal master, and his portraits are only a part of his work. That of Washington, which is rare, is evidently founded on Stuart's painting, but after a design of his own, which is now in the possession of the Swiss Consul at Venice. The artist felicitates himself on the hair, which is modeled after the French masters. The portraits of Michael Angelo, and of Dandolo, the venerable Doge of Venice, are admired; so also is Napoleon as King of Italy, with the iron crown and the finest lace. But his chief portrait is that of Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, full length, remarkable for the plume in the cap, which is finished with surpassing skill." The Senator had several, if not all, of the Longhis above described by himself. His "Washington" he duplicated with a clearer print, when last abroad, and on his return, gave his first copy to me, at the same time that he gave me my Titian. I do not know of another copy of either of these prints in the country.

The Senator's frequent allusions to the representation of lace in engravings has excited some comment. He was learned in lace to such an extent as to make his advice sought by his fair friends in making their purchases. An anecdote is told of the surprise of a lady, curious in lace, who, when meeting him coming home from his last trip in Europe, attempted to puzzle him, by asking as to the quality of her recent purchases. He took her queries in good faith, and simply answered her questions, when she found to her surprise that some of her specimens were vastly finer, rarer, older, and more valuable than she was aware. He fixed the age, and kind, the quality and the name, by reference to certain pictures, such as some of those above mentioned — and he identified them with the picture by their peculiar mesh. The lady, in speaking of the encounter, said she attempted to play the teacher, and found herself a scholar.

There were quite a number of portraits engraved by Rafaelle Morghen, the Florentine, in this house; among them those of Badella, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. Of this last Mr. Sumner says: "But none of his portraits is calculated to give greater pleasure than this, which may vie in beauty even with the famous 'Pompone.' Here is the beauty of years and of serene intelligence. Looking at that tranquil countenance, it is easy to imagine the large and various capacities which made him not only painter, but sculptor, architect, musician, poet, discoverer, philosopher, even predecessor of Gallileo and Bacon. Such a character deserves the immortality of art. Morghen's works have enjoyed a popularity beyond those of other masters, partly from an interest in their subjects, and partly from their soft and captivating style. He left no scholars who have followed him in his portraits, but his own works are still regarded, and a monument in Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, places him among the mighty dead of Italy."

"One other name will close this catalogue. It is that of William Sharp, who was born at London, in 1746, and died there in 1824. * * * Without any instance of peculiar beauty, his works are constant in character and expression, with every possible ex-

cellence of execution; face, form, drapery, all are as in nature. His splendid qualities appear in the 'Doctors of the Church,' which has taken its place as the first of English engravings. It is after the picture of Guido. * * * I well remember this engraving by Sharp was one of the few ornaments in the drawing-room of Macaulay, when I last saw him, shortly before his lamented death. * * * It is of portraits especially that I write, and Mr. Sharp is truly eminent. All that he did was well done, but two are models, that of Mr. Boulton * * * and of John Hunter, the eminent surgeon, after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, * * * unquestionably the foremost portrait in English art, and the coequal companion of the great portraits in the past; but here the engraver united his rare gifts with those of the painter." Mr. Sumner had placed this picture of Hunter, which he describes so enthusiastically, in company with his Massons, Drevets, Edelincks and Houbrakens, but high up and apart, as if to show that Sharp lived in a world by himself.

In one nook in the dining-room hung heads of the great painters and engravers, arranged in the order which they took in the Senator's appreciation. The face of Michael Angelo was the sun around which the stars of greater or less magnitude were arrayed. Raffaelle and Leonardo da Vinci hung on either hand. Albert Dürer was on a line with them, while "that scamp, Benvenuto Cellini," as the Senator was wont to call him, was dropped three inches below that line. Indeed most of the engravings were grouped with reference to some central idea. Their arrangement was in itself a work of art that gave them certain additional value. So much was this considered that it was thought best to make diagrams of them as they hung. This work was admirably done by two ladies, themselves amateurs, who were often at the house, and who were thoroughly possessed of the Senator's enthusiasm for these particular pictures. Copies on tracing linen of these diagrams accompanied the pictures to Boston, so that they might be hung precisely as in Washington.

My desire to mention those engravings spoken of by the Senator, and to give their description in his own words, has left me little room to mention the engravings other than portraits. They were numerous, rare, and valuable. There was a large landscape engraved from Poussin by Bandel, valued at $100; two harmonious compositions by noted artists whose names I cannot recall, but which were each scheduled at the same price; the "Hours Dancing to Time," by Morghen, after Poussin, valued at $150, an excellent print; the "Boat-Builder and his Wife," by Hodges, after Rembrandt, a proof valued at $50; Poussin's "Deluge," engraved by Jean Audran, $75; a proof of Sharp's engraving of Guido's "Virgin in the Clouds," $150; Willmore's engraving of Turner's "Mercury and Argus," $100; two of Earlom's exquisite interiors, one with grapes that seem translucent, the other of still life, in which the fur of the hare is as distinct and feelable as in Weenix's celebrated painting which hung near it (these two engravings were scheduled at $100 each), and the two wood-cuts published in Holland on broadsides, probably the first illustrated newspapers, showing, the one the trial and execution of the Earl of Strafford, and the other the execution of Charles I., issued shortly after the happening of each event, and the latter fixing the place of the king's death as in front of the banqueting hall at Whitehall. Here, too, hung the first proofs of Marshall's engravings of General Grant and President Lincoln, each bearing the presentation remarks in ink in the autograph of the engraver.

An engraving of John Bright, full length, caused a query from a connoisseur as to why it had found a place among such works of art. The Senator deprecated criticism by throwing up his hand, and said in a lower tone, "that was the only picture in the White House which belonged to Lincoln; his widow sent it to me after his death. It is worth more than gold. It helped to keep the peace between us and England, when war would have been almost ruin. It is more than a picture." He referred to the time when the irritation against England was extreme, and the President was inexpressibly hurt by the Premier's conduct.

A proof of Z. Prévost's engraving of Paul Veronese's "Marriage Feast at Cana," or "Turning the Water into Wine," took its place in the Senator's collection on his last return from Europe. It attracted attention at once, and to one of his familiar friends Mr. Sumner told this anecdote as one reason for giving the picture place here.

He had run over from London to Paris for a few days, and, among others, had left his card on M. de Rémusat, the Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom he had letters from his relative who was so constantly at his (Sumner's) house in Washing-

ton, the Marquis de Chambrun. The Minister returned the call with a dinner invitation; and the Senator met some of the French Cabinet and leading men of the day at a restaurant and passed a pleasant evening, in the course of which he was asked if he desired to be presented to the President, when he, of course, assented. In due time de Rémusat called for him, and they were trundled off in a cab to the Palace of the Champs Elysées, where the head of the republic transacted his official business. On being presented he was received in an informal and courteous manner, and asked by the President to dine on the following Saturday.

On the evening in question the Senator presented himself at the appointed place, where he was taken in charge by an aid to the President and presented to the guests. He soon noticed that the host was not present, and, turning to the charming wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with whom, by this time, he had some acquaintance, asked quietly if the President followed the custom of the Emperor in seeing his guests first at table. The lady laughingly replied that M. Thiers would soon be visible; that the fact was, he claimed the privilege not of state, but of age, and was probably, at that moment, fast asleep in his dressing gown in an adjoining room, gathering strength for the evening; that it was the habit of his wife or sister, both of whom superintended his health, to see that he took a nap about that time each day. She had hardly done speaking when the President appeared, and then came the signal for dinner. Mr. Sumner took Madame Thiers down and sat next her at table. On their return to the salon the company, already large, for this was one of the state dinners, was considerably augmented; and as there was no formality general conversation ensued, the President mingling with the guests. On one occasion Mr. Sumner found himself in a group of which his host made one, and the discussion turned on the best mode of electing a President. The Senator was asked the condition of the question in his own country, and replied that it was being seriously considered whether the electoral college could not be dispensed with; whereupon the President called out to de Rémusat, who was passing, and repeated what the Senator had just said, as though this matter was then being discussed in cabinet council.

Shortly after, Mr. Sumner saw the President approaching. "Then," said the Senator, "I asked myself, if the conversation should fall into my hands, on what subject should it be. Politics?—clearly not. Home?—that would bring us to politics. So I decided if it fell to me it should be upon art." The President seated himself by the Senator, and the conversation did fall upon art. It began by a question by Mr. Sumner, as to whether M. Thiers did, as it was rumored, contemplate a book on art, and reply was made that the work was more than contemplated, but affairs had made its postponement necessary. And then followed a conversation, ranging through art, of the most delightful character. The Senator spoke of the President's manner as gentle, unassuming, and pleasing in the extreme, and of his voice as sweet, and often tender, when dwelling on touching subjects. In the course of the conversation the Senator asked whom the President considered the greatest artist who had lived. M. Thiers replied, after a pause, as if weighing well his words, "Michael Angelo," and then, after another interval of consideration, "and Raffaelle a long way after him." And when Mr. Sumner asked what he considered the greatest picture, the President said he could not at once reply, and returned the question. The Senator said, without hesitation, "I think Paul Veronese's 'Marriage Feast at Cana' the greatest." M. Thiers, after a moment, assented, with "Yes, of the kind." "And now," said the Senator to us, "shouldn't this picture have a double value to me with such an indorsement?"

Among the ninety-two paintings, both old and new, which adorned Mr. Sumner's house, were some of great value. There was one of "A Dead Hare and Birds" hanging in his dining-room, by J. B. Weenix, of the seventeenth century, which is said to be one of the finest specimens of still life in this country, and is well preserved. There was another hanging near it, of the interior of a farm yard and shed, signed by J. F. Herring, the famous painter of the horse. This shows a delicious bit of landscape through an open door.

Over the dining-room mantel hung Tintoretto's "Miracle of St. Mark," or "The Miracle of the Slave," as it is more usually called, painted somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was bought in Paris, by Mr. Sumner, of W. H. Kellogg, the artist, and is said, by experts, to be the study from which Tintoretto painted his great picture, still at Venice. This was given, in the Senator's will, made in the summer of 1872, to Mr. Joshua B. Smith, the colored mem-

ber of the Massachusetts Legislature, who was so active in procuring the rescinding of the resolution of censure passed by the Legislature against Mr. Sumner, and who was the messenger from Massachusetts to the Senate to inform them that this stain had been removed from the escutcheon of the old Bay State. The friendship between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Smith had been long and warm, and had been founded on the appreciation of the one for the work of the other. And this work is so illustrated by the great master, that it is well this picture, which depicts the removal of the fetters from the limbs of a slave, should go from one of the chief liberators to one of the chief liberated. The picture is described by Taine, in "Italy—Florence and Venice," pp. 314–316. Whittier tells the story in his "Legend of St. Mark."

Standing before this picture, the wife of one of the leading members of the Massachusetts delegation said to me: That painting made Charles Sumner Senator! The statement—I tell the story as it was told to me—shows the manner of Mr. Sumner's entrance into the ranks of antislavery.

He had returned from Europe in 1840, and resumed the practice of law. He had made his great Fourth of July oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," in 1845. He had taken his place as juridical writer, and Judge Story had said: "I shall die content, so far as my professorship is concerned, if Charles Sumner is to succeed me." He had achieved social distinction abroad, as well as at home. He had made himself felt in politics; he had protested against the Mexican war, and he had assailed with powerful strokes the Fugitive Slave Law. Still he was not an abolitionist, for at that time—and here I quote from Schurz's oration—"abolitionism was by no means a fashionable thing. An antislavery man was then, even in Boston, positively the horror of a large portion of polite society. To make antislavery speeches was looked upon, not only as an incendiary, but a vulgar occupation; and that the highly-refined Sumner, who was so learned and able, who had seen the world, and mixed with the highest social circles in Europe, who knew the classics by heart, and could deliver judgment on a picture or a statue like a veteran connoisseur, who was a favorite with the wealthy and powerful, and could, in his aspirations for an easy and fitting position in life, count upon their whole influence if he only would not do anything foolish—that such a man should go among the abolitionists, and not only sympathize with them, but work with them, and expose himself to the chance of being dragged through the streets with a rope round his neck, like William Lloyd Garrison,—that was a thing at which the polite society of that day would revolt, and which no man could undertake without danger of being severely dropped. But that was the thing which the refined Sumner actually did——," and he was forced to it by the feelings which swelled his heart when, having returned to his office, No. 4 Court street, in full dress, from some festive occasion, he saw the mob dragging Garrison through the streets with a rope round his neck. Hillard, to whom he spoke, can tell what he said at the moment. History has told us what he did. From the pinnacle of social fame, he plunged into the sea of the ostracized below, and became to the blue bloods of Beacon street, as no better than one of the wicked; and it was that speech, delivered in Faneuil Hall, entitled, "Our Immediate Antislavery Duties," on November 6, 1850, in which he threw himself into the antislavery cause with his whole heart and soul, which centered on him the eyes of the State, and in which he made himself the coming man. It was in this speech, which Judge Jay pronounced "the greatest effort of the kind in the English language," that he struck the key-note to the irrepressible conflict about to follow, in these words:

"There is a legend of the Church, still living on the admired canvas of a Venetian artist, that St. Mark, descending from the skies with headlong fury into the public square, broke the manacles of a slave in the presence of the very judge who had decreed his fate. This is known as 'The Miracle of the Slave,' and grandly has art illumined the scene! Should Massachusetts hereafter, in an evil hour, be desecrated by any such decree, may the good Evangelist once more descend with valiant arm to break the manacle of the slave."

The point in the speech was the description of the picture and the lesson he drew from it. Next day some one sent him an engraving of the scene he had depicted. When in Europe, in 1857, he purchased the study from which the great picture was made. Both are now in Boston, and photographs of them are being largely distributed through the land; and this seems to be the origin of the statement that Tintoretto made Charles Sumner Senator.

In the corner over the sideboard was a portrait of Sir Benjamin West by himself; next, that of the Duchess of Cleveland, whose drapery seemed to float in the morning sun, by Sir Peter Lely, which came to the Senator from the Thompson collection; and an exquisite study from life, of Hannah More, at the age of sixteen, done by Sir Joshua Reynolds when she first visited London. The latter is a charming face, and though not a finished picture, is less faded than some of Sir Joshua's more elaborate works. Between the windows was a portrait of Pitt's rival, Charles James Fox, by Gainsborough, with a hot, burly face, and the red coat of the period. Next below comes the portrait of Cuyp's daughter, by her father, done in the first half of the seventeenth century. It has the dead color and the stiff appearance of the Dutch style that is at first sight unattractive; but it also has all the exquisite finish of detail of that school, and it grows upon one the more he gazes.

On an easel by the north window stood a small painting on a panel called "A Fight with Death," done by D. Vinkenbooms, somewhere about the close of the sixteenth century. This is the original picture from which the spirited engraving accompanying it was made. It is crowded with figures, each worthy a frame to itself. Below it, on the same easel, stands another small picture by P. Van Slinglelandt, painted about the middle of the seventeenth century, giving the interior of a kitchen, with two female figures grouped about a table on which is a joint of beef and vegetables being prepared for the fire.

Once, when the Senator had occasion to criticise the marketing of his steward, he bade the man look at this picture, and thereafter select meat streaked with fat as there shown.

On the opposite side of the bay-window, on another easel, stood a veritable Gerard Douw, called "The Lace Maker." There is in the Dresden Gallery, I think it is, another picture, of this same character, and much in the same style, by Van Am, done in a former age, and of which this must be a copy, or this more properly may be said to be "after" that, made while Douw was not yet well known. In the older picture, the face of the lace maker is that of an old woman, in this it is the sweet face of a fair maiden; but the eye-glasses and certain of the other accessories of the elder picture are retained in the younger. The landscape seen through the window is very beautiful. The leaves of the trees are neither in motion, nor yet at rest. The moment is one when nature seems to have dozed, and all life is suspended. It seems more like an instantaneous photograph in this respect than like a painting.

Above this, on the same easel, stood a painting almost as good, though not quite as famous, of another "Lace Maker" in a scarlet jacket, attended by a negress. It was signed by Frans Mieris, who was contemporary with Douw. This the Senator never claimed as original; but he was apt to draw the attention of visitors to its beauty. It came from the collection of Baron Brachvogle, and is mentioned in the Howarth catalogue. Each of the "Lace Makers" is on panel, and they have been re-cradled in the English method, so that they are well preserved. It is a great pity that some of the other pictures on wood, of this collection, could not have been treated in this way. The furnace heat of the house seems to have affected certain of them badly—the Ruysdael and the Anguisciola for instance. But it is not yet too late, perhaps, to do what is necessary for their further preservation.

On another easel, placed on the north side of the bay-window, stood a small landscape, by the famous Hobbema. It is signed with his name, and was probably painted while he was in the first flush of his fame, as it is exquisite, not only in design, but in finish. Below it, on the same easel, was "The Guard Room," by G. V. Ecchout, who was a pupil of Metzu. A memorandum relative to this picture was found among the Senator's papers, in which it was spoken of as "very fine, equal to Rembrandt." Mr. Sumner was apt to call attention to the beautiful hands in this picture of the Spanish officers carousing in the old Dutch Guard House. These two easels, standing as they did, on either side of his admirable marble of "Psyche," almost within reach of his hand while at the breakfast table, seemed to give him great pleasure, as they received the full glow of the morning sun. He would sometimes leave his chair to draw the easels to a better light, and then resume his place to enjoy them.

On one side of the bay-window, under a strong uninterrupted northern light, was "The Head of an Old Man," by B. Denner, certainly the most repulsively ugly in its details, of any of the collection, but, at the same time, very exquisite in its finish.

Below it, in the same light, hung "The Head of a Monk," by Hans Holbein. The original drawing is seen through the paint, which is wonderfully transparent. High up over the sliding doors is a portrait of Franklin, by Opie, the artist to whom Hannah More sat, later in life, and of whom there is such pleasant gossip in her letters; he was the husband of Amelia Opie, the authoress of "White Lies." On one side was an old copy of a portrait of Titian, the fourth in the room if we count the engravings; and on the other a fine fruit piece by Campidoglia.

Passing between the bust of the young Augustus, left by the will to the poet Longfellow, and the bust of Sumner, done by Crawford, in 1839, through the sliding doors, into the library, the visitor came to a large Italian landscape by the English Claude, as Richard Wilson was called. On one side of it was the head of a Jew, done by Washington Allston, with his palette knife and finger. It has a singular history. Under that, in a good state of preservation, hung "The Entombment of Christ," a fine specimen of the peculiar ghastly style of Lucas Cranach, born in 1472. On the other side is "A Boy with Game," bought by the Senator for a genuine Murillo; but, as he had no papers to prove its pedigree, he was slow to express his opinion as to the painter.

Below this was a picture by Albert Dürer. It is called "The Triumph of Christ over Sin." It is horrible in its anatomical detail, and symbolic in its realisms. Opposite these hung Caravaggio's celebrated "Itinerant Musicians," done in the latter part of the sixteenth century. It was one of the largest canvases in the house, and it was so hung that it most readily caught the eye of the visitor.

Passing pictures which in other collections would be deemed notable, we come to those in the drawing-room. The Senator objected to have these seen at other times than in the late afternoon. They were hung with reference to the southern and western lights, and as a rule would respond to no other. So too he preferred that friends should see the paintings in the dining-room by the morning sun, as they were hung with reference to the northern and eastern lights.

First of all was the large picture by Sofonisba Anguisciola, called "The Sybil," an undoubted original, much valued and often pointed to by the Senator, generally with a pleasant word for "the picture done by a woman." The panel on which it is painted is slightly cracked, enough to somewhat disfigure, but not enough to really injure the picture. Below it, covered with glass, hung Annibal Carracci's "Penitent Magdalene," in which a cascade of tawny hair pours over the well-rounded shoulders, and the purely blonde face, drenched in tears, leans over the crucifix. It is evidently but a fragment of a once large picture, and as it hung on a line with the eye, glorified by the sunset rays, it makes one sad to think so small a part of so great a picture is all that remains to us.

Below it hung Leslie's famous copy of Guido's "Ecce Homo." It is the face of Christ sad with the sins of the world, heart-breaking in its mournful resignation. The crown of thorns has pierced the flesh in places, and the blood starts under their pressure. The tints have a dead gold richness, the tones are low and unexaggerated. Color here does its true office; it depicts rather than hints. It causes the flesh to exist rather than gives its similitude.

A large picture, a "Madonna and Child," hung on the east wall. The artist is not declared, but the opinion obtains that it was done in Murillo's studio, by one of his pupils, and that it received touches from his own hand. It is from the Speer collection. Here was a small picture, also under glass, "Christ before the High Priest," a veritable Rembrandt. Its two and a quarter centuries seem only to have toned down and covered in its wonderful lights. The fire on the ground illuminates the faces bowed over it, while the vigorous action of the soldiers is revealed by the torches carried on their spears. The lights all come from above or below. As we gaze, the fire brightens and the torches flicker, and new figures start out of the gloom as if to hurry toward the priest's throne. The picture was bought in Canada, from a Catholic priest. It has every sign of originality. Here was another rare old picture under glass, an Elsheimer, nearly three hundred years old, which found its way to this country through the Beaumont collection. It is called "The Scourging of Christ," and attracts much notice from the enthusiastic lovers of the old masters. And here was another also under glass, still older, a "St. John," by Sebastiano del Piombo, who lived between 1485 and 1547, which came from the Thompson collection. Below it hung a Van Balen, sheltered also by glass, done a century later,

for which the Senator paid $500 at a private sale. It requires a strong light, large faith, and a good lens to bring out the full beauties of these pictures; but their fame was in the mouths of many visitors.

There were three landscapes in the drawing-room of almost the same size, each on a panel, which deserve especial mention, one by the great English painter, Thomas Gainsborough, the friend and rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds; one by Jacob Ruysdael, the great Dutch painter, who lived a century earlier, and the other by his contemporary the great Fleming, Manderhout Hobbema. They hung each on the sight line, but in different parts of the room, as if to prevent rather than to invite comparison. The Senator never drew attention to them. The visitor's rank as a connoisseur was fixed in the Senator's mind as he was struck with one or the other of these landscapes, and yet it was difficult to tell which of them he preferred. The Gainsborough has in it figures; the other two, cattle, and just enough of water to verify the old saying that water is to a landscape what the eyes are to the human face. The Ruysdael was usually first to attract attention. Blacque Bey, Minister from the Sultan, declared that in Europe it would be worth many thousands of dollars.

The Hobbema hung in the poorest light, but then it had less need of a strong light than the others. The landscape is in perfect simplicity; but the admirable perspective, the fullness and purity of color, and the firmness of execution, give it a distinctive character.

The figures in Hobbema's pictures were usually contributed by his friends—Teniers, Vandervelde, or Ostade. Who did the figures in this is not known, and it is of little moment. The real point in the painting is the foliage, the sky and water seen through the trees. This and the other Hobbema on the easel in the dining-room, were frequently recognized by visitors. The pictures by this painter became the rage in Paris just before the war with Germany. Enormous prices were paid for them. The books speak of sixty, eighty, a hundred thousand francs; but one visitor, lately from abroad, a talented and successful young New York physician, spoke of one Hobbema that had changed hands just before he left Paris, at three hundred thousand francs. It is not certainly known where the Senator procured either of these three pictures. Indeed little is known relative to any of his pictures, except from old catalogues and books open to all, or from his detached statements to different friends. No list of them has been found. He used to say that when his "Book," as he styled his volumes then in press, was finished, he would make a catalogue and in it give the history of his more famous pictures. But the time never came. He had a curious dislike to naming his paintings. If the name of the artist was lettered on the frame, he ached to erase it, and did in more than one case, leaving a scar to show for it on the gilding. He was averse to "turning people loose into his rooms" to see for themselves, and when he went with friends among the pictures, he was curiously reticent with regard to them. But an exclamation, such as "Why, this is a Domenichino!" showing knowledge and appreciation, would act on his lips like an "Open Sesame." Then he would talk of the fame of the artist, the ability shown, contrast the picture with others, and the like; but he almost never spoke of the source or price of any of his collection to any one except to Mr. Barlow, the dealer, who restored, remounted, or reframed many of his treasures.

There were three other landscapes of a different class that people would ask permission to see. One was a small picture, by Salvator Rosa, of which I shall say nothing now. Another was a grand landscape done somewhere about 1650, by Johannes Wynants, of Haarlem, the master of Wouverman and Adriaan Vandervelde, whose few works are highly valued for their technical merits. Its figures were by Vandervelde, for Wynants never did any for himself. The other, also with figures, was from the collection of the late King of Holland, and was by N. Maas, a contemporary of Wynants. This last is a composition, the subject of which I have not learned. In this same connection should be mentioned a landscape by F. Loudonia, after N. Berghem, which came from the Coyle collection. This picture often attracted the attention of visitors.

Three small portraits, as if to provoke comparison, hung almost together. One was a portrait of Washington, by Rembrandt Peale. It came direct from the family for whom it was painted, and the letters attesting its authenticity, and giving its history, are curious and interesting. Just below it hung a portrait of Dryden, by Stothard, the Academician. And below that was placed a portrait of the First Napo-

leon, excellent as a likeness, and a work of art, but by an unknown artist; at least I have been unable to ascertain his name. In a corresponding nook in the dining-room, hung, one above the other, portraits on porcelain of the beautiful Helena Forman, Rubens's second wife, whose face he reproduced in various pictures. It is not certain that they are originals.

There were quite a number of fine interiors among the pictures; one of a large hall by Palamedes, in which Nell Gwynn and several friends are entertaining the Merry Monarch Charles II. and his suite in a manner so characteristic of the times, that the Senator had a part of the action painted out by Barlow before he could give it a place in his collection. Perhaps the finest cattle pieces in the collection were a pair by Van Dougen, which came from the Carlton McTavish collection. They disputed the palm with Herring's horses, which hung in the dining-room.

An ancient painting under glass, called "The Reading Magdalen," hung beneath the Hobbema. It was kept by Gherlandaro Marsiglia, for some twenty-five years previous to his death, as a genuine Domenichino. It was valued at $1,000, and came to Mr. Sumner from the Beaumont collection.

On the north wall were several beautiful little things, a Teniers, called "The Smoker," "The Ducks and Ducklings," by J. F. Herring, Jr.; two old mills, one by T. Cole and the other by Deshayes; a fine winter piece of T. Maris done some two hundred years ago; a barn-yard by Hondekoeter, and a landscape by Balser.

In the hall, between the study and the bedroom doors, hung fine old copies of Raphael's "Fornarina" and Titian's "Donna Bella," on either side of a boar hunt of the Snyder school.

In the Senator's own bedroom were several pictures for which he had an especial love. One was a picture called "Ellen's Isle," by Duncanson, the colored artist of Cincinnati, who died less than a year ago. It presents the spot made famous in Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

It was Mr. Duncanson who painted also the picture known as "The Lotus Eaters," and presented it to Tennyson, going to the Isle of Wight for the purpose. He took his picture to Boston, where it was framed and put on exhibition; he called on Mr. Sumner to arrange for its formal presentation to him as a token of the gratitude felt by a colored man for what the Senator had done for his race. Mr. Sumner was touched by the feeling displayed, but he declined this gift as he declined all gifts. Mr. Duncanson was hurt, and begged that it might be accepted. He had designed it for this purpose. The Senator would gladly accept the tribute, but he could not accept the painting. It was too valuable for the one to give or the other to receive. Mr. Duncanson should sell it and Mr. Sumner would still remember the circumstances under which it was painted. The artist renewed his proffer by letter, but without changing the result. When he returned to his home he left the picture in the framer's hands, who appealed to Mr. Sumner for orders. It was finally sent to Washington, and the artist was informed that Mr. Sumner held it in trust for him; and he was urged to make such disposition of it as would do most for his finances and his reputation. Meantime, it was placed on exhibition at Barlow's, under circumstances which added to the artist's fame. At last, Mr. Duncanson became ill. Mr. Sumner heard that he was sacrificing his pictures to supply his wants. Then the Senator had this painting valued by experts, and adding $100 to the maximum appraisement, sent a check for the amount to the artist. When the artist died, as he did soon after, his widow, who valued the picture highly, and who had come to know that the Senator's action in the matter had been prompted by a desire to relieve the artist's wants, rather than to own this evidence of his skill, asked and received from him a promise that the picture should revert to the family under certain conditions.

Over the mantel in the same room hung a famous copy of Guido's "Magdalene," made by his favorite pupil, Giovonio Battista, of Bologna. It is of life size, and came from the Coyle collection. Over the book-shelves on the western wall was a large old marine painting, by S. D. Vlieger. "A View Near Dort" came from the Thompson sale, and was in the collection of the late King of Holland.

But the picture which the Senator loved most was "The Nativity," by Salvator Rosa. This picture, with its exquisite coloring and management of lights, grows on one the longer he gazes; but the faulty drawing of some of the figures in the foreground and the peculiar grouping are unprepossessing at first sight. This picture was seen only by those whom the Senator thought sufficiently cultured to appreciate it, and they felt they

had received an especial compliment when they were admitted to this room. The general appearance of the chamber is indicated in the following extract from a letter my wife wrote to an old friend, the wife of a clergyman, in answer to her questions:

"I am now sitting in the room in which Charles Sumner died. The furniture stands where it did when he left it, but every picture, with one exception, is gone. That one, by Salvator Rosa, was, as he said, the last thing his eyes rested on at night, and the first thing they fell upon in the morning. It is one of those old paintings that grows upon you. In the center is the Babe in the manger, while grouped around it are several most wonderful figures, rough, shaggy shepherds, and three female figures, with the heads of kine thrust between. The stable is in darkness, while the light that glows on the faces all comes from the child. It is one of those things I can never forget. By Mr. Sumner's bed hung a large photograph of Palmer's statue 'The Angel at the Sepulchre.' Where his eye could first rest upon it, hung, as I have said, his 'Nativity,' and covering the whole space over the mantel, a 'Magdalene,' copied from Guido, by his favorite pupil. The figure of the Magdalene is above life size. She is sitting, with head thrown backward, utterly prostrated by despair; the lips are parted, and the eyes wide open and raised, as though she had been forced to look upward to the angels sent to comfort her. But as yet there is not so much as a ray of hope in the eyes. It is a terrible picture to me. It shows the power of love. If Christ had never spoken to her she, too, might have gone quietly out, hard and cold. But his 'Go and sin no more,' was a divine command, in such tones as never before sounded on earth, and from that moment the enormity of her guilt must have grown upon her. At the window nearest Mr. Sumner's bedside are two beautiful transparencies, one 'The Descent from the Cross,' the other 'The Ascension.' On his dressing-table lay the Bible his mother gave him. Thus we see what his inspirations were: 'The Nativity,' 'Forgiveness of Sins,' 'Descent from the Cross,' 'The Angel at the Sepulchre,' 'The Ascension,' and his mother's Bible! There is a homely saying, that 'a man is known by the company he keeps;' it is also true that a man may be known by his surroundings; and this sacred room is an answer to your question, 'Was Charles Sumner a Christian?'"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Mr. Tyndall's Address.

MR. TYNDALL has delivered a notable address before the British Association—notable for its brilliant panoramic presentation of the various philosophies and speculations concerning God and Nature, and for his own personal confession. Democritus, Epicurus, Lucretius, Plato, Aristotle, Copernicus, Giordano, Bruno, Père Gassendi, Bishop Butler, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and John Stuart Mill are all passed in review, their respective discoveries, speculations and opinions presented and commented upon, and, at last, we get at Mr. Tyndall himself. It would be hard to find, in equal compass, so valuable a mass of information on the subject discussed, and for this the intelligent reading public will be grateful; but, after all, the great English scientist teaches us absolutely nothing about the origin of matter, motion and life. We rise from the perusal of his address with no new light on the great problems he presents. The existence of matter is a mystery, the origin and perpetuation of life are mysteries. God is a mystery. The sources of the force that builds, and holds, and wheels the worlds, endows every particle of matter with might which it never for a moment relinquishes in its myriad combinations,—vital and chemical,—adapts organisms to conditions and conditions to organisms, and weaves all into cosmical harmony, are brooded over by clouds which science can never pierce. There are limits to thought, and none "by searching" can find out God. Because Mr. Tyndall cannot find God, is there, therefore, no God? He says: "Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter." In other words, he would say to us that there is a God who created all things, and endowed them with the principle of life, or matter has an innate power to evolve life in organic forms. The alternative is as inevitable as it is simple, and our scientific teacher does not hesitate to say that he finds in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." This declaration he endeavors to soften by intimations that matter itself may possibly have no existence, save in our consciousness, and that all we know of it is that our senses have been acted upon by powers and qualities which we attribute to it. The existence of matter therefore is not an established fact, but an inference. The logic of his doctrine leads, of course, to what, in common language, is called "annihilation." If life is evolved by the potency of matter, it depends for its continual existence on the potency of matter. When any vital

organism dissolves, that is the end of it. Its matter passes into new forms, and evolves new life. Thought is a product of matter. Love, joy, sorrow, heroism, worship are products of matter. All this Mr. Tyndall sees and accepts.

Well, who knows but God is a product of matter? Mr. Tyndall himself is a pretty brilliant and powerful product of matter: who knows but that, by the infinite evolutions of this eternal matter, a being has been produced so powerful that he has been able to take the reins of the Universe, and to have everything his own way? It has evolved men, and thus produced a form of life that lords it over seas and storms, that controls animal life, that builds enormous cities, that threads the world with telegraphs, railroads and cables, writes books, measures the heavens, mounts from power to power. Is it any more remarkable that it should evolve or create a God, who, going from might to might and glory to glory, through infinite ages, should have something to say about Mr. Tyndall and the rest of us? Matter was just as likely to possess the power to evolve a "moral and intelligent Governor of the Universe" as to evolve a man. So perhaps we have a God after all!

We sympathize with Mr. Tyndall—heartily—in his enmity to bigotry and ecclesiastical domination, but the intolerance with which science has been treated in various ages of the world deserves much of charitable consideration. Men in their ignorance have seen that certain doctrines which they thought they found in what they in all honesty believed to be the revealed word of God were controverted by scientific men. They have clung to their Bible because they supposed that, with their views of the Bible, their religion and their own personal salvation were identified. Let us be charitable to such. Not much can be expected of men who are evolved from matter. There must be a great choice in matter when the production of men is concerned, and really matter is doing better than it did. When Mr. Tyndall can say what he says, and do what he does, without hindrance and without any danger of dungeon or fagot, it seems as if matter had done a good deal to deserve his gratitude and ours. After all, intolerance and bigotry were in matter to begin with. They have simply been evolved. The promise of them and the potency to produce them were in them at the start. In view of the materialism of Mr. Tyndall, what he says concerning the religious element in life is about as feeble nonsense as that in which Mr. Matthew Arnold indulges in his "Literature and Dogma." With Mr. Arnold religion is morality warmed and heightened by emotion. Mr. Tyndall speaks of the "immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man." What does he mean? Does he mean that there is the possibility of religious sentiment in a man who does not believe in the existence of God as his creator, preserver, benefactor, father, governor—the source and sum of all moral perfections? If he does, then the less he talks about religion the better, for he can only do so to manifest his childish lack of comprehension of the subject. If man is evolved by the potency of matter—if there is no soul within him that bears a filial relation to the great soul of the universe, and will exist when its material dwelling goes back to dust; if there is no ordaining intelligence behind all moral law; if there is no object of worship, or faith, or trust, or love, or reverence to be apprehended by the heart—what a mockery is it to talk about the religious sentiment! We are assured by Mr. Tyndall that the region of emotion is the proper sphere of religion. The statement shows how shallow his apprehensions are of this great subject. A religion which touches neither motives, character nor conduct may well pass for little with any man, and we really do not see why Mr. Tyndall should pay any attention to it whatever. Even science can be ignorant of the simplest things, and it certainly does not become it to be supercilious or contemptuous in its treatment of those who question its dicta when it invades the region of their faith.

The question will naturally occur to many minds, whether Mr. Tyndall gives us anything worthy to take the place of that which he undertakes to read out of our beliefs. Does his materialistic view dignify human life and destiny, tend to enlarge and strengthen the motives which bind us to virtue, give us comfort in affliction, add new meaning to existence and experience? Not at all. He brings us out of matter; he gives us back to matter. He makes us indebted to matter for all our joys and for all our sorrows, and places us to walk on a level with brute life, only our heads being above it. That is all, and he must not be disappointed to see the Christian world turning away from his conclusions, with content in its faith and pity for him. He knows nothing on this subject beyond the rest of us. He offers us a material universe that made itself, stamped with laws that made themselves, and informed with the promise and the potency of all forms of life. This is his speculation, and it is worth just as much as the apple woman's on the corner, and no more. He offers it to those who believe that nothing was ever made without a maker; that nothing was ever designed without a designer; that no law was ever given without a lawgiver—in short, that power and intelligence necessarily precede all results of power that betray intelligence through the analogies apprehended by the human mind. We do not see how his confession can do more than prove how utterly incompetent the pure scientist is to apprehend religion and its fundamental truths.

The Relations of Clergymen to Women.

RECENT events have given rise to a fresh discussion of the relations of clergymen to women, some of which have been wise and some widely otherwise. It is supposed by many that the pastor is a man peculiarly subjected to temptations to unchaste "conversation" with the female members of his flock. It is undoubtedly and delightfully true that a popular preacher is the object of genuine affection and admiration to the women who sit under his ministry. A true woman respects brains and a commanding masculine nature; but if there is any one thing which she naturally chooses to hide from her pastor it is her own temptations—if she has any—to illicit gratifications. She naturally desires to appear well to him upon his own ground of Christian purity. To expose herself to his contempt or condemnation would be forbidden by all her pretensions, professions, and natural instincts. A bad woman might undertake to atone for, or to cover up, her outside peccadillos by the most friendly and considerate treatment of her pastor, but she would not naturally take him for her victim. It is precisely with this man that she wishes to appear at her best. Any man with the slightest knowledge of human nature can see that her selfish as well as her Christian interests are against any exhibitions of immodest and unchaste desires in the presence of her spiritual teacher.

There are only two classes of women with whom a minister is liable to have what, in the language of the world, would be called "dangerous intimacies." The first consists of discontented wives—discontented through any cause connected with their husbands or themselves. A woman finds herself married to a brute. She suffers long in silence; her heart is broken or weary, and she wants counsel, and is dying for sympathy. She tells her story to the one man who is—to her—guide, teacher, inspirer, and friend. He gives her the best counsel of which he is capable, comforts her if he can, sympathizes with her, treats her with kindness and consideration. That a woman should, in many instances, look upon such a man as little less than a god, and come to regard him as almost her only solace amid the daily accumulating trials of her life, is as natural as it is for water to run down hill. That she should respect him more than she can respect a brutal husband—that half-an-hour of his society should be worth more to her heart and her self-respect than the miserable years of her bondage to a cruel master—is also entirely natural. He cannot help it, nor can he find temptation in it, unless he chooses to do so. Women, under these circumstances, do not go to their pastors either to tempt or to be tempted.

There is another class of women who are thrown, or who throw themselves, into what may be called an intimate association with the clergy. It is a class that have nothing else to do so pleasant as to be petting some nice man, to whose presence and society circumstances give them admission. They are a very harmless set—gushing maiden ladies, aged and discreet widows with nice houses, sentimental married women who, with no brains to lend, are fond of borrowing them for the ornamentation of all possible social occasions. A popular minister receives a great deal of worship from this class, at which, when it is not too irksome, we have no doubt he quietly laughs. The good old female parishioner who declared that her pastor's cup of tea would be "none too good if it were all molasses," was a fair type of these sentimental creatures, to whom every minister possessing the grace of courtesy is fair game. To suppose that a pastor, sufficiently putty-headed to be pleased with this sort of worship, or sufficiently manly to be bored by it, is in a field of temptation to unchastity, is simply absurd. One is too feminine for such temptation, and the other altogether too masculine.

When these two classes are set aside, what have we left? Virtuous and contented mothers of virtuous daughters—daughters whom he baptizes in their infancy, trains in his Sunday-school, marries when they are married, and buries with sympathetic tears when they die. In such families as these his presence is a benediction; and to suppose that he is tempted here, is to suppose him a brute and to deny the facts of human nature. We verily believe there is no class in the community so little tempted as the clergy, and there certainly is no class surrounded on every side with such dissuasives from unchaste conduct. To a clergyman, influence and a good name are inestimable treasures. To stand before confiding audiences, Sunday after Sunday, and preach that which he knows condemns himself in the eyes of a single member of his flock, must be a crucifixion from whose tortures the bravest man would shrink. There are bad men in the pulpit without doubt. There is now and then a woman who would not shrink from an intrigue with such, but women do not choose ministers for lovers, nor do ministers, as a class, find themselves subjected to great temptations by them. If ministers are tempted by the circumstances of their office, they may be sure that they are moved by their own lust and enticed, and that their office may very profitably spare their services.

As a class, the Christian ministers of the country are the purest men we have. We believe they average better than the Apostles did at the first. Jesus, in his little company of twelve, found one that was a devil. The world has improved until, we believe, there is not more than one devil in a hundred. In any scandal connected with the name of a clergyman and a female member of his flock, the probabilities are all and always in favor of his innocence. The man of the world who keeps his mistress, the sensualist who does not believe in the purity of any man, the great community of scamps and scalawags, are always ready to believe anything reflecting upon a clergyman's chastity. It only remains for clergymen themselves to be careful to avoid the appearance of evil. Nothing can be more sure and terrible than their punishment when guilty of prostituting their office, and nothing is so valuable to them as an unsullied name. To preserve this, no painstaking can be too fatiguing, no self-denial too expensive, no weeding out of all untoward associations too exacting.

THE OLD CABINET.

It was some time in August that, weary of the excitement and conventionalities of our life in the country, we sought again the repose and freedom of the city. I need not tell you that we revived at once. There is really nothing more refreshing than the city in midsummer. Of course, I do not mean that life in the outskirts has anything attractive; you must be close to the throbbing heart of the town, if you would be cherished by it, and love it well. Do you remember what the North Wind said to Diamond?—that you must be *with* it, and it cannot harm you. There is rest on the heaving bosom of the ocean, but not in the flapping edges of its garment.

So we found a nook in the very center of the city. If you should stretch telegraph wires from each of the principal points of interest to the one on the opposite side of the town, we could intercept all the messages. We are within two blocks of eight hotels, six theaters, three concert halls, three clubs, two gas companies, two public monuments, and one savings bank. We are within one door of the central square of the city; and within five minutes walk of the great dry-goods stores; five minutes from some of the best and not a few of the worst restaurants in the world. The most noted and noisy street in America is hardly a stone's throw from our front gate. I suppose I need not mention such minor conveniences as butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers; though really

there is little need for the latter, as there is a kind of match-box, in imitation-bronze, somewhat in the form of a vase, and which, with a little wadding, can be made to hold a candle quite steadily, and is much prettier and cheaper than the ordinary market article.

(P. S. The base makes, also, an excellent extinguisher—if you have another candle.)

So you see there is nothing to be desired in the way of nearness to anything; though I forgot to say that the horse-cars pass very close by, and take you to any of the depots or steamboat landings, without your having to walk a block; and there, of course, are the omnibuses; and, by the bye, there is a cab-stand over yonder near the monument; and the barber is actually next door. In fact, there is a gate leading from his flower-garden to ours, which, in some respects, is the greatest convenience of all, as you may see from the following verses:

Two people once lived in a loft,
Whose names were Confucius and Kitty,
And their friends, with anxiety, oft
Shook their heads and exclaimed, "What a pity!"
And they asked them such questions as "Can
You keep dry in your loft when it showers?"
The reply to which constantly ran:
"The barber takes care of the flowers!"

Then their friends became sad and perplexed,
And declared it was really alarming;
But they smiled and they said, "Why, we're next
To the moon and the stars, and it's charming.
For although when the weather is hot
We pass a few tropical hours,
The toasting is quickly forgot
While the barber takes care of the flowers.

"Though we breakfast on marmalade tea,
And dine on whatever is handy,
Keeping house is no trouble, for we
Can live nicely on lemons and candy.
Though we boast neither camel's-hair shawls,
Nor coaches, nor turrets, nor towers,
'Neath our loft are five beautiful stalls,
And the barber takes care of the flowers."

I spoke of the great street as noisy; but although it is so near, it is a peculiarity of the situation that the sound becomes soft and pleasant by the time it reaches our ears. It has a resemblance to the rote of the sea, and agreeably suggests the usual similes of the ocean of humanity, &c.; but it has none of that nameless terror which is in the everlasting roar of the breakers.

I shall have to go back to the idea of centralization. (I was afraid I should forget something.) A new company has just opened its office around the corner; and if we want anything done, all that we have to do is to "send for a Commissionaire." We have never yet had occasion to send for a Commissionaire, but it is a satisfaction to see him pushing a hand-cart easily through the street with a fine new (empty?) trunk in it fresh from the shop; or to see him walking briskly along the sidewalk, with spectacles on his nose, and a general atmosphere of translation about him, and to know that you can have him at any moment to polish your stove, or look up the proper quotation from the classics.

A summer evening in the city is worth riding a long distance in the cars, every day, to enjoy. The people who come out of their houses and sit on the front steps are so good-natured and happy; there is an air of enjoyment, a good-fellowship and lack of restraint, that you do not always find in the country. The front steps are thronged, and you see groups taking the air in queer, out-of-the-way terraces and balconies. You hear voices above you, and looking up find that the flat roof of the one-story wing of the bakery has a railing around it, and the children are up there having a good time. Although even next-door neighbors do not know each other's names, still it is beautiful to observe the subtle and decorous companionship between the three young ladies in the balcony on the north side of the street and the half-dozen young gentlemen on the porch of the boarding-house on the south side.

In the square it is different. Mr. Lathrop says that Trollope has but one method of indicating a man's affection for a woman; that is, by making him put his arm around her waist. Mr. Lathrop seems to think this superficial in Mr. Trollope; but whether superficial or not, I can imagine an author's getting to be very much of this opinion by frequenting unduly the squares of large cities. It may be, however, the other way; it is barely possible that this is what comes of reading the works of a superficial author like Trollope. Really when you once become as unabashed in the contemplation, as these young people are in the enjoyment, there is something delightful in the simplicity and sincerity of this method. They sit there for an hour at a time, saying little or nothing, either with his arm around her waist, or else hand-in-hand, and looking you serenely in the eye, without the slightest self-consciousness or disturbance, as you pass backward and forward between their bench and the fountain. There is a sort of free-masonry among them; for you will observe that when a couple become tired of walking, and sit down, the couple at the other end of the bench not too pointedly move on and leave the coast clear. Happy children—life and death are not all affectation and brimstone after all.

It is a mistake to suppose that every one goes out of town in August. Mr. McCarty is still in town, I am sure, for I was talking with him at the gate this very evening. He looked furtively up and down the street; then turned to me and asked, hurriedly, and as if with a haunting sense of guilt:—

"Can you tell me, sir, whether your neighbor over yonder is still alive?"

He seemed relieved and glad when I told him what the barber had told me: that the sick man was much better, and there were hopes of his life.

"You have done me a great kindness, sir," he said, turning aside his face. "If you only knew how I have to go days and days without ever asking after my dearest friends, when I know that they are at the very door of death."

I know Mr. McCarty very slightly; but I think he is a most worthy man. I had some tarletan flounces pinked at his undertaking shop.

Then there is the little old Normande, with her white cap and gray hair, and her "Bon jour, mon fils;" you ring the bell and she comes down stairs and leans over the counter and pushes back the catch with a stick; and you step one side while Antoine leads the horse through the shop into the little stable in the back yard. "Maais, la France est un beau payse, ma belle," she says.

The squares are our summer theaters; we go every night. At the nearest we have such plays as "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" but there is one not far off where they play "Hamlet" and "Othello." At the first, the basin is shallow, and rimmed with herbage and flowers; the fountain is

cheery, fantastic, ghostly; spreads itself into exquisite white waving fabrics; sends out shining wings; is haunted by rainbows; falls with a musical, gentle, dreamy sound. At the other, the fountain lifts a single solid column straight toward the zenith; the capital breaks heavily, and falls back with a dull, booming noise upon the tossing surface; here are no plants or flowers; the waves beat against the curb; the waters look black and deep as the sea.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Holidays for Middle-Age.

Now that the fires are beginning to burn on library and parlor hearths in the evenings, and the curtains to be drawn close, and the most devout lover of Nature gives up the stroll in shady lanes, or the row on the moonlit river, and comes in-doors for the winter, it is worth while to consider what is to be done in-doors. The work is ready for everybody who chooses to do it: but the relaxation, the rest, the stimulant, which is to fit us for the work—what is that to be? For fashionable classes, this matter of amusement is ruled in almost as inflexible grooves as drudgery for the poor: for men or young people, too, it adjusts itself naturally. The father of a family has his clubs, his share in the political or church meeting, or, at least, his quiet newspaper, cigar and slippers, at home—precisely the drowsy reaction he needs after the friction of the busy day. The boys and girls have their concerts, their lectures, the thousand devices of "sociables," "accidentals," etc., by which they contrive to flock together, to chirp like young birds in May, and, perhaps, to mate like them. But the wives and mothers, the great aggregate of women, no longer young—what is to be their tonic? They certainly need a tonic. The American mother of a family is the real maid of all work in it, and the more faithful and intelligent she is, the more she usually tries to deserve the name. She may work with her hands or not (in the large majority of cases, she does work with her hands), but it is she who, in any case oversees and gives life to a dozen different interests. Her husband's business, the boys' education, the girls' standing in society, the baby's teething, the sewing and housework for them all, are all processes which she urges on and which rasp and fret daily and hourly on her brain—a very dull, unskilled brain, too often, but almost always quite willing to wear itself out for those she loves. Whether it would be nobler or more politic in her to shirk this work,—husband, babies and house,—and develop her latent talents as physician, artist or saleswoman, is not the question with us just now. A few women have done this. In the cities, too, money can remove much of the responsibility from the mistress of a household; but the great aggregate of wives and mothers in this country are domestic women who ask nothing better of fate than that whatever strength they have of body and mind shall be drained for their husbands and children. Now this spirit of martyrdom is a very good thing—when it is necessary. For our part, we can see no necessity for it here. We are told that the women's wards in the insane asylums, in New England, are filled with middle-aged wives, mothers driven there by overwork and anxiety; through the rest of the country the popular type of the woman of forty is neither fat nor fair, but a sallow, anxious-eyed creature, with teeth and hair furnished by the shops, and a liver and nerves which long ago took her work, temper, and, we had almost said, religion out of her control. This rapid decay of our women may be owing partly to climatic influence, but it is much more due to the wear and tear of their motherhood, and anxiety to push their children forward, added to the incessant petty rasping of inefficient domestic service.

A man's work may be heavier, but is single, it wears on him on one side only; he has his hours sacred to business, to give to his brief, his sermon, his shop; there is no drain on the rest of his faculties or time. His wife has no hour sacred to this or to that; he brings his trouble to her and it is her duty to comprehend and aid him, while her brain is devising how to keep her boy Tom away from the companions who brought him home drunk last night; how to give Jenny another year of music lessons; how to contrive a cloak for the baby out of her old merino; the burning meat in the kitchen all the while "setting her nerves in a quiver." She has not a power of mind, a skill of body which her daily life does not draw upon. Her husband comes and goes to his office; the out-door air, the stir, the change of ideas, the passing word for this man or that, unconsciously refresh and lift him from the cankering care of the work. She has the parlor, the dining-room, the kitchen, to shut her into it, day after day, year after year. Women, without a single actual grief in the world, grow morbid and ill-tempered, simply from living in-doors, and resort to prayer to conquer their crossness, when they only need a walk of a couple of miles, or some wholesome amusement. It is a natural craving for this necessity—amusement—which drives them to the tea-parties and sewing-circles which men ridicule as absurd and tedious.

There is no reason why our women, who are notably rational and shrewd in the conduct of the working part of life, should cut themselves off thus irrationally from the necessary relaxation, or make it either costly or tedious. Let every mother of a family who reads SCRIBNER resolve not to put off her holidays until old age, but to take them all along the way, and to bring a good share of them into this winter. Let her give no ball, no musical evenings, no hot, perspiring tea-parties, but manage to have her table always prettily served and comfortably provided, and her welcome ready for any friend who may come to it; let her set apart an evening, if possible, when her rooms shall be open to any pleasant friend who will visit her; the refreshment to be of the simplest kind; and, above all, if the table chance *not* to be well served, or the friends are *not* agreeable, let her take the mishap as a jest, and meet all difficulties with an easy good humor. It is not necessary to take every bull of trouble by the horns; if we welcome and nod to them as to cheerful acquaintances they will usually trot by on the other side of the road.

Let her take our prescription for the winter, and our word for it the spring will find fresher roses in her cheeks and fewer wrinkles in her husband's forehead.

Voice-Culture.

THE climate of our Northern States, by reason of the severe winters and the sudden changes all the year round, has an unmistakable tendency to injure the voice. It begets a catarrh, which is apt to become chronic, and which is incompatible with vocal sweetness. Europeans frequently remark a harshness of voice in the people of the North—not without much justice. If, however, by reason of climatic influences, we cannot all have soft, rich organs of speech, we can, with proper care, conceal, and sometimes remedy, many natural defects. This may be done, in a great measure, by attention to the pitch of the voice, which should always be in the lower register. By the use of lower tones, and by talking with deliberation, a thin, high, even discordant voice is much relieved; and in due time the organ itself undergoes modification, if not complete readjustment. Many persons, by long observation of this rule, have so overcome glaring deficiencies as to be enabled to conceal them entirely. It is always the high, thin notes in speaking that offend the ear. When these are not used, but low and distinct ones, the sense of hearing is soothed and pleased.

A good way to regulate the voice is to exercise it with a piano, trying to harmonize it with the lower notes. Success may not be promising at first; but perseverance will accomplish a great deal. It is not necessary to have musical talent or knowledge. The dullest, the most uneducated ear will recognize the accord, and eventually profit by it. Exercise of this sort for half an hour or so daily can scarcely fail to produce very desirable results, especially when it is accompanied by the proper pitch in speaking. One will help the other; and the two combined will prove the best practical vocal education that can be devised.

The training of the voice ought to begin with childhood. Then the organ is more flexible and adaptable than it is at any other time, and much of the harshness developed in later years could thus be avoided. As pleasant speaking is part of good manners, and as there can be no pleasant speech without a properly modulated voice, it is well to train the voice while the manners are forming.

How to Sweep a Room.

AN uninstructed Bridget, armed with a broom, is about as charming an occupant of a parlor, or a library well-stocked with the pretty little knick-knacks which cultivated people like to have about them, as the celebrated bull in the china shop.

Before Bridget's entrance, all fragile movables should be stored by careful hands in some neighboring closet; and the furniture, as far as possible, protected by covers and slight draperies, kept for the purpose. Then, after doors have been closed, and windows opened, Bridget may be called in and instructed. Almost hopeless the task may seem at first; but after a little she will learn to spread the moderately damp coffee-grounds and tea leaves, or, still better, the slightly moistened bran, evenly over the floor; to brush the corners of the room, and under and back of the heavy articles of furniture, with a parlor brush; then to take her broom, being careful lest its handle shall prove destructive to mirrors or window glass, and instead of digging into the hapless carpet, wearing off the nap, and raising clouds of dust by her short strokes, to take long, smooth, straight strokes, the "right way" of the carpet. This manner of handling the broom, together with plenty of the moist bran, will prevent the whirlwinds of dust which otherwise rise, and, penetrating the best arranged coverings, settle everywhere upon books and furniture.

Nature in Carpets.

WHAT we desire in a carpet is something that shall be to our parlor what a well-kept lawn is to our grounds—something so complete in itself, so in harmony with its surroundings, that we shall scarcely notice it, though always agreeably conscious of its presence. For such a carpet we would choose but one color in two or more shades, and no set figure save an arabesqued border, if the room is large enough to admit of it. The delicate tracery of wood and sea-mosses forms the most pleasing of designs, and may be of any color that will harmonize with the walls and furniture of the rooms. Especially beautiful are the shaded crimsons of the sea-mosses found on rocky, tropical coasts; the many-flecked browns and grays of those found on our own Atlantic shores; the softly-blending drabs of the so-called white mosses which edge the weather-stained rocks in New England sheep pastures; and the rich dark and light greens of the dewy mosses, which fringe mountain banks or carpet the cool, damp recesses of oak and maple groves.

If more distinctness of figure is desired, let us go no farther than the pattern furnished us by the carpet of the pine woods, where the creeping, feathery prince's pine mingles with the small, dark, glossy leaves of the wintergreen and the chequer-berry, and the lighter green plumes of low-growing, delicate ferns.

This sort of carpet will give us something to look at, if we choose, without obtruding upon us any of those startling colors which (as the keen French phrase has it) "swear at each other" in so many parlors around us.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"The Earth as Modified by Human Action." *

SEVERAL years ago Mr. George P. Marsh, now the American Minister in Italy, prepared a volume under the title of "Man and Nature," exhibiting with great research and painstaking the modifications of the earth's surface and characteristic life which have been brought about, on a grand scale, by the agency of the human race. This work was avowedly intended for the instruction of ordinary readers, rather than as an exhaustive scientific trea-

* "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," a new edition of "Man and Nature," from new stereotype plates. By George P. Marsh. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

tise. It was a suggestive book, fitted to make intelligent observers and thinkers in respect to the phenomena of the world which lie open to the scrutiny of us all. It brought out the results of extensive personal travels in different parts of the globe, and of an equally extended perusal of historical and scientific books; and to this it added a great deal of what might be called "Folk-lore," the curious and often very accurate observations of the sailor, the hunter, the farmer, and of others whose daily toil requires them to be close scrutinizers of natural laws. On almost every page there was a touch which showed that the writer was a man among men as well as a scholar among books. There was no pretense of original research in any specialty of science—no claim on the part of the author to be recognized as a geologist, a botanist, or a meteorologist; and yet the work had original merits in the skill with which it gathered truths from the archives of history on the one side, and from those of science on the other.

Such a work was naturally well received, and this new edition, entitled "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," will be still more welcome. This is particularly true in this country, where, at the present time, the agency of civilized man is forcibly exerted upon vast areas of territory hitherto given up to the Indian and the wild beast, and now becoming the site of prosperous towns and villages. Take the single example of forests. It is more than a curious question—it is a question of great importance to wealth and health, what influence is exerted upon a country by the wide-spread destruction of its trees, and what preventive and remedial agencies can be introduced. On this subject the author has brought together the experience of the old world, giving in the course of over two hundred pages, the most valuable conclusions which have been formed by the writers of France, Italy, Germany, and other continental states, and also a large number of facts upon which their opinions are based. It is well known that this subject has for several sessions engaged the attention of enlightened members of Congress, and that national efforts are making to regulate the destruction of trees, and to encourage the planting of forests. In the statistical atlas of the United States, now soon to be published by Gen. F. A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census of 1870, presenting in a graphic manner the results of that census, a special map has been prepared by Professor Brewer, of Yale College, showing the distribution of forests in this country, and his comments on this map were presented to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at their recent meeting in Hartford. Upon all this subject the work of Mr. Marsh brings the light of European experience and philosophy.

Take another example. In a large part of this country west of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, it is a most serious problem as to how the waters of the winter season can be stored for use in the summer. In limited regions of Colorado, the Salt Lake basin, and California, experiments in irrigation have been tried with great success; but the best methods to be followed on a great scale are not so well understood by the public as to make it easy to secure the necessary financial outlays for an adequate system of canals and reservoirs. Nearly one hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Marsh's book are devoted to draining and irrigation. The work of Holland, Italy, India, etc., are fully described, not from the point of view which an engineer would take, but from that of a law-maker or advocate of internal improvements.

These are only examples of the practical value just at this time of Mr. Marsh's treatise. But its general adaptation to the student of history and political economy, is still more obvious. The records of past civilization have been carefully studied in order to ascertain the enduring wisdom or the enduring folly of such measures as man has employed, sometimes by design, and sometimes by accident, to promote his immediate prosperity without reference to those who would come after him. "After us, the deluge," has been the motto of too many financiers and sovereigns of days gone by. But after the deluge comes the history of the deluge, and the record of man's destructive agencies are traced in the ruin of kingdoms once prosperous, and the sterility of fields once fruitful. There are conservative as well as destructive agencies at work, instrumentalities for reclaiming the waste places, and protecting the exposed from the dangers which beset. The enlightened citizen, whatever his station, the teacher, the writer, the legislator, the voter, needs to study these physical influences, as well as the civil and institutional phenomena, by which the State and the Nation are affected. There is no volume so suggestive and helpful in this respect as the work of Mr. Marsh. Its chapters are sometimes cumbersome in style, and there is an amplification of statement, and an exuberance of fact, which prevent the work from being as attractive as it might be to the reader who sits down with the intent of going through the volume, page by page; but the student, who consults it for information, will rarely be disappointed by too much fullness. He will appreciate the author's care in presenting quotations and authorities with great fidelity for his more important statements, and he will be especially grateful for an index which is full and well digested. In the present tendency to study geography in its physical aspect, more than in its political character, this volume of Mr. Marsh will prove to be an invaluable companion to the teacher, and to the advanced scholar, if, indeed, it be not found a suitable text-book in schools of science, where young men are training to be explorers, engineers, topographers, and students of natural laws.

The revision of Mr. Marsh's volume, since its first publication, has been so thorough, that every page has been reset, and the title has been changed in order to indicate clearly the freshness of the work. The topics remain the same, but the information is brought down to the latest period. This is especially true of the notes, which are exuberant in interesting materials, much of which would have been more readable in the text. The reader's eye is now too often diverted from the main discussion to some lively citation or corroborative fact which is given in fine print at the bottom of the page. An Italian translation of this work appeared in 1870, at Florence, and was carefully supervised by the author. The edition now published is based upon that revision.

Owing to the fact that the new American edition has gone through the press while the author was still engaged in his official duties abroad, one curious oversight here occurred. The bibliographical list at the beginning of the volume has not been enlarged since the original publication in 1863, and this gives the impression to those who merely open the volume, that the author has been away from books during the intervening decade; but the perusal of any chapter will show how false this inference is. His references to new books are frequent, and especially to European treatises, illustrative of

his subject. The bibliography should therefore be enlarged or suppressed.

Arctic Experiences.*

THE wonderful story of Tyson's drift upon an ice-floe, for a distance of fifteen hundred miles, through seven months of hunger, and darkness, and dreary Arctic cold,—and the ultimate rescue of the whole party of nineteen souls, one of them a little baby (only three months old when the strange voyage began), belongs to that range of facts that is stranger than fiction. The story was told with great fullness of detail in the newspapers of a year ago, on the first return of the rescued voyagers to a land of newspapers and reporters. And probably many who read the narrative in the more or less disconnected form in which it then appeared, resolved to read it over again in the more coherent and complete arrangement which should presently be given to it by competent editing and publishing.

This opportunity is now furnished by the appearance of a really sumptuous volume from the press of Messrs. Harper & Bros., and carefully edited, with the addition of much illustrative and supplementary information in regard to Arctic Exploration, by Mrs. E. Vale Blake. While the account of the drift on the ice-floe occupies, as it well deserves to, the most conspicuous and the largest place in the volume, the whole voyage of the Polaris is carefully described, and the achievements and failures of the expedition faithfully recounted. The point of view from which the recital proceeds is Captain Tyson's; and the amplest data for the narrative are those furnished by his journal; and perhaps the tone of the volume is liable to the criticism of being too much a plea in his interest. It is no secret that the members of the Polaris Expedition were lamentably divided into parties at variance one with another, discordant and even actively and bitterly hostile. Captain Tyson's insinuations indicate that not only the interests of the expedition were imperiled, and in a manner sacrificed by these feuds and animosities, but that individuals in the party were in serious jeopardy from the same cause, —so that, as for himself, he felt in some ways more comfortable and safer on the ice-floe than on board the ill-fated vessel. It is questionable whether such insinuations should be put in permanent form and take their place unchallenged as a part of Arctic literature, unless the author of them is able and willing to make them good by plain and undeniable proofs.

With this one exception, the impression which Captain Tyson makes upon us is not only favorable to his trustworthiness and manliness, but even demands for him a conspicuous place among the heroic characters of which the history of Arctic Explorations gives us such illustrious examples

The one point in which the organization of the Polaris Expedition was fatally weak, is so obvious that it will be inexcusable if the next expedition is not carefully protected and fortified against the risk of embarrassment and failure in that particular. The party must be homogeneous; the plan must be simple and definite; the control of the whole expedition centralized in one commander, who must be unhindered in his great geographical purpose by any scientific subordinates. Even in spite of the serious hindrances by which Captain Hall was impeded, his achievements were illustrious, and if his life had been spared, his chance of reaching the Pole was better than that of any of his predecessors. The man most likely to succeed in completing his unfinished work—if he could be furnished with the requisite equipment—is the man whose heroic adventures on the ice-floe are so admirably told in this attractive volume.

The value of the volume as a thesaurus of Arctic Exploration would be greatly increased by the addition of a good map. The two maps with which it is furnished are wretchedly inadequate, in fact, are little more than diagrams or plans illustrating in part and in a meager way the routes of the Polaris party.

The editing of the book is, on the whole, excellent. The compiler is, of course, in no wise responsible for such documents as the three written prayers furnished by the Honorable and Reverend Doctor Newman, formerly Chaplain to the U. S. Senate, and more recently Inspector of Consulates. This gentleman was a passenger on board the Congress when she acted as tender to the Polaris and carried stores for her to Disco. He held service on board the Polaris just before she left for her high latitudes, and made use of one of three prayers which he had "written expressly for the Expedition." Criticism of this kind of devout literature is an ungracious task. But it seems necessary to say that such phrases as these (page 145), "It is *Thee* who *raiseth* the stormy winds * * ; it is *Thee* who *maketh* the storm a calm * * ," are unusual in the best liturgies, and even in the best school-boy compositions; and that as for the talk (in the prayer to be used only on reaching the "Pole,") about consecrating "this portion of our globe to liberty, education and religion," we fear it will seem to the carnal mind a good deal like pious spread-eagleism and devout bosh.

"Katherine Earle." *

MISS TRAFTON'S novel has a sweet and natural quality, in marked distinction from that of many recent tales of American life. It is cheerfully done, and at once so pleasing and unpretentious as to leave the reader in a far more agreeable mood than that evoked by stories of the spasmodic kind. While just as realistic as if it dealt with the most abnormal and uncultured types of people, it is absolutely devoid of coarseness. In short, it seems to have been written by daylight, and to be the product of a healthy and sensible, yet poetic, mind.

The story is not padded with tedious descriptive or moralistic passages, and therefore does not make a large book. In one respect the author is unexcelled. Her studies of child-life thought and speech are as winning as they are original. The early portion of her novel has a special charm on this account. Delphine, Jack, and Katey, the three children of an old Boston family, poor in everything but fine breeding and delicate pride, are drawn to the life; and the youngest of the trio, Miss Trafton's heroine, is as quaint and lovable a creation as we have met in recent literature. Nothing can be better in its way than the description of the Earle house, with its relics of by-gone grandeur; nothing more touching than the pride and poverty of the gentle inheritors. The author also has skill-

* "Arctic Explorations." A History of the Polaris Expedition, the Cruise of the Tigress and Rescue of the Polaris Survivors; to which is added a General Arctic Chronology. Edited by E. Vale Blake. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* "Katherine Earle." By Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

fully availed herself of the traditions of the fugitive slave excitement in Boston, to heighten the action and interest near the opening of the tale. Chloe, the sable nurse, Ben, the runaway-slave, and Jason Miles, the Quaker philanthropist, are sketched with the few but sure and picturesque touches of a free hand.

But what is the matter with even the cleverest of our American novelists? Why is it that their characters, when fully grown and approaching the climax of a story, *will* become so ordinary, compared with what they were in youth? Is it because of that lack of background, of which Mr. Lowell has complained, to furnish a relief to our social portraitures in the structure of any home-tale? Or, is it that children only, in the United States, are characteristic and sprightly, and that our grown-up respectable people all think and act in common-place and traditional ways? Katherine Earle, the young woman, certainly does not exhibit the originality, nerve, and purpose of Katey, the child; although her *naïveté* and warmth of heart are still left to her. And Professor Dyce, rather priggish in gravity and perfection, is not half so interesting as the odd boy on crutches, to whom Katey and ourselves are introduced at the beginning of the tale. Again, we feel instinctively that the author has found difficulty in managing the relations between her hero and heroine after their prudential marriage—that she has not precisely known what to make of a situation which, in the hands of the author of "Germaine," would become dramatically effective.

Miss Trafton's style, so easy, graceful, and feminine, is one that comes by nature. Her plot is rather slight, and it seems as if it were a law that a natural writer should acquire the art of construction by experience only. Katey and her wise, dictatorial Professor fall very easy victims to Miss Wormley's craft; nor is it absolutely required in this country of two such people, when lost in the woods, upon an excursion party, that they should forthwith marry to avoid scandal.

Nevertheless, for its freedom from sentimentalism, its purty and healthful tone, "Katherine Earle" is an unusual production, deserving the encomiums which the readers of "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY" have bestowed upon it, and with a charm to win the regard of the most crotchety reviewer. And we repeat that, in such chapters as those describing the concealment of the runaway-slave, the author shows a mastery over dialect, and a gift of character-painting, that speak well for her future, and justify her in essaying a stronger and more ambitious theme.

Epochs of History.*

INSTEAD of the appalling works of the standard historians, we have in the present series a small, carefully compiled, and pleasantly written volume on each of the most important centers of activity in history. The books already published have been made, indeed, as interesting as novels, and this, without the aid of partisanship. Mr. Seebohm has not rendered his history of "The Protestant Revolution" spicy with appeals to religious prejudices. He is artist enough to know that facts, both for and against, form of themselves the most interesting and satisfactory picture. None, save the most bigoted Catholic would reject his volume; and perhaps some over-zealous Protestant might find certain passages too liberal—as, for instance, when he fails to extenuate Luther's hot-headedness and belief in a low form of demonology, after giving him due praise for grandeur and purity of motive.

The student who rises from his "Gibbon," or "Sismondi" with a sigh, will be charmed with the distinctness produced by Mr. Seebohm's method. He is somewhat sweeping in statement, owing to the necessity of condensation; still, he has used judiciously the dramatic force in history to give freshness and relief, while his style is clear and open enough to be understood by children. "The Crusades" is also written with a dramatic sense, but Mr. Cox is sometimes obscure because he has not had the nerve to cut out important facts whose presence, smuggled into this sentence or that, mars slightly the effect.

The general reader who seeks a polite acquaintance with history, and the special, who is about to undertake some solid classic, are advised to begin with these cheap volumes in order that they may become familiar with the lay of the lands, and especially with the great currents in the stream of history. But it is to the American higher schools and colleges that they should be the most welcome. The class of books supplied to girl's schools is worse, if possible, than that fed to boys; even our colleges, when they touch history at all outside of the lecture-room, show a strange fondness for the text-book of the Philistine—that teaches in what year this battle was fought, or that king beheaded, instead of telling why the battle was fought and what happened after "the king's crown was broke."

The Evangelical Alliance.

A LARGE and closely printed volume, of nearly eight hundred pages, from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, contains the official record of the Evangelical Alliance Conference in New York a year ago. The popular interest manifested in these great and memorable meetings was so large as to justify the "Tribune" newspaper in printing *verbatim* reports of the papers and speeches. But those who desire to preserve them for future use and reference (and many of them are well worthy of being so preserved), will prefer to have them in this more accurate and permanent edition.

"The Land of The White Elephant."

MR. FRANK VINCENT, JR., has been so industrious and successful a traveler, that he ought to have made a more valuable book than that which he has given to the world under the above title. Not that the book is wholly without value, for (as for instance, in his plan of the ruins of Ongkor-Wat), Mr. Vincent has given some actual additions to our stock of information concerning the interesting countries which he visited; but, on the whole, it is surprising that, with his unusual opportunities of observing, he has found so little to report. Still, as the book is well supplied with illustrations, and may be easily read through in a summer's day, and leaves no positive impression to which the least objection can be made, it is a not undesirable addition to the literature of travel. The publishers are Harper & Brothers.

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* "The Era of the Protestant Revolution." By Frederic Seebohm. With numerous maps. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"The Crusades." By George W. Cox, M. A. With map. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"The Deicides."

ALMOST every kind of voice has been heard in the din of modern theological conflict except the voice of the Jewish apologist. And now, at last, we hear this also.

Mr. Cohen, the author of this fair and able work, is introduced by his publishers (Messrs. Deutsch and Company, of Baltimore) as one who "ranks high in Paris as a journalist, and as an exegetist and thorough theologian." His book has gained a favorable reception in the original French, has been translated in England, and is now republished in America. Its tone is always respectful, almost deprecatory in its apology. Its scholarly spirit is unmistakable, and, by its concessions, it is a welcome addition to the literature of the controversy on the Christian side, as opposed to the unchristian and antichristian thinking of French and German infidelity. Foremost among these concessions is that of the authenticity and genuineness of the Gospel history. He takes as the documents on which to base his apology for Judaism, the very documents which Strauss and Renan are anxious to disprove as mythical, or imaginative, or, more or less piously, fraudulent. And his estimate of the value of these documents is certainly to be regarded as of the greatest weight. He has small respect for the special pleading of those who impugn the trustworthiness of the Gospels, and still smaller sympathy with the estimate which M. Renan, by necessary inference, puts upon the character of Jesus. Grand and heroic as the prophet of Galilee appears, there was yet (Mr. Cohen argues) enough about him that was perplexing and disappointing to excuse the Jewish nation from accepting him as the incarnate God, and to make the charge of *Deicide* a charge to which Jews are not justly liable. They acted in good faith,—this is the argument,—and if they erred they yet deserve a treatment more considerate and tolerant than they have been accustomed to receive.

It is this tone of apology, calm, sober, even pathetic, which gives to the book extraordinary interest. It is, as it were, an appeal to Christ himself to judge between his open enemies and his false friends, between those who refused him plainly and those who, claiming, in some sort, the Christian name, are really charging him with dishonesty and conscious imposture. It recalls these noble verses of Robert Browning in Rabbi Ben Ezra's dying testimony:

> "Thou! if thou wast He, who at midwatch came,
> By the starlight naming a dubious name!
> And if we were too heavy with sleep—too rash
> With fear—O thou, if that martyr gash
> Fell on thee coming to take thine own,
> And we gave the cross, when we owed the throne—
> Thou art the judge. We are bruised thus.
> But the judgment over, join sides with us!"

It will be strange if thoughtful readers, carefully considering this remarkable treatise, do not thank the Jew for teaching them a new lesson of Christian charity.

Putnam's Ride.

STAMFORD, CONN.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

In a notice of Ward's statue of Gen. Putnam, in the August (1873) number of your monthly, it is said: "Perhaps those stories are apocryphal,—the story of the wolf's den, and the stone steps, and the spy." After an expression of regret that our history is "dry fare" because only rarely enlivened with stories, it is added: "Putnam has the honor of being the one man in our annals whose life has any strong mythical flavor." But the story of the ride is not all a myth; and we are sure your readers will be glad to peruse a simple narrative of the facts.

The writer has carefully examined the spot, and received sufficient testimony to secure confidence in the record as historically true. It may be observed also that the natural features of the locality agree so well with it as to confirm the story. About an eighth of a mile eastward of the spot of the perilous adventure, on a parallel swell of ground, there is still standing a house in which five generations of the same family have lived. At the opening of the Revolution it was occupied by Gen. Ebenezer Mead, of the Connecticut Militia, whose portrait still hangs in the parlor—a striking picture of a resolute, characteristic man of the period. His grandson now lives there, and from him chiefly, but also from some other unexceptionable authority, the incidents have been obtained. The wife of Gen. Mead, hearing the alarm guns fired in the village of Greenwich, came out upon the piazza of the house, and was an eye-witness of Putnam's descent.

The Connecticut turnpike, for many years the great mail route between New York and Boston, extended nearly east and west through Greenwich. Directly across its course on the eastern skirt of the village, was a rocky bluff stretching north and south. The ledge has since been blasted through, and the valley partly filled to accommodate the travel; but at that time, on reaching the brow the road turned northward, till it could bend around the ledge and return beneath it in a line nearly parallel with that above, passing, however, a little further southward before it resumed the eastward direction. At the point of turning eastward, and on the upper, or west side of the road, the historic stone steps commenced—seventy or eighty in number—by which worshipers coming from the east ascended directly to the ancient Episcopal church, which stood on the brow of the cliff and on the south side of the road. Putnam's headquarters were on the same road, about half a mile west.

And now for the event. He is said to have been present the night before at a ball, given two or three miles distant, and to have remained till after the small hours. The "Cowboys"—Americans who helped the English—are believed to have given information of that ball, and the dragoons were ordered out from the lines nearer New York, hoping to effect a surprise. Ascending the hill west of Greenwich, they were discovered, and the alarm was instantly given. Putnam, who had just retired, was roused, and having no moments to spare, came out of his headquarters and mounted, with his coat on his arm, (so runs the tradition,) and rode furiously along the turnpike. Coming to the bluff, he did not take the steps, for they were several rods to the right of him, and the church was between; nor did he follow the road to the left, which would have delayed him, and exposed him to the fire of the troopers, if they were near; but he plunged his horse over the almost precipitous rocks into the road beneath, which he followed, gaining time and shelter.

It was a break-neck leap, and has given to that part of Greenwich the name Horseneck, which it still bears. Yet it is not absolutely incredible. To test the matter, a horse has been led up the same spot, but with great difficulty.

It is possible that in his flight he was upon a few of the lower steps; it has been so related. It may have seemed so at the house, but probably it was not so. It is also affirmed that in the narrow valley between the bluff and the next swell of ground the doughty General rose in his stirrups and shook his fist at his pursuers, now huddled together on the verge; but this may be only a mythical embellishment.

It is, however, unquestionable that there he met Gen. Mead and three or four companions, armed, advancing on foot, to whom he shouted, with characteristic roughness, as he dashed along: "God curse ye, why don't you run? The British will have you." They turned, and on the second swell of ground, about half a mile from the bluff, received the fire of the troopers, the balls falling at their feet.

Not one of the stone steps now remains in place. They were built, with utilitarian economy, into the wall which supports the filling of the new road into the valley; and the grass grows and the scythe sweeps over the footprints of history—but in this case, those of the worshiper, rather than the hero.

A happy repartee fitly concludes this relation of facts:

Some years ago a large manufacturer of the vicinity visited the spot, accompanied by a number of friends, who listened with much interest to a recital of the story. One of the party was a young minister of the Established Church of England, who stood with averted face, pretending to be regardless of the narrative; but when it was finished he turned and said: "That's nothing; the British hunters do more than that every day." The response came quickly: "But the British dragoons did not dare to follow Putnam there."

Very truly yours,

R. B. THURSTON.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Cell Theory and Blood Corpuscles.

FROM the address of Dr. Redfern, President of the Biological Section of the British Association, we quote the following:

"The great cell theory has now given place to what I think is certain knowledge, that living matter may move, perform all the functions of assimilation and nutrition, and reproduce its like without having any of the essential characters of a cell. A living mass of protoplasm may change its shape, alter its position, feed and nourish itself, and form other matter having the same properties as it has, and yet be perfectly devoid of any structure recognizable by the highest powers of the microscope.

"It is now a matter of observation which commenced with Wirt of Zittau, that after every meal an amazing number of white corpuscles are added to the blood: breakfast doubles their proportion to the colored corpuscles in half an hour; supper increases their proportion three times, and dinner makes it four times as great."

Progress in the University of Oxford.

DURING the past year, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford issued a "circular letter of inquiry" to the schools composing the University, asking for suggestions regarding a proposed extension of its facilities for instruction. In answer to this, replies have been made by the different faculties, all of which demand an increase in the number of professors and readers. To the increase in professorships, Professor Chandler, however, protests, and he predicts that nothing but incessant squabbling will result from any increase in the number of professional lectures, which he regards as a "barbarous mode of teaching."

The recommendations made by the School of Natural History meet with general favor. They suggest the appointment of a professor in each of the branches of physics, in acoustics, optics, heat, electricity, with a demonstrator to each, and, in addition, a professor of experimental physics.

Advance in Chemistry.

IN his opening address before the British Association, Professor J. H. Jelett, the President of the Physical Section, says: "If seeming plausibility could give to man the right to draw across any path of scientific discovery an impassable line, surely Comte might be justified in the line which he drew across the path of chemistry. Fifty years ago, it might seem no unjust restriction to say to the chemist: Your field of discovery lies within the bounds of our own earth. You must not hope to determine in your laboratory the distant planet or the scarce visible nebula. You must not hope to determine the constituents of their atmosphere, as you would analyze the air which is around your own door; and you will never do it. Fifty years ago, no chemist would have complained that chemical discovery was unjustly limited by such a sentence; perhaps no chemist would have refused to join in the prediction. Yet even those who heard it uttered have lived to see the prediction falsified. We have seen the barrier of distance vanish before the chemist, as it has long since vanished before the astronomer. They have seen the chemist like the astronomer, penetrate the vast abyss of space and bring back tidings from the world beyond. Comte might well think it impossible. We know it to be true."—["Lancet."]

Poisoning by the Giant Puff-Ball.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an account of the case of Mr. Sadler, who was to have lectured a few days ago before the Pharmaceutical Society on edible and poisonous fungi. While preparing his lecture he accidentally swallowed a quantity of the spores of a large species of puff-ball (Lycoperdon giganteum), and within the space of an hour and a half was seized with severe illness, accompanied by distressing pains. The violent symptoms could not be subdued until nine days after the first attack, during which time, according to the opinion of the eminent physicians who have been attending him, the continued irritation was kept up by the fungus spores.

The occurrence does not, to our mind, lead to the inference drawn by the writer of the notice—to wit, that the wisest course would be for all persons who have sufficient strength of mind to deny themselves luxuries, to abstain from eating fungi altogether. Now, because green gooseberries make a child ill, there is no reason why it should not eat a few ripe ones. It so happens that the young Lycoperdon giganteum is one of the best and most wholesome of our mushrooms, and we can strongly recommend it to our readers. It is only when the contents are dry and pulverulent that it is unfit for food.—["Lancet."]

Mammoth Remains.

In Lyell's "Principles of Geology" we read: "In the flat country, near the mouth of the Yenesei river, Siberia, between latitudes 70° and 75° north, many skeletons of mammoths, retaining the hair and skin, have been found. The heads of most of these are said to have been turned to the south."

As far as I can find, the distinguished geologist gives no reason why the heads of the mammoths were turned to the south. Having lived some years on the banks of two of the great rivers of America, near to where they enter Hudson's Bay, and also on the McKenzie, which flows into the Arctic Sea, I have had opportunities of observing what takes place on these streams.

What I know to be of common occurrence in these rivers may, if we reason by analogy, have taken place in ancient times on the great rivers of Siberia.

It is probable that the mammoths, having been drowned by breaking through the ice or in swimming across the river in spring, when the banks were lined with high, precipitous drifts of snow,—which prevented them from getting out of the water, or killed them in some way,—floated down stream, perhaps hundreds of miles, until they reached the shallows at the mouth, where the heads, loaded with a great weight of bone and tusks, would get aground in three or four feet of water, while the bodies, still afloat, would swing round with the current, as already described.

The Yenesei flows from south to north; so the heads, being pointed up stream, would be to the south, and in this position the bodies would be imbedded in the ice of the following season.—[Dr. J. Rea.]

The Total Eclipse in Africa.

A COPY of the "Cape Argus" gives the following account of the ideas of the natives regarding the recent eclipse: In Natal the Zulus stopped work when the eclipse began, and resumed when it was over, demanding two days' wages, the eclipse, in their opinion, having been a short night. At the diamond-fields the natives rushed out of their claims horror-stricken, and said the sun was dying. The grandest living tableau ever seen was the great gathering of horror-stricken nudes watching, with fearfully rounded and glaring eyes, mouths open, and fingers pointed at what they believed to be the dying moments of the Almighty luminary, whose majesty is the only God they know. The effect of the eclipse on the imagination of the natives, as depicted in their countenances, was terrible. They were grouped together on the heights of the Kopje, silent and awe-stricken. They knew nothing of the meaning of the ghastly light that preceded the darkness; gloom came upon their labors silently as a thief in the night, and it was not until the whole of the mines presented a sulphurous appearance that they left their work.

Slow Advance of Science.

IT is often said that science is a thing of slow growth, and it must, indeed, be confessed that if one turns aside from the advancement of science as a whole, to the advance of any one particular branch of it, the statement is too true. Over and over again one gets instances in which crucial experiments suggested by previous work are separated by decades, or even by centuries. One cause to which this slow march is undoubtedly to be attributed is the apathy of men of science themselves. To any science in which they do not themselves excel, and especially to any newly opened-up branch of their own technic, the attitude of many men, and especially of official men, of science, is not merely one of passive resistance; it is the attitude of the schoolmen in the time of Galilee over again. We grant that these cramped minds are fortunately in a minority, but the minority is often a powerful one, for the reason, among others, that it is composed of men, as a rule, advanced in years, far removed, therefore, from the sympathies, unselfishness, receptivity, and unbounded horizon of youth. ["Nature."]

Destruction of Flowers by Birds.

CONCERNING this matter Mr. Charles Darwin makes the following interesting statement: For above twenty years I have observed every spring in my shrubberies, and in the neighboring woods, that a large number of the flowers of the primrose are cut off, and lie strewn on the ground close around the plants. So it is sometimes with the flowers of the cowslip and polyanthus, when they are borne on short stalks. This year the devastation has been greater than ever, and in a little wood not far from my house many hundred flowers have been destroyed, and some clumps have been completely denuded. For reasons presently to be given, I have no doubt that this is done by birds. The object of the birds in thus cutting off the flowers long perplexed me. As we have little water hereabouts I, at one time, thought it was done in order to squeeze the juice out of the stalks; but I have since observed that they are as frequently cut during very rainy as during dry weather. One of my sons then suggested that the object was to get the nectar of the flowers; and I have no doubt that this is the right explanation. The part which is cut off contains within the narrow tube of the corolla the nectar, and the pressure of the bird's beak would force this out at both the cut-off ends.

I have never heard of any bird in Europe feeding on nectar, though there are many that do so in the tropical parts of the New and Old Worlds, and which are believed to aid in the cross-fertilization of the species. In such cases both the bird and the plant would profit. But with the primrose it is an unmitigated evil, and might well lead to its extermination, for in the wood above alluded to many hundred flowers have been destroyed this season, and cannot produce a single seed. If the habit of cutting off the flowers should prove, as it seems probable, to be general, we must look at it as inherited or instinctive; for it is unlikely that each bird should have discovered during its individual life-time the exact spot where the nectar lies concealed within the tube of the corolla, and should have learned to bite off the flowers so skillfully that a minute portion of the calyx is always left attached to the foot-stalk.

Memory in Bees.

IN illustration of this, Mr. John Topham states, that last October he removed a hive of bees, after it was quite dark, for a distance of twelve yards from the place in which it had stood for several months; and between its original situation and the new one there was a bushy evergreen-tree, so that all sight of its former place was obstructed to a person looking from the new situation of the hive.

Notwithstanding this change, the bees, every day, flew to the locality where they formerly lived, and continued flying around the site of what had been their home, until, as night came on, many of them sank upon the grass exhausted and chilled by the cold. Numbers, however, returned alive to their new position after having looked in vain for their hive in its old place.

There was an illustration that the faculty of *memory* was superior to that of *observation*; but that was not all. Nearly every bee which was picked up during the twenty-three days through which this effort of memory lasted was an old one, showing that, while the young insects were quick in receiving new impressions, and in correcting errors, the nervous system of the old bees continued to *act in the direction which early habit had established.*

Memoranda.

PROFESSOR THURSTON, of the Stevens Institute, finds that when metals are left under stress for several days, there is a material gain in their power of resistance.

After a careful examination of the matter, Dr. W. Adams concluded that though the cicatrices of superficial wounds may disappear, those in which the deep layer of the skin has been cut through in early life generally increase in size as the person grows older.

Two Italian physicians have discovered a liquid which instantly stops the flow of blood from any kind of wound. A commission of physicians, who have experimented with it in the anatomical theater of the Santo Spirito, report that it is one of the happiest of recent discoveries, and particularly serviceable on the battle-field.

Professor Milne-Edwards has ascertained that black swans, or swans with partly black plumage, are found only in the southern hemisphere. The same is true of parrots.

The fact that two observers rarely agree exactly as regards the time at which a star passes the meridian has led Dr. Sigmund Exner to determine the time that elapses between the sensory impression and the motor act following it. This, he finds, varies in different persons from 0.35 to 0.12 of a second, the difference depending chiefly on the age. In quick, energetic people the reaction time is longer than in the phlegmatic, exactly the opposite of what was to be expected.

Acccording to Mr. Rand, the secret of orchid culture consists in perfect draining—keeping the plants clean and never letting the temperature fall below 60° for East Indian kinds, and 45° for cool orchids.

A very simple instrument for writing sound has been christened the *Opeioscope*. It consists of a tube of any metal one or two inches in diameter and from two to twenty inches long. Over one end is pasted a piece of tissue paper or thin rubber or goldbeater's skin, and in the center of this a bit of looking-glass an eighth of an inch square. Hold this end in the sun and the other end in the mouth, and sing or speak in it. The ray of light reflected from the mirror falling on a white surface describes curves and patterns differing for every pitch and intensity, while the same conditions give uniform results. The credit of this contrivance is due to Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of England.

Numerous cases are reported of the successful use of elastic bandages (India rubber) in the amputation of tumors.

Dr. F. Falk, of Berlin, finds that capillary blood contains less fibrine than that in the larger vessels, and on this hypothesis explains the failure of this blood to coagulate.

Ebermayer states that at Vienna, when the temperature of the air fell to 26° below zero, that of the earth immediately beneath the snow was 33° above zero.

The Senate of the University of London, by a vote of 17 to 10, has passed a resolution to the effect that "The Senate is desirous to extend the scope of the educational advantages now offered to women, but it is not prepared to apply for a new charter to admit women to its degrees."

It is still undecided whether snakes swallow their young, but an alligator has been seen to do so, thus affording, probably, temporary shelter to her offspring.

The public, as well as the profession, are now thoroughly alive to the fact that skilled nursing is the most important section of hospital administration; that without such aid, all medical and surgical skill is in many instances of little or no avail.

W. Crookes recommends the following mixture for the purification of drinking water:

1 part permanganate of lime; 10 parts sulphate of alumina; 30 parts fine clay.

M. Cloez finds that articles of bone and wood may be bleached to "a dazzling white" by exposure to light under the surface of spirit of turpentine. The article should not touch the bottom of the vessel. Even in the dark the action takes place, but more slowly.

To prevent the bumping of the solution of an ammoniacal salt, boiled with potassic hydrate, Dr. Rudorff recommends that steam be led through the flask and the ammonia water condensed in a normal acid solution as usual.

Mr. Henry D. Muirhead proposes that the British Channel be turned into a ford. For this purpose he would place a platform 500 feet long on wheels 150 feet in diameter. This apparatus he would tow across by a wire cable.

On the Great Western Railroad in England, the broad was changed to the narrow gauge, over a distance of 200 miles, in three days.

In emulation of the Japanese, the Chinese have constructed several iron-clads and other ships of war. Some of these are to convey Chinese products to the Great Exhibition at Philadelphia, and at the same time astonish and terrify the western barbarians.

It seems, from a communication made to the Royal Horticultural Society of England, by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, that the growth of minute fungi may take place beneath the shell of a fresh egg. Mr. Berkeley himself has found cladosporium herbarum in a fowl's egg.

In cauterizing wounds by hot irons (the most effective means), it is essential that the iron should be intensely hot. If a red-hot iron is used, great pain ensues, and the cautery is imperfect. To obtain true cautery, the iron should be raised to a white heat. It then instantly destroys the part, and the operation is painless. It is best to use several irons alternately, keeping all at a white heat until the object is effected.

M. Rauvier shows that in the rat and the rabbit there are two kinds of muscles, one of which is white, and the other red. When the whole animal is injected with Prussian blue, the coloration is much stronger in the red than in the white muscles. This is explained by the fact that in the former the capillaries are larger and provided with pouches or dilations. They also contract more slowly than the white, this movement in the latter being almost instantaneous.

A form of grate has been lately patented, to which is attached a feeder for supplying the fuel from below. It is said that more heat is utilized by keeping the hottest fire at the top, thus also preserving the bars from being burned out; coal is saved, because it ignites more gradually, and leaves after burning no residue except a fine powdery ash, which falls without raking; no cold air is admitted in feeding, and the heat is uniform.

ETCHINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this epigram, if it be an epigram, which he says is from the Persian of Sadi. We think we remember it, or something like it, in the "Gulestan."

"Pray, Gaffer, why do you not marry?"—
To one who did from wedlock tarry.
The old man—his reply was human—
Answered, "I love not an old woman."
"But you can choose a young one now,
For you are rich." He knit his brow:
"Since I who am, as you behold,
Old, love not an old woman, how
Can a young woman then be found
(There are so many young men round)
To love a man who is so old?"
"Your money." "Psha"—with bitter laughter,—
"'Tis love, not woman, I am after."

A CYNICAL correspondent, who says he keeps his eyes open, declares, in regard to railroad traveling, that upon every train on which he has been, the following persons may be found:

A dull woman, with a double chin.
A young woman, with freckles.
An elderly woman, who drops parcels.
A baby who won't sleep, and will bawl.
A baby who sleeps through everything.
The boy with lozenges.
A passenger who has omitted to buy his ticket.
Two young ladies, who giggle at every word.
A young couple, who forget they are not home.
The man who treads on corns.
The flustered woman who has forgotten where she is going.
The boy with apples.
Two counter-jumpers on a holiday.
A mincing miss, with mock jealousy.
The boy with Carleton's novels.
A clerical gentleman in a white choker.
A seedy young person with a flask in his pocket.
The boy with bananas.
The Pop Corn Fiend!

"And so, *ad infinitum*," concludes our correspondent, who has somehow omitted to sketch himself among his imaginary *personæ*. Who is he?

THE famous couplet,

"Great wit to madness sure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,"

is not true of the greatest wits, however it might be of the smallest. We give the word "wit," in this instance, a wider significance than we now apply to it, or the point will be lost. It is not wit, as we understand it—the mental quality that sparkles in sharp, bright sayings, jests, sarcasms, and the like—that was in the mind of the poet, but wit in its older and larger definition,—the something which includes the greatest of intellectual endowments, and which we have at last crystallized into the single word, genius. A little genius, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing; and it was, no doubt, owing to repeated observations of this fact that Dryden was so feelingly persuaded of the truth of his couplet. He had a striking exemplification of it in one of his fellow dramatists, poor Nat Lee, who in two lines easily distanced all mad poets, past, present, and to come:

"I saw an unscrewed spider spin a thought,
And walk away upon the wings of angels!"

But Lee, mad as he was, was not without sense. "It is easy to write like a madman," was the remark of one who visited him in Bedlam. "No," he replied, "it is easy to write like a fool."

The English poets come of a sound-minded race. One can count on the fingers of one hand all whose wits have been touched; indeed, one has to stop and consider before any notable name occurs. The first and last is that of Cowper, who was not mad because he was a poet, but because he inherited a wonderfully sensitive organization—an organization that was perpetually vibrating between sanity and insanity. At school he dared not lift his eyes above the shoe-buckles of his companions. A public clerkship was procured for him, which so agitated him that he attempted suicide. His disease, or the worst form of it, was a religious melancholy, which might have been cured by judicious management, but which was made incurable by the rough spiritual treatment he underwent at the hands of the Rev. John Newton. Poetry was his mental salvation, and while its spell lasted he was safe; when it ended it was succeeded by a darkness that had no dawn. A lesser poet than Cowper, though a true one, was John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, who ended his days in a madhouse—a gentle, freakish creature, who wrote verse to the last, and whose chief delusion was that he was a great prize-fighter, the Sayers or Heenan of his period!

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof cometh in the end despondency and madness."

So sings Wordsworth, in one of his noblest poems, but his melodious assertion is not borne out by the lives of the poets, and least of all by anything in his own life. A great poet, he was the most prosaic, the least imaginative of men. How he could be so great, and so commonplace, is a mystery which passes our understanding. He not only never said a good thing himself, but he never made anybody say a good thing at his expense, or never but once, when he said that he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind to. "You see," remarked Lamb, "that he had not the mind to." His family worshiped him, and whatever suited him suited them. He was averse at one time to the trouble of having his meals served, so he and his wife and his sister Dora used to go to the cupboard, and help themselves when they were hungry. He believed in bread and butter, and was willing to give a sufficient quantity thereof to his friends when they visited him. If they wanted anything better, he said, they must pay their board. Lamb made him a visit once, and being dissatisfied with his dry fare, sought out a hospitable alehouse in the neighborhood, where he used to quench his thirst with porter. Scott dropped in upon them at this time, and one day, when he, his host, and the gentle Elia were strolling about the country, they came upon this hospitable alehouse, greatly to the discomfiture of the last, who was immediately recognized by the lady of the house. "We've a new barrel on tap, sir; won't you come in, and try it?" History does not state whether he tried it, but if he did we may be certain that "the Wizard

of the North" joined him, and that the pair pledged each other then and there, not much to the satisfaction of Wordsworth, whose lofty virtue was above such creature comforts as "cakes and ale."

Whether Wordsworth ever believed in anybody but himself may be doubted. He thought Southey's poetry not worth a sixpence, but he denied having said so, or let his friends deny it for him. He endured Coleridge—at any rate he listened to his harangues, concerning which he said on one occasion that he did not understand a syllable of them. He thought he admired Milton, and was constantly invoking him,

> "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour;
> England has need of thee."

England need Milton—when she had Wordsworth! He was present once at a literary party in London when some one present handed round Milton's watch as a precious relic. He looked at it calmly, passed it to the next man, and then taking out his own watch, passed that round. What inference could be drawn except that he was as good a man as Milton? Of course he was, and knew the time of day a great deal better.

Of Wordsworth's conceit, which was colossal, many laughable anecdotes are related. One of the best was told by the Rev. Julian Young, and to this effect: The old poet went up to London after he was made Laureate, in order to be presented to the Queen. Rogers loaned him his court suit, and he went through the ceremony without blundering. When it was over he betook himself to St. James's Park, where he saw a strange little girl who interested him. A happy thought struck him. He called her to him, took a little book from his pocket, and placing it in her hands, asked her to be sure and remember the time and place, the hour and the man, and keep it as a memento of him. It was a copy of his poems! He was aware that he was not witty, but he labored under the delusion that once upon a time he said a good thing. "I was standing one evening," he remarked, "in front of my cottage at Rydal Mount, when a woman whom I did not know came up to me, and said, 'Mr. Wordsworth, have you seen my husband?' 'My good woman,' I answered, 'I did not know you had a husband.'" The immensity of the joke set the table on a roar, and the best of it was the innocent hilarity of the old poet who had not the least idea that they were laughing at him, instead of his jest.

These *ana*, and others which might be given, prove conclusively that Dryden's couplet is the merest nonsense when applied to poets of the Wordsworthian order. A better reading, and we beg to propose it in all such cases, is as follows:

> "Great wit to dullness is so near allied
> That no partitions do their bounds divide."

I Mused Last Night in Pensive Mood.

> "Oh there's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream!"

I mused last night in pensive mood,—
  Albeit not often sentimental,—
My heart was heavy and my frame
  Was racked with aches—both head and dental.
I say, as once I've said before,
  My mood was somewhat sad and pensive,
I cast upon the Past a glance
  Fond, lingering, and comprehensive.

I saw once more that mossy bank,
  By which the river ripples slowly,
O'ershadowed by the silvery veil
  Of willow branches drooping lowly,
Bestrewn with wild spring flowerets dyed
  In every color of the prism:
Where oft we sat, May Brown and I,—
  Nor ever dreamed of rheumatism.

We loved. Ah, yes! Some might have loved
  Before us, in their humdrum fashion;
But never yet the world had known
  So wild, so deep, so pure a passion!
We recked not of the heartless crowd,
  Nor heeded cruel parents' frowning;
But lived in one long blissful dream,
  And spouted Tennyson and Browning.

And when the cruel fates decreed
  That for a season I must leave her,
It wrung my very heart to see
  How much our parting seemed to grieve her.
One happy moment, too, her head
  Reposed, so lightly, on my shoulder!
In dreams I live that scene again,
  And in my arms again enfold her.

She gave me one long auburn curl,
  She wore my picture in a locket,
Her letters, with blue ribbon tied,
  I carried in my left coat-pocket.
(Those notes, rose-scented and pink-hued,
  Displayed more sentiment than knowledge.)
I wrote about four times a week
  That year I was away at College.

But oh, at length "a change came o'er
  The spirit of my dream!" One morning
I got a chilly line from May
  In which, without the slightest warning,
She said she shortly meant to wed
  Tom Barnes (a parson, fat and jolly);
She sent my notes and ruby ring,
  And hoped I would "forget my folly."

I sent her all her letters back,
  I called her false and fickle-hearted,
And swore I hailed with joy the hour
  That saw me free. And so we parted.
I quoted Byron by the page,
  I smoked Havanas by the dozens,
And then I went out West and fell
  In love with all my pretty cousins.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX. DECEMBER, 1874. NO. 2.

THE GREAT SOUTH.

MAMMOTH CAVE—THE BOAT RIDE ON ECHO RIVER.

NOTES ON KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

THE country along the line of rail from Nashville, in Tennessee, to Cave City, in Kentucky, whence travelers depart in rickety stages over the rough routes for Mammoth Cave, is especially rich in fine farms. In autumn, when golden sunlight lingers lovingly over the great arched trees, and makes checker-work upon the reddish soil, a ride through this highly cultivated country is thoroughly charming. The people whom one meets are mainly rough country farmers, plodding sturdily to court on fine horses, or journeying from farm to farm.

At Glasgow Junction and Cave City, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, primitive hotels receive the visitor, and stage-drivers besiege him, each spreading alarming rumors of his rival's incapacity. At Cave City a sleepy waiter drowsily gives inexact information, and negroes with persistent demand for *backshish* follow the unfortunate Northerner and clutch his carpet-bag, despite his efforts to retain it.

Edmondson County, in which the Mammoth Cave is situated, is rich in natural curiosities. On Dismal Creek, a perpendicular rock, 163 feet high, towers like a black specter against the blue dome of the sky, and the inhabitants invest it with many strange

and highly apocryphal legends. Near the town of Brownsville is a large cave, containing a petrified tree, and on Indian Hill are the remains of a fortification, with mounds and burial-places scattered over the acres in the vicinity.

The visit to the Mammoth Cave, which the SCRIBNER pilgrims made with a merry party, was in autumn, when the sunlight, tempered by fresh breezes, seemed to permeate every nook and cranny of the forests through which the road wound over hill and across plain. The vehicle in which we embarked at Glasgow was rickety and venerable, as also was the horse which drew it; and the driver beguiled the way with stories not calculated to impress us favorably with the hotel near the cave. Indeed, so great was his animosity toward the proprietors of that hotel, that he refused to set us down within the high fence which inclosed the building, and indulged in a lively passage-at-words, calculated to awaken quarrelsome feelings, with the host, who came up to welcome us.

The hotel is a huge, rambling structure, built in Southern style, with long porches, and surrounded by a pleasant lawn dotted with noble trees. Passing the primitive counter, on which lay the "Mammoth Cave Register," and paying the fees exacted from every visitor, we donned overalls, blouses, and flannel caps, and found ourselves face to face with an amiable darkey, who, taking up two swinging lamps, led the way down a rocky descent toward a black opening from which came a rush of cold air. Over the yawning mouth of the cave a stream of water was pouring, and around the sharp rocks on the brow of the hill were graceful fringes of mosses and leaves, and festoons of ferns. Shadows fell gloomily against the sunlight as we hastened down the declivity, and a wandering bat, giving a quaint scream, flew directly in my face, then darted back into the darkness.

A tree, which seemingly grows out of the solid rock, stretches its trunk over the chasm. This trunk is moss-grown, and both the moss and the leaves upon it have a pale yellowish tinge. Descending a few steps, and suddenly losing the genial warmth of the sun, we were forced to stoop, and to plunge forward into the stony recesses, almost upon "all fours."

Our dusky guide now supplied us each with a swinging lamp, by the dim light of which we soon became accustomed to the narrow pathway, which was everywhere singularly free from obstacles. The cool air was exhilarating, and, after a march of several miles, clambering over stones, filing carefully along the edges of abysses, and escalading innumerable cliffs, we felt no fatigue whatever.

THE ENTRANCE TO MAMMOTH CAVE (LOOKING OUT).

Unlocking a rude iron gate, the guide ushered us into a second narrow corridor, from the roof of which, as the light penetrated the gloom, hundreds of bats flitted down and circled about our heads, screaming, as if resenting the intrusion. On the return journey the bats usually make the promenade through this gallery quite exciting, and many a timid lady remembers with horror the gauntlet which she ran.

We wandered on for several hours, the cheery

guide singing psalms in a round musical voice, and from time to time turning to caution us against venturing into unexplored by-ways where pitfalls were numerous. Now we plodded through a mighty gallery, whose walls and ceilings seemed frescoed by the hands of man rather than incrusted with stalactite formations; now climbed miniature mountains; now looked hundreds of feet down into deep wells. Each of the galleries and recesses has been christened, and the visitor sometimes finds it difficult to detect in the fantastic forms of rock the resemblance suggested by the names. We visited the Rotunda, a vast chamber which seemed like a council-room of some ancient castle. Then, after exploring many ante-chambers and halls, we entered Audubon Avenue. After wandering in that mighty gallery, whose roof is sixty feet above its smooth floor, we returned to the passage through which we had entered, and passed into the main cave. Then, in rapid succession, we visited the "Church," the ruins of some old saltpetre works, the Kentucky Cliffs, the Gothic Gallery, the Gothic Arcade and Chapel, the Register Hall, the Altar, Vulcan's Forge, and, finally, came to the Devil's Arm-Chair, a huge stalactite, beautiful in color, and in which we enthroned one of the ladies accompanying the party. The Gothic Chapel, through which we wandered half-convinced that we were dreaming, is rich in noble ornaments; its columns rival, in the nicety of their proportions, those of the finest cathedrals. The Gothic Avenue, reached by a detour from the main cave and an ascent of some thirty feet, is two miles in length, and a promenade along it discloses a constant panorama of natural wonders, which seem the work of giant architects rather than the result of one of nature's convulsions. All the stalactites and stalagmites in the cave look as if they were polished, and rich with a mass of varied colors. The ceiling of the "Gothic Avenue" is as smooth as that of any mansion. Passing the "Devil's Arm-Chair," we continued our journey, stopping for a moment to inspect the "Elephant's Trunk" and the "Pillars of Hercules," and coming at last to the "Lover's Leap," a large pointed rock more than ninety feet above the roadway, and projecting into an immense rotunda.

The "Ball-Room" is a mighty chamber, admirably fitted for the dance, with even a rocky gallery, in which an orchestra has, from time to time, been placed, when gay parties from Louisville and other neighboring cities have engaged in festivities with music and torches. A short distance beyond looms up a huge mass of rock known as

MAMMOTH CAVE — IN "THE DEVIL'S ARM-CHAIR"

the Giant's Coffin. Passing the deserted chamber, the "Wooden Bowl Cave," where oxide of iron and lime are sprinkled on the floor, and crossing the "Bridge of Sighs," we came at last to the "Star Chamber."

Here our guide had prepared a genuine surprise for us. Mysteriously commanding us to be seated in a dark corner, he suddenly seized the lights, and saying that he would return to find us on the morrow, withdrew. We heard his sonorous voice echoing along the galleries as he hurried back over the pathway, and while we were yet wondering what was the object of this sudden manœuver, we saw above us twinkling stars, and seemed to catch a glimpse of the blue sky from which we had thought ourselves shut out by the solid rock. Indeed, so strange was the illusion, that we fancied we could feel the fresh air blowing upon us, and, for a few moments, imagined that the guide had conveyed us by some roundabout way to the mouth of the cave, and then had hastily left us, that he might enjoy our surprise. But presently we heard his voice, confessing the cheat which he had practiced upon us. The

dark ceiling of the Star Chamber is covered with a myriad sparkling incrustations which resemble the stars, and the artful guide, by a careful display of his lamps and the use of Bengal lights, had produced a

MAMMOTH CAVE — THE SUBTERRANEAN ALBUM.

magical effect. The ceiling, which was not more than forty feet from our heads, had seemed remote as the heavens. It was like the early dawn, when the stars seem no longer to belong in the sky, and when they are gradually fading away. The guide, in the distance, imitated to perfection the crowing of the morning cock, and then burst into loud laughter as, removing the lamps, he took away with them the deceit, and returned to us.

From the Star Chamber we descended to "Wright's Rotunda," which has a ceiling of four hundred feet span without a single pillar to uphold it. We then wandered through the "Black Chambers," where masses of shelving stone reminded us of old baronial castle walls and towers, and ascending into an upper room, stood and listened to the whispers of a waterfall seemingly far away. Then, crossing the room, we heard the roar of a cataract which fell sullenly down deep and hidden recesses. Next, crawling upon our hands and knees under a low arch, we entered the "Fairy Grotto," whence we retraced our steps to the entrance of the cave. The bats gave us a lively reception as we passed through the gate around which they flitted as sentinels, and it was not until after we had climbed the hill, and had stood in the hotel garden for some time, that we missed the sun, so accustomed had we become to the darkness during our long sojourn in the cave.

Early next morning we were once more treading the corridors, and by nightfall had made a journey of eighteen miles. The experiences of this second day were far more novel and interesting than those of the first, and thoroughly convinced us that the Mammoth Cave is one of the greatest wonders of the world.

Its various passages are more than two hundred miles in length, and many are said to surpass in beauty those commonly visited. Nothing, however, to my thinking, in subterranean scenery, can be finer than the mighty and ragged "Pass of El Ghor," whose jagged peaks, frightful ravines, and long recesses, filled with incrusted rocks, on which the swinging lamps threw a changeful shimmer, extend for hundreds of rods. On this day we also made the acquaintance of the "Fat Man's Misery," which the artist has faithfully depicted, and through which some of our party found no little difficulty in pressing.

Crossing the black and deep river "Styx" by a natural bridge, and safely ferrying over "Lake Lethe," we passed through a level and lofty hall called the "Great Walk," and soon arrived at "Echo River," on whose moist and muddy shore a rude barge was drawn up. The stream seemed shut in by a huge overreaching wall of solid stone, and we turned in amazement to the ebony guide, who motioned us to take seats in the boat, and when we had obeyed, jumping in, rowed boldly forward into the blackness. From

time to time the wall seemed to press down upon us, and we were obliged to bend down close to the seats. The guide sang loudly as we floated through the darkness, our little lights making but tiny specks in the gloom. The sense of isolation from the world was here complete. We seemed at last to have had a glimpse of the infernal regions, and imagined ourselves departed souls, doomed to a reluctant ride in Charon's bark. A deep silence fell upon all the visitors; but the guide still sang loudly his pious psalms, only ceasing to burst into laughter when the ladies cowered as we rounded some rocky corner, and seemed about to be crushed against a lowering wall.

After half an hour of this mysterious journeying we approached another shore, and left behind us the archway. Before us lay a vast region of black and desolate pathways over high rocks and under huge bowlders, along avenues brilliant with stalactites and resplendent with sparkling ceilings. Here we were recalled to a knowledge of the outer world by encountering a return party, escorted by Stephen, one of the first guides who ever penetrated the cave, and concerning whom a curious story is told.

Stephen had for many years urged a white man living near the cave to build a boat with which to explore the Echo River; and when at last it was built, and a voyage under the arches was decided upon, he (Stephen) was afraid to undertake it, but was compelled at the pistol's mouth to enter the boat and start on the voyage. Neither he nor the white man entered upon this daring feat without fear and trembling, for no one could have predicted that the stream finds its outlet beyond the cave, in Green River. Echo River is certainly one of the most remarkable streams in the world. It is said to be here and there wide and deep enough to float a good-sized steamer. A few fish are now and then caught in it. They have no eyes, and certainly need none.

The journey from this stream through the "Pass of El Ghor," "Silliman's Avenue," and "Wellington's Gallery," all the latter leading up to "St. Mary's Vineyard" and the "Hill of the Holy Sepulchre," was fatiguing; and when we returned at nightfall we found that the day's journey had quite demolished our stout walking shoes.

The burning of blue lights in various places where the ceilings are covered with sulphate of iron produces almost marvelous effects. No palaces, no castles, ancient or modern, rival in beauty or in grandeur the corridors and passages of the Mammoth Cave. In one of the long avenues we saw the "Veiled Statue," a perpendicular rock which from a distance, as one turns around the angle of the way, looks exactly like the figure of some ancient goddess clad in draperies. Many of the incrustations or "formations," as our guide called them, are in the form of *rosaces*, and some rival the most beautiful bits of Gothic architectural decoration. The shading is bold and beautiful; the lines and curves are delicious. Here and there the standing pillars seem to flit away like ghosts as one comes suddenly upon them in the dim light given by the lamps. Now and then one reaches a place where the cave seems to afford no outlet into passages beyond; but the guide turns suddenly to right or left and leads one through narrow archways, or down little steps to new wonders. The journey is a succession of surprises. One of the most curious experiences is a look into the "Bottomless Pit," which is reached from the "Deserted Chambers;" and a glance at the "Dead Sea," into which one may shudderingly peer from a precipice eighty feet high, is not without its fascination. A young telegraph operator from Michigan once descended into a hitherto unexplored pit in the cave

MAMMOTH CAVE—"THE FAT MAN'S MISERY."

and found bottom 198 feet down. He narrowly escaped death, however, for the rope with which he was lowered was cut nearly in two by the sharp rocks in which it caught. The best features of the cave are the Dome, the Bottomless Pit, and the Pass of El Ghor. Their grandeur and beauty will amply repay the journey of thousands of miles which European and American tourists make to see them.

Vandalism has made its way into the Mammoth Cave. The lamps given visitors are sometimes attached to a rod, by means of which industrious snobs smoke the letters of their names upon the sides and roofs of some of the corridors. Thousands of people have thus testified their thirst for notoriety, and many a shock is given to the imagination of the impressible traveler by finding the name of some obscure mortal recorded on a rock which he had fancied heretofore unseen by men.

The cave is said to have been discovered in 1802 by a hunter, who strayed into it in pursuit of an animal which had taken refuge there. It now belongs to nine heirs, each of whom receives about $1,000 income yearly from it. If the facilities for reaching it were better, the heirs might readily receive $50,000 annually for an indefinite period.

The cave has repeatedly been offered for sale at half a million dollars, and Louisville capitalists have, from time to time, talked of forming a company and buying it, and erecting a new and splendid hotel in its immediate vicinity.

Gathered about the great fire-place of the hotel office in the evening, the conversation drifted to Kentucky politics, and one of the Englishmen who had been exploring the cave with us inquired curiously about the Ku-Klux. The Kentuckian in charge of the hotel answered that the Ku-Klux in that section were called Regulators, and they never troubled any except bad people. "They are composed," he said, "of the gentlemen in the neighborhood, and when they are annoyed by vicious neighbors they warn them to move away. If they will not move, they move them, and if they resist they force them." This he asserted was only done in a case where great provocation had been received, and he persisted that politics had little to do with the operations of the Klan. Unconsciously dropping his reserve, the Kentuckian added: "We don't do anything wrong; we simply correct those who don't behave right," thus unconsciously intimating that he himself was one of the "Knights of the Invisible Empire."

From the Mammoth Cave we continued our journey to Louisville and the banks of the Ohio.

The French explorers called the Ohio *La Belle Rivière;* and certainly, when its banks are full, and a profusion of flowers dot the cliffs here and there overhanging the stream, or are reflected from the lowlands in the shining water, one readily recognizes the appropriateness of the term. But the Ohio River, on a foggy morning, late in autumn, when sycamores are stripped and flowers are gone, hardly justifies the affectionate name which the Frenchmen bestowed upon it.

The traveler journeying from Cincinnati to Louisville on the Ohio, finds but little in natural scenery that is impressive; much, however, that is very beautiful. In summer, when the shores are clothed in green and the vineyards are resplendent with foliage, there are many landscapes which charm the eye. Inasmuch as the channel in midsummer contains little more than a "light dew," as the Western captains call it, navigation is attended with peculiar difficulties, and steamboats of lightest draught are often detained for days on a treacherous bank which has suddenly been laid bare.

No river is more subject to extreme elevations and depressions. The average range between high and low water is said to be more than thirty feet. The highest stage is in March, and the lowest in August. In times of flood the variations are so rapid that the river at Cincinnati has been known to rise at the rate of one foot per hour during half a day. It requires no little skill and seamanship to navigate this peculiar stream. The obstructions were originally very numerous, and the passages between the exquisite islands and the sand-banks require tact and courage worthy of ocean sailors. The days of keel-boat, of Kentucky float, of pirogue, of gondola, skiff, and dug-out, are past. The noble packets which sailed from Louisville to New Orleans have been superseded by new lines of rail, and much of the romance of the river has departed. Yet there is a certain fascination in the journey by night along the great current which slips, although rapidly, apparently with a certain laziness, past the low shores sprinkled with log cabins.

From Huntington, the terminus of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, in Western Virginia, to Cincinnati, the voyage is exceedingly interesting. The towns on the Kentucky shore, while few of them are large or bustling, have a solid and substantial air.

THE LEVEE AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Around the various taverns in each of them are grouped the regulation number of tall, gaunt men, with hands in pockets, and slouched hats drawn over their eyes. A vagrant pig roots here and there in the customary sewer. A few cavaliers lightly mount the rough roads leading into the unimposing hills; a few negroes slouch sullenly on a log at the foot of the levee, and on a wharf-boat half a hundred white and black urchins stare, open-mouthed, as if they had never seen steamboats or strangers before.

On the Ohio side of the river there are large manufacturing towns; evidences of thrift, industry and investment; iron furnaces smoke, and the clatter of hammers and the roll of wheels are heard.

The distance from Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, to Cairo, in Illinois, where the Ohio pours its muddy flood into the muddier waters of the Mississippi, is 967 miles. The tourist who takes a packet from Wheeling, in West Virginia, to Parkersburg, will see some noble scenery, for the upper Ohio, when navigation is practicable there, far surpasses in beauty the lower portion of the stream. Descending from Parkersburg he will pass Pomeroy, Gallipolis, Catlettsburg, Ironton, Portsmouth, Maysville, Ripley, and Cincinnati, and will note on the banks many huge salt, nail, and iron manufactories. From Cincinnati he can have his choice of two or three steamers daily for Louisville, and from the Kentucky metropolis can drift on to Evansville, in Indiana, and thence to Cairo. At Maysville, in Kentucky, between Huntington and Cincinnati, there are two extensive cotton factories and several iron foundries. The town contains many handsome streets, and is the entry port for the north-eastern section of the State. It is also the most extensive hemp market in the whole country.

Between Cincinnati and Louisville there are but few towns of importance on the Kentucky shore of the Ohio. At Big Bone Lake, in Boone County, great numbers of bones of the mastodon and the Arctic elephant were once found. At Warsaw, a few miles below, there are many tobacco factories. Carrollton, formerly called Fort William, stands at the junction of that beautiful stream, the Kentucky, with the Ohio.

The scenery along the Kentucky River justly ranks among the wildest and most picturesque in the United States. For more than 200 miles, as it flows north-west to empty into the Ohio, it passes through massive limestone ledges, arranged upon either side of its narrow channel in great cliffs, forming irregular cañons, or pours over rapids, or glides between precipices 500 feet high, whose tops almost touch, like roofs in the streets of an old Italian town.

The river flows through Middle Kentucky for the greater portion of its course. The confluence of the small streams which make it is at the spot known as the "Three Forks," in Lee County, the very heart of the coal and iron region, which stretches for miles away in every direction. During the winter and spring coal and pig-iron are floated down the river in barges.

The improvement of the Ohio River and its tributaries is highly necessary. It is demanded by more than one-fifth of the States,

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, ON THE OHIO RIVER—FROM THE NEW ALBANY HEIGHTS.

and one-third of the whole population of the country, and inasmuch as that whole population has hitherto paid thirty-five per cent. of the internal taxation of the Union, and as it raises forty per cent. of the farm products of the land, owns forty per cent. of the farm lands and of the live stock, and thirty-six per cent. of the capital in farming implements and machinery, it would seem that it has a right to ask the Government to be liberal. The sum demanded for the work will depend largely upon the plan adopted for its accomplishment. The estimates of engineers have varied from seventeen to sixty millions. No definite decision as to the wisest plan has yet been reached. Those most directly interested are still in doubt whether to decide upon supplying the required volume of water by aid of reservoirs, or maintaining the proper navigation by low dams with open chutes, or slack-watering the entire stream.

The commerce of the river is immense. The amount of coal transported from Pittsburg down the Ohio increased from fifty million bushels in 1869 to ninety millions in 1872, or more than twenty-six per cent. per annum. The tonnage of the port of Pittsburg in 1869 was estimated at eight hundred thousand tons; in 1872, it was one million six hundred and sixty-nine thousand tons. The commerce along the stream amounts to nearly nine hundred millions of dollars yearly. The Ohio drains an area of 214,000 square miles, and could readily furnish cheap transportation for the commerce of fifty millions of people.

Louisville, the chief city of the goodly commonwealth of Kentucky, lies on the southern bank of the Ohio River, at a point where the navigation of the stream was originally obstructed by rapids. For six miles above the site of the city, the stream stretches out into a smooth sheet of water, a mile wide, and embraces within its limits the mouth of Bear Grass Creek, which affords a safe harbor for the myriad barges and flat-boats which drift on the bosom of the great stream. Situated centrally between the cotton fields of the South, and the grain fields of the West, amply supplied with railways piercing both West and South in all directions, and, with ten miles of river-front from twenty to twenty-five feet above highest flood mark, the city has a promising commercial future. Its levees, while they

are not so picturesque, and the life along them is not so vivacious as that which one sees at New Orleans, Savannah, and Charleston, are yet quite as fine as those of any Southern or Western city. What Louisville has lost in river trade, since railroads came in, she has gained in railway commerce. The days of tedious steaming from Louisville to the Louisiana lowlands, in roundabout ways and along treacherous currents, are gone, and have pulled down with them into oblivion many noble fortunes; but the city grows and prospers despite the misfortunes that have overtaken the commerce once its mainstay. Opposite Louisville, on the Indiana shore, are the towns of Jeffersonville and New Albany; the former pretty and dull, the latter a kind of Western Brooklyn, having ready communication with Louisville by means of the great railroad bridge, a triumph of mechanical engineering, which has long spanned the stream.

West and South of the city the lots are lovely, and admit of unlimited extension, and on the broad and shapely streets, which are a peculiar feature of Louisville, one finds many handsome mansions, each one of which is set down in a capacious yard, well kept, and some of them having terraces. The streets, which run parallel with the river, and not far from the levee, are long, and flanked with solid business blocks, very uniform in architecture, and as devoid of pretense and show as is the character of the men who built them. Main, Market, Jefferson and Green streets are all filled with large and handsome shops and warehouses, and many of those which cross them at right angles, extending indefinitely into the vast plains, are devoted to residences.

Louisville is famous for several excellent institutions, noteworthy among which are the "Galt House," a massive stone structure in the English style, long celebrated by foreign travelers as the best hotel in the United States; the Louisville "Courier-Journal," the successor to the old "Journal," on which Prentice expended his wit, and those who were wounded by his shafts vented their spleen; and the "Public Library," the outgrowth of an ingenious lottery scheme conducted by an ex-Governor of the State, and now a thriving institution with museums and lecture-rooms attached. The "Courier-Journal," is edited by the sprightly Watterson, whose courageous attitude in reproving many of the prime faults in Kentucky politics and civilization, and whose trenchant editorial style have rendered him famous. The paper has long had a sensible influence in the political and social life of the State.

The "Commercial," a Republican newspaper, has grown and prospered as its party grows in Louisville, steadily and surely.

The city of Louisville was surveyed as early as 1770, when parties came from Fort Pitt, now known as Pittsburg, and examined the land adjacent to the Falls of the Ohio, with a view to parceling it as "bounty territory." In 1773, Captain Thomas Bullitt, the deputy of a special commission from William and Mary College in Virginia, moored his bark in Bear Grass harbor, and with his little band of hunters made numerous surveys. Death, however, interrupted his labors, which were largely instrumental in the definite settlement of Kentucky. In 1778, Col. George Rogers Clarke, who had for some time fought the British along the Ohio, took possession of and fortified Corn Island, opposite the spot now occupied by Louisville. In 1779, Louisville was permanently established; cabins, block-houses, and stockades were

A WAITER AT THE GALT HOUSE — LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

erected, and Clarke and his hunters lived lives of constant danger, and battled with the Indians for many a long day. In succeeding years, Louisville grew up a scraggy, rude town, whose streets were here and there intersected with ponds of stagnant

water;* and so unhealthy was the location considered that it was known as the "graveyard of the Ohio." If the denizens of the

THE CITY HALL — LOUISVILLE.

Louisville of the past could visit the thriving and healthy Louisville of to-day, with its miles of elegant streets, its smooth pavements, its fine hospitals and churches, its mammoth hotels and pretty theaters, its bustling "Exposition" and its brilliant society, they would hardly believe the evidence of their senses.

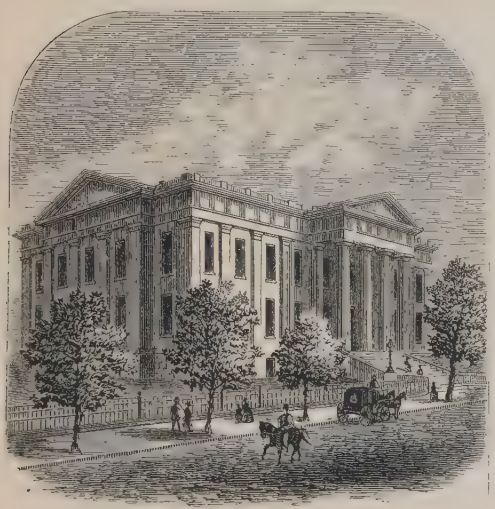
Life in this pleasant metropolis of 130,000 inhabitants is socially very attractive. Nowhere in the country is frankness and freedom of manner so thoroughly commingled with so much of high-bred courtesy. The people of Kentucky really, as Tuckerman says, illustrate one of the highest phases of Western character. They spring from a hardy race of hunters and self-reliant men, accustomed to the chase and to long and perilous exertion. The men of Kentucky, while they are not afflicted with any peculiar idiosyncrasies, are intensely individual. There is something inspiring in the figure of a grand old patriarch like Christopher Graham, now in his ninety-second year, erect, vigorous, and alert as an Englishman at sixty. Born in the wild woods of Kentucky, five years before it became a State, he has lived to see a mighty change pass over the commonwealth where he cast his fortunes, and he delights to tell of the days when men went about their daily work, rifle in hand, and when the State was constantly troubled with Indian incursions. Mr. Graham was long noted as the best marksman, with a rifle, in America, and has had, in his eventful life, a hundred adventures with Indian, guerrilla, and bandit. The product of a rough, and in some respects, barbarous time, when shooting, swimming, leaping, wrestling, and killing Indians were the only exercises considered manly, he is to-day a gentle old man, busied with works of charity and with the upbuilding of a fine museum of mineralogy in Louisville.

The trade of Louisville, long dwarfed by the oppressive slave system to which Kentucky was utterly devoted, and which prevented the growth of large manufacturing towns, is gradually springing into vigorous life. Louisville has long been one of the most important tobacco markets in the United States. Situated near the center of the largest tobacco-growing district of the country, with an admirable system of railroad connections North and South, and a noble water outlet, she has superior facilities for this branch of trade. The bulk of the staple raised in Kentucky, the chief tobacco-growing State of the Union, is sold in the Louisville market. The Kentucky crop for 1871 amounted to 66,000 hogsheads, of which nearly 50,000 were sold in Louisville. Buyers for American and foreign markets reside permanently in the city, and those European Governments which have found it wise to enjoy a monopoly of their home tobacco trade are represented by local agents who make their purchases from the planters. In the huge warehouses thousands of whites and blacks are employed, and nineteen factories, employing a capital of $850,000, are engaged in the manufacture of chewing tobacco. The city also produces twelve millions of cigars annually. In the whisky trade a large capital is invested. From the distilleries in the Blue Grass region thousands of barrels, filled with the fluid which prompts so large a proportion of the homicides in the State, are brought to Louisville, and it is said that the transactions amount to five millions annually. Pork-packers also make the city their head-quarters, and a million swine are packed in the sixty days of each year between November and January.

*See Casseday's "History of Louisville."

As a live-stock market Louisville has been rapidly growing in importance for many years. The stock-yards there now cover twenty acres, and the value of the stock received annually is between twenty and thirty millions. The flour-mills yearly yield a product worth four millions. The trade in provisions aggregates from eleven to fifteen millions; the annual product of iron foots up five millions, and more than 1,500 hands are employed in the manufacture of iron work, while in the foundries 500 hands are employed. In brief, the amount of capital invested in manufacturing enterprises in the city is about twenty millions, the annual product fifty-five millions, the number of hands employed 16,000, and the amount of wages paid eight millions.

Louisville would be an admirable point for the establishment of cotton-mills, and as its capitalists have had their attention favorably directed to the large dividends which Southern mills are yearly paying it is hoped that the city may speedily secure several mills. The building of steamboats for the Western waters has long been one of the leading industries of Louisville and the villages clustered about the falls of the Ohio. The water-power of the Ohio Falls is very remarkable, and ought to place Louisville among the first manufacturing cities of the country. It has thus far been but little utilized. The same negligent and reckless spirit which pervaded others of the slave States in regard to the improvement of natural advantages controlled the Kentuckian mind, and was even more pronounced in Louisville and its vicinity than in many places further south. The law of Kentucky, which allowed only six per cent. interest,



THE COURT-HOUSE — LOUISVILLE.

THE POST-OFFICE — LOUISVILLE.

was an effectual barrier to the investment of foreign capital in Louisville, and drove away much local capital which might have been invested. The enlargement of the present Louisville and Portland Canal, which was completed in 1828 at a cost of $750,000 would render transportation to and from Louisville more feasible; and the building of a new canal through Portland town would furnish a superb location with enormous water-power for miles of factories and mills.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad gives a grand trunk line from Louisville to Montgomery, Alabama, a distance of 490 miles, and connection with the railroad system of the Southern States, which are Kentucky's chief market. Louisville is also connected by the Great Bridge, spanning the Ohio, with all the railroads north of that river, and is directly on the through route from the north and west to the extreme south. The main trunk of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad extends through Jefferson, Bullett, Nelson, Hardin, Larue, Hart, Edmondson, Barren, Warren, and Simpson Counties. Branch railroads, connecting with Memphis and South-eastern Kentucky, have served largely to develop the regions through which they run. The so-called Richmond branch runs to within a short distance of the richest iron region of the State. The Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad extends from Elizabethtown, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, forty-two miles

from Louisville, to Paducah, a thriving city on the Ohio, fifty miles from its junction with the Mississippi. Paducah is the commercial market of Western Kentucky. The

GEORGE D. PRENTICE — FROM A PAINTING IN THE LOUISVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Owensboro, Russelville and Nashville, the Evansville, Henderson and Nashville, the Paducah and Memphis, and the Nashville and Ohio roads also traverse Western Kentucky. The last-named route gives an important connection with the city of Mobile.

Louisville has connection with the eastern section of the State and Cincinnati, by the Louisville, Frankfort and Lexington, and the Short Line, Railroads. The former runs through Frankfort, the charming capital of Kentucky, to the staid and solid old city of Lexington, which is the western terminus of the Big Sandy Railroad. This road passes through some of the finest agricultural districts of the State, pierces the very heart of the mineral region of Kentucky, and is designed to furnish connection with the Atlantic ports *via* the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad through Western Virginia.

At Lagrange, twenty-eight miles from Louisville, the Short Line Railroad to Covington, opposite Cincinnati, on the Ohio River, crosses the Louisville, Frankfort, and Lexington road. The Kentucky Central Railroad runs through Middle Kentucky, and from Paris, in the Blue Grass region, the Maysville and Lexington branch extends from the Kentucky Central to Louisville, on the Ohio.

Many new railroads are chartered in Kentucky, and of those most likely soon to be built, the Cincinnati Southern, intended to furnish a line from Covington, on the Ohio, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and to pursue a central route through Middle Kentucky, is the most prominent. The Ohio and Cumberland Railroad, as projected, will run from Covington to Nashville, in Tennessee, and the Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans road is intended to pierce from Louisville through rich agricultural and mineral districts, and intersecting important lines of rail, to Union City, where it will connect with routes tributary to Memphis. The railroads that are already completed in Kentucky penetrate sixty-one counties, and the majority of them contribute directly to the prosperity of Louisville. In addition to these, that city has the advantage of navigable streams, embracing an extent of 16,000 miles, as a means of distributing its manufactured wares.

The capital stock at present invested in banks and banking houses in Louisville is about ten millions, and the deposit capital amounts to more than eight millions. In addition to these amounts, Louisville has many private capitalists. The law of Kentucky now allows ten per cent. interest upon loans, and it is probable that capital from all sections of the Union will flow to Louisville within the next few years. The bonded debt of the city was $6,153,509 in 1872, and the taxable property of the city is estimated at $80,000,000. The credit of the city is excellent; the taxation is not burdensome; the municipal government is good. There are few better lighted, better paved, or better policed towns than Louisville. In a community where three-fourths of the male citizens habitually bear arms, shooting is reasonably rare, although it is not properly punished when, under the influence of liquor or passion, it does occur. The city spreads over thirteen square miles, a circle amply sufficient to furnish dwellings for a population of half a million. Building is cheap, tenement houses are rare, and although a motley gang of rough men from the rivers is gathered in some quarters of the city, but little lawlessness prevails.

The public buildings of Louisville are not architecturally fine. The City Hall is the most ambitious structure, and the council-room in which the municipal fathers discuss popular measures is palatial. The Court-House on Jefferson street, the Louisville University Medical College, the Blind Asylum, the male and female High Schools, the

Custom-House and Post-Office and Masonic Temple are solid and substantial edifices. In autumn and in winter, fogs hover over the city, and the coal smoke, joined to the mists, colors the walls of houses with the same brown so noticeable in London and St. Louis. The Cathedral on Walnut street, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and the First Presbyterian, opposite it, are fine houses of worship. Louisville boasts accommodation for 50,000 worshipers, and amongst its noteworthy divines is the Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, whose Confederate predilections during the war were strongly marked, and whose ability is unquestionable. The new Public Library at present occupies a small and commodious building, soon to be replaced when the drawings of the Lottery are completed, by a finer structure. This library, although at present no larger than those in many New England cities one-third the size of Louisville, is admirably selected, finely officered, and contains among other curiosities, a painting of George D. Prentice, as he appeared in middle-life. In Cave Hill Cemetery, near the city, in a small Grecian canopy of marble, lies the celebrated journalist, poet and politician, beside his son, who was killed while in the ranks of the Confederates. Above the tomb is the image of a lyre with a broken string.

The schools of Louisville merit great praise. The public school system is taking a firm hold there, and even the "Steel Blue" tendencies of the majority of the population, and their refusal to believe in the ultimate elevation of the 222,000 blacks in the State have not hindered them from supplying the colored population with excellent facilities for education. Louisville has two high schools, which are, in every respect, first-class seminaries, twenty-three ward schools, and a host of private institutions for English and classical training. The school buildings will seat 12,000 pupils. Nearly three-quarters of a million is invested in school buildings and lots, and $150,000 is annually paid in salaries. The German language is taught as one of the regular branches in the public schools, a measure rendered necessary, as in St. Louis, by the influx of the Teutonic population. The colored normal school

AT THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

building, dedicated in Louisville last year, is probably the finest public school edifice designed for the instruction of negroes in the country. The school board has established training departments in connection with some of the ward schools, and these are rapidly equipping teachers.

Although there is no impressive scenery in the vicinity of Louisville, the green lowlands, the wide river, and the vast expanse of wooded plain, are very imposing. From the hills back of New Albany, on the Indiana shore, one can look down on the huge extent of Louisville half-hidden beneath the foliage which surrounds so many of its houses; can note the steamers slowly winding about the bends in the Ohio, or carefully working their way up to the broad levees; can see the trains crawling like serpents over the high suspended bridge, and the church spires and towers gleaming under the mellow sunlight. In a few years, if the improvements now in progress are continued, Louisville will be one of the most delightful of American cities.

Nowhere is the Kentucky River more beautiful than sixty miles above its entrance into the Ohio, where it flows past the pretty and cultured town of Frankfort, the capital

THE CATHEDRAL AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

of Kentucky. For many miles in every direction superb landscapes are spread out before the traveler's vision. He will have found the ride of sixty-five miles from Louisville a constant panorama of fine fields, well kept farms, stone-fenced and thoroughly cultivated. Their solid building and general air of thrift offers a sharp contrast to the scraggy sheds and unpainted mansions of Southern plantations. In the train the traveler will find the typical Kentuckian, tall, smooth-faced, with clear complexion, and bright eyes, his manners deferential, and his conversation enjoyable. There is no familiarity, no grossness or coarseness of manner, but a frankness which contains but little formality in the manner of the better class of Kentuckians.

We arrived at Frankfort at nightfall, and were ushered by an attentive negro into a great stone caravansary known as the Capitol Hotel, which, during the seasons of the Legislature, is crowded, but for the remainder of the year is almost empty. In the morning, while a delicious haze, through which the sun was striving to peep, overhung the hills, we walked through the still streets bordered with pretty mansions, and stole along the steep and picturesque banks of the Kentucky to the cemetery, perched on a high bluff, where stands the monument above the grave of Daniel Boone. Clambering up to this lovely spot by a flight of ancient stone steps, and passing the crags known as Umbrella and Boone Rocks, we paused from time to time, fascinated with the beauty of the tranquil stream hundreds of feet below us, its banks fringed with loveliest foliage and trees. On the stream great rafts of logs, drifted down from the mountain streams above, lay moored.

Frankfort lies in a deep valley surrounded by sharply defined hills, and the river there flows between deep limestone banks, from which, by the way, the admirable building stone of which the town is partially constructed is quarried. From the cemetery bluff the town looks as picturesque as an Italian city. Clustered together on the river-bank the wide buildings form a group which has none of the unpleasant angles so common in America. The village of South Frankfort is connected with the main town by a covered bridge over the stream, and in all directions smooth, wide, macadamized roads stretch out over the hills and through the ravines. Near Frankfort there are many fine estates, on which the noted horses and cattle of the Blue Grass regions are raised. The State Arsenal is an

unimposing building on a pretty eminence. The ruins of the old State Capitol occupy a conspicuous elevation, and the new State-House, now in process of completion, stands on a handsome lawn. The Penitentiary—where, at the time of our visit, 700 convicts, equally divided among whites and blacks, were engaged in manufacturing hemp into matting—is an unpicturesque structure, whose high walls have not prevented the occasional escape of many prisoners. Each convict is compelled to weave 150 yards of matting daily, and, after his task is completed, is allowed to repose until nightfall, when he is locked up in his cell. We saw several of the blacks improving their time by reading, but most of the prisoners who had finished their daily toil were sullenly chewing tobacco, and contemplating the gloomy walls of the dark rooms in which they had been working. The keepers of the Penitentiary regaled us with stories of adventurous people who in the old days had been confined for negro stealing. In the Hospital we saw a fine athletic man crouching over a table with his head held wearily behind his hands. He was the forger Atwood, whose reckless folly had brought him from the center of a brilliant society to a term of twenty years in jail.

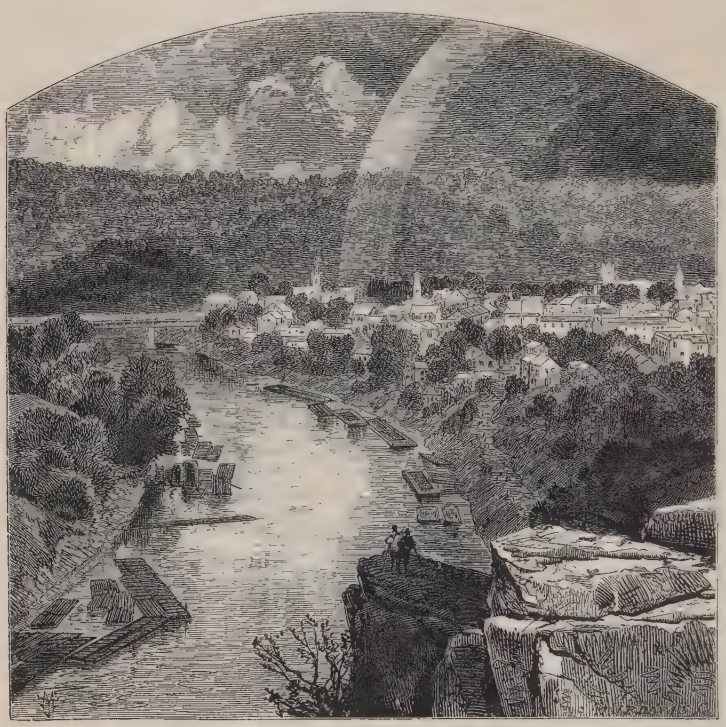
Manufacturing is creeping into the capital, although prominent society neither desires nor cares for it. Farming, the distilling of pure whiskies from the golden grain which grows so abundantly in the vicinity, the breeding and care of race horses, and visiting and junketing in all the country side, content the Kentuckians. Aside from the stir created by the assemblage of politicians there is but little thus far to trouble the dreamy repose and enviable tranquillity by which Frankfort is characterized. It is the home of many of the loveliest women in the country, and its society is largely represented in all the cities of the world. Its belles, like those of Lexington, lead the fashion at the Southern "Springs."

While we were at Frankfort the Ku-Klux were engaged in active operations in the neighboring counties, and the residents of Frankfort denounced them as a band of ruffians whose main object was revenge. One gentleman asserted that he would at any time help with his own hand to lynch a member of the gang if he could be caught. In Owen and Henry counties these midnight marauders had inaugurated a veritable reign of terror. They took "niggers" from their houses and whipped them on most trivial provocation. They waylaid those who had dared to testify against them in court, and "fixed" them from behind bushes. Clad in fantastic disguises they

THE COLORED NORMAL SCHOOL—LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

hovered about the confines of large towns, carrying dread into the hearts of superstitious blacks. The colored people living in the outskirts of Frankfort had deserted their homes and flocked into the town, giving as their reason that they were afraid of the Ku-Klux. It is hardly fair to presume that political bitterness has been so much concerned in prompting the actions of these prowlers as have ignorance and the general lawlessness—all too prevalent in the back-country of Kentucky.

Between Louisville and Frankfort, at La Grange, a branch road diverges to Shelbyville. This pretty town stands in the midst of a luxuriantly fertile country, has many manufactories, a fine court-house, numerous churches, three flourishing seminaries, and is the seat of Shelby College, founded in 1836. Thirty miles below Frankfort, on an eminence near the far-famed Salt River, so well known in political jargon, is Harrodsburg, the oldest settlement in the State, where Captain James Harrod, in 1774, erected a cabin in the wilderness. Harrodsburg has been visited by thousands from East and West, and it is to-day the most famous summer resort in the State, its mineral springs being a prime attraction. It is also the seat of old Bacon College, and a good military academy. In 1819 Christopher Graham went to Harrodsburg with a few dollars in his pocket, and for thirty-two years thereafter was the



FRANKFORT, ON THE KENTUCKY RIVER.

patron of the mineral springs, bringing into the State more than $4,000,000, which was expended by visitors from all parts of the world. The Presbyterian Female College and the Christian Baptist College at Harrodsburg owe their existence to Dr. Graham. He also created and paved, at his own expense, the first street in the town. In three decades, and by his own exertions, he so beautified this lovely spot that when Generals Scott and Wool were delegated by Congress to purchase an Asylum in the West, for invalid soldiers, they bought a site at Harrodsburg for $100,000, and built on it a fine edifice, which was long ago burned.

Nine miles from Frankfort, on the road to Lexington, stands one of the finest and richest farms in Kentucky—that owned by Mr. Alexander. On this superb stock farm we saw 300 blooded horses, ranging in rank from old "Lexington," the monarch of the turf, to the kittenish and frisky yearling. Here also Mr. Alexander has collected $100,000 worth of cattle comprising some of the finest stock in the world, and peeping into the inclosure where the costly cattle were kept, we saw one diminutive heifer worth $27,000, and a variety of foreign creatures whose value seemed almost fabulous. On this farm are bred the great majority of fine trotting and running horses which appear in our parks during the racing season. Mr. Alexander's estate, which is admirably stocked with fine farm-houses, barns, and stables, and which is more like a ducal manor than the ordinary American farm, extends over 3,200 acres. Near by is old John Harper's modest farm of 2,000 acres. The roads, the stone walls, and the fine lawns covered with massive shade-trees, make a series of delightful pictures. The annual sale of horses on the Alexander farm occurs in June. Only yearling colts are sold. Hundreds of people from all the country around, and from every State in the Union, flock to this sale. An immense barbecue is held, and high wassail marks the conclusion of the occasion.

We paid a respectful visit to old "Lexington," the mighty sire of a mightier equine family. He is now quite blind, a veteran of twenty-two, afflicted with goitre, and stood gazing in the direction from which our voices came, a melancholy wreck of his former greatness. The princes of the race-course of the present galloped by, neighing and pawing the ground, as if annoyed at our presence. One of them, named "Asteroid," so far forgot his princely dignity as to charge incontinently upon the fence where we were seated, and the artist has depicted the result in a spirited sketch. The negro men who manage these erratic brutes undergo all sorts of perilous adventures, but they seem to possess as many lives as a cat, and, like that animal, always land on their feet, no matter how far the plunging and rearing horses may throw them.

There is no reason why Kentucky should not already have received a mighty current of immigration, except the negligence of her people with regard to their own interests, and the prejudices which still, in many

quarters, survive the death of the slavery *régime*. Rich in all the elements of material greatness, abounding in mineral wealth, fine agricultural lands, noble rivers, and superb forests, it is astonishing that great wealth is not more general among the people of the State. Lying between 39° and 36° 30′ north latitude, her climate is delightful, and her situation, between the two greatest water sheds of the continent, affords her easy communication with twelve of the largest and wealthiest of her sister States.

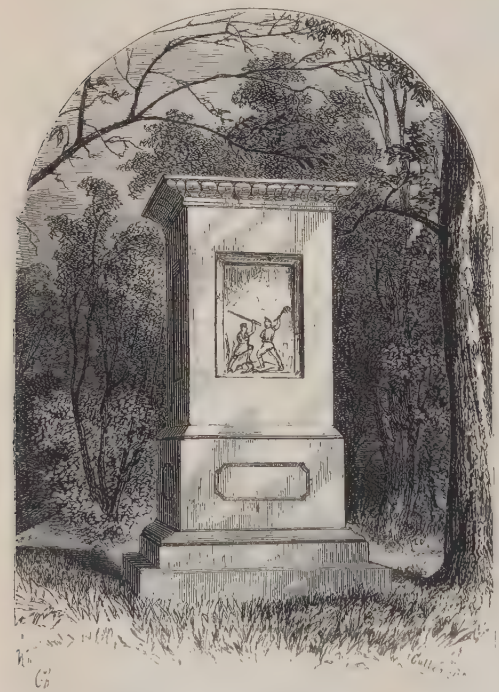
The Green, the Kentucky, and the Barren rivers, are all navigable, and run through regions which can readily furnish them an immense commerce. The area of the State is 37,700 square miles, the larger part of which is more than eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The farming region, in Middle Kentucky, which includes the territory between the mountains of the east and the lower lands lying west of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and extending from the northern to the southern boundary, are superb. Within this tract of ten thousand square miles all the cereals, hemp, flax, and every kind of vegetable and fruit flourish magnificently. In Middle Kentucky lies the famous "Blue Grass Region," of which I have already spoken, which has long been noted for its beautiful women, its Bourbon whisky and Bourbon Democrats, its Lexingtons and Asteroids, its Alexanders, and its "Old John Harper." Fayette, Bourbon, Scott, Woodford, Clark, Jessamine, and portions of other counties in this region, owe their fertility to the beds of blue shell limestone and marble which underlie them, and the upper soil, which is a dark loam with a red clay subsoil, is astonishingly fertile. These fair lands are carpeted throughout the year with a brilliant blue grass. Even in midwinter a deep green pasturage clothes the soil, and, when summer comes, the grass sends up slender shafts to the height of several feet, crowned with feathery tufts of a bright blue color. The effect of a landscape clad in this noble herbage, and dotted here and there with fine oaks and well-kept farm-houses, is exceedingly fine. Throughout Fayette, Woodford, Scott, and Bourbon counties, lands are worth from $80 to $140 per acre, and highly cultivated farms of from 250 to 300 acres are abundant. There hemp yields from eight to fourteen hundred pounds per acre, and tobacco flourishes even on the second-rate lands. Montgomery County is interspersed with fields and meadows, studded with stately forests in which the blue grass grows luxuriantly as in the cleared lands. In the forest pastures are bred the magnificent cattle and horses for which Kentucky is so famous. The chief advantage which the blue grass region possesses over any other in the State, is in its unequaled pasturage, and in the richness of its timber lands. From it are annually exported thousands of noble horses and cattle, and immense droves of sheep, mules and hogs are sent to the cotton fields of the South.

Eastern Kentucky may be said to be one immense bed of coal and iron. The territory of Kentucky extends over much of the area of two of the largest and richest coal fields on the continent. The great Appalachian coal field extends through the eastern section of the State, and extensive coal measures are found, and have been worked, in a score of counties in that section. The coal field embraces nearly all the mountain counties watered by the Big Sandy River, the Kentucky above its forks, and the Cumberland above its shoals. The upper coal measures of this eastern coal field embrace very rich beds, containing from sixty to sixty-three

THE ASCENT TO FRANKFORT CEMETERY — KENTUCKY.

per cent. of fixed carbon. The yield of the entire region is rich, averaging from fifty-eight to sixty-three per cent. Along the banks of the Big Sandy River, in some of the counties, coal crops out, and is easily worked and readily transportable to market. On the Kentucky and Cumberland fine workable beds of coal are also found. The iron ore is always closely associated with coal. Iron furnaces might be established with profit throughout the entire group of mountain counties, from the Big Sandy to the level lands of Middle Kentucky, and from the Ohio River to the Tennessee line.

Red and brown hematites abound, and the Black Band ores, resembling those from which iron is chiefly made in Europe, are abundant in many counties. The minerals of Eastern Kentucky are its main resource, for the only lands of medium fertility are to be found along the streams. The hill-



THE MONUMENT TO DANIEL BOONE, IN THE CEMETERY AT FRANKFORT, KY.

sides, from which the inhabitants dig with difficulty a scanty sustenance, are poor in quality. Mineral springs abound throughout the eastern section, and the fine climate and the lovely scenery of the Kentucky mountains will doubtless give them in due time the reputation won by those of Western and South-western Virginia.

In Estill County, on the Red River, a small tributary of the Kentucky, is an iron district which has attained a world-wide reputation. The Red River Iron Works, located near the mouth of the stream, began operations in 1808. Rude furnaces were built there in that year, and the soft ores of the district were roughly converted into pig-iron. In succeeding years better furnaces were erected, and since the war the property has passed into the hands of a wealthy stock company, which now owns 60,000 acres of mineral and timber lands, and is much in need of railroad facilities. Another corporation, known as the Cottage Iron Company, also owns 13,000 acres of fine mineral land in the vicinity. These companies together employ a thousand workmen, and annually expend half a million dollars in the manufacture of metals used exclusively for car-wheels. When these furnaces are put in connection with the markets, by an already projected railway, the number of tons of pig-iron manufactured in the State, which in 1870 was 37,548, will be vastly increased.

The coal field of Western Kentucky is seventy-five miles in length and fifty-five miles in width at the widest part, having an average width of perhaps forty miles. The Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad runs through its entire length, and it is traversed by several other railroads. The coal and iron ores have as yet been but little developed, but will evidently repay an active mining. Through the southern portion of Western Kentucky there are large veins of lead ore said to contain considerable silver, but the operations in mining these ores have been very imperfect. Twelve of the western counties overlie coal measures, and in Union, Henderson, and Davis counties there are many workable beds of coal with an average thickness of four feet. The richest coals of the Western Kentucky fields, according to the testimony of General Basil Duke, are found in the lower coal measures, which contain in 900 feet ten workable beds of coal, having a united thickness of more than thirty feet. These coals possess an average of more than fifty per cent. of fixed carbon.

The above-mentioned counties are also exceedingly rich in agricultural resources. Alluvial deposits in the bottoms along the Ohio River, and the loam of the uplands, furnish a superb soil on which fine crops of tobacco are raised, and the Indian corn is as large as that of the best blue grass

VIEW ON THE KENTUCKY RIVER, NEAR FRANKFORT.

land. All these counties lying along the Ohio are very fertile, and their lands command high prices. The counties near the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, composed of the sediment of both streams, produce fine crops of tobacco, wheat, corn, and grasses. Labor and immigrants are everywhere in demand in this part of the State. Western Kentucky produces the great bulk of the tobacco crop of the State, although this staple is cultivated in many other counties. The farms in some portions of this section are now too large to be managed under the present labor system, and proprietors will occasionally sell acres which before the war brought $90 for $35 or $40. In the counties lying adjacent to Middle Kentucky small improved farms of reasonably good soil can be had at trivial prices.

Lexington, one of the most wealthy and beautiful of Kentucky cities, is charmingly situated on the lower fork of the Elkhorn River. The early pioneers and adventurers, who established the town in the midst of a wilderness, found there the remains of a great city and a mighty people whose history has not been written. Lexington is built above the ruins of mounds and fortifications, totally different from those erected by the Indians, and evidently once of great extent and magnificence. A few years before the first prominent white settlement was made there, the entrance to an ancient catacomb was discovered by some hunters, and embalmed bodies were found in it. For three-quarters of a century the entrance to this subterranean cemetery has been hidden, and the Kentuckians of to-day even doubt its existence. Lexington was the starting-point of Kentucky, and the center from which radiated all the movements that finally ended in the conquering of the savage and the domination by the whites in the West. In 1775, the hunters from Harrodsburg took possession of the north side of the Kentucky River, and the place where they first halted was near Lexington. A stream from which they drank is still pointed out. The town was named after Lexington in Massachusetts, by the hunters into whose forest retreat the news had crept that King George's troops, on the 19th of April, had shot down the American rebels in Massachusetts colony at Lexington. Kentucky was then a wild territory, belonging to the royal province of Virginia, and it is not a little strange that there, in the midst of an unbroken forest, was raised the first monument to the first dead of the American revolution.

The founder of Lexington was Colonel Robert Patterson, the compeer of Boone, Kenton, and other forest pioneers whose names are famous. For half a century after its foundation, Lexington had a brilliant

history. To-day it is a quiet town, the home of many wealthy families and the Mecca of thousands of pilgrims, because it contains the old residence and the grave of Henry Clay. A monument to the illustrious statesman stands in the beautiful cemetery of Lexington, on an eminence near the center of the grounds, and is a landmark for miles around. It was completed in 1860, at a cost of $50,000.

"Ashland," the old Clay homestead, is situated a mile and a-half from the city, in the midst of beautiful parks, which closely resemble the manors of England. During Mr. Clay's lifetime the estate was ornamented with loveliest shade trees and orchards in profusion, and the road which leads to the mansion, now the residence of Regent Bowman, of the Kentucky University, is lined with locusts, cypresses, and cedars, through which peep the rose, the jasmin, and the ivy. The old mansion, replaced in 1857 by a beautiful modern residence, was a plain, unpretending structure, in which Mr. Clay had at various times entertained a host of distinguished Americans and foreigners. Lexington is also the location of the Kentucky University and the State Lunatic Asylum; the former institution, founded on the ruins of Transylvania University, has an endowment of $500,000, a fine library, and its law and medical schools have long been renowned. The present University was incorporated in 1858, and its original endowment was obtained by the efforts of the present Regent, John B. Bowman, a native of Kentucky, who was also instrumental in the consolidation of the Universities of Harrodsburg, Transylvania, and the Agricultural College, at Lexington. The first session of the Kentucky University was in 1865, and the grounds of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, which now comprise "Ashland," the old Clay homestead, and the adjoining estate of "Woodlands," were purchased in 1866.

Lexington to-day has a population of fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants, nearly half of whom are blacks.

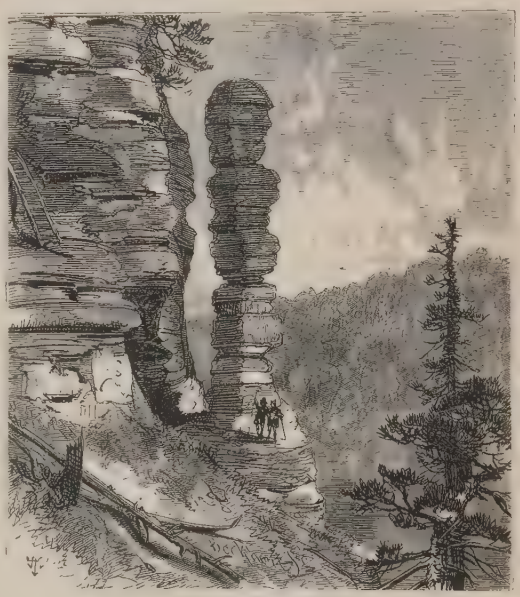
The state of politics in Kentucky has lately been more agitated than for many years since the war. The discussion of the Civil Rights bill has been as furious and illogical there as in any other of the ex-slave States. The freedmen do not constitute a troublesome element in the commonwealth. There are 222,000 of them, while the whole population of the State is 1,331,000 souls. Some of the oldest and stiffest Bourbon Democrats have of late shown gratifying tendencies toward liberality in educational matters, and, indeed, it may with reason be hoped that Kentucky will soon be ranked among the progressive States which desire immigration, education, and manufactures, the three things which alone can build up States once consecrated to slavery.

A brief sketch of the progress of Kentucky politics may not be uninteresting. Kentucky was a Whig State, faithful to Henry Clay as long as he lived, and a worshiper of his theories after he died. The Whig feeling is still very strong among some of the older voters. A prominent editor in the

ASTEROID KICKS UP.

State told me that he could remember when it was not good *ton* to be a Democrat, just as since the war it has not been fashionable to be a Republican. When the Whig party died, after Scott's defeat, the masses of the Whigs went into the Know-Nothing movement, and the Democrats opposed it, although during the battle, a good many Whigs and Democrats changed sides. In the Fillmore and Buchanan canvass, the State sided with Buchanan, and the Know-Nothing party died. Then the Whigs, still unwilling to coincide with the Democrats, formed what was called the Opposition Party, and, in 1859, ran Bell for Governor against McGoffin, who was a Douglas Squatter-Sovereignty Democrat; but Bell, for the purpose of making political capital, took extreme views with regard to the rights of the South in the territories, and compelled McGoffin to come on to his ground. This, it is considered, was very unfortunate in its effect on the temper of the State.

When the secession movement came up, eighteen months afterward, it had a good deal to do with creating the neutrality position taken by the leading men of the State, in the winter of 1860, as a measure of necessity for holding the masses of the people steady for a time against the wave of secession excitement. The division of the Democrats between Breckenridge and Douglas, in 1860, gave the State to Bell and Everett. The Douglas men were nearly all Unionists. When the Southern States began the secession movement, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, the Kentucky Legislature, which had been elected in 1859 during the excitement raised by the Bell-McGoffin canvass for the Governorship, was found to be nearly divided between Union men and Southern sympathizers. In the election of 1861, for "Peace Commissioners," Congressmen, and Legislators, the Union men were successful by large majorities, and they retained control of the State until 1866, although it is said that the Emancipation Proclamation, and the course of injudicious military commanders in the State greatly weakened the Union party, which was gradually divided into unconditional Union men and "Union Democrats." The straight-out Democrats, mostly Secessionists, tried to hold a convention at Frankfort in 1862, but were prevented by the Post-Commander. They sent delegates, however, to the Chicago Convention in 1864. Those delegates were received and divided seats with the Union Democrats. The unconditional Union men, who voted for Mr. Lincoln in



CHIMNEY ROCK — KENTUCKY.

1864 in Kentucky, formed the basis of the present Republican party in the State, but did not call themselves Republicans until the convention of May, 1867.

The Union Legislature, during the war, passed an act expatriating all citizens who had left the State for the purpose of aiding the Confederacy. The last Union Legislature, in 1865 and '66 repealed this act, and welcomed the return of the Confederates to their allegiance. The Democratic party was organized in 1866, and gained possession of the county offices. The unconditional Union men coöperated with the Union Democrats in this canvass. The next year the Union men took their stand with the Republican party, and nominated a candidate for Governor. The Union Democrats also nominated a candidate. They were called before the election the "third party," and after it, from their small show of strength, the "one-third party." The Democrats, embracing the Secession element, and the dissatisfied Union men, also made a nomination.

The "third party" embraced nearly all the old Union leaders, but few of the rank and file, and balloted only 13,000 votes. The Democratic Governor was elected, and Secession Democrats have filled the Governor's chair ever since.

By the adoption of the fifteenth amendment about 45,000 additional voters were placed upon the lists, but not more than 35,000 of them have ever voted at any election. The Republicans have been slowly but steadily gaining ground in the Legislature for some years. They are still in a small minority. Their policy has been to win back the old Union men from the Democracy, with whom their associations have not always been pleasant. It is from that source mainly that the Republicans have gained their strength. The Democrats are divided up by lines which cross one another in a variety of ways, into the "Stay-at-home sympathizers," the Confederate soldiers, the Bourbons, and the "Progressives." The Stay-at-homes have repeatedly concluded that the Confederates were too grasping, and the Bourbons have shriekingly accused the Progressives of infidelity to party. The balance of power has swayed in every direction; but the Bourbons and Confederates now control the State. The feeling that the Democratic party of Kentucky was in many respects an "unreconciled" party, and that it sanctioned the lawlessness of the Ku-Klux, has led the Republicans to adhere to the national organization of their party, without paying much attention to the questions which have caused dissension among Northern Republicans. They still regard the predominance of the Republican party in national affairs as more important to them than the justification of party measures. If the negro question were out of the politics of the State, there would be no trouble on account of the old Union and Secession differences. The feeling in relation to it had been toned down to a manageable point, when the discussion of the Civil Rights bill revived it in all its old bitterness and intensity.

The Progressives in the Democratic party have among them individuals who take strong ground in favor of general education, but the opposition to common schools among the wealthier classes is very powerful. The first law for the establishment of a general system of common schools in Kentucky was enacted in 1838, but the continued war made upon it disgusted the friends of the movement, and they did but little for many years thereafter. In 1867 a series of liberal reforms in the then prostrate school system was planned, and a bill inaugurating the reform finally passed the Legislature in 1869–70. The result of the operation of the new law was the doubling of the number of children in the common schools, and a general advance in education throughout the State. The Board of Education is composed of the Attorney General, the Secretary of State, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

While it may be said that there are free schools in most of the districts in Kentucky, it is evident that many of them are but poorly sustained for a few months in the year, and are not patronized enough by the influential classes to give them vitality and value. All the populous and flourishing towns have high schools and private academies, and the many colleges, either sectarian or established by private enterprise, receive the youth who, in other States, are educated in public schools. Outside of the cities, although some provision is made for the education of the colored children, the whites feel but little interest in it, and Berea College, in the mountain district, is probably the only mixed college in the State. The address recently made by Colonel Stodart Johnson, of Kentucky, containing a strong plea for educational progress, excited considerable unfriendly criticism.

At Berea College, near the old estates of Cassius M. Clay, the famous abolitionist, in Madison County, Kentucky, the spectacle of both races studying in the same institution in completest harmony may be seen. A prosperous school was started at Berea several years before the war by a missionary who had been successful in founding anti-slavery churches in the South; but when the John Brown raid occurred, the slaveholders broke up the school. At the close of the war the teachers returned, and found their homes and buildings uninjured. They at once opened a school into which both races would be received upon equal footing. This was a source of great astonishment to the Kentuckians for a time; but they finally began to send their children, and now the regular proportion of white students is about two-fifths, many of whom are young ladies. The annual commencement exercises bring together audiences of a thousand or fifteen hundred persons, black and white, ex-Confederate and Unionist, who look on approvingly at the progress of students of both colors. Rev. E. H. Fairchild, brother of the Oberlin President, presides over the faculty. Donations from the North are rapidly building up this institution, one of the few in the ex-slave States where blacks and whites study harmoniously together.

The public debt of Kentucky is but a trifling sum, and the "powers that be" are very scrupulous with regard to incurring liabilities,—so much so that they begrudge the money which might be expended in furthering the State's interest. The total State tax, at present, is forty-five cents on $100, and real estate is rarely assessed at more than half its value.

When I first saw Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, its streets were almost deserted. The only signs of activity were at the railway stations, where thousands of people were crowding the trains which were to bear them beyond the reach of cholera. The city received a dreadful visitation of this destroyer in 1873, and the dispatches which brought from Memphis the accounts of the horrors of the yellow fever were the only news which I found in the papers of Nashville. But visiting the pleasant town a few months afterward, when the cholera had passed away, and the inhabitants had regained their courage, I saw plenty of life, activity, and industry. During my stay the city was visited by a furious and protracted rain storm which flooded the lower part of the town, and raised the Cumberland River, which at Nashville flows between high banks, so that a disastrous inundation was feared. Houses were set afloat, negroes were driven from their cabins to the streets, and poverty and distress were great.

Nashville was once one of the most famous towns in the United States. Its men and women were noted for their wit and beauty,—qualities which are conspicuous today, but which have not been so prominent in the society of the capital as previous to 1835. The town is situated on the left bank of the Cumberland River, a little north of the center of the State. It is founded almost literally upon a rock, the river-bluffs rising nearly eighty feet above low water mark. The city stretches along irregular and gradual slopes, and is picturesquely grouped around Capitol Hill, on which stands the State House, one of the

A FAMILIAR SCENE IN A LOUISVILLE STREET.

A SOUVENIR OF KENTUCKY.

most elegant public buildings in the country. From its beautiful porticoes one may look over the wide expanse of plain dotted with groups of houses; over the high trestle-works on which run the railways leading toward Memphis; or may gaze upon the winding Cumberland, along whose banks the high business blocks are not ungracefully packed; or out to the hill on which stand the ruins of Fort Negley, a remnant of the fierce siege during the war.

The Capitol is built of laminated limestone, which softens by exposure to the air, and some of the stones are already beginning to show signs of exfoliation. On the streets near the Capitol I saw gangs of negro convicts from the State Penitentiary, which is situated in the city, working at street and wall making, while guards with cocked rifles kept constant watch over them.

Nashville now has about 40,000 population, and is rapidly growing in wealth and commercial importance. Its receipts of cotton annually amount to nearly 100,000 bales; it has a large trade in leaf tobacco, which comes from the adjacent counties; its provision trade is with the far South, and is very extensive. Its sales of dry goods annually amount to about four million dollars. It also deals very extensively in liquor. The flouring-mills in the city and vicinity manufacture 450,000 barrels of flour and 1,200,000 barrels of meal annually. The Southerner has a marked fondness for Tennessee whisky, and Nashville sends the favorite beverage into every Southern State. During the year 1873 the sales amounted to more than one hundred thousand barrels. Nashville is also a central point for drovers, and thousands of cattle, sheep, and swine are yearly sent down from the great Blue Grass region to be marketed at the capital. The whole trade of the town amounts to more than fifty millions yearly, and this will prob-

ably be doubled in a few years by the rapid increase of the coal trade and manufacturing and mechanical interests.

Three coal fields are easily accessible from the town. One lies along the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, the second is drained by the upper Cumberland River, and the third, that of Western Kentucky, is penetrated by the St. Louis and South-eastern Railroad. Six important railways center in Nashville. The Louisville and Nashville, and Nashville and Decatur roads, consolidated, give a route from the Ohio River through the Tennessee capital to the junction with the road leading, by the Memphis and Charleston line, to Memphis. The Nashville and Chattanooga road runs through the loveliest mountain scenery in the south to Chattanooga. The Tennessee and Pacific road extends to Lebanon in Tennessee, and the St. Louis and South-eastern line gives a direct route *via* Henderson, Kentucky, and Evansville, Indiana, to St. Louis. Other roads are now under contract, and are opening up the entire country of Middle Tennessee.

The Cumberland River, upon whose banks are many flourishing towns, is navigable for nine months in the year, and large quantities of coal and lumber are floated down to Nashville during high water. The value of the exports and imports along this river exceeds ten million dollars yearly, and if the improvements needed to render it thoroughly navigable were made at an expense of four or five million dollars, the trade would doubtless be quadrupled. Little has been done since Andrew Jackson's time to construct the necessary dams and deepen the channel of the stream.

In North Nashville stands one of the largest cotton factories in the country. Although it has been established but a short time, the annual dividends of the company amount to twelve per cent. The wages paid to the factory hands is but little more than five dollars weekly, and the cheapness of cotton and labor enabled the proprietors last year not only to issue bonds which are at par in financial circles, but to declare a net profit of more than forty thousand dollars. Nashville is making an effort to secure the establishment of other cotton factories within her limits.

At Edgefield, across the Cumberland, there are many prosperous manufacturing establishments, and large numbers of the citizens of Nashville, finding that the neighboring town has thus far enjoyed complete immunity from cholera, have built handsome residences there. The Tennesseans attribute the prevalence of cholera during the warm season in a large degree to the use of cistern water. Possibly when Nashville has a modern system of water-works the terrible scourge will no longer trouble it.

Davidson County, in which the capital is situated, is highly prosperous. Manufacturing establishments are springing up in many towns; food can be produced cheaply, and great quantities of coal and iron lie within convenient distances of each other. The public schools in Nashville are exceedingly good. More than 2,500 children regularly attend them, and the course of study, which requires ten years, and embraces primary, intermediate, grammar and high school departments, is admirably comprehensive. Nashville is likely to become a prominent educational center in the South. The Vanderbilt University, the outgrowth of the magnificent donation of half a million of dollars to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, by Commodore Vanderbilt, of New York, is in process of erection. The Fisk University, for the colored people, and several excellent seminaries for young ladies, have an enviable reputation. The University of Nashville, whose buildings were used

"THE HERMITAGE"—THE OLD HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN.

as a hospital during the civil war, has been revived, and its literary and medical departments are now successfully conducted.

The work of normal instruction of the negroes has had great and encouraging growth in Tennessee. The people of Nash-

ville had the problem of the care of freedmen presented to them early in 1862, and in 1867 the Freedmen's Bureau and the Amer-

TOMB OF ANDREW JACKSON AT "THE HERMITAGE," NEAR NASHVILLE.

ican Missionary Association together had succeeded in securing the charter of Fisk University in that city. Early in 1867 the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and other Tennesseans announced that "the best way to permanently establish and perpetuate schools among the colored people is to establish good normal training schools for the education of teachers." The University was developed from the Fisk school opened in 1866, and named for General Clinton B. Fisk, who was for a time in charge of the work of the Freedmen's Bureau at Nashville. The attendance at this school averaged over a thousand pupils, until Nashville herself adopted a public school system. The Missionary Association then placed a suitable location for buildings at the disposition of the trustees of the new University, and a little band of the students, young men and women, went out into the North to sing the "heart-songs" in which the slaves used to find such consolation, and by means of concerts to secure the money with which to erect new University buildings. The success of that campaign in this country and in England is now a matter of history. The "Jubilee Singers" have found the means to build Jubilee Hall, an edifice which would be an ornament to any university, and around which will in time be grouped many others.

This University began with the alphabet in 1867. It teaches it still, but it offers in addition a college classical course of four years, with a preparatory course of three years, and two normal courses of two years each. The following paragraph from a report of a recent commencement will show what progress the ex-slaves have already made:

"On Thursday the freshman class in college was examined in Virgil's Æneid, Geometry, and Botany, the latter with the sophomores. The sophomore class was examined in the De Amicitia and De Senectute of Cicero and Livy, in Latin; in Homer's Iliad, in Greek, and Botany, in all of which the members of this class acquitted themselves with marked ability, showing conclusively that the people of the colored race are capable of acquiring and mastering the most difficult studies, and attaining the highest culture given by our best colleges. The promptness and beauty of their translations, together with their accuracy, showing a knowledge of the structure of the language as well as the thought of the classics they translated, was most gratifying to the friends of education, as well as to their instructors. So, too, in Botany, pursued but a single term, the examination was most satisfactory in the knowledge of the terminology of the science, the principles of classification, and the ability to analyze plants, explain their structure, and determine their order and species in the vegetable world."

The normal department of Fisk University is constantly supplying colored pupils with efficient and pious teachers. The privations

THE STATE CAPITOL — NASHVILLE, TENN.

which the negro will inflict upon himself for the sake of maintaining himself in the University (for it is not, like "Hampton," a manual

VIEW FROM THE STATE CAPITOL — NASHVILLE, TENN.

labor school) are almost incredible. The University stands upon the site of Fort Gillam, in a beautiful section of Nashville, and the town negroes never pass it without a lingering look at the doors of the building, as if they all would enter if they could.

From the suspension bridge spanning the Cumberland one gets a view of the pretty stream, with rafts of logs moored along its banks; of busy and prosperous Edgefield; of old Fort Negley's wind-swept height, and the many narrow and elegant streets along the hills, with cozy mansions and fine churches embowered in foliage. The market square is large, but there is little of the picturesque activity which one finds in the markets further South; so, also, there is less of the lounging and laziness which a more genial sun prompts in the Gulf States. The town is quiet, but not sleepy. The numerous daily newspapers, and the elegant book stores, than which there are no finer south of Baltimore, as well as a good public library, and the collection of volumes at the Capitol, testify to a literary taste. The society is exceedingly cordial, and hospitality is of the genuine Southern kind, diffuse and deferential.

A few miles from the town on the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is a large national cemetery, an effective testimonial to the sharpness of the fighting around Nashville in 1864, when General Thomas sallied out to meet Hood, and in a two days' battle drove the Confederates from their intrenchments, following them until they escaped across the Tennessee River.

No State is making more earnest endeavors to secure immigration than Tennessee. In the cars, on the steamboats, on the rivers, in the hotels, at the Capitol, in all public places, one hears the resources of the State earnestly discussed, and no stranger is allowed to pass without obtaining thorough information as to its splendid mineral wealth and the remarkable agricultural facilities.

The population of the State is at present 1,258,526, of whom 322,000 are colored. Over seventy-two per cent. of the people are engaged in agriculture. The area of improved land in the State is but small, when one considers that there are twenty-five millions of acres within the State limits.

The tendency is to small farms. The entire value of the farms is more than $218,000,000. The total valuation of the taxable property in 1873 was $308,000,000, while the true valuation was probably two-fifths more. From these few statistics it will be seen that Tennessee has an industrious and capable population, although in some parts of the State one cannot but look with displeasure upon the rough-riding, hard-drinking, quarrelsome folk who grumble at the new order of things, and spend their nights at corner-groceries, inveighing against "free niggers" and free schools.

The astonishing cheapness of land is accounted for by the want of home markets, of good roads, and cheap means of transportation in many sections in the State. The war also ruined many farmers who held slaves, and instances have been known of the sale of estates worth $100,000 for one-fifth of that sum. Among the other drawbacks to farming are the want of active capi-

tal and of good labor. The inducements offered immigrants who are willing to work, and who have a small capital to invest, are great, for good lands, partially improved, may be had in the eastern, middle, or western divisions of the State for from eight to thirty dollars an acre.

Many Northern immigrants who have entered Tennessee have been disappointed because they expected to find labor less necessary than in the country whence they came. The winters are short and the products are abundant; but a farmer must labor in Tennessee as in New York or Ohio. The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, who has written an excellent book on the resources of the State, urges immigrants to go to Tennessee in colonies, as they can generally, by buying land together, secure it at much cheaper rates, and can have a society of their own, whereas, a single individual settling in the back-country of Tennessee, among populations somewhat ignorant, and generally prejudiced against innovations, would find his habits constantly clashing with those of the people around him, and would end by leaving in disgust. The impression that the better class in Tennessee do not respect laboring men is incorrect. It is becoming yearly more and more disgraceful to be an idler, and the influential people heartily welcome all who go to the State for the purpose of establishing manufactures or engaging in agriculture. Outrages against persons and property are, on the whole, rare. In the rougher mountain regions, and some of the counties bordering on the Mississippi, strangers are looked upon with suspicion, and Northern men are considered as natural enemies; but this by no means represents the feeling of the mass of the people of the State.

A WAYSIDE SKETCH.

Tennessee is gradually reducing her debt, which, in April of 1874, was $23,995,337. In 1875, nearly every railroad within her boundaries will be liable to taxation, and, judging from the present aspects, many millions of dollars will be invested in the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods, and the development of the coal and iron fields so prodigally scattered over the State. The Tennessee, the Cumberland, and numerous other rivers, are already important avenues of transportation, and the unflagging zeal manifested by the State authorities in demanding the improvement of these streams will soon result in some action by the General Government. Western Tennessee has already more than seven hundred miles of rail, and had it not been for the financial crisis of '73, the mileage would have been largely increased.

The public school system is not yet very efficient, although much labor has been expended in its enforcement by native Tennesseans. There is a positive objection freely expressed in many parts of Tennessee to the education of the negro, but the colored element in the Republican party seems quite competent to assert its own interests and to provide for them. The blacks are clamorous for many of the privileges which would be secured to them by the Civil Rights bill, and Congressman Maynard, their candidate for Governor, is helping them in their crusade. The permanent school fund for the State is more than two and one-half millions, and an additional annual income is derived from numerous sources. The school districts are authorized to levy taxes for the support of schools and the erection of buildings. As the matter of taxation is left to their option, the more illiberal of the districts are, of course, unprovided with schools. It is asserted that but thirty-five counties in the State have really levied a tax for school purposes. The fact that the whites are positively determined to provide completely separate schools for the colored people, and

that the latter are not rich enough to supply themselves with schools, renders the subject a difficult and disagreeable one, especially at the present time. The scholastic population of the State was, in 1873, one hundred and seventy-three thousand. The number of teachers is insufficient, and their qualifications are not always of a high order.

The Cumberland University at Lebanon has a good legal department, and the Presbyterians propose shortly to establish a fine University, with an endowment of half a million, which shall rival the famous institution founded by Vanderbilt at Nashville.

Middle Tennessee, in which Nashville stands, is at present the most valuable division of the State. It contains more than half a million people, and several hundred prosperous towns and villages. It is one of the healthiest sections of America. The Cumberland, Duck, and Elk rivers flow down through deep gorges in the mountains, and the hundreds of small streams in the recesses among the hills furnish abundant water-power. The variety of crops is almost astonishing; wheat and fruits, tobacco, corn, cotton, and everything that grows above the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude;—even the fig and the magnolia,—can be cultivated without injury from the climate. In what is called the Central Basin of Middle Tennessee, as in Kentucky, much of the fine stock used in the cotton States is bred. The fleet horses and the slow and laborious mules, the fine short-horned and Ayreshire cattle, are sought by buyers from all the States as the most perfect types of these animals. As a wool-growing region the basin has few equals and no superiors.

FOREBODING.

Cricket, why wilt thou crush me with thy cry?
How can such light sound weigh so heavily!
Behold the grass is sere, the cold dews fall,
The world grows empty—yes, I know it all,
The knell of joy I hear.

O long ago the swallows hence have flown,
And sadly sings the sea in undertone;
The wild vine crimsons o'er the rough gray stone;
The stars of winter rise, the cool winds moan;
Fast wanes the golden year.

O cricket, cease thy sorrowful refrain!
This summer's glory comes not back again,
But others wait with flowers and sun and rain;
Why wakest thou this haunting sense of pain,
Of loss, regret, and fear?

Clear sounds thy note above the waves' low sigh,
Clear through the breathing wind that wanders by,
Clear through the rustle of dry grasses tall;
Thou chantest, "Joy is dead!" I know it all,
The winter's woe is near.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next day, the 17th April, the sailor's first words were addressed to Gideon Spilett.

"Well, sir," he asked, "what shall we do to-day?"

"What the captain pleases," replied the reporter. Till then the engineer's companions had been brick-makers and potters; now they were to become metallurgists.

AFTER THE SEALS.

The day before, after breakfast, they had explored as far as the point of Mandible Cape, seven miles distant from the Chimneys. There the long series of downs ended, and the soil had a volcanic appearance. There were no longer high cliffs as at Prospect Heights, but a strange and capricious border which surrounded the narrow gulf between the two capes, formed of mineral matter thrown up by the volcano. Arriving at this point, the settlers retraced their steps, and at nightfall entered the Chimneys, but they did not sleep before they had settled the question whether they could think of leaving Lincoln Island or not.

The twelve hundred miles which separated the island from the Pomotou Islands was a considerable distance. A boat could not cross it, especially at the approach of the bad season. Pencroff had expressly declared this. Now, to construct a simple boat, even with the necessary tools, was a difficult work, and the colonists, not having tools, must begin by making hammers, axes, adzes, saws, augers, planes, &c., which would take some time. It was decided, therefore, that they should winter at Lincoln Island, and seek for a more comfortable dwelling than the Chimneys, in which to pass the winter months.

Before anything else could be done, it was necessary to make the iron ore, of which the engineer had observed some traces in the north-west part of the island, fit for use by converting it into either iron or steel.

Metals are not generally found in the ground in a pure state. For the most part

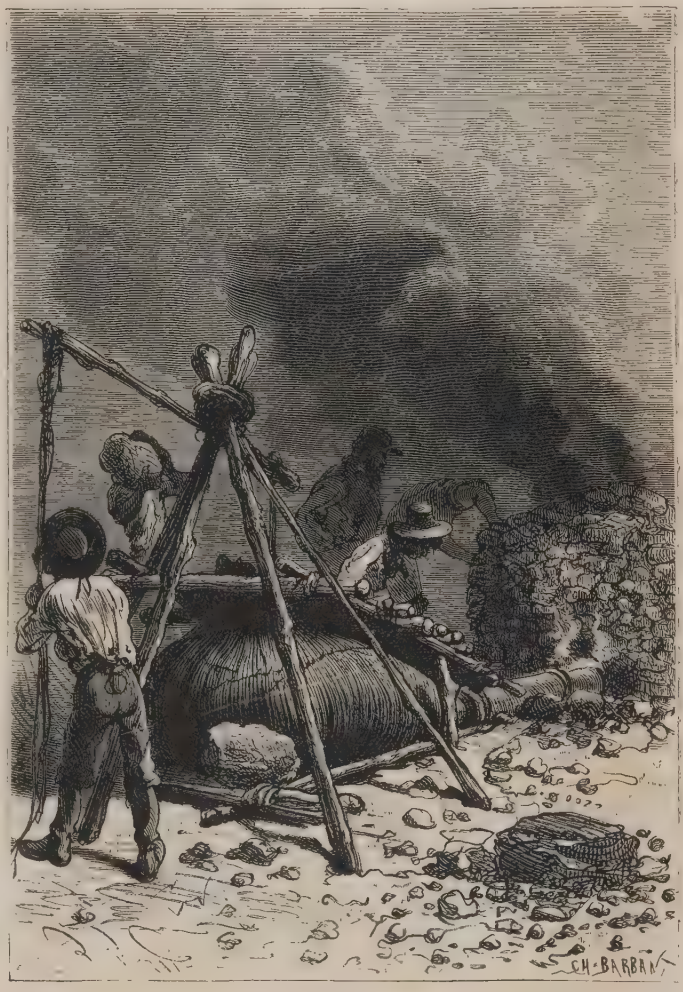
they are combined with oxygen or sulphur. Such was the case with the two specimens which Cyrus Smith had brought back, one of magnetic iron, not carbonated, the other a pyrite, also called sulphuret of iron. It was, therefore, the first, the oxide of iron, which they must reduce with coal, that is to say, get rid of the oxygen to obtain it in a pure state. This reduction is made by subjecting the ore to a high temperature by means of coal, either by the rapid and easy Catalan method, which has the advantage of transforming the ore into iron in a single operation, or by the blast furnace, which first smelts the ore, then changes it into iron, by carrying away the three to four per cent. of coal which is combined with it.

Now Cyrus Smith wanted iron, and he wished to obtain it as soon as possible. Besides, the ore which he had picked up was in itself very pure and rich. It was the oxidulous iron, which is found in confused masses of a deep gray color; it gives a black dust, crystallized in the form of the regular octahedron. Native loadstones consist of this ore, and iron of the first quality is made in Europe from that with which Sweden and Norway are so abundantly supplied. Not far from this vein was the vein of coal already made use of by the settlers. The ingredients for the manufacture being close together would greatly facilitate the treatment of the ore. This is the cause of the wealth of the mines in Great Britain, where the coal aids the manufacture of the metal extracted from the same soil at the same time as itself.

"Then, Captain," said Pencroff, "we are going to work iron ore?"

"Yes, my friend," replied the engineer, "and for that, something which will please you, we must begin by having a seal hunt on the islet."

"A seal hunt!" cried the sailor, turning toward Gideon Spilett. "Are seals needed to make iron?"



A NOVEL FORGE.

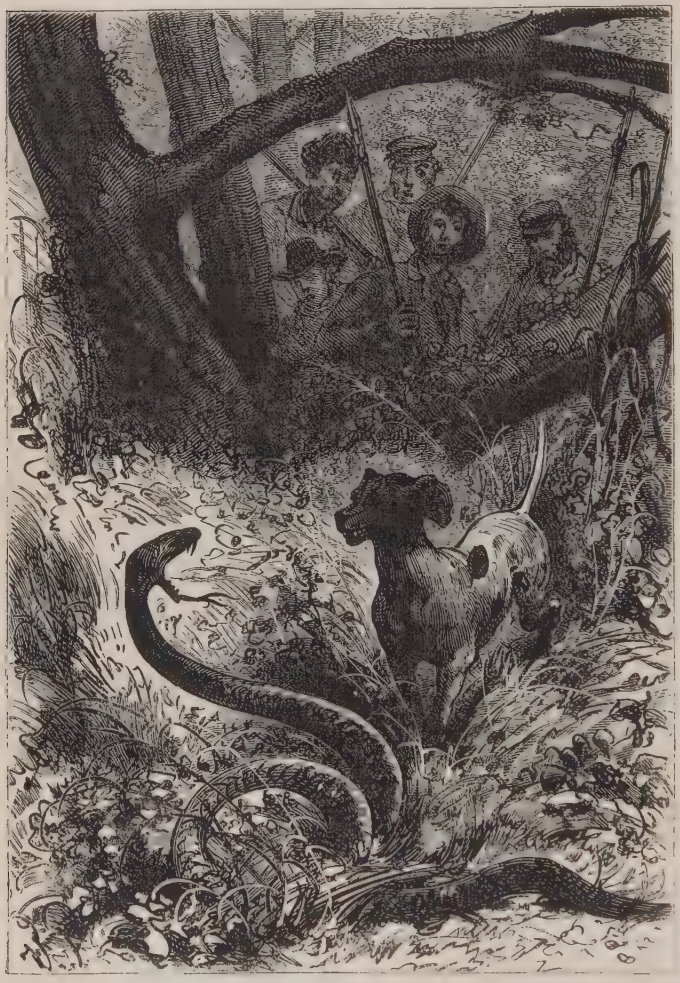
"Since Cyrus has said so!" replied the reporter.

But the engineer had already left the Chimneys, and Pencroff prepared for the seal hunt without having received any other explanation.

The five companions were soon collected on the shore, at a place where the channel left a ford passable at low tide. The hunters could therefore traverse it without getting wet higher than the knee.

Smith then put his foot on the islet for the first, and his companions for the second time.

On their landing, some hundreds of penguins looked fearlessly at them. The hunters, armed with sticks, could have killed them easily, but they were not guilty of such useless massacre, as it was important not to frighten the seals, who were lying on the sand several cable lengths off. They also respected certain innocent-looking birds, whose wings were reduced to the state of stumps, spread out like fins and ornamented with feathers of a scaly appearance. The settlers, therefore, prudently advanced toward the north point, walking over ground riddled with little holes, which formed nests for the sea-birds. Toward the extremity of the islet appeared great black heads floating just above the water, having exactly the appearance of rocks in motion.



TOP SHOWS HIS TEETH.

These were the seals which were to be captured. It was necessary, however, first to allow them to land, for with their close, short hair, and their fusiform conformation, being excellent swimmers, it is difficult to catch them in the sea, while on land their short, webbed feet prevent their having more than a slow, waddling movement.

Pencroff knew the habits of these creatures, and advised waiting till they were stretched on the sand, when the sun would soon put them to sleep. They must then manage to cut off their retreat and knock them on the head.

The hunters concealed themselves behind the rocks, and waited silently.

An hour passed before the seals (about half a dozen) came to play on the sand. Pencroff and Harbert then went round the point of the islet so as to take them in the rear, and cut off their retreat, while Cyrus Smith, Spilett, and Neb, crawling behind the rocks, glided toward them from the other side.

All at once the tall figure of the sailor appeared. Pencroff shouted. The engineer and his two companions threw themselves between the sea and the seals. Two of the animals soon lay dead on the sand, but the rest regained the sea in safety.

"Here are the seals required, Captain!" said the sailor, advancing toward the engineer.

"Capital," replied Smith. "We will make bellows of them!"

"Bellows!" cried Pencroff. "Well! these are lucky seals!"

It was, in fact, a blowing machine, necessary for the treatment of the ore, that the engineer wished to manufacture with the skin of the amphibious creature, which was

of a medium size, and its length not exceeding six feet, and resembled a dog about the head.

As it was useless to burden themselves with the weight of both the animals, Neb and Pencroff resolved to skin them on the spot, while Cyrus Smith and the reporter continued to explore the islet.

The sailor and the negro cleverly performed the operation, and three hours afterward, Cyrus Smith had at his disposal two seal-skins, which he intended to use in this state, without subjecting them to any tanning process.

The skins had then to be stretched on a frame of wood, and sewn by means of fibers so as to preserve the air without allowing too much to escape. Cyrus Smith had nothing but the two steel blades from Top's collar, and yet he was so clever, and his companions aided him with so much intelligence, that three days afterward the little colony's stock of tools was augmented by a blowing machine, destined to inject the air into the midst of the ore when it should be subjected to heat—an indispensable condition to the success of the operation.

On the morning of the 20th of April began the "metallic period," as the reporter called it in his notes. The engineer had decided, as has been said, to operate near the veins of both coal and ore. Now, according to his observations, these veins were situated at the foot of the north-east spurs of Mount Franklin, that is to say, a distance of six miles from their home. It was impossible, therefore, to return every day to the Chimneys, and it was agreed that the little colony should camp under a hut of branches, so that the important operation could be followed night and day.

This settled, they set out in the morning, Neb and Pencroff dragging a hurdle, on which they had placed the bellows, and also a quantity of vegetables and animals.

The road led through Jacamar Wood, which they traversed obliquely from south-east to north-west, and in the thickest part. It was necessary to beat a path, which would in the future form the most direct road to Prospect Heights and Mount Franklin. The trees, belonging to the species already discovered, were magnificent. Harbert found some new ones, amongst others some which Pencroff called "sham leeks," for, in spite of their size, they were of the same liliaceous family as the onion, chive, shallot, or asparagus. These trees produce ligneous roots which, when cooked, are excellent; from them, by fermentation, a very agreeable liquor is made. They therefore provided a good store of the roots.

The journey through the wood was long, lasting the whole day, and so allowing plenty of time for examining the flora and fauna. Top, who took special charge of the fauna, ran through the grass and brushwood, putting up all sorts of game. Harbert and the engineer killed two kangaroos with bows and arrows, and also an animal which strongly resembled both a hedgehog and an ant-eater. It was like the first because it rolled itself into a ball, and bristled with spines; and the second because it had sharp claws, a long slender snout which terminated in a bird's beak, and an extendible tongue, covered with little thorns which served to hold the insects.

"And when it is in the pot," asked Pencroff, naturally, "what will it be like?"

"An excellent piece of beef," replied Harbert.

"We will not ask more from it," replied the sailor.

During this excursion they saw several wild boars, which, however, did not offer to attack the little band, and it appeared as if they would not meet with any dangerous beasts; when, in a thick part of the wood, the reporter thought he saw, some paces from him, among the lower branches of a tree, an animal which he took for a bear, and which he very tranquilly began to draw. Happily for Gideon Spilett, the animal in question did not belong to the redoubtable family of the plantigrades. It was only a koala, better known under the name of the sloth, being about the size of a large dog, and having stiff hair of a dirty color, the paws armed with strong claws, which enabled it to climb trees and feed on the leaves. Having identified the animal, which they did not disturb, Gideon Spilett erased "bear" from the title of his sketch, putting kaola in its place, and the journey was resumed.

At five o'clock in the evening, the engineer gave the signal to halt. They were now outside the forest, at the beginning of the powerful spurs which supported Mount Franklin toward the west. At a distance of some hundred feet flowed the Red Creek, and consequently plenty of fresh water was within their reach.

The camp was soon organized. In less than an hour, on the edge of the forest, among the trees, a hut of branches interlaced with creepers, and pasted over with

clay, offered a tolerable shelter. Their geological researches were put off till the next day. Supper was prepared, a good fire blazed before the hut, the roast turned, and at eight o'clock, while one of the settlers watched to keep up the fire, in case any wild beasts should prowl in the neighborhood, the others slept soundly.

The next day, the 21st of April, the engineer, accompanied by Harbert, went to look for the soil of ancient formation, on which he had already discovered a specimen of ore. They found the vein above-ground, near the source of the creek, at the foot of one of the north-eastern spurs. This ore, very rich in iron, enclosed in its fusible vein-stone, was perfectly suited to the mode of reduction which the engineer intended to employ; that is, the Catalan method, but simplified, as it is used in Corsica. In fact, the Catalan method, properly so called, requires the construction of kilns and crucibles, in which the ore and the coal, placed in alternate layers, are transformed and reduced. But the engineer intended to economize these constructions, and wished simply to form, with the ore and the coal, a cubic mass, to the center of which he would send the wind from his bellows. Doubtless, it was the proceeding employed by Tubal Cain and the first metallurgists of the inhabited world.

The coal, as well as the ore, was collected without trouble on the surface of the ground. They previously broke the ore into little pieces, and cleansed them with the hand from the impurities which soiled their surface. The coal and ore were arranged in heaps and in successive layers, as the charcoal burner does with the wood which he wishes to carbonize. In this way, under the influence of the air projected by the blowing machine, the coal would be transformed into carbonic acid, then into oxide of carbon, its use being to reduce the oxide of iron; that is to say, to rid it of the oxygen.

Thus the engineer proceeded. The bellows of seal-skin, furnished at its extremity with a nozzle of clay which had been previously fabricated in the pottery kiln, was established near the heap of ore. Moved by a mechanism which consisted of a frame, cords of fiber and counterpoise, he threw into the mass an abundance of air, which by raising the temperature, also assisted the chemical operation in producing pure iron.

The operation was difficult. All the patience, all the ingenuity of the settlers was needed; but at last it succeeded, and the result was a lump of iron, reduced to a spongy state, which it was necessary to shingle and fagot; that is to say, to forge so as to expel from it the liquified vein-stone. These amateur smiths had, of course, no hammer, but they were in no worse situation than the first metallurgist, and, therefore, did what, no doubt, he had to do.

A handle was fixed to the first lump, and was used as a hammer to forge the second on a granite anvil, and thus they obtained a coarse but useful metal.

At length, after many trials and much fatigue, on the 25th of April, several bars of iron were forged, and transformed into tools—crowbars, pincers, pickaxes, spades, &c., which Pencroff and Neb declared to be real jewels.

But the metal was not yet in its most serviceable state, that of steel. Now, steel is a combination of iron and coal, which is extracted, either from the liquid ore, by taking from it the excess of coal, or from the iron by adding to it the coal which was wanting. The first, obtained by the decarburation of the metal, gives natural or puddled steel; the second, produced by the carburation of the iron, gives steel of cementation.

It was the last which the engineer intended to forge, as he possessed iron in a pure state. He succeeded by heating the metal with powdered coal in a crucible which had previously been manufactured from clay suitable for the purpose. He then worked this steel, which is malleable when either hot or cold, with the hammer. Neb and Pencroff, under his instructions, made hatchets, which, heated red-hot and plunged suddenly into cold water, acquired an excellent temper.

Other instruments, of course roughly-fashioned, were also manufactured: blades for planes, axes, hatchets; pieces of steel, to be transformed into saws, chisels; then iron for spades, pickaxes, hammers, nails, &c. At last, on the 5th of May, the metallic period ended, the smiths returned to the Chimneys, where new work would soon authorize them to take a new title.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was now the 6th of May, a day which corresponds to the 6th of November in the countries of the northern hemisphere. The sky had been obscured for some days, and it was of importance to make preparations for the winter. However, the temperature

was not much lower as yet, and a centigrade thermometer, transported to Lincoln Island, would still have marked an average of ten to twelve degrees above zero. This was not surprising, since Lincoln Island, probably situated between the thirty-fifth and fortieth parallel, in the southern hemisphere, would have the same climate as Sicily or Greece in the northern hemisphere. But as Greece and Sicily have severe cold, producing snow and ice, so, doubtless, would Lincoln Island in the severest part of the winter, and it was advisable to provide against it.

Even if cold did not threaten them, the rainy season would soon begin, and on this lonely island, exposed to all the fury of the elements, in midocean, bad weather would be frequent, and probably terrible. The question of a more comfortable dwelling than the Chimneys must therefore be seriously considered and promptly resolved on.

Pencroff, naturally, had some predilection for the retreat which he had discovered, but he well understood that another must be found. The Chimneys had been already visited by the sea, under circumstances which are known, and it would not do to be exposed again to a similar accident.

"Besides," added the engineer, who this day was talking of these things with his companions, "we have some precautions to take."

"Why? The island is not inhabited," said the reporter.

"Probably not," replied the engineer, "although we have not yet explored the interior; but if no human beings are found, I fear that dangerous animals may abound. It is necessary to guard against a possible attack, so that we shall not be obliged to watch every night, or keep up a fire. And, then, my friends, we must foresee everything. We are here in a part of the Pacific often frequented by Malay pirates—"

"What!" said Harbert, "at such a distance from land?"

"Yes, my boy," replied the engineer. "These pirates are bold sailors as well as formidable enemies, and we must take measures accordingly."

"Well," replied Pencroff, "we will fortify ourselves against savages with two legs as well as against savages with four. But would it not be best to explore every part of the island before undertaking anything else?"

"That would be best," added Gideon Spilett.

"Who knows that we might not find on the opposite side one of the caverns which we have searched for here in vain?"

"That is true," replied the engineer, "but you forget, my friends, that it will be necessary to establish ourselves in the neighborhood of a water-course, and that, from the summit of Mount Franklin, we could not see toward the west either stream or river. Here, on the contrary, we are placed between the Mercy and Lake Grant, an advantage which must not be neglected. And, besides, this side, looking toward the east, is not exposed as the other is, to the trade-winds, which in this hemisphere blow from the north-west."

"Then, Captain," replied the sailor, "let us build a house on the edge of the lake. Neither bricks nor tools are wanting now. After having been brick-makers, potters, smelters, and smiths, we shall surely know how to be masons!"

"Yes, my friend, but before coming to any decision we must consider the matter thoroughly. A natural dwelling would spare us much work, and would be a surer retreat, for it would be as well defended against enemies from the interior as those from outside."

"That is true," replied the reporter, "but we have already examined all that mass of granite, and there is not a hole, not a cranny!"

"No, not one!" added Pencroff. "Ah, if we were able to dig out a dwelling in that cliff, at a good height, so as to be out of the reach of harm, that would be capital! I can see it now, on the front which looks seaward, five or six rooms . . ."

"With windows to light them!" said Harbert, laughing.

"And a staircase to climb up to them!" added Neb.

"You are laughing," cried the sailor, "and why? What is there impossible in what I propose? Haven't we got pickaxes and spades? Won't Captain Smith be able to make powder to blow up the mine? Isn't it true, Captain, that you will make powder the very day we want it?"

Cyrus Smith listened to the enthusiastic Pencroff, developing his fanciful projects. To attack this mass of granite, even by a mine, was Herculean work, and it was really vexing that nature could not help them at their need. But the engineer did not reply to the sailor except by proposing to examine the cliff more attentively, from the mouth of the river to the angle which terminated it on the north.

They went out, therefore, and the exploration was made with extreme care over an extent of nearly two miles. But in no place, in the bare, straight cliff, could any cavity be found. The nests of the rock-pigeons which fluttered at its summit were only, in reality, holes bored at the very top, and on the irregular edge of the granite.

It was a provoking circumstance, and as to attacking the cliff, either with pickaxe or with powder, so as to effect a sufficient excavation, it was not to be thought of. It so happened that, on all this part of the shore, Pencroff had discovered the only habitable shelter—the Chimneys, which now had to be abandoned.

The exploration ended, the colonists found themselves at the north angle of the cliff, where it terminated in long slopes which died away on the shore. From this place to its extreme limit in the west, it only formed a sort of declivity, a thick mass of stones, earth, and sand, bound together by plants, bushes, and grass, inclined at an angle of only forty-five degrees. Clumps of trees grew on these slopes, which were also carpeted with thick grass. But the vegetation did not extend far, and a long, sandy plain, which began at the foot of these slopes, reached to the beach.

The engineer thought, not without reason, that the overplus of the lake must flow down on this side. The excess of water furnished by the Red Creek must also escape by some channel or other. Now the engineer had not found this channel on any part of the shore already explored, that is to say, from the mouth of the stream on the west to Prospect Heights.

The engineer now proposed to his companions to climb the slope, and to return to the Chimneys by the heights, while exploring the northern and eastern shores of the lake. The proposal was accepted, and, in a few minutes, Harbert and Neb were on the upper plateau, the others following with more sedate steps.

The beautiful sheet of water glittered through the trees under the rays of the sun. In this direction the country was charming. The eye feasted on the groups of trees. Some old trunks, bent with age, showed black against the verdant grass which covered the ground. Crowds of brilliant cockatoos screamed among the branches, moving prisms, hopping from one bough to another.

The settlers instead of going directly to the north bank of the lake, made a circuit round the edge of the plateau, so as to join the mouth of the creek on its left bank. It was a detour of more than a mile and a half. Walking was easy, for the widespread trees left a considerable space between them. The fertile zone evidently stopped at this point, and vegetation would be less vigorous in the part between the creek and the Mercy.

The engineer and his companions walked over this new ground with great care. Bows, arrows, and sticks with sharp iron points, were their only weapons. However, no wild beast showed itself, and it was probable that these animals frequented rather the thick forests in the south; but the settlers had the disagreeable surprise of seeing Top stop before a snake of great size, measuring from fourteen to fifteen feet in length, which Neb killed by a rapid blow with his stick. Cyrus Smith examined the reptile, and declared it not venomous, for it belonged to that species of diamond serpents feared by the natives of New South Wales. But it was possible that others existed whose bite was mortal, such as the deaf vipers with forked tails, which rise up under the feet, or those winged snakes, furnished with two ears, which enable them to proceed with great rapidity. Top, the first moment of surprise over, had begun a reptile chase with such eagerness, that they feared for his safety.

The mouth of the Red Creek, at the place where it entered into the lake, was soon reached. The explorers recognized on the opposite shore the point which they had visited on their descent from Mount Franklin. The engineer ascertained that the flow of water into it from the creek was considerable. Nature must therefore have provided some place for the escape of the overplus. This doubtless formed a fall, which, if it could be discovered, would be of great use.

The colonists, walking apart, but not straying far from each other, began to skirt the edge of the lake, which was very steep. The water appeared to be full of fish, and Pencroff resolved to make some fishing-rods and try to catch some.

The north-east point was first to be doubled. It might have been supposed that the discharge of water was at this place, for the extremity of the lake was almost on a level with the edge of the plateau. But no signs of this were discovered, and the colonists continued to explore the bank, which, after a slight bend, descended parallel to the shore.

On this side the banks were less woody, but clumps of trees, here and there, added to the picturesqueness of the country. Lake Grant was viewed from this point in all its placid extent. Top, in beating the bushes, scared up flocks of birds of different kinds, which the engineer and Harbert saluted with arrows. One was hit by the lad and fell into some marshy grass. Top rushed forward and brought a beautiful swimming bird, of a slate color, short beak, well-developed frontal plate, and wings edged with white. It was a "coot," the size of a large partridge, belonging to the group of macrodactyles which form the transition between the order of wading birds and that of palmipeds. It was sorry game, in truth, and its flavor far from pleasant. But Top was not so particular in these things as his masters, and it was agreed that the coot should be his supper.

The settlers were now following the eastern bank of the lake, and they would not be long in reaching the part which they already knew. The engineer was much surprised at not seeing any indication of the discharge of water. The reporter and the sailor talked with him, and he could not conceal his astonishment.

At this moment Top, who had been very quiet till then, gave signs of agitation. The intelligent animal went backward and forward on the shore, stopped suddenly, and looked at the water, one paw raised as if pointing at some invisible game; then he barked furiously, and was suddenly silent.

Neither the engineer nor his companions had at first paid any attention to Top's behavior; but the dog's barking soon became so frequent that the engineer noticed it.

"What is there there, Top?" he asked.

The dog bounded toward his master, seeming to be very uneasy, and then rushed again toward the bank. Then, all at once, he plunged into the lake.

"Here, Top!" cried Cyrus Smith, who did not like his dog to venture into the treacherous water.

"What's happening down there?" asked Pencroff, examining the surface of the lake.

"Top smells some amphibious creature," replied Harbert.

"An alligator, perhaps?" said the reporter.

"I do not think so," replied Smith. "Alligators are only met with in regions less elevated in latitude."

Meanwhile Top had returned at his master's call, and had regained the shore, but he could not stay quiet, plunging into the tall grass, and, guided by instinct, appearing to follow some invisible being which was slipping along under the surface of the water. However, the water was calm, not a ripple disturbing its surface. Several times the settlers stopped on the bank and observed it attentively. Nothing appeared. There was some mystery there. The engineer was puzzled.

"Let us pursue this exploration to the end," said he.

Half an hour after, they had all arrived at the south-east angle of the lake, on Prospect Heights. At this point, the examination of the banks of the lake was considered finished, and yet the engineer had not been able to discover how and where the waters were discharged. "However, this overflow exists," he repeated, "and since it is not visible, it must go through the granite cliff at the west!"

"But what importance do you attach to knowing that?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"Considerable importance," replied the engineer; "for if it flows through the cliff, there is probably some cavity, which it would be easy to render habitable after turning away the water."

"But is it not possible, Captain, that the water flows away at the bottom of the lake," said Harbert, "and that it reaches the sea by some subterranean passage?"

"That might be," replied the engineer, "and should it be so, we shall be obliged to build our house ourselves, since nature has not done it for us."

The colonists were about to begin to traverse the plateau to return to the Chimneys, when Top gave new signs of agitation. He barked with fury, and before his master could restrain him, he had plunged a second time into the lake.

All ran toward the bank. The dog was already more than twenty feet off, and Cyrus was calling him back, when an enormous head emerged from the water, which did not appear to be deep in that place.

Harbert recognized directly the species of amphibian to which the tapering head, with large eyes, and adorned with long silky mustaches, belonged.

"A lamantin!" he cried.

It was not a lamantin, but one of that species, of the order of cetaceans, which bear the name of the "dugong," for its nostrils were open at the upper part of its snout. The enormous animal rushed on the dog, who tried to escape by returning toward

the shore. His master could do nothing to save him, and before the engineer or Harbert thought of bending their bows, Top, seized by the dugong, had disappeared beneath the water.

Neb, his iron-tipped spear in his hand, wished to go to Top's help, and attack the dangerous animal in its own element.

"No, Neb," said the engineer, restraining his courageous servant.

Meanwhile a struggle was going on beneath the water, an inexplicable struggle, for in his situation, Top could not possibly resist; and judging by the bubbling of the surface it must be also a terrible struggle, and could not but terminate in the death of the dog! But suddenly, in the middle of a foaming circle, Top re-appeared. Thrown in the air by some unknown power, he rose ten feet above the surface of the lake, fell again into the midst of the agitated waters, and then soon gained the shore, without any severe wounds, miraculously saved.

The engineer and his companions could not understand it. What was not less inexplicable was that the struggle still appeared to be going on. Doubtless, the dugong, attacked by some powerful animal, after having released the dog, was fighting on its own account. But it did not last long. The water became red with blood, and the body of the dugong, emerging from the sheet of scarlet which spread around, soon stranded on a little beach at the south angle of the lake. The colonists ran toward it. The dugong was dead. It was an enormous animal, fifteen or sixteen feet long, and must have weighed from three to four thousand pounds. At its neck was a wound, which appeared to have been produced by a sharp blade.

What could the amphibious creature have been who, by this terrible blow, had destroyed the formidable dugong? No one could tell, and much interested in this incident, Smith and his companions returned to the Chimneys.

(To be continued.)

"ONE WAY OF LOVE."

To love thee, Sweet, is as if one should love
A marble statue of most perfect form,
Which, on the spot that hot lips lie above,
A tiny spot, grows for one instant warm—
The moment past, straightway is cold again,
Returning to its first, proud, lifeless grace,
Nor keeps one memory of the close embrace,
Nor from the warm, red lips one scarlet stain.
But what of that? Why should I be distressed
Though thou art cold as stone? Let me be brave,
If but for once, and love for nothing save
For love's sake only; for he loves the best,
And brightest does his flame of passion burn,
Who giveth all things, seeks for no return.

ROBERT BROWNING.

In a study of Browning, the most original and unequal of living poets, three features obviously present themselves. His dramatic gift, so rare in these times, calls for recognition and analysis; his method—the eccentric quality of his expression—constantly intrudes upon the reader; lastly, the moral of his verse warrants a closer examination than we give to the sentiments of a more conventional poet. My own perception of the spirit which his poetry, despite his assumption of a purely dramatic purpose, has breathed from the outset, is one which I shall endeavor to convey in simple and direct terms.*

Various other examples have served to illustrate the phases of a poet's life, but Browning arouses discussion with respect to the elements of poetry as an art. Hitherto I have given some account of an author's career and writings before proffering a critical estimate of the latter. But this man's genius is so peculiar, and he has been so isolated in style and purpose, that I know not how to speak of his works without first seeking a key to their interpretation, and hence must partially reverse the order hitherto pursued.

I.

It is customary to call Browning a dramatist, and without doubt he represents the dramatic element, such as it is, of the recent English school. He counts among his admirers many intellectual persons, some of whom pronounce him the greatest dramatic poet since Shakespeare, and one has said that "it is to him we must pay homage for whatever is good, and great, and profound, in the second period of the Poetic Drama of England."

This may be true: nevertheless, it also should be declared, with certain modifications, that Robert Browning, in the original sense of the term, is not a dramatic poet at all.

Procter, in the preface to a collection of his own songs, remarks with precision and truth: "It is, in fact, this power of forgetting himself, and of imagining and fashioning characters different from his own, which constitutes the dramatic quality. A man who can set aside his own idiosyncrasy is half a dramatist." Although Browning's earlier poems were in the form of plays, and have a dramatic purpose, they are at the opposite remove, in spirit and method, from the models of the true histrionic era,—the work of Fletcher, Webster, and Shakespeare. They have the sacred rage and fire, but the flame is that of Browning and not of the separate creations which he strives to inform.

The early drama was the mouthpiece of a passionate and adventurous era. The stage bore to the period the relations of the modern novel and newspaper to our own, not only holding the mirror up to nature, but showing the "very age and body of the time." It was a vital growth, sprung from the people, and having a reflex action upon their imagination and conduct. Even in Queen Anne's day the theater was the meeting-place of wits, and, if the plays were meaner, it was because they copied the manners of an artificial world. But, in either case, the playwrights were in no more hazard of representing their own natures, in one rôle after another, than are the leader-writers in their versatile articles upon topics of our day. They invented a score of characters, or took them from real life, grouped them with consummate effect, placed them in dramatic situations, lightened tragedy with mirth, mellowed comedy with pathos, and produced a healthful and objective dramatic literature. They looked outward, not inward: their imagination was the richer for it, and of a more varied kind.

The stage still has its office, but one more subsidiary than of old. Our own age is no less stirring than was the true dramatic period, and is far more subtle in thought. But the poets fail to represent it objectively, and the drama does not act as a safety-valve for the escape of surplus passion and desire. That office the novelists have undertaken, while the press brings its dramas to every fireside. Yet the form of the play still seems to a poet the most comprehensive mold in which to cast a masterpiece. It is a combination of scenic and plastic art; it includes monologue, dialogue, and song,—action and meditation,—man and woman, the lover, the soldier, and the thinker,—all vivified by the imagination, and each essential to the completeness of the whole. Even to poets like Byron, who have no perception of nat-

* See Caption VI. of this article.

ures differing from their own, it has a fascination as a vehicle of expression, and the result is seen in "Sardanapalus" and "Cain." Hence the closet-drama, and although praiseworthy efforts, as in "Virginius" and "Ion," have been made to revive the early method, these modern stage-plays often are unpoetical and tame. Most of what is excellent in our dramatic verse is to be found in plays that could not be successfully enacted.

While Browning's earlier poems are in the dramatic form, his own personality is manifest in the speech and movement of almost every character of each piece. His spirit is infused, as if by metempsychosis, within them all, and forces each to assume a strange Pentecostal tone, which we discover to be that of the poet himself. Bass, treble, or recitative,—whether in pleading, invective, or banter,—the voice still is there. But while his characters have a common manner and diction, we become so wonted to the latter that it seems like a new dialect which we have mastered for the sake of its literature. This feeling is acquired after some acquaintance with his poems, and not upon a first, or casual, reading of them.

The brief, separate pieces, which he terms "dramatic lyrics," are just as properly dramas as are many of his five-act plays. Several of the latter were intended for stage-production. In these we feel that the author's special genius is hampered, so that the student of Browning deems them less rich and rare than his strictly characteristic essays. Even in the most conventional, this poet cannot refrain from the long monologues, stilted action, and metaphysical discursion, which mark the closet-drama and unfit a composition for the stage. His chief success is in the portrayal of single characters and specific moods.

I would not be understood to praise his originality at the expense of his greatness. His mission has been that of exploring those secret regions which generate the forces whose outward phenomena it is for the playwrights to illustrate. He has opened a new field for the display of emotional power,—founding, so to speak, a sub-dramatic school of poetry, whose office is to follow the workings of the mind, to discover the impalpable elements of which human motives and passions are composed. The greatest forces are the most elusive, the unseen mightier than the seen; modern genius chooses to seek for the undercurrents of the soul rather than to depict acts and situations. Browning, as the poet of psychology, escapes to that stronghold whither, as I have said, science and materialism are not yet prepared to follow him. How shall the chemist read the soul? No former poet has so relied upon this province for the excursions of his muse. True, he explores by night, stumbles, halts, has vague ideas of the topography, and often goes back upon his course. But, though others complete the unfinished work of Columbus, it is to him that we award the glory of discovery,—not to the engineers and colonists that succeed him, however firmly they plant themselves and correctly map out the now undisputed land.

II.

BROWNING'S manner is so eccentric as to challenge attention and greatly affect our estimate of him as a poet. Eccentricity is not a proof of genius, and even an artist should remember that originality consists not only in doing things differently from other men, but also in "doing things better." The genius of Shakespeare and Molière enlarged and beautified their style; it did not distort it. Again, the grammarian's statement is true, that Poetry is a means of Expression. A poet may differ from other men, in having profounder emotions and clearer perceptions, but this is not for him to assume, nor a claim which they are swift to grant. The lines,

> "O many are the poets that are sown
> By Nature! men endowed with highest gifts—
> The vision, and the faculty divine—
> Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,"

imply that the recognized poet is one who gives voice, in expressive language, to the common thought and feeling which lie deeper than ordinary speech. He is the interpreter: moreover, he is the maker,—an artist of the beautiful, the inventor of harmonious numbers which shall be a lure and a repose.

A poet, however emotional or rich in thought, must not fail to express his conception and make his work attractive. Overpossession is worth less than a more commonplace faculty; he that has the former is a sorrow to himself and a vexation to his hearers, while one whose speech is equal to his needs, and who knows his limitations, adds something to the treasury of song, and is able to "shine in his place and be content." Certain effects are suggested by nature; the poet discovers new combinations within the ground which these afford. Rus-

kin has shown that in the course of years, though long at fault, the masses come to appreciate any admirable work. By inversion, if, after a long time has passed, the world still is repelled by a singer, and finds neither rest nor music in him, the fault is not with the world: there is something deficient in his genius,—he is so much the less a poet.

The distinction between poetry and prose must be sharply observed. Poetry is an art,—a specific fact, which, owing to the vagueness fostered by minor wits, we do not sufficiently insist upon. We hear it said that an eloquent prose passage is poetry, that a sunset is a poem, and so on. This is well enough for rhetorical effect, yet wholly untrue, and no poet should permit himself to talk in that way. Poetry is poetry, because it differs from prose; it is artificial, and gives us pleasure because we know it to be so. It is beautiful thought expressed in rhythmical form, not half expressed or uttered in the form of prose. It is a metrical structure: a spirit not disembodied, but in the flesh—so as to affect the senses of living men. Such is the poetry of Earth; what that of a more spiritual region may be, I know not. Milton and Keats never were in doubt as to the meaning of their art. It is true that fine prose is a higher form of expression than wretched verse; but when a distinguished young English poet thus writes to me,—

> "My own impression is that Verse is an inferior, or infant, form of speech, which will ultimately perish altogether. * * * * The Seer, the Vates, the teacher of a new truth, is single, while what you call artists are legion,"

—when I read these words, I remember that the few great seers have furnished models for the simplest and greatest forms of art; I feel that this poet is growing heretical, with respect, not to the law of custom, but to a law which is above us all; I fear to discover a want of beauty, a vague transcendentalism, rather than a clear inspiration, in his verse,—to see him become prosaic and substitute rhetoric for passion, realism for naturalness, affectation for lofty thought, and, "having been praised for bluntness," to "affect a saucy roughness." In short, he is on the edge of danger. Yet his remark denotes a just impatience of forms so hackneyed that, once beautiful, they now are stale and corrupt. It may be necessary, with the pre-Raphaelites, to escape their thraldom and begin anew. But the poet is a creator, not an iconoclast, and never will tamely endeavor to say in prose what can only be expressed in song. And I have faith that my friend's wings will unfold, in spite of himself, and lift him bravely as ever on their accustomed flights.

Has the lapse of years made Browning any more attractive to the masses, or even to the judicious few? He is said to have "succeeded by a series of failures," and so he has, as far as notoriety means success, and despite the recent increase of his faults. But what is the fact which strikes the admiring and sympathetic student of his poetry and career? Distrusting my own judgment, I asked a clear and impartial thinker —"How does Browning's work impress you?" His reply, after a moment's consideration, was: "Now that I try to formulate the sensation which it always has given me, his work seems that of a grand intellect painfully striving for adequate use and expression, and never quite attaining either." This was, and is, precisely my own feeling. The question arises — What is at fault? Browning's genius, his chosen mode of expression, his period; or, one and all of these? After the flush of youth is over, a poet must have a wise method, if he would move ahead. He must improve upon instinct by experience and common-sense. There is something amiss in one who has to grope for his theme and cannot adjust himself to his period; especially in one who cannot agreeably handle such themes as he arrives at. More than this, however, is the difficulty in Browning's case. Expression is the flower of thought; a fine imagination is wont to be rhythmical and creative, and many passages, scattered throughout Browning's works, show that his is no exception. It is a certain caprice or perverseness of method, that, by long practice, has injured his gift of expression; while an abnormal power of ratiocination, and a prosaic regard for details, have handicapped him from the beginning. Besides, in mental arrogance and scorn of authority, he has insulted Beauty herself, and furnished too much excuse for small offenders. What may be condoned in one of his breed is intolerable when mimicked by every jackanapes and self-appointed reformer.

A group of evils, then, has interfered with the greatness of his poetry. His style is that of a man caught in a morass of ideas through which he has to travel,—wearily floundering, grasping here and there, and often sinking deeper until there seems no prospect of getting through. His latest works have been more involved and excursive, less beautiful

and elevating, than most of those which preceded them. Possibly his theory is that which was his wife's instinct,—a man being more apt than a woman with some reason for what he does,—that poetry is valuable *only* for the statement which it makes, and must always be subordinate thereto. Nevertheless, Emerson, in this country, seems to have followed a kindred method; and who of our poets is greater, or so wise?

III.

BROWNING'S early lyrics, and occasional passages of recent date, show that he has melodious intervals and can be very artistic with no loss of original power. Often the ring of his verse is sonorous, and overcomes the jagged consonantal diction with stirring lyrical effect. The "Cavalier Tunes" are examples. Such choruses as

> "Marching along, fifty-score strong,
> Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!"
>
> "King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
> Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
> King Charles!"

—these, with, "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!" show that Browning can put in verse the spirit of a historic period, and has, or had, in him the making of a lyric poet. How fresh and wholesome this work! Finer still that superb stirrup-piece, best of its class in the language, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix." "Ratisbon" and "The Lost Leader," no less, are poems that fasten themselves upon literature and will not be forgotten. The old fire flashes out, thirty years after, in "Hervé Riel," another vigorous production—unevenly sustained, but on a level with Longfellow's legendary ballads and sagas. From among lighter pieces I will select for present mention two, very unlike each other: one, as delightful a child's poem as ever was written, in fancy and airy extravagance, and having a wildness and pathos all its own,—the daintiest bit of folk-lore in English verse,—to what should I refer but "The Pied Piper of Hamelin?" The author made a strong bid for the love of children, when he placed "By Robert Browning" at its head, in the collection of his poems. The other,

> "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
> Sit and watch by her side an hour"—

appeals, like Wordsworth's "She lived Unknown" and Landor's "Rose Aylmer," to the hearts of learned and unlettered, one and all.

Browning's style is the more aggressive, because, in compelling beauty itself to suffer a change and conform to all exigencies, it presents such a contrast to the refined art of our day. I have shown that much of this is due to natural awkwardness,—but that the author is able, on fortunate occasions, to better his work, has just been amply illustrated. More often he either has let his verse have its way, or has shaped a theory of art by his own restrictions, and with that contempt for the structure of his song which Plato and St. Paul entertained for their fleshly bodies. If the mischief ceased here, it would not be so bad, but his genius has won pupils who copy his vices without his strength. He and his wife injured each the other's style as much as they sustained their common aspiration and love of poesy. To be sure, there was a strange similarity, by nature, between their modes of speech; and what I have said of the woman's obscurity, affectations, elisions, will apply to the man's —with his *i'thes* and *o'thes*, his dashes, breaks, halting measures, and oracular exclamations that convey no dramatic meaning to the reader. Her verse is the more spasmodic: his, the more metaphysical, and, while effective in the best of his dramatic lyrics, is constantly running into impertinences worse than those of his poorest imitators, and which would not be tolerated for a moment in a lesser poet. Parodies on his style, thrown off as burlesques, are more intelligible than much of his *Dramatis Personæ*. Unlike Tennyson, he does not comprehend the *limits* of a theme; nor has he an idea of the *relative importance* either of themes or details: his mind is so alert that its minutest turn of thought must be uttered; he dwells with equal precision upon the meanest and grandest objects, and laboriously jots down every point that occurs to him—parenthesis within parenthesis—until we have a tangle as intricate as the line drawn by an anenometer upon the recording-sheet. The poem is all zigzag, criss-cross, at odds and ends,—and, though we come out right at last, strength and patience are exhausted in mastering it. Apply the rule that nothing should be told in verse which can be told in prose, and half his measures would be condemned; since their chief metrical purpose is, through the stress of rhythm, to fix our attention, by a certain unpleasant fascination, upon a process of reasoning from which it would otherwise break away.

For so much of Browning's crudeness as comes from inability to express himself, or to find a proper theme, he may readily be forgiven; but whatever is due to real or assumed irreverence for the divine art, among whose votaries he stands enrolled, is a grievous wrong, unworthy of the humble and delightful spirit of a true craftsman. He forgets that art is the bride of the imagination, from whose embraces true creative work must spring. Lastly, concerning realism, while poets are, as Mrs. Browning said, "your only truth-tellers," it is not well that repulsive or petty facts should always be recorded; only the high, essential truths demand a poet's illumination. The obscurity wherein Browning disguises his realism is but the semblance of imagination,—a mist through which rugged details jut out, while the central truth is feebly to be seen.

IV.

After a period of study at the London University young Browning, in 1832, went to Italy, and acquired a remarkable knowledge of the Italian life and language. He mingled with all classes of the people, mastered details, and rummaged among the monasteries of Lombardy and Venice, studying medieval history, and filling his mind with the relics of a by-gone time. All this had much to do with the bent of his subsequent work, and possibly was of more benefit to his learning than to his ideality.

At the age of twenty-three he published his first drama, "Paracelsus;" a most unique production,—strictly speaking, a metaphysical dialogue, as noticeable for analytic power as the romances of Keats for pure beauty. It did not find many readers, but no man of letters could peruse it without seeing that a genuine poet had come to light. From that time the author moved in the literary society of London, and was recognized as one who had done something and might do something more. The play is "Faust," with the action and passion, and much of the poetry and music—upon which the fascination of the German work depends—omitted; the hero resembles "Faust" in the double aspiration to know and to enjoy, to search out mystical knowledge yet drink at all the fountains of pleasure—lest, after a long struggle, failing of knowledge, he should have lived in vain. It must be understood that Mr. Browning's "Paracelsus" was his own creation: a man of heroic longings, observed at various intervals, from his twentieth year, in which he leaves his native hamlet, until he dies at the age of forty-eight—obscure, and with his ideal seemingly unattained; not the juggler, empiric and charlatan, of history, whose record the poet frankly gives us in a foot-note.

This poem has every characteristic of Browning's genius. The verse is as strong and as weak as the best and worst he has composed during thirty years, and is pitched in a key now familiar to us all. "Paracelsus," the fruit of his youth, serves as well for a study of this poet as any later effort, and, though inferior to "Pippa Passes" and "In a Balcony," is much better than his newest romance in blank verse. I cannot agree with critics who say that he did his poorest work first and has been moving along an ascending scale; on the contrary, his faults and beauties have been somewhat evenly distributed throughout his career. We are vexed in "Paracelsus" by a vice that haunts him still,—that tedious garrulity which, however relieved by beautiful passages, palls on the reader and weakens the general effect. As an offset, he displays in this poem, with respect to every kind of poetic faculty except the sense of proportion, gifts equal to those of any compeer. By turns he is surpassingly fine. We have strong dramatic diction:

> "Festus, strange secrets are let out by Death,
> Who blabs so oft the follies of this world:
> And I am Death's familiar, as you know.
> I helped a man to die, some few weeks since;
> * * * * * * No mean trick
> He left untried; and truly well nigh wormed
> All traces of God's finger out of him.
> Then died, grown old; and just an hour before—
> Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes—
> He sate up suddenly, and with natural voice
> Said, that in spite of thick air and closed doors
> God told him it was June; and he knew well,
> Without such telling, harebells grew in June;
> And all that kings could ever give or take
> Would not be precious as those blooms to him."

The conception is old as Shakespeare, but the manner is large and effective. Few authors vary the breaks and pauses of their blank verse so naturally as Browning, and none can so well dare to extend the proper limits of a poem. Here, as in later plays, he shows a more realistic perception of scenery and nature than is common with dramatic poets. We have a bit of painting at the outset, in the passage beginning—

> "Nay, Autumn wins you best by this its mute
> Appeal to sympathy for its decay!"

and others, equally fine and true, are scattered throughout the dialogue.

"Paracelsus" is meant to illustrate the growth and progress of a lofty spirit, groping in the darkness of his time. He first aspires to knowledge, and fails; then to pleasure and knowledge, and equally fails—to human eyes. The secret ever seems close at hand:

> "Ah, the curse, Aprile, Aprile!
> We get so near—so very, very near!
> 'Tis an old tale: Jove strikes the Titans down
> Not when they set about their mountain-piling,
> But when another rock would crown their work!"

Now, it is a part of Browning's life-long habit, that he here refuses to judge by ordinary standards, and makes the hero's attainment lie even in his failure and death. There are few more daring assertions of the soul's absolute freedom than the words of Festus, impressed by the nobility of his dying friend:

> "I am for noble Aureole, God!
> I am upon his side, come weal or woe!
> His portion shall be mine! He has done well!
> I would have sinned, had I been strong enough,
> As he has sinned! Reward him, or I waive
> Reward! If thou canst find no place for him
> He shall be king elsewhere, and I will be
> His slave for ever! There are two of us!"

The drama is well worth preserving, and even now a curious and highly suggestive study. Its lyrical interludes seem out of place. As an author's first essay, it promised more for his future than if it had been a finished production, and in any other case but that of the capricious, tongue-tied Browning, the promise might have been abundantly fulfilled.

In "Strafford," his second drama, the interest also centers upon the struggles and motives of one heroic personage, this time entangled in a fatal mesh of great events. Apparently the poet, after some experience of authorship, wished to commend his work to popular sympathy, and tried to write a play that should be fitted for the stage; hence a tragedy, dedicated to Macready, of which the chief character,—the hapless Earl of Strafford,—was assumed by that tragedian, but with no marked success. The action, in compliance with history, moves with sufficient rapidity, yet in a confused and turbulent way. The characters are eccentrically drawn, and are more serious and mystical than even the gloom of their period would demand. It is hard to perceive the motives of Lady Carlisle and the Queen; there is no underplot of love in the play, to develop the womanly element, nor has it the humor of the great playwrights,—so essential to dramatic contrast, and for which the Puritans and the London populace might afford rich material. Imagine Macready stalking portentously through the piece, the audience trying to follow the story, and bored beyond endurance by the solemn speeches of Pym and Strafford, which answer for a death scene at the close. The language is more natural than is usual with Browning, but here, where he is least eccentric, he becomes tame—until we see that he is out of his element, and prefer his striking psychology to a forced attempt at writing of the academic kind.

Something of this must have struck the poet himself, for, as if chagrined at his failure, he swung back to the other extreme, and beyond his early starting-place: farther, happily, than any point he since has ventured to reach. In no one of his recent works has he been quite so obscure, loquacious, and impracticable as in the renowned nondescript entitled "Sordello." Twenty-three years after its appearance he owned that its "faults of expression were many," and added, "but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted." The acknowledgment was partial. "Sordello" is a fault throughout, in conception and execution: nothing is "expressed," not even the "incidents in the development of a soul," though such incidents may have had some nebulous origin in the poet's mind. It is asking too much of our care for a book or a man that we should surmount this chaotic mass of word-building. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" is a hard study, but, once entered upon, how poetical! what lofty episodes! what wisdom, beauty, and scorn! Few such treasures await him that would read the eleven thousand verses into which the fatal facility of the rhymed-heroic measure has led the muse of Browning. The structure, by its very ugliness and bulk, like some half-buried colossus in the desert, may survive a lapse of time. I cannot persuade myself to solicit credit for deeper insight by differing from the common judgment with regard to this unattractive prodigy.

It had its uses, seemingly, in acting as a purge to cleanse the visual humors of the poet's eyes and to leave his general system in an auspicious condition. His next six years were devoted to the composition of a picturesque group of dramas,—the exact order of which escapes me, but which finally were collected in "Bells and Pomegranates," a popular edition, issued in serial numbers, of this maturer work. "Luria," "King Victor and King Charles," and "The Return of the

Druses," are stately pieces, historical or legendary, cast in full stage-form. In Luria we again see Browning's favorite characterization, from a different point of view. This is a large-molded, suffering hero, akin—if disturbed in conscience—to Wallenstein,—if devoted and magnanimous, to Othello. Luria, the Moor, is like Othello in many ways: a brave and skillful general, who serves Florence (instead of Venice), and declares,

> "I can and have perhaps obliged the State,
> Nor paid a mere son's duty."

He is so true and simple, that Domizia says of him,

> "How plainly is true greatness charactered
> By such unconsciousness as Luria's here,
> And sharing least the secret of itself!"

Browning makes devotion to an ideal or trust, however unworthy of it, the chief trait of this class of personages. Strafford dies in behalf of ungrateful Charles; Luria is sacrificed by the Florence he has saved, and destroys himself at the moment when love and honor are hastening, too late, to crown him. Djabal, false to himself, is true to the cause of the Druses, and at last dies in expiation of his fault. Valence, in "Colombe's Birthday," shows devotion of a double kind, but is rewarded for his fidelity and honor. Luitolfo, in "A Soul's Tragedy," is of a kindred type. But I am anticipating. The language of "Luria" often is in the grand manner. In depicting the Moorish general and his friend Husain,—brooding, generous children of the sun,—the soldierly Tiburzio, painted with a few master-strokes,—and in the element of Italian craft and intrigue, the author is at home and well served by his knowledge of medieval times. That is an eloquent speech of Domizia, near the end of the fourth Act. Despite the poverty of action, and the prolonged harangues, this drama is worthy of its dedication to Landor and the wish that it might be "read by his light:" almost worthy (Landor always weighed out gold for silver!) of the old bard's munificent return of praise:

> "Shakespeare is not our poet but the world's,
> Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
> Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
> No man hath walked along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
> Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
> Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
> Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
> The Siren waits thee, singing song for song."

The "Return of the Druses," with its scenic and choric effects, is like some of Byron's plays: the scene, an isle of the Sporades; the legend, half-Venetian, half-Oriental, one that only Browning could make available. The girl Anael is an impassioned character, divided between adoration for Hakeem, the god of her race,—whom she believes incarnate in Djabal,—and her love for Djabal as a man. The tragedy, amid a good deal of trite and pedantic language, is marked by heroic situations and sudden dramatic catastrophes. Several brilliant points are made: one, where the Prefect lifts the arras, on the other side of which death awaits him, and says,

> "This is the first time for long years I enter
> Thus, without feeling just as if I lifted
> The lid up of my tomb; * * *
> * * * * for the first time, no draught
> Coming as from a sepulchre salutes me!"

A moment, and the dagger is through his heart. Another such is the wonder and contempt of Anael at finding Djabal no deity, but an impostor; while perhaps the most telling point in the whole series of Browning's plays is her cry of *Hakeem!* made when she comes to denounce Djabal, but, moved by love, proclaims him as the god, and falls dead with the effort. The poet, however, is justly censured for frequent taking off his personages by the intensity of their own passions, without recourse to the dagger and bowl. He rarely does it after the "high Roman fashion."

This tragedy observes the classic unities of time and place. A hall in the Prefect's palace is made to cover its entire action, which only occupies one day. In its earnest pitch and lack of sprightly underplot, it also is Greek or Italian. Not long ago, listening to Salvini in "Samson" and other plays, I was struck by their likeness, in simplicity of action and costume, to the antique dramas. The actors were sufficient to themselves, and the audience was intent upon their lofty speech and passion; there was no lack of interest, but a refreshing spiritual elevation. The Gothic method better suits the English stage, nevertheless we need not refuse to profit by the experience of other lands. Our poetry, like the language, should draw its riches from all tongues and races, and well can endure a larger infusion of the ancient grandeur and simplicity. In the play before us Browning has but renewed the debt, long since incurred, of English literature to the Italian,—

greater than that to all other sources combined. Not without reason, in "De Gustibus," he sang,—

> "Open my heart and you will see,
> Graved inside of it, Italy,—
> Such lovers old are I and she;
> So it always was, so it still shall be!"

"King Victor" is one of those conventional plays in which he appears to ordinary advantage. His three dramatic masterpieces are "Pippa Passes," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," and "Colombe's Birthday."

The last-named play, inscribed to Barry Cornwall, really is a fresh and lovely little drama. The fair young heroine has possessed her duchy for a single year, and now, upon her birthday, as she unsuspectingly awaits the greetings of her courtiers, is called upon to surrender her inheritance to Prince Berthold, decreed to be the lawful heir. At the same time Valence, a poor advocate of Cleves, seeks audience in behalf of his suffering townsmen, and ends by defending the Duchess's title to her rank. She loves him, and is so impressed by his nobility and courage, as to decline the hand of the Prince, and surrender her duchy, to become the wife of Valence, with whom she joyfully retires to the ruined castle where her youth was spent. This play might be performed to the great interest of an audience composed exclusively of intellectual persons, who could follow the elaborate dialogue and would be charmed with its poetry and subtle thought. Once accept the manner of Browning, and you must be pleased with the delineation of the characters. "Colombe" herself is exquisite, and like one of Shakespeare's women. Valence seems too harsh and dry to win her, and her choice, despite his loyalty and intellect, is hardly defensible. Still, "Colombe's Birthday" is the most natural and winsome of the author's stage-plays.

"A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" was brought out at Drury Lane, in 1843, and failed. This of course, for there is little in it to relieve the human spirit—which cannot bear too much of earnestness and woe added to the mystery and burden of our daily lives. Yet the piece has such tragic strength as to stamp the author as a great poet, though in a narrow range. One almost forgets the singular improbabilities of the story, the *blasé* talk of the child-lovers (an English Juliet of fourteen is against nature), the stiff language of the retainers, and various other blemishes. There is a serenade which, unchecked by his fear of detection, Mertoun is made to sing under Mildred's window:

> "There's a woman like the dew-drop, she's so purer than the purest!"

—this song, composed seven years before the poet's meeting with Miss Barrett, is precisely in the style of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and other ballads of the gifted woman who became his wife.

The most simple and varied of his plays,—that which shows every side of his genius, has most lightness and strength, and all in all may be termed a representative poem,—is the beautiful drama with the quaint title of "Pippa Passes." It is a cluster of four scenes, with prologue, epilogue, and interludes; half prose, half poetry, varying with the refinement of the dialogue. Pippa is a delicately pure, good, blithesome peasant maid. "'Tis but a little black-eyed, pretty, singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl,"—though with token, ere the end, that she is the child of a nobleman, put out of way by a villain, Maffeo, at instigation of the next heir. Pippa knows nothing of this, but is piously content with her life of toil. It is New Year's Day at Asolo. She springs from bed, in her garret chamber, at sunrise,—resolved to enjoy to the full her sole holiday: she will not "squander a wavelet" of it, not a "mite of her twelve hours' treasure." Others can be happy throughout the year: haughty Ottima and Sebald, the lovers on the hill; Jules and Phene, the artist and his bride; Luigi and his mother; Monsignor, the Bishop; but Pippa has only this one day to enjoy. She envies these great ones a little, but reflects that God's love is best, after all. And yet, how little can she do! How can she possibly affect the world? Thus she muses, and goes out, singing, to her holiday and the sunshine. Now, it so happens that she passes, this day, each of the groups or persons we have named, at an important crisis in their lives, and they hear her various carols as she trills them forth in the innocent gladness of her heart. Sebald and Ottima have murdered the latter's aged husband, and are unremorseful in their guilty love. Jules is the victim of a fraud practiced by his rival artists, who have put in his way a young girl, a paid model, whom he believes to be a pure and cultured maiden. He has married her, and just discovered the imposture. Luigi is hesitating whether to join a patriotic conspiracy. Monsignor is tempted by Maffeo to overlook his late

brother's murder, for the sake of the estates, and to utterly ruin Pippa. The scene between Ottima and Sebald is the most intense and striking passage of all Browning's poetry, and, possibly, of any dramatic verse composed during his life-time up to the date of this play. A passionate esoteric theme is treated with such vigor and skill as to free it from any debasing taint, in the dialogue from which I quote:

"*Ottima.* * * * The past, would you give up the past
Such as it is, pleasure and crime together?
Give up that noon I owned my love for you—
The garden's silence—even the single bee,
Persisting in his toil, suddenly stopt,
And where he hid you only could surmise
By some campanula's chalice set a-swing
As he clung there—'Yes, I love you!'
Sebald. And I drew
Back; put far back your face with both my hands
Lest you should grow too full of me—your face
So seemed athirst for my whole soul and body!
* * * *
Ottima. Then our crowning night—
Sebald. The July night?
Ottima. The day of it too, Sebald!
When the heaven's pillars seemed o'erbowed with heat,
Its black-blue canopy seemed let descend
Close on us both, to weigh down each to each,
And smother up all life except our life.
So lay we till the storm came.
Sebald. How it came!
Ottima. Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there.
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me: then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead—
Sebald. Yes!
* * * *
How did we ever rise?
Was it that we slept? Why did it end?
Ottima. I felt you,
Fresh tapering to a point the ruffled ends
Of my loose locks 'twixt both your humid lips—
(My hair is fallen now—knot it again!)
Sebald. I kiss you now, dear Ottima, now, and now!
This way? Will you forgive me—be once more
My great queen?
Ottima. Bind it thrice about my brow;
Crown me your queen, your spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent in sin. Say that!
Sebald. I crown you
My great white queen, my spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent——"

But here Pippa passes, singing

"God's in his heaven,—
All's right with the world!"

Sebald is stricken with fear and remorse; his paramour becomes hideous in his eyes; he bids her dress her shoulders, wipe off that paint, and leave him, for he hates her! She, the woman, is at least true to her lover, and prays God to be merciful, not to her, but to him.

The scene changes to the post-nuptial meeting of Jules and Phene, and then in succession to the other passages and characters we have mentioned. All these persons are vitally affected,—have their lives changed, merely by Pippa's weird and suggestive songs, coming, as if by accident, upon their hearing at the critical moment. With certain reservations this is a strong and delicate conception, admirably worked out. The usual fault is present: the characters, whether students, peasants, or soldiers, all talk like sages; Pippa reasons like a Paracelsus in pantalettes,—her intellectual songs are strangely put in the mouth of an ignorant silk-winding girl; Phene is more natural, though mature, even for Italy, at fourteen;—Browning's children are old as himself, he rarely sees them objectively. Even in the songs he is awkward, void of lyric grace; if they have the wilding flavor, they have more than need be of specks and gnarledness. In the epilogue, Pippa seeks her garret, and, as she disrobes, after artlessly running over the events of her holiday, soliloquizes thus—

"Now, one thing I should like really to know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day—
—Approach, I mean, so as to touch them—so
As to . . in some way . . move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way."

Finally, she sleeps,—unconscious of her day's mission,—and of the fact that her own life is to be something more than it has been,—but not until she has murmured these words of a hymn:

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first."

"Pippa Passes" is a work of pure art, and has a wealth of original fancy and romance, apart from its wisdom, to which every poet will do justice. Its faults are those of style and undue intellectuality. To quote the author's words, in another drama,

"Ah? well! he o'er-refines—the scholar's fault!"

As it is, we accept his work, looking upon it as upon some treasured yet *bizarre* painting of the mixed school, whose beauties are the

more striking for its defects. The former are inherent, the latter external and subordinate.

Everything from this poet is, or used to be, of value and interest, and "A Soul's Tragedy" is of both: first, for a masterly distinction between the action of sentiment and that founded on principle, and, secondly, for wit, satire, and knowledge of affairs. Ogniben, the Legate, is the most thorough man-of-the-world Browning has drawn. That is a matchless stroke, at the close, where he says: "I have seen four-and-twenty leaders of revolts." It is a consolation to recall this when a pretender arises; his race is measured,—his fall will surely come.

With "Luria," thirty years ago, Browning, whose stage-plays had been failures, and whose closet-dramas had found too small a reading, made his "last attempt, for the present, at dramatic poetry." It remains to examine his miscellaneous after-work, including the long poems which have appeared within the last five years—the most prolific, if not the most creative, period of his untiring life.

V.

Something of a dramatic character pertains to nearly all of Browning's lyrics. Like his wife, he has preferred to study human hearts rather than the forms of nature. A note to the first collection of his briefer poems places them under the head of Dramatic Pieces. This was at a time when English poets were enslaved to the idyllic method, and forgot that their readers had passions most suggestive to art when exalted above the tranquillity of picturesque repose. Herein Browning justly may claim originality. Even the laureate combined the art of Keats with the contemplative habit of Wordsworth, and adapted them to his own times; while Browning was the prophet of that reaction which holds that the proper study of mankind is man. His effort, weak or able, was at figure-painting, in distinction from that of landscape or still-life. It has not flourished during the recent period, but we are indebted to him for what we have of it. In an adverse time, it was natural for it to assume peculiar, almost morbid, phases; but of this struggling, turbid figure-school,—variously represented by Lytton, Rossetti, Swinburne, and others, he was the long-neglected progenitor. His genius may have been unequal to his aims. It is not easy for him to combine a score of figures upon the ample canvas: his work is at its best in separate ideals, or, rather, in portraits—his dramatic talent being more realistic than imaginative. Still, portraiture, in a certain sense, is the highest form of painting, and Browning's personal studies must not be undervalued. As usual, even here he is unequal, and, while some of them are matchless, in others, like all men of genius who aim at the highest, he conspicuously fails. A man of talent may never fail, yet never rise above a fixed height. Yet if Browning were a man of great genius his failures would not so outnumber his successes, that half his lyrics could be missed without injury to his reputation.

The shorter pieces, "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics," in the first general collection of his works, are of a better average grade than those in his latest book of miscellanies. One of the best is "My Last Duchess," a masterly sketch, comprising within sixty lines enough matter to furnish Browning, nowadays, with an excuse for a quarto. Nothing can be subtler than the art whereby the Duke is made to reveal a cruel tragedy of which he was the relentless villain, to betray the blackness of his heart, and to suggest a companion-tragedy in his betrothal close at hand. Thus was introduced a new method, applied with such coolness as to suggest the idea of vivisection or morbid anatomy.

But let us group other lyrics in this collection with the matter of two later volumes, "Men and Women" (1855), and "Dramatis Personæ" (1864). These books, made up of isolated poems, contain the bulk of his work during the eighteen years which followed his marriage in 1846. While their contents include no long poem or drama, they seem, upon the whole, to be the fullest expression of his genius, and that for which he is likeliest to be remembered. Every poet has limitations, and in such briefer studies Browning keeps within the narrowest bounds allotted to him. Very few of his best pieces are in "Dramatis Personæ," the greater part of which book is made up of his most ragged, uncouth, and even puerile, verse; and it is curious that it appeared at a time when his wife was scribbling the rhetorical verse of those years which I have designated as her period of decline. But observe the general excellence of the fifty poems in "Men and Women,"—collected nine years earlier, when the author was forty-three years old, and at his prime. In an essay upon Tennyson it was stated that almost every poet has a representative book, showing him at full height

and variety. "Men and Women," like the laureate's volume of 1842, is the most finished and comprehensive of the author's works, and the one his readers least could spare. Here we find numbers of those thrilling, skillfully dramatic, studies, which so many have imitated without catching the secret of their power.

The general effect of Browning's miscellaneous poems is like that of a picture-gallery, where cabinet-paintings, by old and modern masters, are placed at random upon the walls. Some are rich in color; others, strong in light and shade. A few are elaborately finished,—more are careless drawings, fresh, but hurriedly sketched in. Often the subjects are repulsive, but occasionally we have the solitary, impressive figure of a lover or a saint.

The poet is as familiar with medieval thought and story as most authors with their own time, and adapts them to his lyrical uses. "Andrea del Sarto" belongs to the same group with "My Last Duchess." It is the language of "the faultless painter," addressed to his beautiful and thoughtless wife, for whom he has lowered his ideal—and from whose chains he cannot break, though he knows she is unworthy, and even false to him. He moans before one of Rafael's drawings, excusing the faults, in envy of the genius:

"Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
* * * *
But had you, oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
'God and the glory! never care for gain!'
* * * *
I might have done it for you."

Were it indeed "all for love," then were the "world well lost;" but even while he dallies with his wife she listens for her gallant's signal. This poem is one of Browning's finest studies: of late he has given us nothing equal to it. The picture of the rollicking "Fra Lippo Lippi" is broad, free-handed, yet scarcely so well done. "Pictor Ignotus" is upon another art-theme, and in quiet beauty differs from the poet's usual manner. Other old-time studies, good and poor, which served to set the fashion for a number of minor poets, are such pieces as "Count Gismond," "Cristina," "The Laboratory," and "The Confessional."

How perilous an easy rhymed-metre is to this author was discernible in "Sordello." After the same manner he is tempted to garrulity in the semi-religious poems, "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day." It is difficult otherwise to account for their dreary flow, since they are no more original in theology than poetical in language and design.

It would be strange if Browning were not indebted, for some of his most powerful themes, to the superstition from which medieval art, politics, and daily life, took their prevailing tone. In his analysis of its quality he seems to me extremely profound. Monasticism in Spain even now is not so different from that of the fifteenth century, and the repulsive imagery of a piece like the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," written in the harshest verse, well consorts with a period when the orders, that took their origin in exalted purity, had become degraded through lust, gluttony, jealousy, and every cardinal sin. Browning draws his monks, as Doré in the illustrations to "Les Contes Drôlatiques," with porcine or wolfish faces, monstrous, seamed with vice, defiled in body and soul. "The Bishop orders his Tomb" has been criticised as not being a faithful study of the Romish ecclesiastic, A. D. 15—; but, unless I misapprehend the spirit of that period, this is one of the poet's strongest portraitures. Religion then was often a compound of fear, bigotry, and greed; its officers, trained in the Church, seemed to themselves invested with something greater than themselves; their ideas of good and evil, after years of ritualistic service—made gross with pelf, jealousy, sensualism, and even blood-guiltiness—became strangely intermixed. The poet overlays this ground-work with that love of art and luxury—of jasper, peach-blossom marble and lazuli—inbred in every Italian,—and even with the scholar's desire to have his epitaph carved aright.

"Choice Latin, picked phrase. Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke!"

All this commanded to his bastards! And for the rest, were ever suspicion, hatred, delight at outwitting a rival in love and pre-

ferment, and every other loathsome passion strong in death, more ruthlessly and truthfully depicted?

Of strictly medieval church studies, "The Heretic's Tragedy" and "Holy-Cross Day," with their grotesque diction, annotations, and prefixes, are the most skillful reproductions essayed in our day. Browning alone could have conceived or written them. In "A Grammarian's Funeral," "Abt Vogler," and "Master Hugues," early scholarship and music are commemorated. The language of the simplest of these is so intricate that we have to be educated in a new tongue to comprehend them. Their value lies in the human nature revealed under such fantastic, and, to us, unnatural aspects developed in other times.

"Artemis Prologuizes," the poet's antique sketch, is as unclassical as one might expect from its affected title. "Saul," a finer poem, may have furnished hints to Swinburne with respect to anapestic verse and the Hebraic feeling. Three poems, which strive to reproduce the early likeness and spirit of Christianity, merit close attention. One describes the raising of Lazarus, narrated in an "Epistle of Karshish, the Arab Physician." The pious, learned mage sees in the miracle

> "But a case of mania—subinduced
> By epilepsy, at the turning-point
> Of trance prolonged unduly some three days."

"Cleon" is an exposition of the highest ground reached by the Pagan philosophy, set forth in a letter written, by a wise poet, to Protos, the King. At the end he makes light of the preachings of Paul, who is welcome to the few proselytes he can make among the ignorant slaves:

> "And (as I gathered from a bystander)
> Their doctrines could be held by no sane man."

The reader is forced to stop and consider what despised doctrines even now may be afloat, which in time may constitute the whole world's creed. The most elaborate of these pieces is "A Death in the Desert," the last words of St. John, the Evangelist, recorded by Pamphylax, an Antiochene martyr. The prologue and epilogue are sufficiently pedantic, but, like the long-drawn narrative, so characteristic, that this curious production may be taken as a representative poem. A similar bit of realism is the sketch of a great poet, seen in every-day life by a fellow-townsman, entitled, "How it Strikes a Contemporary." And now, having selected a few of these miscellaneous pieces to represent the mass, how shall we define their true value, and their influence upon recent art?"

Browning is justified in offering such works as a substitute for poetic treatment of English themes, since he is upon ground naturally his own. Yet as poems they fail to move us, and to gloriously elevate the soul, but are the outgrowth of minute realism and speculation. To quote from one who is reviewing a kindred sort of literature, they sin "against the spirit of antiquity, in carrying back the modern analytic feeling to a scene where it does not belong." It is owing precisely to this sin that several of Browning's longer works are literary and rhythmical prodigies, monuments of learning and labor rather than ennobling efforts of the imagination. His hand is burdened by too great accumulation of details,—and then there is the ever-present spirit of Robert Browning peering from the eyes of each likeness, however faithful, that he portrays.

He is the most intellectual of poets, Tennyson not excepted. Take, for example, "Caliban," with its text, "Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself." The motive is a study of anthropomorphism, by reflection of its counterpart in a lower animal, half man, half beast, possessed of the faculty of speech. The "natural theology" is food for thought; the poetry, descriptive and otherwise, realism carried to such perfection as to seem imagination. Here we have Browning's curious reasoning at its best. But what can be more vulgar and strictly unpoetical, than "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," a composition of the same period? Our familiarity with such types as those to which the author's method is here applied, enables us to test it with anything but satisfaction. Applied to a finer subject, in "Bishop Blougram's Apology," we heartily admire its virile analysis of the motives actuating the great prelate, who, after due reflection, has rejected

> "A life of doubt diversified by faith
> For one of faith diversified by doubt."

Cardinal Wiseman is worldly and insincere; the poet, Gigadibs, is earnest and on the right side; yet, somehow, we do not quite despise the churchman nor admire the poet. This piece is at once the foremost defense and arraignment of Philistinism, drawn up by a thinker broad enough to comprehend both sides. As an intellectual

work, it is meat and wine; as a poem, as a thing of beauty,—but that is quite another point in issue.

Browning's off-hand, occasional lyrics, such as "Waring," "Time's Revenges," "Up in a Villa," "The Italian in England," "By the Fireside," "The Worst of It," &c., are suggestive, and some of them widely familiar. His style has been caught by others. The picturesqueness and easy rhythm of "The Flight of the Duchess," and the touches in briefer lyrics, are repeated by minne-singers like Owen Meredith and Dobell. There is a grace and turn that still evades them, for sometimes their master can be as sweet and tuneful as Lodge, or any other of the sky-larks. Witness "In a Gondola," that delicious Venetian cantata, full of music and sweet sorrow, or "One Way of Love," for example,—but such melodies are none too frequent. When he paints nature, as in "Home Thoughts, from Abroad," how fresh and fine the landscape!

> "And after April, when May follows,
> And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows—
> Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
> Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
> Blossoms, and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
> That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!"

Having in mind Shakespeare, and Shelley, I nevertheless think the last three lines the finest ever written touching the song of a bird. Contrast therewith the poet's later method—the prose-run-mad of stanzas such as this:

> "Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats.
> Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup.
> Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
> Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
> What porridge had John Keats?"

And this by no means the most impertinent of kindred verses in his books,—poetry that neither gods nor men can endure or understand, and yet interstrewn with delicate trifles, such as "Memorabilia," which for *suggestiveness* long will be preserved. Who so deft to catch the one immortal moment, the fleeting exquisite word? Who so wont to reach for it, and wholly fail?

VI.

We come, at last, to a class of Browning's poems that I have grouped for their expression of that dominating sentiment, to which reference was made at the beginning of this review. Their moral is that of the apothegm that "Attractions are proportional to destinies;" of rationalistic freedom, as opposed to Calvinism; of a belief that the greatest sin does not consist in giving rein to our desires, but in stinting or too prudently repressing them. Life must have its full and free development. And, as love is the master-passion, he is most earnest in illustrating this belief from its good or evil progress, and to this end has composed his most impressive verse.

Blink it as we may, the chief lesson of Browning's emotional poetry is that the unpardonable sin is "to dare something against nature." To set bounds to love is to commit that sin. Through his instinct for conditions which engender the most dramatic forms of speech and action, he is, as an artist, tolerant of what is called an intrigue; and that many complacent English and American readers do not recognize this, speaks volumes either for their stupidity, or for their hypocrisy and inward sympathy in a creed which they profess to abhor. Affecting to comprehend and admire Browning, they raise an outcry against young Swinburne — whose crude earlier poems brought the lust of the flesh to the edge of a grossness too palpable to be of any harm, and from which his riper manhood has departed altogether. The elder poet, from first to last, has appeared to defend the elective affinities against impediments of law, theology, or social rank. It is not my province to discuss the ethics of this matter, but simply to speak of it as a fact.

It will not do to fall back upon Browning's protest, in the note to his "Dramatic Lyrics," that these are "so many utterances of so many imaginary persons," and not his own. For when he returns persistently to a certain theme, illustrates it in divers ways, and heaps the coals of genius upon it till it breaks out into flame, he ceases to be objective, and reveals his secret thought. No matter how conservative his habit, he is to be judged, like any artist, by his work; and in all his poems we see a taste for the joys and sorrows of a free, irresponsible life,—like that of the Italian lovers, of students in their vagrant youth, or of Consuelo and her husband upon the windy heath. Above all, he tells us:

> "Thou shalt know, those arms once curled
> About thee, what we knew before,
> How love is the only good in the world.

"In a Balcony" is the longest and finest of his emotional poems: a dramatic episode, in three dialogues, the personages of which talk at too great length,—although, no doubt, many and varied thoughts flash through the mind at supreme moments, and it is Browning's custom to put them all upon the record. How clearly the story is wrought! What exquisite language, and passion triumphant over life and death! Mark the transformation of the lonely queen, in the one radiant hour of her life that tells her she is beloved, and makes her an angel of goodness and light. She barters power and pride for love, clutching at this one thing as at Heaven, and feels

"How soon a smile of God can change the world."

Then comes the transformation, upon discovery of the cruel deceit,—her vengeance and despair. The love of Constance, who for it will surrender life, and even Norbert's hand, is more unselfish; never more subtly, perhaps, than in this poem, has been illustrated Byron's epigram:

"In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love."

Here, too, is the profound lesson of the whole, that a word of the man Norbert's simple, blundering truth would have prevented all this coil. But the poet is at his height in treating of the master-passion:

"Remember, I (and what am I to you?)
Would give up all for one, leave throne, lose life,
Do all but just unlove him! he loves me."

With fine abandonment, he makes the real worth so much more than the ideal:

"We live, and they experiment on life,
These poets, painters, all who stand aloof
To overlook the farther. Let us be
The thing they look at!"

But in a large variety of minor lyrics it is hinted that our instincts have something divine about them; that, regardless of other obligations, we may not disobey the inward monition. A man not only may forsake father and mother and cleave to his wife; but forsake his wife and cleave to the predestined one. No sin like repression; no sting like regret; no requital for the opportunity slighted and gone by. In "The Statue and the Bust,"—a typical piece,—had the man and woman seen clearly "the end" of life, though "a crime," they had not so failed of it:

"If you choose to play—is my principle!
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

"The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin:
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost

"Was, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a crime, I say."

"A Light Woman" turns upon the right of every soul, however despicable, to its own happiness, and to freedom from the meddling of others. The words of many lyrics, attesting the boundless liberty and sovereignty of love, are plainly written, and to say the lesson is not there is to ape those commentators who discover an allegorical meaning in each Scriptural text that interferes with their special creeds.

Both Browning and his wife possessed by nature a radical gift for sifting things to the core, an heroic disregard of every conventional gloss or institution. They were thoroughly mated in this respect, though one may have outstripped the other in exercise of the faculty. Their union, apparently, was so absolute that neither felt any need of fuller emotional life. The sentiment of Browning's passional verse, therefore, is not the outgrowth of perceptions sharpened by restraint. The poetry addressed to his wife is, if anything, of a still higher order. He watches her

"Reading by fire-light, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it
Mutely—my heart knows how—

"When, if I think but deep enough,
You are wont to answer, prompt as rhyme;"

and again and again addresses her in such lines as these:

"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.
* * * *
This to you—yourself my moon of poets.
Ah, but that's the world's side—there's the wonder—
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you."

In fine, not only his passional lyrics, but all the poems relating to the wedded love in which his own deepest instincts were thoroughly gratified, are the most strong and simple portion of his verse,—showing that luminous expression is still the product

of high emotion, as some conceive the diamond to have been crystallized by the electric shock.

VII.

MANY of the lyrics in the volume of 1864 are so thin and faulty, and so fail to carry out the author's intent,—the one great failure in art,—as sadly to illustrate the progressive ills which attend upon a wrong method.

The gift still remained, however, for no work displays more of ill-diffused power and swift application than Browning's longest poem, "The Ring and the Book." It has been succeeded rapidly, within five years, by other works,—the whole almost equaling, in bulk, the entire volume of his former writings. Their special quality is affluence: limitless wealth of language and illustration. They abound in the material of poetry. A poet should condense from such star-dust the orbs which give light and outlast time. As in "Sordello," Browning again fails to do this; he gives us his first draft,—the huge, outlined block, yet to be reduced to fit proportions,—the painter's sketch, blotchy and too obscure, and of late without the early freshness.

Nevertheless, "The Ring and the Book" is a wonderful production, the extreme of realistic art, and considered, not without reason, by the poet's admirers, to be his greatest work. To review it would require a special chapter, and I have said enough with respect to the author's style in my citation of his less extended poems; but as the product of sheer intellect this surpasses them all. It is the story of a tragedy which took place at Rome, one hundred and seventy years ago. The poet seems to have found his thesis in an old book,—part print, part MS.,—bought for eight-pence at a Florence stall:

> "A book in shape, but, really, pure crude fact
> Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
> And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries since."

The versified narrative of the child Pampilia's sale to Count Guido, of his cruelty and violence, of her rescue by a young priest,—the pursuit, the lawful separation, the murder by Guido of the girl and her putative parents, the trial and condemnation of the murderer, and the affirmation of his sentence by the Pope,—all this is made to fill out a poem of twenty-one thousand lines; but these include ten different versions of the same tale, besides the poet's prelude,—in which latter he gives a general outline of it, so that the reader plainly may understand it, and the historian then be privileged to wander as he choose.

The chapters which contain the statements of the priest-lover and Pampilia, are full of tragic beauty and emotion; the Pope's soliloquy, though too prolonged, is a wonderful piece of literary metempsychosis; but the speeches of the opposing lawyers carry realism to an intolerable, prosaic extreme. Each of these books, possibly, should be read by itself, and not too steadily nor too often. Observe that the author, in elevated passages, often forgets his usual manner and breaks into the cadences of Tennyson's style; for instance, the apostrophe to his dead wife, beginning

> "O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

But elsewhere he still leads the reaction from the art-school. His presentations are endless: in his architecture the tracery, scroll-work, and multifoil, bewilder us and divert attention from the main design. Yet in presence of the changeful flow of his verse, and the facility wherewith he records the speculations of his various characters, we are struck with wonder. "The Ring and the Book" is so far imaginative, and a rhythmical marvel, but is it a stronghold of poetic art? As a whole, we cannot admit that it is; and yet the thought, the vocabulary, the imagery, the wisdom, lavished upon this story, would equip a score of ordinary writers, and place them beyond danger of neglect.

"Balaustion's Adventure," the poet's next volume, displays a tranquil beauty uncommon in his verse, and it seems as if he sought, after his most prolonged effort, to refresh his mind with the sweetness and repose of Greek art. He treads decently and reverently in the buskins of Euripides, and forgets to be garrulous in his chaste semi-translation of the Alcestis. The girl Balaustion's prelude and conclusion are very neatly turned, reminding us of Landor; nor does the book, as a whole, lack the antique flavor and the blue, laughing freshness of the Trinacrian sea.

What shall be said of "Fifine at the Fair," or of that volume, the latest of Browning's essays, which not long ago succeeded it? Certainly, that they exhibit his steadfast tendency to produce work that is less and

less poetical. There is no harder reading than the first of these poems; no more badly-chosen, rudely-handled measure than the verse selected for it; no pretentious work, from so great a pen, has less of the spirit of grace and comeliness. It is a pity that the author has not somewhat accustomed himself to write in prose, for he insists upon recording all of his thoughts, and many of them are essentially prosaic. Strength and subtilty are not enough in art: beauty, either of the fair, the terrible, or the grotesque, is its justification, and a poem that repels at the outset has small excuse for being. "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Savior of Society," which closes the volume of 1872, is another of Browning's experiments in vivisection, the subject readily made out to be the late Emperor of the French. It is longer than "Bishop Blougram's Apology," but compare it therewith, and we are forced to perceive a decline in terseness, virility and true imaginative power.

"Red Cotton Night-Cap Country;" or, "Turf and Towers,"—what exasperating titles Browning puts forth! this time under the protection of Miss Thackeray. That the habit is inbred, however, is proved by some absurd invention, whenever it becomes necessary to coin a proper name. After "Bluphocks" and "Gigadibs," we have no right to complain of the title of his latest volume. The poem itself contains a melo-dramatic story, and hence is less uninteresting than "Fifine." But to have such a volume, after Browning's finer works, come out with each revolving year, is enough to extort from his warmest admirers the cry of "Words! Words! Words!" Much of the detail is paltry, and altogether local or temporal, so that it will become inexplicable fifty years hence. There is a constant "dropping into" prose; moreover, whole pages of wandering nonsense are called forth by some word, like "night-cap" or "fiddle"—taken for a text, as if to show the poet's mastery of verse-building and how contemptible he can make it. Once he would have put the narrative of this poem into a brief dramatic sketch that would have had beauty and interest. "My Last Duchess" is a more genuine addition to literature than the two hundred pages of this tedious and affected romance. A prolonged career has not been of advantage to the reputation of Browning: his tree was well-rooted and reached a sturdy growth, but the yield is too profuse, of a fruit that still grows sourer from year to year.

VIII.

A fair estimate of Browning may, I think, be deduced from the foregoing review of his career. It is hard to speak of one whose verse is a metrical paradox. I have called him the most original, and the most unequal of living poets; he continually descends to a prosaic level, but at times is elevated to the laureate's highest flights. Without realizing the proper functions of art, he nevertheless sympathizes with the joyous liberty of its devotees; his life may be conventional, but he never forgets the Latin Quarter, and often celebrates that freedom in love and song which is the soul of Béranger's

"Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans."

Then, too, what working man-of-letters does not thank him when he says:

"But you are of the trade, my Piccio!
You have the fellow-craftsman's sympathy.
There's none knows like a fellow of the craft
The all unestimated sum of pains
That go to a success the world can see."

He is an eclectic, and will not be restricted in his themes; on the other hand, he gives us too gross a mixture of poetry, fact, and metaphysics, appearing to have no sense of composite harmony, but to revel in arabesque strangeness and confusion. He has a barbaric sense of color and lack of form. Striving against the trammels of verse, he really is far less a master of expression than others who make less resistance. We read in "Pippa Passes:" "If there should arise a new painter, will it not be in some such way by a poet, now, or a musician (spirits who have conceived and perfected an Ideal through some other channel), transferring it to this, and escaping our conventional roads by pure ignorance of them." This is the Pre-Raphaelite idea, and, so far, good; but Browning's fault is that, if he has "conceived," he certainly has made no effort to "perfect," an Ideal.

And here I wish to say,—and this is something which, soon or late, every thoughtful poet must discover,—that the structural exigencies of art, if one adapts his genius to them, have a beneficent reaction upon the artist's original design. By some friendly law, they help the work to higher excellence, suggesting unthought-of touches, and refracting, so to speak, the single beam of light in rays of varied and delightful beauty.

The brakes which art applies to the poet's movement not only regulate, but strengthen,

its progress. Their absence is painfully evinced by the mass of Browning's unread verse. Works like "Sordello" and "Fifine," however intellectual, seem, like the removal of the Malvern Hills, a melancholy waste of human power. Of late, when a new romance comes from his pen,—an addition in volume, not in quality, to what he has done before,—I feel a sadness like that engendered among hundreds of gloomy folios in some black-letter alcove: books, forever closed, over which the mighty monks of old wore out their lives, debating minute points of casuistic theology, though now the very memory of their discussions has passed away. Would that Browning might take to heart his own words, addressed, in "Transcendentalism," to a brother-poet:

"Song's our art:
Whereas you please to speak these naked thoughts.
But why such long prolusion and display,
Such turning and adjustment of the harp?
* * * *
But here's your fault; grown men want thought, you think;
Thought's what they mean by verse, and seek in verse:
Boys seek for images and melody,
Men must have reason—so you aim at men.
Quite otherwise!" * * * * *

Incidentally, we have noted the distinction between the drama of Browning and that of the absolute kind, observing that his characters reflect his own mental traits, and that their action and emotion are of small moment, compared with the speculations to which he makes them all give voice. Still, he has dramatic insight, and a minute power of reading other men's hearts. His moral sentiment has a potent and subtle quality:—through his early poems he really founded a school, and had imitators, and although of his later method there are none, the younger poets whom he has most affected very naturally began work by carrying his philosophy to a startling, yet perfectly logical, extreme.

The mass of his poetry is either very great or very poor. It has been compared to Wagner's music, and entitled the poetry of the future; but if this be just, then we must revise our conception of what poetry really is. The doubter incurs the contemptuous enmity of two classes of the dramatist's admirers: first, of the metaphysical, who disregard considerations of passion, melody, and form; secondly, of those who are sensitive to their master's failings, but, in view of his greatness, make it a point of honor to defend them. That greatness lies in his originality; his error, arising from perverseness or congenital defect, is the violation of natural and beautiful laws. This renders his longer poems of less worth than his lyrical studies, while, through avoidance of it, productions, differing as widely as "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "In Memoriam," will outlive "The Ring and the Book." In writing of Arnold, I cited his own quotation of Goethe's distinction between the dilettanti, who affect genius and despise art, and those who respect their calling though not gifted with high creative power. Browning escapes the limitations of the latter class, but incurs the reproach visited upon the former; and by his contempt of beauty, or inability to surely express it, fails of that union of art and spiritual power which always characterizes a poet entirely great.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

DECEMBER 8, 1874.

WITHIN a few weeks, will occur an event universally regarded as one of the most important and interesting which can happen in the whole range of astronomical phenomena. It is the passage of the planet Venus across the disk of the sun on the 8th of December, 1874. Only four such events have occurred since the discovery of the telescope made their observation possible. Two will occur in what remains of the present century, and then not another during the whole of the next. To show the extreme rarity of this phenomenon we give the dates of all transits occurring within 400 years.

1631, December 6.	1874, December 8.
1639, December 4.	1882, December 6.
1761, June 5.	2004, June 7.
1769, June 3.	

The last occasion of this kind was on

June 3, 1769. It was then considered so important that all the leading civilized nations sent out expeditions to observe it. It was one of these which was conducted by Captain Cook to the Island of Otaheite in the Southern Pacific Ocean, when observations were made at a point called to this day, *Venus Point.*

As early as 1871, the grounds of the Greenwich Observatory were occupied by temporary structures for experimenting upon the best modes of observing. The United States have not been behind in this preparation. Special instruments have been constructed, and experiments tried, and a programme of operations has been formed. Congress appropriated funds for carrying out this programme, and named a commission of distinguished and experienced men to direct the necessary preparations. This commission at first consisted of Rear Admiral Sands, Superintendent of the Naval Observatory; Professor Benjamin Peirce, LL.D., Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey; Professor Joseph Henry, LL.D., President of the National Academy of Sciences; Professor Simon Newcomb, U. S. Navy, Naval Observatory; Professor Wm. Harkness, U. S. Navy, Naval Observatory. The first two members have since February last been replaced, in consequence of their retirement from office, by Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory, and C. P. Patterson, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey.

It will be the object of this paper to explain briefly and in a popular manner the nature and importance of this phenomenon, and to point out the character of the observations to be undertaken in connection with it.

The relation between the times of revolution of the planets and their distances from the sun was discovered by Kepler, and is exceedingly simple, viz.: "The squares of the numbers which express the times of revolution, are to each other as the cubes of the numbers which express the distances of the planets from the sun." Now of the quantities involved in this proportion the times of revolution are easily observed, and are known with a precision which leaves little to be desired. If, then, we knew the distance of any one of the planets, as for example that of the earth, a simple application of the rule of three would give us all the others. From the earliest ages of astronomy, this problem of the distance of the sun from the earth has attracted and baffled the ingenuity of the mathematician. And it is the more perfect solution of that problem which at present is attracting attention to the phenomenon of a transit of Venus.

Aristarchus, a Grecian astronomer, B. C. 250, gave the first known answer to the question, but it is sufficient to say that his result was only about one-twentieth of the true distance. Hipparchus, of Rhodes, B. C. 150, tried a different method with a result no more nearly correct. In this condition the problem rested for centuries. The common notion was that the sun was about five millions of miles distant. In the seventeenth century Kepler could only say that the distance could not be less than thirteen and a-half millions of miles. Subsequently other estimates increased the distance to eighty and eighty-five millions. The methods employed, and the instruments then in use, were plainly inadequate to the problem.

Such was the state of the question when Dr. Edmund Halley, then Professor of Astronomy at Oxford University, proposed in 1716 a method of determining the distance of the sun by the transit of Venus. It awakened great interest, and at the next ensuing transits in 1761 and 1769, it was successfully employed. Ever since it has held its place in the estimate of astronomers as the most reliable method. Other methods have, indeed, been resorted to in the long interval between the transits, and because they have been tried with instruments of such extreme delicacy, and have been guarded against error with such skill and ingenuity, they have yielded results very little, if at all, inferior to the transit method. But a new opportunity of verifying the results of past researches, which the approaching transit affords, attracts to this event unusual interest.

Let us now proceed to consider how the transit of Venus may be made available for determining the distance of the sun. When a surveyor desires to ascertain some inaccessible distance; as, for instance, the width of a river, he measures a base line on his side of the river, and also the angles between this base line and the lines running to the desired point. With these data he can compute the required distance. A plan similar to this is employed when the astronomer desires to determine the distance of the moon. The base line which he uses in his computation is the radius of the earth, and the angle subtended at the moon by this radius is called the *parallax.* These two being once known, the distance may readily be found.

But it was long ago found that the method which served well enough in the case of a near body like the moon, failed utterly when applied to a body as distant as the sun. The sun's distance was so great that the angle subtended at it by the earth's radius became inappreciable. Dr. Halley's method enabled the astronomer to employ, instead of the parallax of the sun, the parallax of Venus at her nearest point.

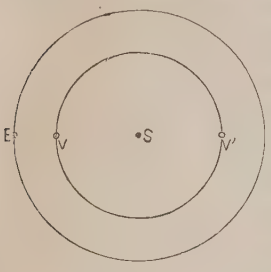


FIG 1.

Venus revolves in an orbit within that of the earth. Venus completes a revolution in this orbit in about 224 days, while the earth requires 365. Hence, in the course of their revolutions, Venus must sometimes come in a line between the earth and the sun, as at V. This is called her inferior conjunction. Again, in the course of their revolutions, Venus must sometimes come in a line with the sun and beyond it, as at V'. This is called her superior conjunction. These conjunctions occur at intervals of about 584 days. Now it is plain that when Venus is at V, and the earth at E, her distance from the earth is much less than that of the sun, and her parallax consequently much more. In fact the distance from the earth to Venus is only about one-quarter as much as that to the sun, and therefore her parallax almost four times more. It was precisely to take advantage of this greater parallax that Halley's method was proposed. The difficulty in the way is that Venus is rarely visible at her inferior conjunction. The light of the sun is so great that the brightest stars in its vicinity are lost to sight. It is only on those rare occasions, when Venus chances to come so exactly in line that her disk is projected as a black dot against the sun's disk, that she becomes an object for rigid observation. The causes for this rarity we shall explain subsequently. For the present let us assume that a transit across the sun's disk is actually under inspection from the earth.

In the adjoining figure let S represent the sun and E the earth, and let the planet Venus be supposed to be moving in her orbit at V between the sun and the earth. We may further assume that the earth is stationary and that Venus moves with a velocity equal to the difference between her own and that of the earth. Let two observers be supposed to be watching the phenomenon, the one at A, a point near the North Pole, and the other at B, a point

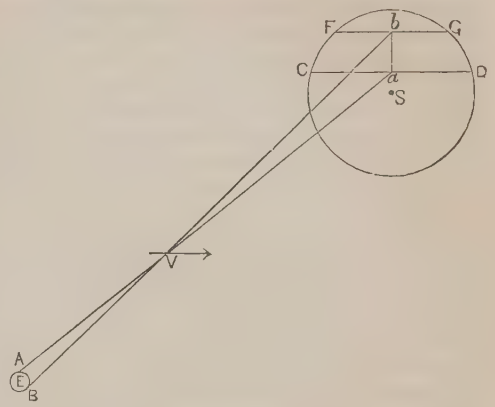


FIG. 2.

near the South Pole. It is evident that to these two observers the transit would appear to take place on different lines. Thus, the observer at A would seem to see the planet crossing in the line C D, while the observer at B would see it on the line F G. The further apart the two stations A and B could be taken, the greater would be the interval *a b* between the two paths.

Now, suppose we knew, as we do, how much further it is from V to *a* than from V to A. We should know that exactly so much longer is the line *a b* than *A B*. But since the location of the two observers at A and B is known, their distance apart in miles can be found. And thus we have at once the distance *a b* in miles.

It only remains to find out, if possible, what part *a b* is of the entire diameter of the sun, and then we should know this diameter in miles. We do know the angular diameter of the sun; that is, we know the angle made by two lines drawn from the eye to the two ends of the sun's diameter. Its average value is about 32′, a little more than half a degree. The radius of the sun, then, is about 16′. If the observer, then, at A had timed with great precision the ingress of the planet at C, and its egress at D, he would know the time occupied in traversing the line C D. Then, knowing the rate at which the earth and Venus move in their orbits, not in miles, but in minutes, he can tell the exact length of C D in minutes. In making this estimate he must take into account, not only the motions of the planets in their orbits, but also the effect produced by the earth's rotation. In like manner the length of the line F G can be determined in minutes. From these

lengths it is easy to derive the length of *a b*, the distance between the two lines, in minutes. But we already know *a b* in miles, and from these two values we can ascertain how many miles are due to each minute or second of arc at the distance of the sun. It is about 450 miles for each second. Hence the angle subtended by the earth's radius, which is called the parallax of the sun, must be the quotient of 450 miles contained in the earth's radius, namely, about 8″.9.

Such is virtually, although not precisely, the process by which the sun's parallax is derived from the transit of Venus. There are numberless considerations connected with the process which cannot be here explained. The observers are not two, but any number. The calculations are by no means so simple in practice as here indicated. Every circumstance which can possibly affect the result must be taken into account, and the most refined expedients must be resorted to in order to avoid instrumental and other errors.

From observations on the transits of 1761 and 1769, Encke computed the parallax of the sun and announced it as 8″.5776, corresponding to a distance of 95,274,000 miles. This value was universally accepted as possessing the highest probability. It held its place unchallenged for many years in the nautical almanacs, and in works on astronomy. By those, however, who were familiar with the defects of the observations on which this result was founded, it was not accepted as final. There were discrepancies and irregularities in these observations which prevented perfect confidence. In addition to this, all the other methods for measuring the parallax which from time to time were used with augmented precision, gave a value for the parallax considerably greater than this. Hence, it came to be understood among astronomers that Encke's value for the parallax must be replaced by a greater.

Finally, in order to reconcile, if possible, the results of the different methods, a re-examination of the records, and a recomputation, were undertaken by various distinguished astronomers. Leverrier, the illustrious discoverer of Neptune; Newcomb, of the Washington Observatory; Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, and others, contributed to this discussion. Newcomb's conclusion was a parallax of 8″.848, which is the one now employed in the American Nautical Almanac. Stone put it at 8″.91, which is now adopted in the British Nautical Almanac. It remains to be seen what confirmation the transits of 1874 and 1882 will afford to these modifications of the value of the parallax.

The prediction of transits of Venus is a process of exactly the same character as the prediction of eclipses. The periods of their recurrence depend upon the relative times of revolution of the earth and Venus, combined with the inclination of the planes of the two orbits to each other. It is found that these causes usually result in two transits, following each other at an interval of eight years; then, after a long interval of 235 years, another pair of transits occur in the same month, but eight years apart. Thus there were transits in December, 1631 and 1639, and now, after an interval of 235 years, two others are about to happen in December, 1874 and 1882. In the meantime, however, another pair of transits have occurred in June, 1761 and 1769, and 235 years from this another will occur in June, 2004. We cannot now enter upon the full explanation of these periods of recurrence. It must suffice to say that they can be computed with the utmost precision, so that the observers set out to their distant and often perilous posts of observation, with the most perfect assurance that at the predicted hour and minute a little black dot, scarcely larger than a fly speck on a golden eagle, will enter on and slowly cross the sun's disk. For the transit of 1874 the nautical almanacs are already issued with full details as to the times of ingress and egress for various positions on the earth's surface.

It remains to consider the character of the observations which a transit like the coming one of 1874 will demand.

The adjoining figure will illustrate the different phases of this transit. Let S represent the sun, and V the planet Venus moving in the direction of the arrow, while E_1, E_2, E_3, &c., represent the earth, encountering different phases of the transit. In reality, the planet Venus moves past the earth, but, for convenience, we will conceive Venus to remain stationary and the earth to advance in an opposite direction with a velocity equal to the difference of their velocities. When the earth reaches the position E_1, an observer on the most forward part would just see Venus in external contact at V_1. As the earth moves forward, other points on the illuminated face of the earth, as fast as they reached the line A X_1, would also see the planet in external contact. When the entire earth has passed the

line A X_1, and no part yet reached A X_2, at all points Venus would appear hanging on the edge of the sun's disk. When the earth

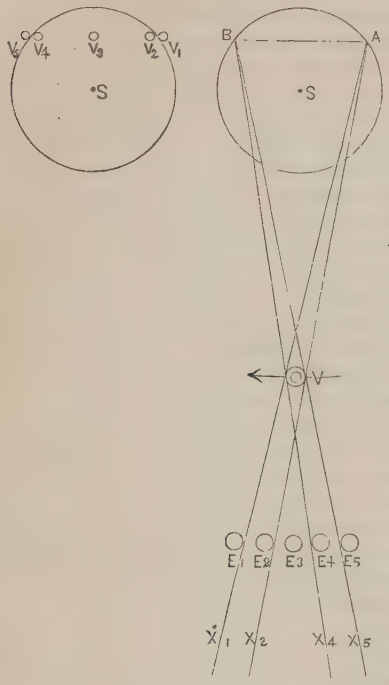


FIG. 3.

reaches E_2, to the most forward point Venus would appear in internal contact at A, as represented at V_2; and, as other points cross the line A X_2, to them also the phase of internal contact would be revealed. When the earth is between A X_2 and B X_4, the planet would appear to all observers as projected on the disk and in the act of passing across. As the earth reaches and passes the lines B X_1 and B X_5, the phases of internal contact and external contact will recur in an inverted order.

The time occupied in a transit will depend on the length of the chord traversed. If it were directly through the sun's center, the time might be as much as eight hours. The following times, taken from the American Nautical Almanac, will show the duration of the several phases in the transit of 1874. They are given in Washington mean time, and apply to the center of the earth.

	h.	m.	s.
1. External contact, ingress, Dec. 8th,	8	40	22.6
2. Internal contact, ingress	9	10	29.2
3. Mid-transit	10	59	17.6
4. Internal contact, egress	12	48	6.7
5. External contact, egress	13	18	13.3
Whole time from ingress to egress	4	37	50.7

To obtain the times for these phases, at any station on the surface of the earth, it would be necessary to take into account the longitude, the latitude, and the radius of the earth at that point. Without an elaborate calculation of this kind, we may see from the above statement that the transit will begin about half-past eight in the evening by Washington time, and end about an hour and a-quarter after midnight. To observers in the United States, therefore, it is plain that the phenomenon will be invisible, the whole taking place after sunset. The islands of the Pacific, the East Indies, Australia, and the Eastern coast of Asia, will see its beginning. To Central Asia and Africa, the sun will rise with the transit in progress, and they will see its ending. Japan and Western China and Australia will be among the fortunate places where the beginning and ending will both be visible.

According to the method originally proposed by Halley, the stations to be occupied by observers ought to be only such that the entire transit may be observed from them. But by a modification of this method, stations may be used from which either the first or last contact alone can be observed. In this case, however, it is necessary to know with great precision the difference in longitude between the two places.

The principle on which locations for observation are selected is, that as great a difference as possible shall exist between the length of the transit at the two places to be compared. Since the transit for 1874 is to be across the upper limb of the sun, it is evident that it will last longer to observers the farther they are to the north, and shorter to observers the farther they are south. In estimating the time of continuance for any place, the modifications introduced by the rotation of the earth must be taken into account.

To obtain a clear idea of the best locations for observing the transit, proceed as follows:

> Find on a terrestrial globe the point whose Longitude is 150° 57′.0 East from Greenwich, and Latitude 22° 48′.6 South.

This is the spot over which the sun is vertical at the instant of first ingress.

Bring this point of the globe into the zenith. Then all places above the horizon of the globe will see the phase of ingress.

To find what places will witness the phase of egress, bring the point of the earth over which the sun is vertical at the moment of

last contact to the position of the zenith. This point has:

Longitude 81° 30′.0 East from Greenwich.
Latitude 22° 49′.7 South.

In this position of the globe, all points above the horizon will witness the phase of egress.

All places which are above the globe horizon, in both positions, will witness the entire transit. Places which, in revolving the globe from its first into its second position, disappear below the horizon, will witness the beginning, but not the ending. Places which, in this change of the globe, come above the horizon, will witness the ending, but not the beginning of the transit.

It has been found by a careful consideration of the facts, that the best stations in the northern hemisphere will be at the following places, viz.: Nertchinck, in Asiatic Russia; Tsirsikar, Kirin Oula, Pekin, Canton, &c., in China; Yeddo, and other points in Japan, &c. While in the southern hemisphere, recourse must be had to such inaccessible points as South Victoria Land, Adelie Land, Sabrina, Hobart Town, Melbourne, &c.

Let us turn now to the methods to be adopted in observing the transit. And here, let us recall the degree of precision which has already been attained in this problem, and the further precision which it is hoped may now be attained. The whole angle of the parallax which we wish to measure is only between 8″ and 9″. We already know this angle within a few tenths of a second, probably within one-tenth. What is desired is, if possible, to make the measurement reliable, within a hundredth of a second. Now, a second of arc (1″) is only the angle which is subtended by a silver half-dollar at a distance of about four miles. A tenth of a second (0″.1) is the angle subtended by the same coin about forty miles distant. This is equivalent to a human hair at a distance of about 450 feet. And finally a hundredth of a second (0″.01), which is what we want, if possible, in this case to make sure of, is equal only to a human hair 4,500 feet distant.

For such a delicate and difficult problem, it will be useless to be content with only the ordinary instruments and the ordinary methods of observation which were in use at the last transit. It will be a waste of time and strength to equip expeditions to go literally to the ends of the earth, unless they are provided with appliances more accurate than Captain Cook and his co-workers had in 1769. We must attack the problem with all the resources which modern science has placed at our disposal. If there be anything in optical science, in micrometry, in photography, in spectrum analysis, in telegraphy, or elsewhere in the whole arsenal of human knowledge, let it be brought out, and directed with the most consummate human skill upon this resisting problem.

Observations on the sun are attended with some difficulties which are peculiar. The sun is intensely hot and intensely luminous. Its surface, instead of being a smooth, unchanging globe, is constantly in a state of the most fearful agitation. The edges of its disk, therefore, at which we are to observe the ingress and egress in a transit, are ragged and irregular. Besides this, the planet having its dark face turned toward us, cannot be discovered until the contact actually begins; so that the observer is apt to allow some seconds or fractions of a second to elapse before he recognizes the little stranger. This difficulty has rendered the observations for external contact notably uncertain and unreliable.

But when the phases of internal contact are selected for observation, a new class of difficulties is encountered. It is found that long after the planet would seem to be clear of the line of the limb, it still clings fast to it by a dark ligament. Gradually the ligament grows thinner and thinner, until finally

FIG. 4.

it breaks. Now, what is the true moment of internal contact? Is it when the two disks are in the position of apparent tangency to each other? Or when the ligament forms? Or when it breaks? The observers of the transit of 1761 and 1769 attributed the phenomenon of the ligament to the atmosphere of Venus. It is now known to be due to what is known as irradiation. When a bright object is seen upon a dark ground it seems larger than it really is, and when a dark object is seen upon a bright ground it seems smaller than it really is. In either case the cause is the same. The bright surface, projecting itself on the retina by strongly luminous rays, affects it beyond the true boundaries of the image.

The bright image will transgress the line of separation and give to the mind the sensation of being larger than it really is. We may convince ourselves of this optical fact, if we cut from a sheet of white paper a small round disk and paste it upon a dead-black ground. At the same time paste the white paper from which the disk has been removed over a black ground. We shall then have a white circle and a black one of exactly the same size. But when placed at a distance from the eye, and strongly illuminated, the white disk seems decidedly the larger. In the same way it will be found that white letters on a black surface will always appear larger than black letters of the same size on a white surface.

This principle, when applied to the phenomena attending a transit of Venus, explains how the sharp cusps of light between the planet and the limb of the sun seem larger than they really are. Thus in the figure the luminous limb, instead of reaching to the fine line, by irradiation reaches to the broken line; and thus a broad ligament, instead of a mere point, appears to connect the planet and the limb.

FIG 5.

With this explanation in mind, we at once see that the true moment of internal contact is at the breaking of the ligament.

It has been explained that the element to be measured in a transit is the length of the line traversed by the planet, and that this is accomplished by measuring the time occupied. The observer, therefore, must be prepared to *see* the phenomenon and *time* it. He will therefore require the following instruments:

1. A telescope of sufficient power to see the bodies distinctly. It will not be possible to transport to the stations of observation the largest telescopes in use, but it is exceedingly important that observers be provided with those of excellent quality, giving clear, well defined images. The telescope should be mounted equatorially and run by clockwork, so that at critical moments the whole attention of the observer may be free from the work of manipulating the instrument.

2. A clock or chronometer. Time being the essential element in the problem, this is the most important of the instruments to be provided. The stations must be occupied a considerable time before and after the transit, in order that the time-pieces may be regulated and rated.

3. A chronograph. This is one of the improvements of modern astronomy, and will be one of the means by which the observers of the approaching transit will attain greater precision than heretofore. It will be possible with this help to measure the time to hundredths of a second with almost as great a certainty as tenths of a second could before he measured.

4. A transit circle. The observer must know the latitude of his station, and must have the means of regulating his clock by the stars.

5. Means for obtaining longtitude. This must be got by the telegraphic method when possible; but, inasmuch as this will, in most cases, be impracticable, the observer must have recourse to all other available methods known to astronomers.

6. The spectroscope. During his observations of the eclipse of 1869, a new method of observing first and last contact suggested itself to Professor Young. The same idea had also been independently conceived by M. Faye, a distinguished French astronomer.

If the spectroscope be turned upon the body of the sun, a spectrum crossed by the Fraunhofer black lines is observed. If, however, the slit of the spectroscope be turned so as to receive light from the edge only of the sun, or rather from the thin layer just outside of the visible edge of the sun, then a spectrum of bright lines is seen. This layer of matter, which furnishes the bright line spectrum, Mr. Lockyer has named the chromosphere. It envelops the luminous globe on all sides, but being of inferior radiance, is not visible except in times of total eclipse.

Now, Professor Young proposes to turn the spectroscope on that point of the sun's limb where the ingress of the planet is expected to occur. He proposes to select for observation some conspicuous bright line of the spectrum (for example, the line C), and, as the ingress progresses, to watch for its extinguishment. As the planet advances into the chromosphere, this bright line, which at first was the whole depth of the chromosphere, will gradually be shortened. The moment of its final disappearance must be the moment of external contact, because then the planet has penetrated through the chromosphere and has entered the true photosphere.

7. Photographic apparatus. Photography has been applied to astronomy with great success for some years. Mr. Lewis M.

Rutherfurd, of New York, and Mr. De La Rue, of England, have been among the earliest and most successful cultivators of celestial photography. In all the later observations on total eclipses of the sun, photography has played a leading part. Not only has photography been employed to represent the physical phenomena of the heavenly bodies, but it has also been successfully used for measuring interstellar distances. Groups of stars have been photographed (the Pleiades, for example), and the micrometric measurements made of their distances on the photographic plates have been found to possess the same order of precision as those made by micrometers in the telescope.

The plan to be pursued in applying photography to the observation of the transit consists in taking a succession of photographs at short intervals, say every minute, during the progress of the transit. Each of these will show the bright disk of the sun with Venus as a little black dot on it. This dot will appear in the successive photographs to occupy points which, taken together, will form the path traversed by the planet. From these photographs, or from enlarged copies of them, measurements are to be made with suitable micrometers, of the distance and direction of the planet from the sun's center. These will give the path of the planet, and the length of this path compared with the solar diameter. This length is to be compared with similar measurements made at the stations selected for comparison.

Great hopes are entertained of the superior accuracy of this method. It has one great advantage over the usual methods. They can only be applied when it is possible to see either the beginning or ending (or both) of the transit. A passing cloud, a misplaced eye-piece, or a bungling assistant, may destroy the labors and preparations of months. But in the photographic method it is possible to derive the path of the planet from a portion, and any portion, of the photographs. Of course the success of the plan will depend upon the skill with which the photographs are taken,—the precision with which all errors arising from refraction, from expansion of the tubes and plates by heat, and from irradiation on the photographic plates, may be detected and allowed for. Elaborate experiments are being conducted by the commission created by the Act of Congress. They have called into council the best talent to be found in the United States and Europe. They have constructed at the Naval Observatory apparatus with which to test the methods to be employed, as well as to train the observers charged with the duty of conducting the expeditions.

The mode of photographing which has been resolved upon is by means of a telescope tube laid in a fixed horizontal position. At the one end is a heliostat by which the rays of the sun are constantly projected through the tube. At the other end is fixed the photographic apparatus. This arrangement gives great advantages in manipulating the photographic plates, and in eliminating errors from the flexure of the tube.

Eight parties were to set out from the United States, five for the southern, and three for the northern stations. There is, of course, a mutual understanding between astronomers of different nations in regard to the localities to be occupied. Russia has available northern stations within her own eastern territory. Great Britain has in Australia and neighboring islands available southern stations.

For the American parties the following stations have been selected in the southern hemisphere, viz.: Crozet Island, Kerguelen's Land, Hobart Town, at the south end of Tasmania; some point in Southern New Zealand and Chatham Island, to the eastward of the preceding. The five parties destined for these stations sailed early in June in a naval vessel, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, to be left successively at their several stations in the order named, and after the event, to be taken up again in the inverse order. The three northern parties destined for Pekin, Yeddo, and Wladivostock, in the south-eastern extremity of Russian Tartary, were to take their departure in September.

The transit of 1882 follows that of 1874 at such a short interval that the apparatus prepared for the first will also do service in the second. So far as the United States are concerned, the transit of 1882 will have even greater interest than that of 1874. The most favorable northern stations for observation will, in that case, be found on our own Atlantic coast and the neighboring West India Islands.

THE "PROBABILITIES" OF RIVERS.

THE utility of adapting the meteorological reports to watch and warn of the approach of floods in rivers, early suggested itself to General Myer, as with the growth of the reports he was enabled to determine the route by which the water in any section would seek the sea; and on New-Year's Day, 1872, observers stationed along the rivers which drain the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies, were instructed to include in their reports a daily history of the river at each point.

At the present moment "River Reports" are received from forty-seven stations along the banks of the Monongahela, Youghiogeny, Alleghany, Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Red, and Mississippi rivers.

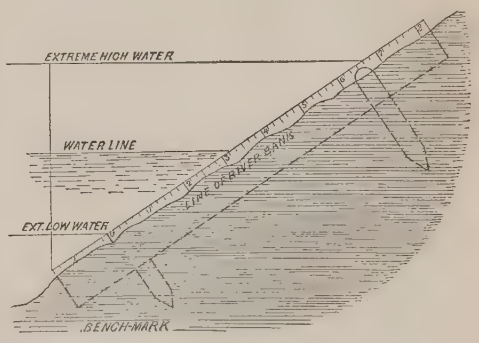
Freshets are not caused by rain alone, but often by the thawing of heavy snows. When thaws are accompanied by rain-fall, the rise is rapid, and if the rivers are frozen, the freshet becomes of a dangerous character by breaking and sweeping down the ice. Such freshets are usually accompanied by greater danger than when the rise continues at great height from long continued rain-fall alone. As the results of ice-gorges along our Western rivers, the reader will readily recall the yearly story of steamers and barges crushed and sunk, bridges carried away, and river banks flooded or destroyed.

At each river station, careful records have been made—as far as could be obtained—of all former freshets, and a history of these has been compiled to ascertain the seasons when freshets may be expected, and to determine what may be called the *danger level* along each river, *i. e.*, that height of water at which experience has proved that a river becomes liable to endanger not only commercial interests and property *at* cities and towns, but also to devastate the country between these by overflowing the river banks and levees. To make these histories complete, inspections have been made along each river, by officers of the Signal Service, to ascertain not only the channel depth at which danger appears, at different points, but when and where it will increase or expend itself, or where the river-bed is going, and how fast.

With the more extended information which the constant growth and enlarged experience of the weather report system must bring, the Central Office in coming time may not only predict heavy and continuous seasons of rain-fall, but when such is the case be able to warn the people of river towns of the extent and duration of the resulting rise. This study has intimate and close relations to meteorology, for rivers are the best and most certain rain-gauges possible; and the study in effect resolves itself into measuring the amount of rain falling within the separate water-sheds of the separate rivers, the rate of speed with which, and the route by which, the rain will seek its way to the sea.

Thus, in a map representing the water-sheds of the Western rivers,—or the surface of country drained by each,—it will be seen that if the Central Office receives information that heavy rain is falling in Nebraska, Kansas and Western Missouri, his knowledge of the number and capacity of the water-courses throughout that region enables the assistant in charge of river reports to decide when a freshet wave, great or small in extent, will move down the Missouri to the Mississippi; and if the rain-fall has extended or promises to extend into Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, to determine whether the wave from St. Paul to Keokuk will pass before or after that from the Missouri reaches its mouth, or whether they will meet.

At each station the Observer Sergeant is required to prepare a "bench-mark," or gauge, set in the river bank, as shown in the



illustration, and marked in feet and inches above and below the point from which measurements are taken. From April 1st to July 31st, and from October 1st to November 30th, in each year, observations must be made at 3 P. M. each day, and at such intermediate times as General Myer may deem necessary for any sudden or unexpected change in the

condition of a river, such as would result from an extraordinary rain-fall in any portion of the country, or rapid melting of ice or deep snow. Besides these ordinary daily reports, during the seasons named, or when specially ordered, if the rise or fall in a river is sudden or unusual in its character, reports are required every three hours until the river resumes its normal condition.

Most of these reports are made by telegraph, and a separate system of cipher writing is used, similar in character to the key used for the meteorological reports. For instance, the central office at Washington receives a telegram worded as follows:

CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"St. Louis. Come. Jane. Harbor. Naught.
OBSERVER."

The dispatch is handed to the "assistant" who is in charge of the "river reports" for the time, who immediately ascertains that it conveys this information:

ST. LOUIS. 3 P. M. (current month), 19th.

A heavy rain is falling, the wind blowing from the north-east. The water in the river here is exactly eleven feet above low water mark, and rising. OBSERVER SERGEANT IN CHARGE.

In the office study-room there is a large slab of slate with a profile of each of the rivers named engraved thereon. The assistant in charge receiving the various reports has on his desk a blank form, ruled in this manner:

River Report for Saturday, April 18th, 1874.

Height Above Low Water and Rising.		Height Above Low Water and Fall'g.		Danger.		Danger Increasing.		Danger Diminishing.		Remarks.
ft.	in.	ft.	in.	Yes.	No.	Yes.	No.	Yes.	No.	

on which is printed a list of the rivers and the stations on each, and on this he writes the information received; turning to the slate, he marks at each place on a scale, at each point on the profile, the height of water; then drawing a line on the slate which will connect these marks, he has a profile map of the position and extent of any freshet wave which may then exist, and from this determines how he shall make the appropriate entries in the last four columns of his report sheet. This sheet, thus filled, is then used to determine the "probabilities" in the special river reports; and the general instructions require that, "whenever the changes are greater than five inches, he must state, in the synopsis, 'the rivers have fallen [or risen] at ——, [giving names of stations], or decidedly fallen [or risen];' or give the number of feet, when the change is remarkable;" and, following this, to state the probable condition based upon the facts given in the synopsis.

This being the province of the officer in charge of the river report, the reader will see the use of the river profiles, and why a freshet following the course of a river has been called a "wave." In the profiles on the slate, the grade of the river, or line of elevation above the sea-level, determines to a considerable extent the speed with which a freshet seeks its outlet. Let the reader, for example, take a profile of the Ohio River, and mark the figures given below, upon vertical scales:

The reports upon a certain day gave the depth of water at various points, as follows: Pittsburgh, 19 feet; Wheeling, 37; Cincinnati, 17; Louisville, 7, and Cairo, 17; the latter being governed to some extent by the stage of water in the Mississippi. Now, draw a line which will connect these marks, and it will be seen that the freshet resembles a huge wave, having its crest at Wheeling. Three days later the depth of water was—Pittsburgh, 10 feet; Wheeling, 23; Cincinnati, 30; Louisville, 8, and Cairo, 9; and another line drawn as before, shows the crest of the wave to be at Cincinnati, or, probably, a little above that city. Last spring General Myer discovered that large bodies of water were gathering in the upper rivers, to such an extent that great destruction of property would result along the river from Cairo to New Orleans, and telegraphed to Memphis, Natchez, and other places, giving warning that the rise would sweep away goods and vessels along the banks. The warning fairly astounded the "river men," and the editorial column of a local paper reviled and scoffed at the impudent assumption of a man sitting in his office at Washington who presumed to know more of *their* river than they did. "Why, the river was falling—fell ten inches yesterday, and fourteen the day before!" Within a few days, however, and within the time specified by the "probabilities of rivers," the same journal contained column after column telling the story of inundation and loss of life and property.

THE SILVER AGE.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THE tradition of poets images an Age of Gold behind the last faint outline of the historic horizon. I have no doubt there is a sort of substance at the base of this gorgeous phantasm. Gold was the inevitable staple of nascent art. The Child-Man, unconscious of creative power, and ignorant of ideal beauty, poured out his soul on color and splendor as he found them. Ignorant of the power of harmony—*i. e.*, of shade as the co-efficient of light—and even of the arts that develop the rich complemental phases of such a material as silver, his barbaric eye was magnetized by a native luster which no skill can elicit, as a simple effect, from any other materials than gold and gems. Hence the predominance and profusion of gold in all the traditions of ancient glory. The primitive age was literally the Age of Gold.

The Silver Age, on the contrary—in the sense we have chosen to transfer to the figure—is an immensely advanced stage of development in art and taste. Some artists, indeed, maintain that as the Silver Age supersedes, in the development of art, the Age of Gold, so the Age of Bronze—*i. e.*, of purely ideal beauty, on a broad and common scale of representation—rises beyond them both. Prototypes of a like series of developments are traced in ancient Greece and modern Italy. But in the grand cosmic antitype, if such there be, the final Age of Bronze is in the as yet undescried future. The known and attained will rather concern us, and so we call our theme the SILVER AGE.

Primarily, gold appears to have been reserved for ornamental purposes, as the incorruptible beauty of its natural condition would suggest, and silver was used exclusively, or nearly so, in coinage, as it still is in the most antique civilizations, particularly of China and India. Moses does not mention gold as money, but only as jewelry, treasure, or as appropriated to sacred or state purposes. The succeeding Jewish chroniclers, also, usually mention silver alone as money, even in specifying the largest transactions in coin among princes.

Archæologists find evidence that silver may have been in primitive times worth not less, perhaps even more, than gold. Egyptian memorials indicate that the relative value of gold was adjusted by Menes, the first "Pharaoh," at two-and-a-half times that of silver. In the fifth century before Christ, silver had one-eighth to one-sixth the value of gold by weight. In the fifth century after Christ, silver had fallen in the Eastern Empire to the lowest point it has ever touched, being sold at one-eighteenth of its

weight in gold. In 1800, fifteen ounces of silver were equivalent to one of gold. Since the discovery of the Nevada and other North American silver mines, it has fallen again to about two thirty-thirds the value of

PORTION OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH SERVICE; SILVER, GILT; FLEMISH DESIGN OF A. D. 1400.

gold, or 16½ ounces for one. In 1848, Chevalier estimated twice as much silver as gold in the world, by value, which made thirty times as much by weight. This excessive proportion of silver, or much of it, probably dates from the earliest times, having been provided for in the creation, or at least in the present geological arrangement. Africa and Australia only yield an excess of gold, one of which probably contributed nothing, and the other very little, to the gold of the world in ancient times. As far back as Solomon, the full relative abundance of silver is directly attested. There seems to be, therefore, no way to account for the steady rise in its relative value as we ascend toward the springs of civilization, except the hypothesis already stated, viz.: That the original money was silver, gold being dedicated, as was natural, to purposes of luxury and state, and coming into currency but by slow stages, corresponding with advances in the scope of commerce, the wealth of society, and the rewards of industry. Silver, as the common representative of the necessaries and enjoyments of life, would thus have engrossed to itself the transcendent representative value of money, while gold, depending only on its greater native beauty and rarity, and available only for the use of the few, would maintain an appreciation barely greater than the more modest and abundant, but immeasurably more active metal.

Commerce and man have conquered a great realm from personal power and privilege, wherever the daily wants and wages of the common people have risen to the denomination of silver, and, international and even domestic exchanges becoming too extensive to be conveniently carried on in silver, gold has been deposed from its regal state and set to work for mankind. Milton was not an economist, but if his genius had looked that way it could not have expressed a historic truth of political economy more aptly than in the words,

> "— or where the gorgeous East
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

"Barbaric gold" is good—perhaps better than the poet intended. Gold as yet uncivilized, because uncoined: literally in a state of barbarism. Gold which has not found its office as a factor in an intelligent and organized universe—as unredeemed from the useless state of nature as if it lay yet in the sands of Indian or Californian streams.

But the greater part of the gold and silver of the civilized world, once amassed in temples and ecclesiastical and royal treasure houses, has long since been converted into

ANTIQUE BOWL.

coin, jewelry, products of art and manufactures, and dispersed among the millions of mankind.

The measureless treasure once accumulated in the crass and stupid luxury of

monarchies and hierarchies, is now distributed in indefatigable activity throughout the civilized world; building inter-oceanic canals, inter-continental steamships and continental

ANCIENT SILVER BEAKER VASE; FOUND NEAR HILDESHEIM, GERMANY.

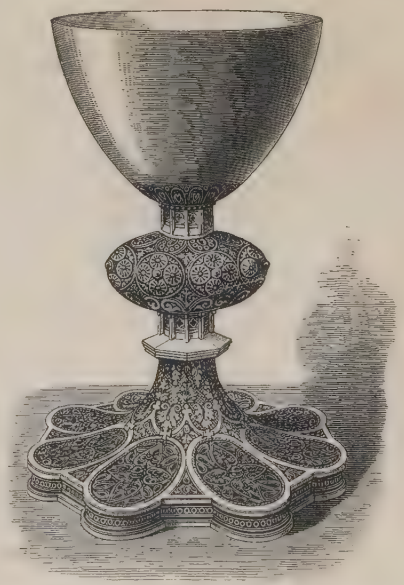
railways; fitting up the world with machinery for the service of every calling and interest of men; furnishing every dwelling, shop and farm with improved instruments of comfort and of production without end; and ministering, in fine, to the æsthetic, intellectual, and moral interests of life and of immortality—"barbaric gold" no more.

Again, gold now tends to resume its sedentary dignity, though not its empty show, at the great centers of exchange. After being melted and hammered, pillaged and knocked about from kingdom to kingdom, for three thousand years, and serving an apprenticeship of many centuries as working coin, gold finds its ultimate place of power in the organization of mankind, as the reposing basis of currency. Placed in a quickening relation with great masses of more sluggish but not less genuine values, it sets them free and sends their monetary energy through bills of exchange, bank-notes and telegraphic transfers to the farthest corners of the earth, in volume and potency commensurate with whatever demands of commerce are justified by sound capital, and a sufficient command of coin for contingencies.

Impartial well-wishers of both the precious metals may be equally gratified with the measureless modern improvement in the position of each. Both have risen by the side of man in the scale of dignity and worth. The successive transitions of gold from useless state to monetary activity, and thence to general command of the mobilized values of the world, have opened a new destiny also to its fair sister, silver. While gold has exchanged the position of a pampered slave in palaces for a seat of beneficent power at par with kings, to say the least, the same commercial progress of which this is an exponent is also marked by a progressive demonetization and emancipation of silver from the drudgery of currency (in which coin will one day, perhaps, be quite obsolete) and by the creation of a new æsthetic sphere, in a new world of wealth and taste, where silver in art,

"— at length,
Apparent queen, unveils her peerless light."

Her charms, requiring higher art to develop, and finer taste to appreciate, than the obtrusive splendor of gold, have begun to command due attention only at a very modern date—how modern, the reader who has not narrowly examined it will be surprised when we come to show. Comparing the two metals historically, with reference to æsthetic effects, we have already noticed that barbaric taste settled at once upon the tropical glory of the yellow metal, which



TUSCAN CHALICE: SILVER, GILT; FROM THE TREASURY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF PISTOIA.

barbaric art so readily disclosed, and has never wavered in attachment to a material so gorgeous in itself and so independent of fine art for imposing effect. Only in the "fullness of time," when the artist and artificer met in Benvenuto Cellini, producing with the same hand masterpieces at once of

design, of detail and of execution, could the peculiar capacity of silver for the expression of art be suggested. And not until the present century, or, rather, the present generation, when artist and artificer meet once more, in an American workshop, have the various methods of treatment and ornament required to bring out the versatile expressiveness of this loveliest of materials become so perfected, in such variety of combination, as to fix the attention of the world upon the qualities which distinguish silver as by pre-eminence the ART METAL. If we compare the rugged silver ware of other generations with the exquisite works of art that now fill the warerooms of our great silversmiths, in

THE JANE SEYMOUR SILVER CUP; BY HOLBEIN, 17TH CENTURY.

Bond street, we can wonder neither at the preference of past ages for gold, nor at the revolution in taste which the present development of silver art has effected.

Silver exacts a combination both of art and of arts, which could scarcely have been brought about in any earlier age than ours. Form, ornament, and harmony, are all required at once in the highest perfection. The combination has been the task of ages and epochs, and the very mechanical conditions of its completion have existed but a few years. Primitive art was, of course, purely decorative, or childlike, with the precious metals for its fit and chosen material. On them the luxurious oriental taste poured itself in ornamentation, crowding every surface with dense and rich designs. The arts of enameling, chasing, embossing, engraving, and inlaying or damascening (from Damascus) were early nursed in Asia to a perfection which her best pupils have not been able in all respects to surpass. Meanwhile, the higher element, form, waited for the development of the western genius in sculpture. The opposite impulses, to extrinsic and intrinsic beauty,—opposite as east and west,—spent themselves in divergence, maturing two antithetical art temperaments or sexes; the western, the genius of action, in forms radiant with the graces of mobility or strung with passionate tension; the oriental, the genius of luxury, profuse of decoration, and in its forms contrasting full, pendent, sensuous curves to the free, erectile sweep of classic outlines. Each was well adapted to its native theme: classic art to sculpture and architecture, while oriental art suited well the sultry splendor of its favorite material, gold. Neither was able to fit a form to silver: the one was too bare, the other too heavy and lifeless. A marriage between them was necessary to the development of fine art in the precious metals, and especially to the production of forms in which the chaste expressiveness of silver could be revealed. A more difficult combination of tempers could not be conceived. A more reluctant union was never consummated. The enterprising Greeks at once colonized and imported Asia; but the harder, as usual, yielded to the softer; the sensuous overlay and smothered the intellectual. For eighteen centuries, the conquerors, Greek and Roman in turn, lay vanquished by their captives. In the sixteenth century,

SILVER SALT-CELLAR.
[Cavity gold; oxydized bass-relief border.]

in the times, if we should not say the person, of Benvenuto Cellini, classic form, so long withdrawn, returned, and stooped to the embrace of ornament in her silver grotto. Since then, through many vicissitudes of adversity or alienation, the pair have remained too firmly joined, on the whole, for man to put asunder, although they have never, until the present generation, enjoyed a settled prospect of being happy together, nor seen their offspring advanced to the multitude and maturity they display in our great Bond street warehouse, or in the international expositions of Europe.

Let me not be misunderstood here. It is not the mere application of decorative art to classic form which has given art at once a new phase and a new material in silver. The product was logical, but it was indirect, not immediate, and when it came it was not classic form *plus* oriental ornament, but a third entity unknown to both. I should describe our modern silver art as a union of picture and sculpture, such as could be effected in no other material. I conceive that the reconciliation of the before conflicting demands of ornament and classic form—both of which silver eminently suits and eminently requires—involved a transformation of ornament to picture. By picture, I mean not the representation of actual subjects, but the adjustment of decoration by the great principle of harmony, the third element stated in the composite art under analysis, or, to iterate my own definition, *shade the co-efficient of light.* By this alone are forms revealed to the eye, whether in nature, sculpture, or painting; and, therefore, by the neglect of this principle, which strikes us in the former stages of silver work, all forms are more or less hidden or marred. Given the most exquisite form of a vase or chalice, for instance. If you polish it, the effect of the form is largely destroyed by the luster. If you apply ornament without artistic regard to the relief of the form, you distort it still further. If you deaden it, the form is saved by relinquishing ornament; a dull, lifeless result, inferior to that of other and meaner materials, and not characteristically higher when the uniform dead surface is produced by a close filling ornamental design (as in Persian work) than if the vessel had been left a plain casting.

THE APOSTLE SPOON; STYLE OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

BASS-RELIEF PLACQUE, REPOUSSÉ, FOR THE SIDE OF A VASE.

[Designed and wrought in Silver by Pairpoint, one of the Gorham Company's Artists. A delicate and lifelike texture of the skin in this figure is one of the effects peculiar to Silver Art.]*

Now the versatile lights and shades (some old, some new) which silver assumes under the burnisher, the graver, the chaser, the stippling or satin-finishing brush, the various oxidizations, chemical baths, &c., with the applications of gold and gilding, are not only all disposed by the modern artist as mutual co-efficients, raising each to its highest power by contrast, and yielding a richness of splendor in the combined effect with which no simple surface, whether of gold or gem, can vie; they are, moreover, so disposed as to throw into higher relief and expression every charm of outline in the form to be

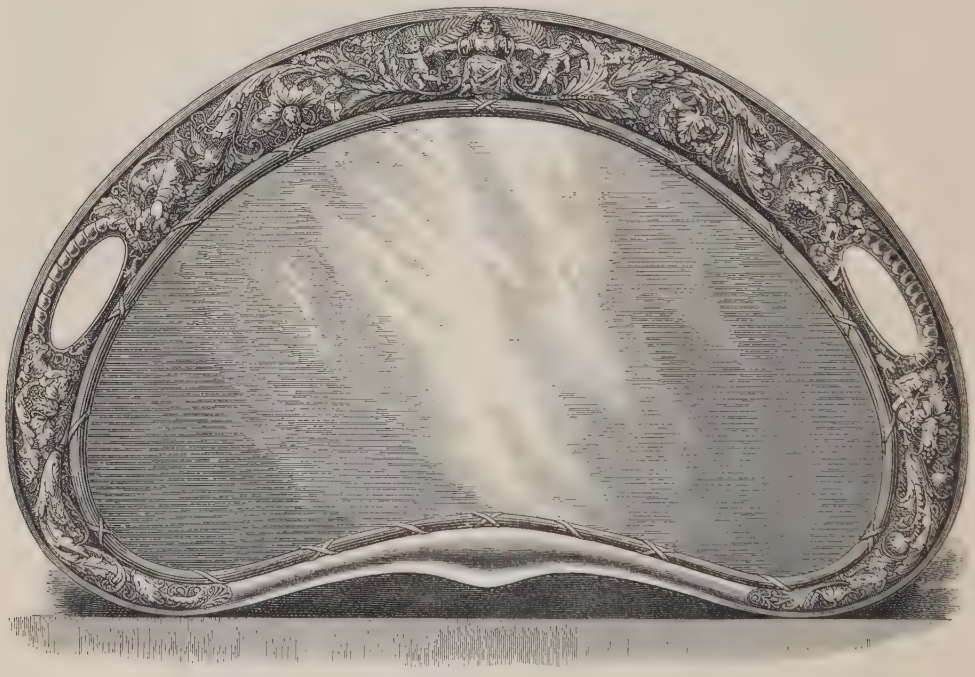
* The subsequent engravings in this article are also from designs originated and executed in silver by the Gorham Company.

adorned, so that the ornament, while enhanced in itself, is also made subservient to the deeper beauty of the form, into which it breathes, as it were, the breath of life.

But the philosophy of our Silver Age is not more interesting than its economic aspect.

It was but a little before the American Revolution (about 1760) that silver tablespoons began to exclude those of wood, horn and pewter, from the tables of the quality in England, and even tea-spoons of silver are said to have been rare before the time of Queen Anne (1691 to 1713). To this day, if I am rightly informed, no spoons of solid silver, large or small, much less silver forks, are to be found in common use among the "plain people" (with rare exceptions) of any European country. In the United States, on the contrary, it is unnecessary to inform the American readers of SCRIBNER that, as a rule, the farmer is but thriftless and the mechanic but a journeyman, whose spoons and perhaps forks are not of solid silver. The journeyman furnishes his table with plated articles of this class, or at worst britannia, and only the rude day-laborer contents himself with tinned or pewter ware. Plated tea-services, castors, salvers, pitchers, ladles, cake and fruit-baskets, etc., are too common to be noticed, unless wanting, on the tables of those in easy circumstances, and it is no rare distinction if they are of solid silver. In fact for bridal gifts nothing less than solid silver is thought respectable, and in this way, so universal has the custom of bridal gifts become, hardly any comfortable young couple now begin housekeeping without a fair show of genuine table silver, as far at least as spoons, forks, butter, fruit, pie and fish-knives, napkin-rings, and such trifles.

The beauty of the ordinary American table, with its snowy damask and china, sparkling cut-glass, and lustrous utensils of silver, all disposed in the tasteful symmetry



SILVER TRAY OR SALVER, IN THE STYLE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

native to the American housewife, is a power, and one that goes too near the springs of moral as well as æsthetic culture to be lightly esteemed by the most serious observer. The development of this crowning symbol of domestic refinement is worthy of our attention. A critical journal has remarked that an American lady's idea of a dinner is a handsome service of silver and china, with two or three vases of choice hot-house flowers. I suppose it was a typical American lady, among the "plain people," too, who stated to me the elements of a meal as she understood it, in the following series: First, order (including elegance and good attendance); sec-

ond, intellectual conversation; and lastly, something to eat.

Plated ware originated in England about the middle of the last century, the first application having been made to small articles in 1742, by Thomas Bolsover, a Sheffield mechanic. The new elegance brought within the means and supposed proprieties of the middle class, took the name of "Sheffield Plate," not from the process of plating, but from the silver ware of which it was an imitation. Plate, in this sense, is not our Saxon word cognate with *flat*, but was borrowed from the Spanish *plata* (silver), and applied to all utensils made of the precious metals, in whatever form.

THE RAPHAEL SPOON.
[Ornamented with die work, studied from decorations by Raphael in the Vatican.]

To our elderly readers "Sheffield Plate" will still have a familiar sound, for under this name the beauty of silver was first popularized in America, and to a far greater extent than even in England. Probably the Sheffield and Birmingham manufacturers of plated ware at one period exported more goods to this country than they sold at home.

A further and greater advance was made in 1838, by the invention of electro-plating, or rather the practical application of the method, which had been known, but strangely neglected, for thirty years. At one stroke plating was greatly reduced in cost, its applications indefinitely extended, and its effects incomparably improved. Everybody in America is now familiar with the ordinary wares of our numerous electro-plating companies, and there is hardly a cottage worth two hundred dollars in the country where such wares are not found; although the rich plating of the Elkintons in England and the Gorhams in America is too high in first cost for the strictly popular demand.

Within half a century the business of the American silversmith was mostly confined to making spoons to order for the jewelers, who rarely purchased more than one or two dozen at a time, for particular orders. About 1825 it was noticed that the silversmiths began to venture into the manufacture of light spoons for general sale through a class of cheap jewelry peddlers, who are still well remembered by natives of the New England of that period. The Providence manufacture had begun to be extended and brought into national relations by the enterprise of a young goldsmith named Jabez Gorham, who adapted his work to the general requirements of the trade, and made his way with it in the Boston market by underselling and outpushing the unmercantile mechanics of his craft. The droll account the old gentleman, who died about five years ago, used to give of his semi-annual marketing in Boston, is more expressive than a general description could be, of the very modest status of the now imposing silver trade of our chief cities:—how the Boston jewelers assembled at his lodgings, pursuant to notice, that they might be all admitted at the same moment, without partiality, to view and divide the little trunkful of new jewelry spread out upon his bed!

SILVER INKSTAND.
[Arabesque bass-reliefs.]

We observe here several distinct rudiments of character which have since grown up into one of the noblest of the representative business institutions of America. The originality and the commanding equity combined in Jabez Gorham's way of marketing his goods, the combined mechanical and managing talents attested by this singular homage of the Boston jewelers to the excellence and low price of his wares, the professional-like honor, begetting absolute confidence in the weight and standard of whatever he made; these advantages, being mental and moral and transmitted by inheritance and tradition, have continued conspicuous for half a century, together with their controlling power in human nature and business. We tender this example to our aspiring young readers as a present to them from the Gorhams, infinitely richer than any they could select out of the treasures of Bond street.

WEDDING PROCESSION IN SILVER.

[Bass-relief ornament for Bridal Service or Outfit.]

SILVER PITCHER.

[The placques are allegorical half-reliefs in dead silver, *repoussé*. The obverse represents Venus lighting the torches of the Loves. On the reverse she is catching and confining them in a net, "for better or for worse." The oval border or frame of the placque is gold; the concave surfaces burnished, and the convex satin finished.]

In 1831 Gorham threw his energy, skill and influence into the manufacture of silver for general sale. As the silver spoon may be called the germ of the whole prodigious growth of domestic silver ware, so the little shop of Jabez Gorham, in Providence, was the acorn from which grew the main trunk of the manufacture, and the date of 1831 may be set as the era of our Silver Age. There is little to be said of it for the first half of its history, save that it grew with the gradual growth of wealth and luxury throughout the country, waxed great on the few small and popular table utensils then merchantable, and, by virtue of the mental and moral affinities gathered in the Gorham firm, concentrated the resources of the business in one great establishment, pre-

pared, at the proper time, to employ those resources with a magnificence, both in art and enterprise, of which there has been no other example in the history of silver manufacture.

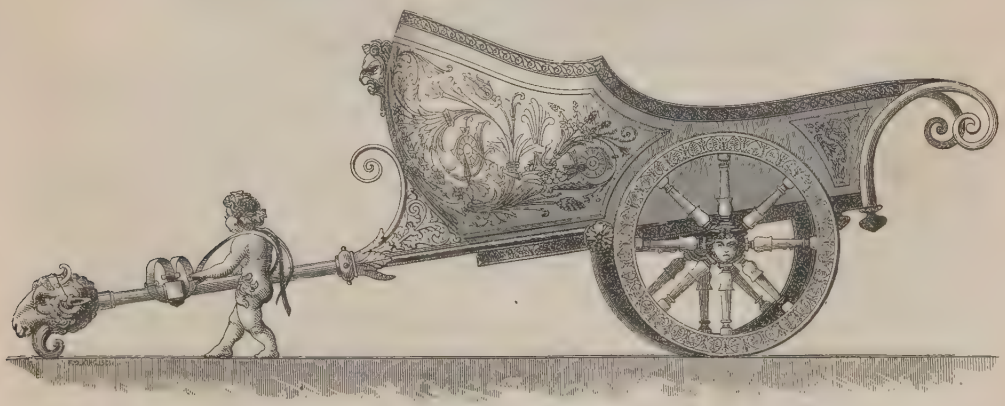
About 1850, the development passed from the spoon to the plate stage. Silver table services, in a few simple styles, became a regular line of production, increasing with the prosperity and ambition of the wealthy.

The third stage dates from the war, and is now, therefore, little more than ten years advanced. In this short time, while the number of distinct varieties in the catalogue of the silversmith's regular wares or shelf-goods has increased from a dozen to hundreds, a style of art has also grown up in this country out of the best elements handed down from the masters of every age, selected, combined, and improved with no inferior skill, and with vastly greater constructive resources, until there is no hazard in saying that the Gorham Company and the brilliant cluster of artists it includes, have made this a memorable decade to the future historian of art. Silversmiths on a smaller scale have profited by the influence of this academy of art and its beautiful models, but there has been hardly a dealer of importance in America who has not depended chiefly on the Gorham Company for first-class silver ware. A single notable exception, occurring as it must to every one, should not be unnoticed. The reorganization of the eminent jewelry house of Tiffany & Company, as a manufacturing corporation, for the supply of their own retail salesrooms, especially in fine silver, is an event of importance to the future development of the art. From the spur of mutual competition, public taste will receive the ultimate impulse. Their movement, by narrowing materially the former mercantile outlet for the richest silver wares of the Gorham Company, was also of importance as the turning point on which the doors of the Bond street warehouse, before wholesale exclusively, opened in 1873 to the retail trade,

SILVER TANKARD.

[Oxydized Bacchus on wine barrel; vine in gold; satin luster, relieved with burnished moldings.]

and so to a direct intercourse and reciprocal influence between the great American silversmiths and the great American public. In other cities, however, the trade in silver ware continues on the old system, the Gorham Company supplying the market through the mercantile jewelers solely.



SILVER CHARIOT FOR FRUIT OR FLOWERS.

[Engraved and satin finished body; burnished shaft, &c.; gold edges and rims.]

The statement will be as new as interest-

ing to the general public, but there is no doubt of its truth, that both the originating and manufacturing resources of our great Providence silversmiths are unrivaled in any country or in any age. They draw the most cultivated artists and the most skillful artificers in their line, often in one person, away from the old world by superior wages, exhaust steam, water hot, cold, hard and soft; machines of incredible ingenuity and efficacy without number; foundries for casting in iron, brass, silver, gold, and all other metals required; machine shops for every metal, and also for woodwork; blacksmiths' shops, rolling-mills, lathes, drills, milling and planing machines; shearing, punching, shap-

SILVER TUREEN AND STAND.

[Concave and plane surfaces burnished; convex surfaces satin luster; bass-relief border, and base molding gold. Lace-work engraving.]

higher social position, and better prospects for their families, and when here, they gradually Americanize them and make them capable of a hundred things they never could have turned to or aspired to at home. They bring the inheritance of an older and richer world to the quick and fertile genius of the new, and into that comprehensive organization of all departments under one head, which gives a capital advantage to the American system of business. In the city of Providence, I have seen under one roof an entire block of buildings filled with shafting and belting from steam-engines of the largest size, connected by steam elevators and pipes throughout, for communication, illuminating and heating gas, air blast, live steam and ing and embossing machines; lofty shops and ponderous machines for die stamping; large rooms devoted to melting and refining furnaces; to various metallurgical processes; to electro-plating and gilding; to photography; to metal spinning; to finishing by hand and machinery, in more stages, modes and apartments than could be carried away in memory; apartments in long succession, occupied, some by artists and draughtsmen, some by engravers, some by chasers, some by embossers, some by die engravers, some by die hardeners, some by tool makers, some by weighers and packers, some by fancy case makers in wood, morocco, velvet, &c.; in short, after walking for half a day, and to complete exhaustion, I was congratulated on having seen a full half

of the Gorham Manufacturing Company's establishment! This sketch may assist to a conception of the fact stated, that our own country contains, without exaggeration, the largest silver ware manufactory in the world, and the best appointed in men and materials.

The question naturally arises in this mammoth manufactory,—endless labyrinth as it is of buildings everywhere filled with the most precious material in all sorts of shapes and scraps, amongst four hundred and fifty employees,—how it is possible to guard against serious loss by theft? Nothing is relied on but the honesty of the men; and the nice account kept of all silver and gold, as given out from the safes and as returned to them in finished work, gives no reason, it is said, to suspect that an ounce of it is stolen in a year. This seems very singular: but may there not be some connection between this marvelous honesty of employees under constant temptation, and the austere probity for which the employers are renowned? No jeweler in the United States needs to be told that the stamp of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, as a standard of pure silver, is 25-1000ths higher, and no less certain, than that of United States coin. That is, the alloy indispensable for serviceable hardness and durable finish—75 parts in 1,000—is all that can be found in any of their goods, and is so warranted to anybody who chooses to get a specimen assayed at the Mint, under a forfeiture of the whole price of the article if found below that standard. (The alloy of coin is 100 parts in 1,000.) But this is not all. Not only are all goods bearing the Gorham stamp thus warranted pure; I am assured that no goods of a debased standard ever were or ever will be made in their works under any stamp whatever; notwithstanding that a large and extremely lucrative trade is always open to them and often pressed upon them, in low and anonymous silver ware for certain markets, particularly the Spanish-American. If mere love of money actuated these men, there is no doubt they would pursue a different course, and fall in with the current of conventional lying which has become so general in trade, and which so many good people (esteemed such) regard as white enough for business purposes. They might argue, as so many do, that nobody is cheated; that the buyer gets his money's worth, and gets what he seeks—not pure

SILVER COMMUNION SERVICE.
[Satin work, oxides, and gold.]

silver, but something that will answer the same purpose, at a lower price. But there are a few men left,

"Whose lips still speak the thing they mean,"

and refuse to join in calling base metal silver, in a conventional sense, to accommodate anybody, or to make any amount of money.

It may well be that in an establishment pervaded by the honest pride of such a sterling reputation and standard of action, the humblest employee feels as if he had a share in the honor of the house, and a character to sustain, worth more to him than silver. Example is mighty, and it is probable that along with an ingredient of humbug there would have to be introduced a pretty sharp *vigilante* system, to keep the silver from running away.

In England, all goods sold as silver must first be submitted to Government assay, and stamped with the "Hall mark," as it is called, as a guaranty of standard purity. Notwithstanding this guaranty, I have been assured by an experienced English silversmith that frauds are effected under its cover. It is matter for national pride that the stamp of an American house is acknowledged a surer guaranty of sterling purity than the stamp of the British Government.

The Gorham trade-mark on silver ware consists of three small shields in succession; the device on the first being a lion, to signify "sterling;" on the second an anchor, the emblem of the State of Rhode Island; on the third, the cipher or initial letter "G" (Gorham), and underneath, the word "STERLING."

But not only does the American silver ware market sustain the greatest manufactory on the globe; it is a fact still less commonly known, that it now demands a higher grade of design and workmanship than European silversmiths ordinarily have to concern themselves with. The development of American taste and fastidiousness in silver ware has been very marked in an incredibly short time, and presents results which have no counterpart elsewhere. In fact, our best plated ware is fully up, to say the least, with the requirements of the solid silver trade in other countries, in respect to that artistic style and elaboration which make up four-fifths of the cost of fine silver ware itself. There are reasons worth noticing for this remarkable state of things; and examples in illustration of a fact so recent and so little known will not be out of place.

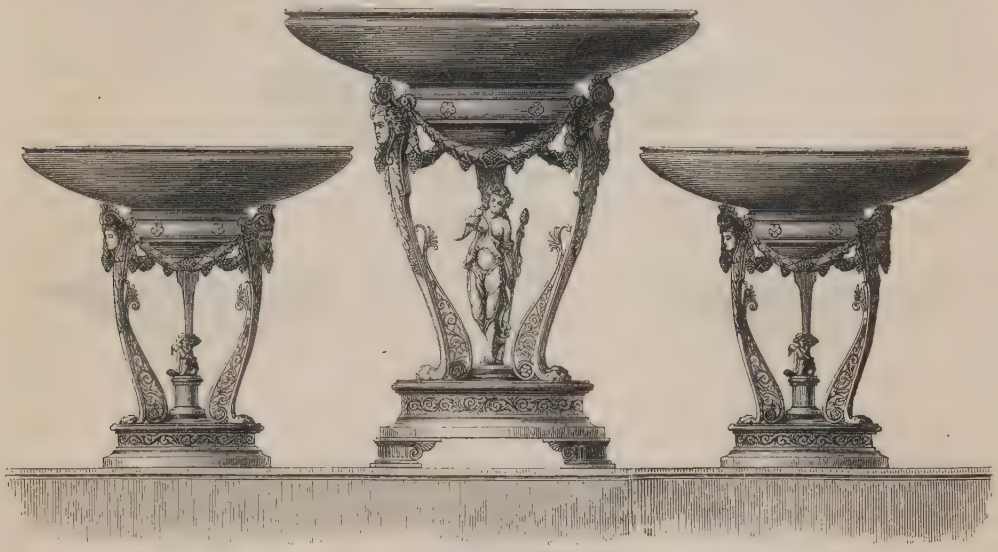
SILVER TEA SERVICE.

[Modernized Antique. Handles, covers and spouts burnished. Brilliantly engraved in Persian style; base bands and ornaments gold; surface satin luster.]

The high grade of plated ware just referred to is made only by the Gorham Company (the celebrated Elkinton ware of Birmingham equaling it only in metallic quality), and is undistinguishable from works in pure silver by any traits of appearance or style.

The makers themselves cannot tell which is which, but by technical tests. It is called for to a large amount by wealthy purchasers who use silver ware in magnificent style, but who prefer not to court burglary by keeping too much of it in common use. Accordingly, in many cases, the richest silver services are now stored in safety vaults against social occasions, while plated substitutes, entirely worthless to the thief and receiver, and yet equally elegant with the originals, replace them to a sufficient extent for ordinary purposes. In this way, too, the exquisite lusters and tints that beautify the fine silver ware of the present day will be preserved from generation to generation; being not only locked up securely, but every piece being kept, and carried to and from the treasure vault, in its satin-lined casket or case, at all times.

This line of business ("Gorham Plate") originated indirectly from the late civil war. At that period the cost of silver ware was nearly doubled by the premium on the material and the advance in wages, at the same time that the market was vastly curtailed. To meet this state of things the Gorham Company—down to that time known only to jewelers as the manufacturers of pure silver ware on which they stamped only their customers' names—at once applied their great resources, machinery, patterns, artists and all, to the production of a novel quality of plated ware, since become famous as "Gorham Plate," which should serve as the perfect substitute for silver ware just described. Its base was the beautiful metal nickel, which now rivals silver so extensively for many purposes, with the least necessary alloy to reduce its refractory temper to malleability.



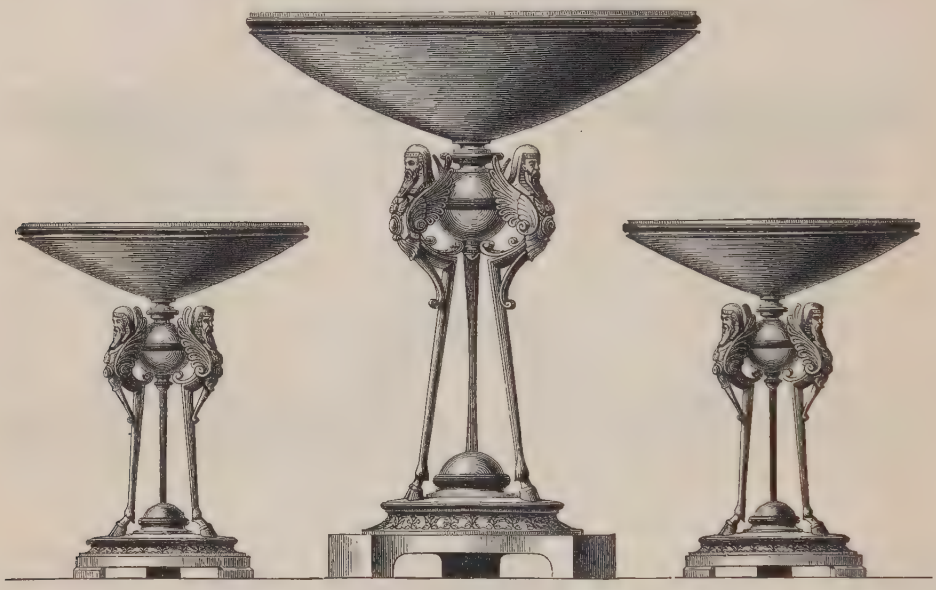
SILVER FRUIT AND FLOWER SERVICE.

[Figures, faces, etc., oxide tint; festoons, bass-reliefs and ornaments gold; bowls burnished.]

Its patterns, ornaments and workmanship were made equal (though never identical) with those for which the Gorham pure silver had hitherto been famous in the jewelry trade. Its surface was a thick coating of silver of absolute purity; too pure, in fact, to have given the necessary strength to the body of the work; and yet, by proper management of the chemical process, rendered as hard and dense as was desirable. To these conditions add the undefinable air or style that distinguishes the genuine in everything, from the work of imitators, whether in silver ware, coin or bank-notes, and which naturally transferred itself from the Gorham silver ware to its *fac-simile* in Gorham plate, and you have a result which cannot be exactly described, but is well illustrated by a comparison that has been often remarked. Of Messrs. Elkinton of Birmingham, who had been the leading electro-platers of the world, and more recently commenced the manufacture of solid silver, it is said that their silver ware inherited the air of plated goods; while the Gorham plate, made by silversmiths, borrows the mien of nobility from its antecedents, and cannot be distinguished from the finest style of solid silver.

I should be glad to complete this article by some exhibition of the beauty and profusion of our "Silver Age," to which de-

scription and engraving together are unequal. I have in my eye a certain dinner party, possibly not so typical of the modesty of good private taste as of the magnificence which anybody's money (if he has enough of it) can command at an hour's notice from a New York salesroom—and if I try how it will go off on paper, the guest will surely be indulgent to the difficulties of the host, and not expect too much. Without drawing the line too sharply between what was and what might have been done, or wasting any time in ceremonious introductions, we will take the liberty of looking into the great dining-room of the —— mansion, on Fifth avenue, at the moment when the servants have it in readiness for the announcement of dinner. Disregarding the general furniture and decorations of the hall, the table, which really fills the scene, will fully occupy our attention. It is some twelve yards long and two yards wide, and the twenty-four square yards are filled closely enough for good effect, with the "jewelry in silver" from Gorham's, that we have come to see.



SILVER DESSERT SERVICE.
[Egyptian style: executed in contrasts of satin luster, burnishing, gold and oxides.]

The center piece, commanding and unifying the rich array, is a magnificent silver *épergne*, overtopped with calla lilies, bending from lily chalices and stems of gold that grow up in a cluster from the center of a broad circular basin heaped and overhung with a great cone of the richest flowers. From the circumference of the central basin three smaller basins, pendent at equal intervals among the drooping sprays and blossoms, are also heaped and overhung with gay flowers, like the center. The surfaces of the four basins are of the soft, lustrous "satin finish," which the reader must have seen repeatedly to imagine its beauty, deepened by the flash of narrow burnished bands and moldings. The stem supporting these gorgeous hanging gardens is a female figure, fashioned from one of the loveliest of classic models, in massive silver deadened to a pearly tint by oxydization, her feet poised lightly on the cap of a temple dome that forms a pedestal for the whole. On the dome is the consummate splendor of shaded and burnished zones in contrast, with sparkling engraved wreaths, glittering cornices, and a frieze of rich oxydized bass-relief around the base, which rests with four massive feet, as if it floated, on the dazzling surface of a silver sea, or more literally a burnished "plateau," as it is called, that mirrors back the beauty I have more faintly described.

The plateau is oblong, and sufficiently extended to "float" also two graceful candelabra, one on either side of the *épergne*, with seven branches bearing tall wax candles; for gas-light, be it whispered, is too searching for the most artistic "complexions," and is therefore not admitted into superfine society.

Spaces for twenty-four guests are marked

off on the white damask (I like that tasteful ignoring of the cold, dull fashion of bare mahogany, which has no motive but ostentation or exclusiveness), by the sparkling cluster of glasses, spoon, fork, and knife like a mirror, with the curved corniform part that almost holds itself in your hand; and now the company promenade in by pairs through the double doors, and are marshaled to their places—we can hardly stop here to scan what they wear—millionaires, ambassadors, generals, admirals, authors, and the President of the United States (all in both sexes, of course); for no less distinguished company, surely, could support so princely an equipage. They have a moment to admire the display, from the indescribable beauty of the new style of tureens—their form is given in one of our engravings, but nothing of their pictured splendor can be imagined by one who has not seen them—down to the iridescent oxides and gold on the dainty little butterflies just flitting over the edges of the silver salt-cellars, and the fanciful forms of the chased pepper-bottles and salad castors ranged within reach of every hand—for the old-fashioned omnibus castor is one of the particular vanities now fashionably dispensed with.

SILVER CASTOR, EGYPTIAN STYLE.

All at once, at the secret signal of their chief, the well-trained and well-dressed attendants execute their manual of arms, as if moved by but one set of muscles; the covers of the first course vanish over their heads, like upward electric bolts, or as above the Light Brigade

> Flashed all their sabers bare,
> Flashed as they turned in air,

and in another moment the silver salvers come floating down before each guest with a mirror in which the rims of soup and silver blend undefinable.

But what soup, or what nectar of Jove, is worthy to rest in that elysium of art which we profane with the name of tureen! The white glory of its interplaying sheen and shade, lit up again with dewy sparkle of cut foliage festooned to either side, then surprised by a delicate molding of gold, and reflected back on itself from the mirror-like plateau or tray beneath, with rim of pale gold bass-relief that catches and blends the chaster luster with its own in a silver-golden halo—ah, Solomon! thou wouldst never have likened the setting of a perfect apropos to apples of gold in pictures of silver, if thou couldst have seen this silver picture wreathed in golden haze.

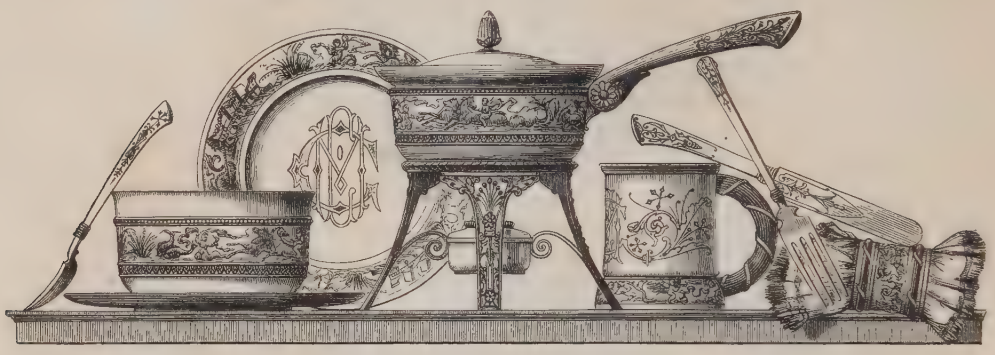
The bread is handed on what we must call plates, but which are bass-relief landscapes of golden grain, with Ceres and her reapers, circling around silver lakes, filled by reflection, to their depths, with snowy slices. Yet most of the symbolical works of art that hint the special purpose of every vessel and utensil they adorn, must be passed over without notice, or this description will stretch out into next month.

At the next charge of the light brigade from rear to front, the upper decks fly off from those glittering nautical models; each another silver picture, reflected in its silver sea; disclosing a mighty salmon at full-length repose in the hold of each vessel. A broad aquatic leaf, with a mermaid handle clinging to its stem, divides the red-golden flesh, and aided by a barbed silver trident, distributes it to the plates. The small boat or tender alongside supplies sauce, dipped with an enameled and iridescent shell.

Once more the decks are cleared; and now the great joints and fowls revealed

> "Float double, swan (?) and shadow,"

in the concave mirrors beneath them, ere their juices flow down the branching channels into the cavity prepared for them. But for this, they are removed to the sideboard, so massive. The ice-cream towers on massive silver stands sculptured with more Arctic scenery, to keep it from melting, with broad mirror trays beneath, the bountiful knife-



CHILD'S CHRISTENING SET.
[Borders in bas-relief.]

with the carvers gleaming on their silver rests, and elegant miniature tureens of gravy, that flanked them. There, too, stand the wine-coolers, truncated columns of burnished silver, twined with the cluster-laden vine, and their bases sculptured with the mythology of Bacchus.

All the vegetables of the season have their vessels, in quadruplicate, rich in luster as contrasted sheen and shade can make them. The butter bowls, with their covers and knives, are appropriate silver and gold, crowned with symbols of bucolic fatness. Water pitchers, richly engraved, chased and embossed with fountains, lakes and oases of palm, flanked by bowls of crushed ice rimmed with pendent icicles of frost-silver, and their bases piled with rugged Arctic scenery, in blocks and bergs and polar bears—all these are so at home in the expressive metal that they seem to cool the air. The very ice-spoon is perforated with an appropriate design, for the escape of water. The ample salad bowl stands conspicuous, another resplendent combination of lusters and sculptures, with the broad-pronged fork and spoon all its own. Macaroni and asparagus have resembling dishes and utensils; silver tongs, half spoon, half fork. The classic olive is in appropriate dishes; likewise the pickles, with bladed silver forks. The celery vases are tall chalices, with golden lip and zone brilliantly setting off the pale green of the succulent stalk.

At the pastry and dessert at last, and, thank heaven, almost through! All the foregoing load of treasure is removed, and in its stead a fresh array, still more elegant, if not edged ice-cream spoon, and the cool frost-finished saucers. There are also large vessels in kindred styles of art for fruit ices, with plates to match. The cakes and bonbons are on low compotiers, or ornamented plates with stem and base, and the silver cake-knife has a fine saw back to its splendid blade, to divide the frosting without fracture.

The fruit vessels are a sort of fairy barge; broad astern, where a base supports them, and with a high scrolled prow where a bushy-tailed squirrel sits aloft and sets the example with his nut-pickers. Or, where grapes are piled within and dangle over the sides, the vessel bears Pomona on the prow, and the vine must clamber from the base, around the sides, where the baffled fox clings falling from his leap at the high clusters. The grape scissors are not to be forgotten, scissors and fingers at once, that grasp the stem as they cut it off, and lift it to the plate. Where the large yellow fruit from Havana and from Northern orchards loads the garlanded and resplendent barge, it is a literal quotation—"apples of gold in pictures of silver," exactly. Passing over the dainty *bijouterie* in silver and gold for sipping strong coffee, with the elegance of the dessert patterns in spoons, knives and nut-picks, and the silver knick-knacks for the passing around, lighting, and even ash-receiving, of cigars, we take our last look at the coffee service, which divides our admiration with the tureens, and is an equally indescribable picture, though attempted with remarkable skill by our engraver. Whoever uses any of these pieces, uses what is fit rather for a

picture-gallery, than for the vulgar service of the body.

Do you ask, Yankee-like, what might be the cost of all this? No offense; so do I, and I find that you can give such a dinner party, if you have a mind, at a day's notice and an expense of say twenty thousand dollars. Cheap, isn't it? If you should take a fancy to give twenty such dinner parties, all equally elegant in the main, but without using the same pattern of any article twice, the Gorham warehouse is able to fill the bill to-day, I judge.

I shall not pretend that sumptuous living is the right use of money in a world so full as this is of evils that money can aid to remove. But for people whose ideas of table silver *will* go beyond the line I draw at spoons and forks, it is just as well to have works of art that can delight and refine the taste, if nothing more.

In the capacity of bridal gifts, at least, articles of silver appropriate to the style of the nascent family seem to be the most commendable of superfluities, even if they are not strictly necessary. Well-selected silver articles for the table, particularly, are permanent keepsakes, like nothing else, almost, that can be thought of; cherished for their unchangeable usefulness, beauty, and value, as well as for their associations. The whim of going into the lines of perishable fabrics and fragile gewgaws for a variation of wedding gifts has proved as transient as it was absurd. Silver reigns in the marriage feast, and in all its after memento, perfect, matchless symbol of the permanence, preciousness, purity, beauty, and homely use, that meet in the most sacred relation of human life. And to its sequel, the christening, how wide is the homage in silver, witness not less than—shades of the magi!—two thousand varieties of mugs—I mean not human,

SILVER VASE, REPOUSSÉ.

[The obverse placque is Thorwaldsen's "Night." Stars and draperies gold; female figure light oxide tint; ground dark tint; base bass-reliefs oxydized; surface polished. The reverse placque is Thorwaldsen's "Morning" in appropriate tints of gold and oxides.]

though infantile, but silver mugs, from the prolific laboratories which have afforded us so many exquisite illustrations of our subject, and have done so much to justify the characterization of the present as THE SILVER AGE

CHANCE.

He comes not? Yea, he cometh! Wherefore wait
At casement or at door his step to greet?
Thou think'st perchance to catch him at the gate
And stay the passing of his rapid feet.
Yet art thou sure the chambers are all meet,
In order set to serve his royal state?—
The banquet laid, the crown above the seat,
Fresh rushes strewn, and all things adequate?
He comes not? Yea, he cometh—needeth not
Thy watching and thy waiting. He seeks thee,
As surely as the mountain stream the sea.
He cometh—nor hath e'er one life forgot.
But when he neareth, saying: "Here am I!"
Shall he find all things fit, or pass thee by?

RAMBLES IN MADEIRA.

"MADEIRA is an island lying off the coast of Africa, in the latitude of Charleston, S. C., a resort for invalids; it is said to be exceedingly rich in natural beauty, and its wine is famous."

That was all I knew about the island, —quite as much, if not more, than is known probably to most Americans; but a trip made the previous summer to the Azores had whetted my appetite, and happening, about the time I was thinking of another cruise, to come across Captain Hardy, of the packet bark "Jehu," his glowing description of Madeira easily induced me to take passage with him, engaging the same state-room as on a former voyage. We had been twenty days out of Boston, running, generally, with a fair wind and less incident than usual, when, "land ho!" was the cry, and there, indeed, was the loom of land faintly discernible under a mass of cumulus cloud on the weather bow. For several hours it was doubtful whether what we saw was Madeira or its neighbor, Porto Santo; but, after awhile, three isolated hummocks, pale blue, under the lee bow, gradually assuming the peculiar outline of Porto Santo, indicated that Madeira was the land on our right, enveloped, as usual, in a curtain of vapor, and sixty miles distant. Porto Santo, twenty-two miles north-east of its neighbor, is small and barren, chiefly valuable for its limestone quarry, a geological phenomenon in the group; it is also a penal settlement to which convicts from Funchal are transported.

The lightness of the breeze made our approach very slow, and it was only on the following morning that we drew near Madeira, and, very fortunately, obtained an uninterrupted view of its magnificent outline, falling at either end abruptly to the sea, with lofty precipices and vast detached rocks of ragged and fantastic shapes and rich volcanic tints, along the whole coast line; while from the sea the land rose rapidly to the center, where a cluster of peaks, closely grouped, deeply grooved and turreted, suggesting the bastions and pinnacles of a gigantic fortress, were cut clearly against the sky with the sharpness of sculpture. Passing San Lorenzo Point with a leading wind, we were immediately headed off by one of the numerous air currents which prevail on the southern side, and neutralize the north-east trades, and fetched a tack across to the Desertas, three rocky islets belonging to the Madeira group. Very narrow, like a winding wall, they rise to the height of two thousand feet, and are next to inaccessible, while the violent squalls, which spring unawares from the cliffs, oblige the mariner to exercise unusual vigilance in their vicinity.

Off the end of Chao, the northernmost, is a needle-rock, one hundred and sixty feet high, resembling a ship by the wind, as seen from the stern; it is naturally called Sail Rock. A handful of fishermen share the Desertas with the cats, which have colonized and overrun them, and gather orchilla and catch shearwaters by swinging over the precipices; the birds are pickled, while the plumage is reserved for the beautiful featherwork of Madeira. When a supply of these is collected an immense beacon fire is kindled on the highest peak to summon boats from Funchal, thirty miles distant.

The port of Funchal is only a slight curve between two headlands, with a sea exposure reaching to the South Pole. Yet ships lie here all the year round; during the winter months vessels sometimes have to slip and run for an offing; but the rest of the year the hazard is slight; a brig took out and repaired her mainmast while we were there as fearlessly as if moored in a dock in a snug harbor. There is no landing place except the beach, and boats of the most diminutive size venture out into the bay. Nothing so much impressed me with a sense of the mildness of the climate of Madeira as the security of this exposed roadstead. The boats are pointed at both ends, the keel-piece being carried several feet above the gunwale. The stern-post is rounded at the heel and a rope is passed through it; a triple keel keeps the boat in an upright position on shore. When the beach is reached the boat is turned stern foremost, and men bared to the hips rush into the surf and by the aid of the rope lift the boat up the steeply shelving shore. Ships are loaded and discharged entirely by large lighters, which are drawn on the beach by immense capstans, called crabs. An army of yelling, barelegged boatmen is required to land or launch a loaded lighter. The beach of Funchal, crowded with rows of picturesquely shaped, gayly painted boats, enlivened by the roar

of the surf, and the constant landing of boats, and the Babel-like vociferations of boatmen and the drivers of ox-teams, and flanked at one end by the Governor's residence and a noble avenue of plane-trees, and at the other by a shaded Praça and an old red fort peaked with pepper-box turrets, the warm cliffs of Brazen Head rising behind it, and the soft violet outlines of the Desertas in the offing, presents one of the most interesting scenes on the island.

FUNCHAL HARBOR AND BRAZEN HEAD.

Funchal, seen from the sea, lies on a slope of extraordinary abruptness, rent into three divisions by two gorges whose sides are ragged and nearly vertical; at the head of these ravines, immediately behind the city, peaks four to five thousand feet high appear through rifts in the canopy of clouds. A gray old castle whose teeth have been drawn, for its quaint outlandish brass pieces have flashed the grim menace of war for the last time, perched on a spur projecting from the mountains, assists the eye to realize the suddenness of these precipitous ranges, and greatly adds to the effective prospect of the town. On landing, the stranger very soon learns the actual steepness of the place, and finds that your true Madeirian walks on three legs, or, in other words, assists nature with a staff, which, by often saving one from a severe fall, becomes literally the staff of life. The streets are paved with round pebbles, whose natural slipperiness is increased by friction, and also by the grease-bags of the sledges, insomuch that they are often worn flat, smooth as glass and scarcely less treacherous. I found myself sometimes clinging to the walls on a steep incline with the tenacious grasp of ivy. The sledges alluded to are the nearest approach to a wheeled vehicle used on the island. They are drawn by oxen guided by leathern thongs passed through the tips of the horns. The drays are a mere slab twelve to eighteen inches wide, strengthened by a rim on the upper edge, and are of the same form, whether used by farmers or draymen. The hacks resemble our old-fashioned covered

sleighs, except that the runners are of wood alone, and a cross-bar rests on the floor inside for the support of the feet when climbing or descending the steep declivities. The

A THRESHING-FLOOR IN MADEIRA.

driver carries a grease-bag, which he lays at intervals in front of the runners. One of the most characteristic cries of Funchal is the yelling of the ox-drivers, "ca, para mi, boi, ca, ca, ca, ca, o-o-o-ah!"—come here to me, oh, oxen, here to me, whoa!

The hammock, carried on men's shoulders, is another conveyance peculiar to Funchal; while this is of especial advantage to the invalid, men who can reel off their ten miles before dinner without inconvenience do not disdain to avail themselves of the luxuriant motion it affords. Strange to say, the apparently severe labor of hammock-bearer is preferred by the natives to any other form of open-air work. Horses imported from abroad, and generally trustworthy, are also used to some extent, shod expressly for the roads of Madeira with spiked shoes, which, in traveling over some parts of the island, have to be renewed as often as once in every three days. But the character of the roads, even in Funchal, is so trying to the nerves, that many prefer the other modes of conveyance.

But the sledge of Funchal must claim preëminence over all known forms of locomotion except sailing. I know of no other place in the world where business men slide down hill to their counting-rooms. In summer many of the gentlemen reside in villas, which are a continuation of Funchal, reaching as high up as the Church of Our Lady of the Mount, two thousand feet above the sea. I rode up one morning to breakfast at the villa of the Austrian Consul, Signor Bianchi, situated on a level with the Mount Church. The ride was up a very precipitous incline, but the horses were on their mettle, and went up the unbroken ascent at full trot, the muleteers running close behind; they rested but once, and neither horses nor men showed shortness of wind. Behind us, at the end of steep streets, stretched the ocean, whose dim horizon line grew rapidly more distant and faint as we rose. On either hand the road was shut in by high walls, overhung with a profusion of purple and scarlet flowers, which loaded the moist morning air with perfume. The terraces above were darkened by the lace-work of wavering light and shade cast by trellises supporting vines weighted with clusters of Muscatel grapes, "wanton to be plucked." Having partaken the genial hospitality of our host and hostess, we walked across the head of a ravine to a sledge "stand" by the Mount Church, and seated ourselves in a vehicle of basket-work, fixed on wooden runners, with a cushioned seat for three, and a brace for the feet. The attendants, seizing a leathern guiding thong, leaped on the rear end of the runners with one foot, gave the sledge a start, and we were off. With the foot that was free the men controlled their flying sledge as a boy guides a sled, only with more skill. We dashed down the narrow way at a speed almost frightful, but gloriously exciting, going around abrupt

HUT AND PEASANTS AT SANT' ANNA.

turns with a slide to leeward which only the astonishing dexterity of the guides prevented from becoming a hazardous capsize.

Soon the increasing number of people in the street obliged us to slacken our pace, but toward the end we overtook another sledge, and, ordering our engineer to put on steam, away we went again at a prodigious rate, gradually overhauling the chase, until we suddenly turned into a dark lane; the sled stopped, and presto! the excitement was over; but not the memory thereof. We made something over two miles in eight minutes and a-half; the distance has been done in three minutes, when, earlier in the day, there was a clear road. Another time I made the descent at ten o'clock at night, when all was darkness ahead, intensified, if possible, by the lantern we carried at our feet. This sliding into mystery, swiftly slipping through impalpable gloom, down apparently fathomless abysses, is wonderfully stimulating to the imagination.

Funchal improves on acquaintance. As one grows familiar with its narrow and somewhat intricate streets, he rapidly discovers objects of interest which relieve the sameness of the heavy stone buildings. I never was in a town of twenty thousand inhabitants so well built, so cleanly and prosperous, and so well situated, in which architecture as an æsthetic art had been so entirely ignored as in Funchal. The Sé or cathedral is a building of some size, and its spire is surmounted by a gilt globe symbolizing the former world-wide dominion of Portugal; but the building has no claim on the visitor's attention, except the ceiling of the nave and transept, which is beautifully carved out of juniper, and worthy of a better edifice. On the way to the Mount Church is an old dwelling, whose two front windows, mullioned in stone, are suggestive of Moorish art; but whoever was daring enough to introduce these traces of beauty into Funchal must have perished from the very excess of inspiration, and left no successor. However, one soon learns that if art has done little for Funchal, nature has done much to atone for the shortcomings of its inhabitants, for many of these solid but homely houses conceal rare attractions within their gates, revealed like magic to him who steps within, unprepared for the sight, and finds terraced gardens overlooking the ocean and the mountains, and stocked with the profuse vegetation of two zones. The palm and the pine, the cypress and the magnolia, the pomegranate and the banana, the walnut and the guava, the apple and the coffee-tree, the rose apple and the chestnut, intertwine their various shades of perennial verdure in a fraternal embrace that seems to unite different climes as in Eden, while the oleander, the fuchsia, the geranium, the hortensia, the bougainvillia, the heliotrope, and numerous other flowers of brilliant hues and spicy odors, growing wild in vast quantities, clamber over trellis and wall, and blend their fragrance from one season to another; for on this enchanted isle neither the frosts of winter nip their buds, nor the rage of the dog-star fades their scarlet and blue.

GRIST-MILL ON THE ROAD TO SANT' ANNA.

The market-place of Funchal is also an object of attraction, although the many varieties of fruits and vegetables displayed in its stalls do not generally reach the excellence of their native climes, excepting the grape, the fig, and the strawberry; the latter lasts all summer, and is superior in flavor to our best. The peach is not comparable to a

good Jersey peach; apples and pears are hard and tasteless; but the flavorless character of the fruits of Madeira must be owing chiefly to the little attention paid to improving them, for agriculture is conducted in a primitive manner, while the mildness of the temperature and fertility of the arable soil would seem to offer the conditions essential to successful husbandry; but it may be that this very mildness is the cause of this defect in the vegetable productions of Madeira; a sharper air in winter, a fiercer heat in summer, may be necessary to complete excellence. The oak, for example, flourishes here and is perennial, but its wood is soft and comparatively valueless.

But Funchal is not the whole of Madeira; it is, in fact, but the vestibule to scenes of greater interest and beauty, and it was with much satisfaction that I completed a bargain for a boat-cruise along part of the southern coast. I had a crew of four stout fellows, and an able boat provided with sail and awning; we started about sunrise and skirted cliffs standing many hundred feet perpendicularly above the sea, richly colored with volcanic tints, sometimes showing spots of pure vermilion inlaid with burnt sienna and Indian red; reeds and grass grew on the ledges, partially draping the nakedness of the precipices as a cincture of leaves dangles around the tattooed waist of a Feejee warrior. Little boys and girls were barely discernible here and there skipping like goats from ledge to ledge at dizzy heights, gathering grass on these unpromising spots. Passing under the remarkable promontory called Brazen Head, we came to Atalaya Rock, which resembles a vast oak riven by a thunderbolt. Boats continually passed us bound to Funchal with vegetables and fire-wood, until, toward noon, we reached Santa Cruz, where the boat was hauled on the beach, and I proceeded on a quiet ramble, finishing up with dinner at the charming hotel.

Santa Cruz is at the opening of one of the profound torrent gorges which are a distinguishing feature in every Madeira landscape, and affords some fine bits of scenery. A sail of an hour from here took us to Machico, where the boat was hauled up, and after some search I obtained a room in a private house for the night.

Anna Dorset was sought in marriage in the days of Edward III. by Robert Machin, a gentleman, and they both lived in Devon by the sea. But he was of lower station than the lady,—at one time, and, unfortunately, still too often, the accursed cause of much heartache and the separation of souls whom God, if not the priest, had joined. Her friends made haste to patch up a marriage between Anna and a nobleman, whose birth, if not his wits, was equal to hers. But Machin—and who that has loved can blame him?—was not of the stuff that can tamely submit to such petty tyranny. He persuaded one of his friends to enter the service of the lady's husband, and in that capacity became her attendant. By this means it was planned that she should elope to France. A galley was procured, and one night the lady fled from her lord's castle, and embarked with her lover at Bristol, forsaking her native land, never to return. The night was wild and dark with threatening tempests, but they had no alternative but to put to sea. Scarcely, however, had they cleared the coast, when a north-easter struck the vessel and forced them to bear away before it. Thirteen days they scudded, and at last made land, a strange, cloud-hidden, unknown and uninhabited land, offering only tremendous precipices and surf-beaten rocks on its northern coast; but, on rounding a savage cape, they came to the southern side, and there, at the bottom of a snug little bay, stretched a beach, on which they landed and found themselves in a grassy vale, well watered, musical with the melody of birds and streams, and shaded by majestic trees, seemingly sheltered from the boisterous world by lofty mountains. Here Anna and her lover rested three days—perhaps, in each other's society, forgetting the land they had left behind and the stormy scenes which had intervened, and hoping that in this paradise they had at last gained an asylum where they might pass their remaining days in peace. But another storm drove the galley to sea, and overcome by this new calamity, added to her already terrible suffering of body and soul, the lady expired. Five days passed, and Robert Machin, too faithful in his love, also succumbed to the anguish of these accumulated afflictions, and was buried at her side. Their surviving comrades erected a cross over the grave of the lovers, and then embarked in a rudely constructed craft and were blown to the coast of Africa, whither the galley had already been driven, and her crew reduced to slavery by the Moors. A companion in their captivity was the Spaniard, Juan de Morales, who was eventually ransomed and sailed for Spain, but he was captured on the way by the Portuguese navigator, Juan Gonsalez Zarca, who learned from him the story of Machin

and Madeira. Associating Teixera, an experienced pilot, with himself, and also taking Morales, Zarca sailed in quest of this island. The remains of Machin and Anna were found as described, and a small chapel was erected over them, which exists to this day.

Such is the one legend of Madeira, a tragedy replete with pathos, the substantial truth of which has been confirmed by recent investigations. Machico and its valley, named after its ill-fated discoverer, seemed to me well fitted to be the scene of a story so tender and affecting. The town, once a rival to Funchal, is now only a humble farming and fishing village. A few barefooted, poverty-stricken peasants cultivate the terraced sides of the valley, a few fishing-boats lie on the beach, an old fort, half-hidden by overhanging plane-trees, points the cobweb-bed muzzles of dismounted guns at fleets which pass at a distance and aim at it nothing fiercer than the lens of the perspective glass; the only garrison of this grizzly veteran of sieges and bombardments that have never been fought, was a whiskered Portuguese and a portly dame, apparently the guardians, possibly the parents, of a maiden whom I saw embroidering in one of the embrasures, singing to herself and tapping an old cannon with her foot—one of the very few really beautiful girls, let it be breathed in a whisper, whom I was privileged to see on the island. Several quintas are scattered about the valley, and on a spur projecting from the mountain-sides, a few miles from the shore, are the gray ruins of a nunnery, which the abolition of convents throughout the Portuguese dominions has left roofless and desolate. It is superbly situated, and commands at sunset a prospect of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

The long beat of the surf on the shore lulled me to early dreams after a prime cup of tea and a dish of broiled mullets just out of the sea. The shouting of the fishermen starting on their daily trip to the fishing ground aroused me at three next morning, and after a breakfast, the counterpart of the meal of the previous evening, we shoved off and sailed away with the morning-star for our beacon, and the dawning splendor of pearl and gold broadening in the east. We reached Fora Island about eight o'clock. This is a bold cliff at the extreme end of San Lorenzo Cape, over three hundred feet high, and surmounted by a light-house erected but three years since, and is the only guide for the mariner to be found either in the Madeiras or the Azores—a circumstance very disgraceful to Portugal. The keeper of the light-house and his assistant welcomed us with the cordiality of men whose social advantages are Crusoenian. As a dingy, greasy copy of Camoëns' "Lusiad" was the only sign of print to be seen on the premises, the mental resources of these stylites appeared not less meager, although good as far as they went. The Connecticut clock in the entrance hall also indicated that these recluses took "no note of time," for it was one hour and three-quarters slow. Justice requires us to admit that the lantern itself is mounted in a building admirably adapted to the purpose, and is one of the finest Fresnel lights on any coast, revolving twice a minute and visible thirty miles at sea; it is also kept in excellent order, and is an exquisite piece of workmanship.

Setting my easel on the terrace at the summit of the Rock, I devoted several hours to putting on canvas a sketch of the Point and the mountain ranges in the background. We then lunched and launched away for Funchal before a fresh north-easter, which carried us rapidly as far as Brazen Head, when a counter current of air and a calm forced us to lower our sail and try a "white-ash breeze." We reached Funchal at sundown, after an excursion full of novel pleasure and incident, of which the foregoing is but a mere outline.

On the following Monday I made an early start on a wiry gray horse, and attended by a burrequiero or muleteer, for the ascent of Pico Ruivo, the highest point in Madeira; as the road to the summit from the southern side, by way of the Torrinhas Pass, was at the time impracticable, which is saying much in Madeira, it was necessary to cross over to Sant' Anna on the northern side, and ascend from there—a very pleasing alternative, as it proved, for it carried me through some of the finest scenery of the island. Dashing directly upward, we soon gained the Mount Church and passed into the clouds; nor was it long before we reached a cooler atmosphere and a resting-house at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet. Not very far beyond we came up with the lofty summit of Poizo on our left, and the gorge of the Ribeiro Frio, or Cold River, a winding cañon, narrow and thousands of feet in depth, clothed with verdure, beautiful with exquisite gradations of light and shade, and festooned with lazy mist trailing from crag to crag. Immediately opposite to where we began the descent, rose the central range of the isl-

and, the pinnacled group of Ruivo, Arriero, Sidrao, Torres, and Canario, while to the left the ravine of the Ribeira Metade, next to the Curral, the grandest gorge of Madeira, lost itself in the heart of the mountains. The rapidity of the descent almost took away my breath, but I soon became seasoned to anything no steeper than this, for the whole road to Sant' Anna was very much like going over the teeth of a saw edgewise; mounting by zigzag roads up the sides of a perpendicular cliff, we would reach the ridge only to descend at once on the other side by a road perhaps more precipitous,

PENHA D'AGUIA AND PORTO DA CRUZ.

where a misstep of the horse would plunge the rider into an abyss.

Often we passed the peasants at work in the fields, which in Madeira are mere narrow shelves on the mountain-sides, which are terraced as high up as three thousand feet, involving an amount of labor and climbing almost beyond belief. So scant are the level spaces that even the threshing-floors are mere terraced platforms overhanging the precipices. The lungs of the peasantry must, I am sure, be abnormally developed, for men and women alike travel all day up and down these steep ascents, bearing heavy loads on the head, at much more than the average pace of a good walker on a level road in other countries, and with no other aid than a stout staff; and merrily they do it, too, without signs of fatigue, and singing as they go. They are a musical race, challenging each other to improvise as they pass each other on the road, or chanting while the oxen are treading the wheat; but it is a very lugubrious music, resembling snatches of a funeral dirge very dolefully rendered. It is pleasing to the stranger chiefly because it indicates a cheerful, contented spirit, the practical philosophy of a simple-hearted people who live out the maxim, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." To practice philosophy is the lot of those who are too ignorant to understand its meaning; to analyze and preach, but not to practice it is the privilege of the few whom the world has seen fit to regard as sages. The dwellings of the peasantry on the north side of Madeira are generally thatched cabins rudely constructed, having but one room, divided by partitions of matting. The people themselves are thrifty, but by no means compa-

rable with the Azoreans in personal beauty. They have, especially in the western half of the island, a large infusion of African blood, for slavery once existed there. Their language is a patois of the Portuguese, subdivided into almost as many shades as there are valley parishes, a circumstance sufficiently strange, considering that Madeira has an area of only 240 square miles. They speak with a shrill rising inflection and a plaintive, pleading tone, which gives a ludicrously pathetic character to the merest gossip or idle banter.

Cultivation is largely dependent on irrigation, for while Madeira is not destitute of streams running at all seasons, the water, at its sources, falls from great heights to the bottom of the ravines which radiate from the central mountain group, and as the arable land is almost entirely along the sides of these ravines, the water would seem unavailable; but the problem has been solved by the display of considerable daring and engineering skill. The streams are tapped far up near their sources and diverted into *levadas* or channels averaging fifteen inches in width, meandering along the vertical sides of stupendous precipices, and by easy gradations coursing by all the gardens and terraces of the island. Sixteen hours in every forty days are allowed each landholder for the use of the current dashing past his grounds, and he must be ready to avail himself of it whenever notified that his turn has come, so that it is a very common circumstance to see a man in his garden at midnight groping, glow-worm-like, among the beds with hoe and lantern. One of these currents is drawn from the cataract of Rabaçál, where one may see accomplished one of the most daring engineering feats of the age. The waterfall is on the north side, and has a sheer descent of one thousand feet at the head of a narrow gorge; the curtain which here divides the northern and southern slopes is but fourteen hundred feet thick, and a native of the island, an officer of Engineers, conceived the idea of catching the water in its descent and by a tunnel conducting it to the south side, where it was most needed. To accomplish the undertaking, it was necessary for the workmen to lower themselves from the edge of the precipice, and thus suspended in the air by ropes four hundred feet from the abyss below, and often drenched by the cataract between which and the rock they toiled, these unrecorded heroes labored at their fearful task; when blasting they would swing out and lay hold of a bush or a crag, and thus await the explosion. At last a trench was excavated in the hard rock of the cliff, by which means part of the waterfall was intercepted and conducted to the tunnel bored through the mountain, and thus reduced to service. It is the old story over again of Pegasus curbed and harnessed to the plow.

The parish of Sant' Anna is a large, straggling village spreading over an area somewhat less broken than the ridges over which I had been riding; as we entered its limits, the road became wider and less precipitous, often overarched with shade trees, and presenting many delicious nooks, with here and there a picturesque grist-mill overgrown with ivy enlivening the still air with its chattering. The thatched huts were also quite pleasing, embowered in the foliage of chestnut and bay-trees clasped by the creeping arms of grape-vines, and inclosed by hedges of fuchsia and geranium growing in the rank profusion of nature. About three P. M., I alighted at the hospitable gate of Signor Acciaoly, mine host of the Sant' Anna Hotel, as well as the respected mayor of the parish. Affable in his address, he has in his day entertained many strangers from abroad who have sought the island for health, science, or pleasure; on the pages of the hotel-book are the autographs of Sir Charles Lyell, and other celebrities. The hotel is on the brow of a precipice eleven hundred feet above the sea; from its windows may be seen Ruivo to the south, and in the foreground to the eastward the pointed peak of Courtado, which has a descent of two thousand feet to the surf that dashes at its foot. I found myself rapidly becoming accustomed to look at the most tremendous precipices with the familiarity, but, I trust, not the indifference, of those native to the soil.

It rained hard during the night, and the next morning the mountains were concealed in compact masses of cloud, to the last degree unpromising of clear weather on the heights. To undertake the ascent of Ruivo on that day seemed a hopeless task. But, about nine, the clouds began to roll up a little, and, contrary to the advice of all, most especially of my grumbling muleteer, who did not care to make the trip,—and I did not blame him,—I decided that, at any rate, no harm could come from trying, while we might, by a bare possibility, succeed in obtaining the view desired. I had not come so far to give up without at least making an attempt to scale the mountain citadel of Madeira. A guide from Sant' Anna accom-

panied us. Part of the way we had a steep cattle-path, but the rain had made it very slippery, and the panting horse had to be urged hard up the rapid, crooked inclines, in order to hold his footing, and, after awhile, not even a bridle-path was to be seen, but he had to pick his way carefully from crag to crag. The fog, in the meantime, was so thick that nothing was visible beyond the ground we trod on; it was often accompanied by heavy showers, and the guides strongly urged our return, but, determined, at least, to stand on the summit of Ruivo, I kept on. An isolated row of basaltic columns, joined in a gigantic wall, served to shelter us from the driving rain as we rested at noon, and somewhat disconsolately discussed our cold chicken and wine. Occasionally, tantalizing glimpses of ragged cliffs and gorges appeared in the gray mist only to disappear in a twinkling. An hour later I was obliged to leave the horse with the burrequiero, and, with the guide, climb the remainder of the way on foot. Passing through a cleft in the ridge, we gradually ascended the precipitous sides of Ruivo, threading a tortuous path among enormous heath-trees of a hoar antiquity, dating, perhaps, beyond the birth of man. Weird beyond description did these antediluvians appear in the ghostly folds of the dripping mist, their limbs and trunks violently distorted and twisted in multitudinous grotesque shapes, as if here the Dryads and Mænads had heard the cry, "Great Pan is dead!" and had been suddenly fixed while writhing in the despairing agonies of dissolution.

At length the last rock was surmounted, and the guide impressively said—at least it sounded impressive to me—"Pico Ruivo!" We stood six thousand two hundred feet above the ocean. But clouds were overhead and beneath us and around us; nothing but opaque masses of cloud, frantically driven past us by an angry wind, frore as if directly from the frozen north. Closely wrapped in my overcoat, I waited anxiously for some break in the clouds that would at least partially repay me for the trouble of the ascent. Half-an-hour went by, and I was about to descend, when, far below, the clouds seemed to grow thin, and the shoulder of a peak was seen coyly appearing. After this, glimpses of the landscape became quite frequent; then, of a sudden, as if a curtain had been withdrawn at a signal, the clouds parted above, revealing the clear sky intensely blue, and, at the same instant, Ruivo and its group of Titanic companions uncovered their heads and came forth in all their majesty, heightened, if possible, by the mantles of cloud which gathered, fold on fold, in the gorges, deepening by contrast the glory of the sunlight which illumined the scarred, seamed faces of the upper cliffs, then suddenly seized by the gusts that swept through the passes, surging upward in curling, roseate columns like the steam arising from a vast caldron in the bowels of the earth. Around Ruivo towered Sidrao, Torres, Torrinhas, Ariero, Canario, and Pico Grande, at an elevation of from 5,500 to over 6,000 feet, all within a radius of little over three miles, and cloven to their bases by ravines of stupendous depth. Around the angle of the vertical wall of Torres, the gorge of the Grande Curral das Freiras was partially visible; to the south-east rose the Lamoceiros Pass and Penha d'Aguia; in the north, the Arco of Sao Jorge, and around all, only four miles distant, north or south, rolled the ocean, appearing dark sapphire through rifts in the tumultuous array of clouds which seemed let loose in aërial battle over its apparently boundless surface; for the horizon line often blended with the sky, and soared far up toward the zenith. Along the verge of ocean, clouds reposed in ranks, gleaming pure as beaten gold, and resembling icebergs at the Pole. Never have I gazed upon a scene equaling in sublimity that awful and overpowering spectacle from the summit of Ruivo, a scene to mold the character and stamp its memory on the soul forever.

How long I should have remained riveted to that spot entranced, I cannot tell, if the clouds had not closed over it as suddenly as they had opened, and in an instant all again become gray and dim, as if what we had just gazed upon were but the wild imagining of a brain steeped in the subtle fumes of opium.

On the following morning I was again in the saddle for Funchal, returning by way of the Lamoceiros Pass. From the smiling plateau of Sant' Anna we dived into a narrow but beautiful valley, where culture and nature held united sway, and then scaled the steep side of Courtado. At the summit, I checked the horse to gaze over the superb scenes we had just traversed; then, turning his head, I passed, without warning, through a cut in the razor-like summit of the ridge, and came with startling suddenness upon the edge of a precipice falling two thousand feet, with the ocean directly below, but so far down that the roar of the surf reached

the upper air like the echo of long forgotten sounds still ringing faintly in the memory. The effect was precisely as if one were to open a door to step from one room to another at the top of his house, and be arrested on the sill by finding himself stepping into space, and the half of his house prostrate at his feet. Before us rose the rock of Penha d'Aguia, or Eagle's Eyrie, a cube of volcanic stone high as Gibraltar, on all sides nearly perpendicular, and projecting into the sea where three cañons, the Ribeira Secco, the Ribeira Metade, and the Ribeira Frio, converge and unite their torrent streams. On one side of the Penha is the village of Faial; on the other, Porto do Cruz,—each on a small bay, almost inaccessible, however, as a harbor, owing to the vast rollers which tumble in at all seasons of the year. From Courtado Pass to Faial the zigzag road was paved with small triangular stones along the side of the cliff, but it was very narrow and frightfully steep; in fact, the steepest road in the world attempted on horseback. Gradually picking our way down to Faial and across the stony bed of the three torrents around the beds of the Penha d'Aguia, we came to the pleasing village of Porto do Cruz, after climbing a bit of road so steep and broken, it was only by severe and constant application of the whip that the horse was kept on his feet, while the rider leaned well forward to retain his seat, and momentarily expected a dangerous fall. From this village to the Lamoceiros Pass was a steady, rapid, zigzag ascent of twenty-three hundred feet, but the road was wider and in better order; a waterfall flashing down the mountain-side near the road added greatly to one of the most magnificent prospects in Madeira. After gaining the Pass, we turned to the south side of the island, across the head of the valley of Machico, descending into the green recesses of a glen upon whose lush grasses the Lotus Eaters might repose content, and dream years away lulled by the carol of streams wandering under the rustling foliage of aspen, laurel, and chestnut-trees. We lunched by a brook-side, and climbing again, reached the elevated table-land of the Santa Serra, overgrown with broom, and entirely different from the scenery we had been traversing. After awhile we came again to deep ravines, and going "ἄναντα κάταντα πάραντά τε δόχμιά," the usual mode of travel in Madeira, came to the village of Camancha, where the charming villas gaze on the ocean far below, through the branches of chestnut groves. I afterward spent two months in Camacha, and can truthfully recommend it as one of the most delightful summer residences in the world. Further on, Funchal, gleaming like pearl in the slant rays of the setting sun, burst on our view, thousands of feet below. At this point I took a sledge and dashed down to the city, over four miles, in fifteen minutes.

Another excursion, oftener made than any other because more accessible, is the trip to the Grande Curral. The last time I visited it I was *en route* to San Vincente, and as parts of the road to be traversed are untraveled by horses, I took a hammock carried on the shoulders of two men, with a third as relay. The hammock was stretched on a pole, and shaded at the head by a canopy. The ends of the pole rested obliquely on the shoulders of two stout bearers, who started off at a swinging pace between a walk and a trot, which was kept up most of the distance to the Curral, not less than ten miles, with a rest once in three miles, when a *pour boire* was expected and sometimes obtained. The men showed little sign of fatigue, although, like all Madeira roads, this was always up and down steep grades. Soon after leaving the limits of Funchal we hove in sight of Cama da Lobos, or Seals' Den, a vertical cliff two thousand one hundred and eighty-five feet high, bathing its feet in the sea waves. It is the loftiest sea cliff in the world. Leaving this on our left, we entered the Estreito district, which is virtually the wine-growing district of Madeira, the slopes being densely covered with vines trained on trellises which often overarched the road. The little wine raised on the north side and at Porto Santo is of inferior quality, and is changed into brandy, which is mixed with the best Madeira. The vine was first introduced into the island from Cyprus in 1425, and the red soil soon gave it a flavor which brought it into rapid repute. The Shakespearean student will remember Poins' allusion to it when he says to Falstaff, "Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira?" Until 1852 this noble wine continued to sparkle on the board of those whose cellars contained the rarest wines. In that year the yield was about twenty thousand pipes; then, without warning, a blight, a fungus on the plant and fruit, called the *oïdeum Tuckeri*, made its appearance, and in 1853 the yield fell to one hundred pipes! This has continued until within six or seven years. The suffering resulting from the sudden collapse of the

wealth-bearing resources of the island was beyond computation. After awhile the cultivation of the sugar-cane restored a portion of Madeira's lost prosperity. Still later, a way was found of counteracting the spread of the blight, and partially resuming the production of wine. This is done by blowing the powder of sulphur flowers over both vine and grapes, a very laborious process, as may be easily imagined. Madeira wine, *par excellence*, is made from the mixture of grapes dark and white, and from a light claret color gradually pales into a topaz hue of surpassing richness. Four other sorts are also produced—Malmsey, Bual, Sercial, and Tinta, all excellent. The first is too well known to require further mention; the last, from the Burgundy grape, resembles Port, although more delicate.

From the Estreito district our hammock-bearers gayly swung us from height to height, under the shade of ancient chestnut forests. At noon we reached the edge of the woodland, and a few rods of steep climbing brought us suddenly to the brink of a basin of appalling depth. We stood on the edge of the Grande Curral das Freiras, and gazed upon one of the most sublime landscapes on the face of the globe. The form of the valley at once suggests a crater, but geologists assure us that such is not its character. The bottom of the gorge is 2,500 feet above the sea-level, while the average height of its sides is over 2,000 feet, often vertical. At the north-eastern end are grouped Ruivo, Torres, Sidrao, Canario, and Torrinhas, soaring nearly 4,000 feet above the torrent which courses along the bottom of the cañon and slips away to the sea through a cleft too narrow to permit of a road. The ragged ridges and needle-like pinnacles towered rosy-red against a sky of an azure far deeper than is seen in our climate. In the center of the Curral, on a small green plateau, stands the white Church of N. S. de Livramente, surrounded by the thatched roofs of a hamlet, appearing at that depth like mites. Of less extent than the Yosemite, the Curral scarcely yields to that in actual grandeur; there is the same abruptness of precipice, the same impressive sublimity in the grouping of peaks, to produce, within a narrow compass, an overpowering effect, while the massing of light and shade is perhaps superior, presenting contrasts of terrific strength as cliffs project into space ruddy as living coals in the blaze of sunset, while the ravines recede into unfathomable depths of Tartarean mystery and gloom. The local coloring is also varied and rich, affording the artist not only chiaro-oscuro and form, but also color, the musical or emotional element in landscape.

From this spot we proceeded a couple of miles farther, until we could look into the Gorge of the Serra d'Agoa, which, in the form of a right angle, runs from the Curral to the sea, and is but little inferior to it in sublimity. Winding along a narrow dyke, which separates the two gorges, we came to a place where the dividing rock was not over twenty feet wide. On either side was a chasm of not less than 2,000 feet. Among so many astonishing views it is difficult to select the finest, but after surveying about every striking prospect in Madeira, I am inclined to think, excepting the view from Ruivo, that this one is the most impressive, and as few travelers ever go beyond the first halt on the edge of the Curral, most heartily advise them to push on a little farther, to the dyke, and to the rock called "*Boccha dos Inamorados*," in spite of the remonstrances of the hammock-bearers. Skirting the perpendicular, streamy sides of Pico Grande, we descended into the romantic recesses of the Serra d'Agoa, densely wooded with primeval forests of the grotesque and dusky til, which is found only on this island and the Canaries. The forms and grouping of the castellated peaks, as seen from the venda, where we halted for *agoa diente*, is extraordinarily beautiful. From here we again scaled the ridge which separates the northern and southern sides, and almost falling down the steep slopes of the Pico das Freiras, plunged into the valley of San Vincente, the finest of the cultivated gorges of the island. It is of considerable length, and the sun had already robed the regular bastions, 3,000 feet high, of the eastern side of the valley, in golden light, and shrouded the walls of the Paul de Serra, 5,000 feet high, on the opposite side, in purple gloom, as we passed from stream to stream, and amid the mingled music of peasant girls and cascades, arrived at the inn. The scenery of San Vincente is superior to the accommodations furnished to travelers. I learned three things about the landlord: he was *corregidor*, also a stupid ignoramus, and also possessor of a bad reputation. His wife endeavored, by officious politeness, to make up for what was lacking in the character of landlord and provisions. The latter consisted chiefly of chickens dressed up in various fashions, all equally tasteless. Like most of the poultry served

to tourists in Madeira, outside of Funchal, the chickens aforesaid had hardly learned to peep before they found themselves in the soup-tureen. My room overlooked "the mountains and the sea," in which respect it resembled Marathon! The floor was covered with beans spread out to dry, but the sheets were clean, and had been laid up in rose leaves, which gave them an agreeable fragrance, reminding me of Izaak Walton's Bleak Hall, where the linen was scented with lavender.

The next morning we were off for Seixal. Proceeding down the valley of San Vincente, we reached the shore through a narrow passage between lava cliffs, and for a mile or two kept on a level with the sea; then the road assumed another character. The northern coast of Madeira is for the most part a perpendicular cliff, divided here and there by ravines, and occasionally presenting a narrow shelf at the base. Nothing like a sandy beach is anywhere to be seen. Until within ten years, Seixal could only be reached by perilous goat-paths over the mountains or by boats, in summer-time. But the road we passed over has been more recently hewn by pickaxe and gunpowder out of solid rock in the vertical face of the cliffs, at an average height of one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, while the precipice towers many hundred feet above. The road we found wholly without a parapet, and rarely over five feet wide; in many places, between three and four feet only. Occasionally, we came to a waterfall having a plunge of one thousand feet or more, and the road was then tunneled under the cascade. I confess to an "awesome feeling" whenever we came to an angle in the road so abrupt that the hammock bearers stood on opposite sides, while the hammock actually, and without exaggeration, hung in mid-air over the surf which thundered far below. Several uncomfortable accidents have occurred here. The road was interrupted by the Ribeira Inferno, a highly romantic gorge, and then continued of the same character several miles further to Seixal. After lunching on the porch of the village church, which commands a fine prospect of land and sea, we returned to San Vincente for the night, and started next morning for Funchal by way of Ponto Delgada and Sant' Anna, along the sea. Much of the road on this day resembled the road to Seixal, never quite so narrow, however, and generally protected by a low parapet so that it is passable by horses; but it is much higher, and at Boa Ventura springs suddenly to the height of near a thousand feet, and one must have a cool head when he looks over upon the ocean below. Want of space forbids further description of the grandeur and beauty of this day's journey, although my enthusiasm increased with every step; and the more I reflect upon the scenery of Madeira, the more do I feel that neither language nor pencil can exaggerate the natural attractions of this, the finest of the Atlantic isles.

It is evident that Madeira presents to an American in search of something new, a resort abounding in novel and valuable attractions. For the invalid afflicted with nervous or pulmonary complaints, its climate is probably unsurpassed; the air has the rare and exquisite quality of making one oblivious that there is such a thing, suggesting neither too much moisture, nor over-dryness, neither malaria nor megrims. The mean summer heat is 76°, while light clouds canopy the landscape at midday, and moderate the fervor of the direct rays of the sun. The foliage is always green, every month has a profusion of flowers peculiar to itself, the bees gather honey all the year round. The number of steamers, including the Lisbon packet, which touch at Funchal on the passage between Europe, Africa, and Brazil, averages one a day, and, in addition, the cable has just been laid between Portugal and Funchal, thus keeping the sojourner in Madeira sufficiently within the tide of events to prevent mental stagnation, besides rendering a stay on the island anything but a captivity dependent on winds or long intervals of waiting; while the number of strangers spending the winter there, and the excellence of the boarding-houses, furnish social advantages and domestic comforts at a moderate rate. Those who seek Madeira for health should go there in October, and remain well into the spring; but hunters after scenery and novelty will find it agreeable to arrive at Funchal without regard to times and seasons. My own preference would be from March to September, or, better still, from January to December, thus avoiding the scorching heats alternating with cold storms which make a purgatory of our summers, and the still more injurious furnace air and January thaws of our winters. In climate, Madeira may well be reckoned among the Isles of the Blest, for, in a word,

"The climate's delicate; the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle . . . much surpassing
The praise it bears."

MY TOURMALINE: Part II.

BY SAXE HOLM.

It was thought best that Ally should know nothing of the circumstances of her father's death, nor of his funeral. It was enough for her trusting little soul to be told that he had died. There was no bond of love between them. He had represented to her only terror and suffering, since her babyhood. The strongest proof of this was the fact that she never mentioned his name; of her mother she had no recollection; her life had been almost incredibly sad; it was hard to conceive how a child could have lived to be eleven years old, and have had so few associations stamped on her mind, either with places or people. Her memories seemed to be chiefly of hunger and loneliness, and terror of her father; of room after room in which she had been left alone, day after day, and sometimes night after night, for weeks and months; and of long journeys which were one shade less dreadful than the solitary confinement had been, because, as she said quietly: "Everybody spoke to me, and I liked that."

It was a marvel how, in this hard life, had grown the grace and instincts which made Ally so lovable. She had had no books, no toys; she had known no other child; she had spent whole years of days, simply watching the sun and the sky, as a little savage might in the forest; but in place of the savage's sense of freedom, she had had the constant pain of constraint and fear. There was a certain fine fiber in her nature, which had saved her from being benumbed and dulled by these; had transmuted the suffering into a patience all the more beautiful that it was so unconscious. It was certain that this fine organization must have come from her mother. If only we could have known, —if only we could have found a clue to her history! But Ally had no recollections of her; and the few papers found in her father's possession threw no light on his past or his plans for the future. What could have brought him to this remote spot, no one could divine; and where their luggage had been left, Ally did not know.

"It's just as if she had been dropped out of the skies to me," said Jim, one day as we were talking it all over; "and that is just where I used to look up, and think I saw little girl angels flying, when I was a little fellow, and used to cry for a sister. I remember once, when I was only eight years old, I spoke right out loud, in church, at prayer-time and asked my mother, 'Oh, mamma, isn't there the least chance of my ever having a little sister?' And afterward, when she talked with me about it, she cried so, that I never said another word about a sister to her, till she died. But I remember I said to her then: 'I know I'll have a sister some day! I know I will! You see if I don't! How can you be so sure God never will give me one?' And now, you see, I have got one."

Yes! It was indeed as if Ally had been dropped out of the skies into Jim's hands. We were her only friends in the country,—so far as we knew, in the world,—and all that she could tell us of herself was that she was eleven years old, and that her name was Alice Fisher.

She was a marvelous child. Mrs. Bunker's homely words told the exact truth of her; they came to my mind constantly in the course of our first days at the Parsonage. "She 's jest like a lamb, and yit there ain't nothin' stoopid about her." She obeyed, with an instant and pathetic docility, the slightest suggestion from any one of us; she rarely made a movement of her own accord. Wherever we placed her, whatever we gave her to do, there she staid; with that thing she continued to occupy herself until some one proposed a change.

This was the result of the long patience she had learned in her sad years of solitude and confinement. But her eager brown eyes watched with intensest interest everything that happened within her sight, and no word that was spoken escaped her attention. At family prayers, while the Bible was being read, her face was a study. She had known but dimly of God and of Christ, and she had never in her life said a prayer until she had knelt by her new mother's side on the first evening of our arrival.

The next morning, immediately after prayers, we were all startled by this question from her:

"Why don't you go into the room where God is? Is it that one?" pointing to the closed door on the opposite side of the hall.

The little, ignorant child had felt to her

heart's core the same atmosphere which had so impressed us when we first heard Parson Allen pray. She felt, as we knew, that he was speaking to some one very near. Every fiber of motherhood in Mrs. Allen's heart twined around this sensitive, loving, helpless little creature.

"She seems to me like a babe," she said; "like a babe found in the wilderness. I hope we may be guided to nurture her aright, for I believe she is a child of very rare gifts. She has not known the name of Christ, but she has lived his life, and I have a conviction that she is one of his chosen ones."

No danger but that Ally would be nurtured aright in the house of which Dorothy Allen's sweet soul was the central warmth, and the man she had loved well enough to marry was the light and strength. I have seen many households, households of wealth and culture, households of simple and upright living, but I have never seen one which so filled my ideal of a home as this plain and poor little parsonage. The secret of it all lay in the fact that its life was idealized; idealized, first, by Dorothy Allen's lovingness and her fine sense of beauty and grace; secondly, by her husband's fine sense of moral truth, and his devotion to thought and study. Parson Allen was a rare scholar. Only his great modesty prevented his being known as one of the finest Greek scholars in the country; but all his learning did not in the least detract from the "simplicity of Christ," with which he was filled. I shall never, in any world, hear a grander outburst of praise from lips of saint or angel than these words seemed to me, pronounced as he often used to pronounce them at the end of his morning prayer: "For the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen nor can see; to whom be honor and power everlasting. Amen."

His enthusiasm for study, his recognition and love of high thoughts, were no less hearty than his enthusiasm for Christ and his love of souls. There were no limitations to his religion. Life, from Adam until now, was to him all one great beautiful revelation of God. He was a devoted disciple of Christ; he believed with all his heart in the Christian dispensation; but he walked also with Socrates and Plato, and was broad enough to feel that he did Christ's words no dishonor, when he read side by side with them at our morning prayers, the bravest and most religious words of men who, dying before Christ was born, yet saw and preached and lived the truths for whose sake Christ died. Ah, never did two boys sit at the feet of a wiser, stronger, sweeter teacher than Parson Allen. Our winter with him was worth more to us than all our after years in college. The lessons which we recited to him from text-books were the smallest part of the education he gave us. The Plato that I read to him I have forgotten. The Plato that he read to us is part of my life.

No less rare than his power of compelling us unconsciously to assimilate intellectual truths, was his wife's power of giving us spiritual tests, and arousing in us a need of the highest living. We did not know, as the noiseless and gentle days slipped by, how much beauty they bore. We did not know in what their charm lay; but when we went into the presence of those who lived on a lower plane, for smaller ends, and with a less love of beauty, less depth of insight and feeling, we recognized the change in the atmosphere, as one does who comes suddenly from pure, outside air, into the confined and impure air of a house. I might write pages in the endeavor to explain this fact; to analyze the fine flavor which Dorothy Allen knew how to give, or rather, could not help giving, to life; but my words would be vain. It was not that she was always gentle, low-voiced, dainty, and full of repose; it was not that she knew how to produce in her simple household, and with small means, the effect of almost luxury of living, in all matters of food and service, and personal comfort; it was not that she had, spite of her Quaker training, a passion for color; and from December round to December, never permitted her home to be one day without the brightness of blossoming flowers; it was not that her warm, active nature was thoroughly alive to all the events, all the interests of the day, and that she had ever some new thing to speak of with eager interest, and found the days far too short for inquiring into all the matters which she desired to search out. It was no one of these; it was not all of these. I have seen women of whom all these things were true, but they did not create a home as did this woman. Neither was it the great lovingness of her nature, marvelous as that was: God makes many women who are all love and lovingness. It was—so far as language can state it—it was because in all these traits, into

every one of the acts springing from them, there entered a deep significance, a symbolic meaning, a spiritual vitality, born of her intensity of temperament and purity of nature. The smallest thing had its soul, as well as its body; and the soul radiated through and through the body until transfiguration became an ever present reality. For thirty-three years, she had every morning laid by her husband's plate, before breakfast, a bunch of flowers—or at least, a green leaf, if no flowers were to be found. When Jim first saw her do this, he came to me, and said: "Will, that's the way the Lord meant a woman and a man should love each other. That geranium-flower she put down by his plate this morning wasn't simply a geranium-flower—either to her or to him. Oh, if I were a poet, I'd just write what I saw in her eyes. They said, 'All the summers of the world, all the sun, all the light, all the color, have gone to make up these blossoms; since the beginning of time, the moment has been journeying on at which it should bloom, in the spot where my hand could gather it for thee; my vow is no less than its! Love it for to-day, my love! reverence it, and to-morrow another blossom will bloom either here or in eternity, also for thee!'"

"Oh, Jim," I said, "you ought to have been a woman. I don't believe the dear old mother thought any such thing. She knows that Dominie loves flowers; that's all!"

"All!" exclaimed Jim, "I tell you the flower's nothing! It might be a pebble; it might be a crown of diamonds and pearls. It's the soul of love, and the symbol of life, when she lays it down there of a morning. It's just so when she hands him a newspaper, for that matter. I've seen him look up at her as if she had just that minute given him herself for the first time, dear old lovers that they are. And if you watch, you'll see that he has that flower about him all day somewhere; if it isn't in his fingers, it's lying on his desk, or in his button-hole. I've seen him read a whole forenoon with it in his hand. I wonder if anything like it will ever happen to you or me, in this world, Will?"

"May be to you, Jim; not to me. I'm too prosaic. I shouldn't understand it. I don't half know what you mean now," replied I. But, in spite of my words, I did know dimly, and wondered, as Jim had wondered, if it were ever to be mine.

"I don't know, old fellow," said Jim. "I've a notion that the Dominie was something such a fellow as you are; he isn't a bit like her, anyhow. That's the reason he worships her so. Now, I am like her. I know just how she feels about fifty things a day, when you are only listening to what she says, and trying to make it out that way, just as you do with me, you dear, old, honest, sturdy, strong, slow fellow, worth a thousand of me, any day. But if I were a woman, and you loved me, you'd understand me just as the Dominie understands mother."

In this warmth of love and care, little Alice bloomed out like the geraniums in the deep window-seats. At the end of two weeks no one would have known the child, except by the hazel-brown eyes. Suffering and feebleness had not disguised or dimmed the beauty of those; neither could joy and health add to it. They were simply and forever perfectly beautiful. One looked from them to the shining, yellow curls, and then back from the yellow curls to the brown eyes, in almost incredulity of the wonderful combination. Each day we feared to see the golden hue change on the sunny head, but it never changed, never!

It soon became our habit to take Ally with us on all our rambles. She was as nimble and as tireless as a squirrel, and so full of joy in all things she saw that she was a perpetual delight to us. She ran between us, holding a hand of each; she ran before us, her golden curls reaching far back on the wind; she lagged behind, hiding mischievously behind a tree or rock, and laughing loud like an infant to hear us call her. Sometimes we clasped our hands together and carried her proudly aloft higher than our heads, and holding on clingingly to each neck. When we put her down, she always kissed Jim, saying: "Thank you, brother Jim," and then, turning to me: "Thank you, too, Mr. Will; would you like to have me kiss you?"

One day I said to her, as we were sitting under a tree: "Ally, you always kiss Jim without asking him. How do you know he likes it? Why don't you kiss me without asking me?"

"Why, he is my brother," she said instantly, "he wants me to kiss him always," and she sprang up with a wonderfully agile spring which he had taught her, and lit on his shoulder, where she sat perched like a bird, kissing him over and over. Then, she said more gravely: "Brother Jim didn't say you were my brother. He said you

were just the same as my brother. There isn't any same as brother about kisses."

Oh, marvelous maid-child of eleven! Jim laughed, but I had a strange sense of pain in the child's words, and I waited sorely for days and days, for her to kiss me, spontaneously and freely as she kissed Jim.

The Indian summer lingered late and long. The maples turned scarlet and gold, the ash-trees to purple and yellow, till the forests outvied the sunrise and sunset. Little Alice had never seen this sight. It gave her delight so great that it bordered on pain. Day after day she filled the house with the bright boughs. Not a corner, hardly a chair, but had the glittering leaves lying in it; it was as if they floated down among us through the roof; and Ally was never seen without them in her hand, or placed fantastically around her belt or in her hair. It grieved her very heart that they must die.

"Oh, why do they not stay on all the winter, brother Jim?" she said. "Why can they not be this color all summer? I suppose God likes green best? Is there any other world where he lets the trees be red and yellow all the time?"

One afternoon, we were returning very late from a ramble in the woods, now nearly leafless. Ally had made a long wreath of crimson oak-leaves, and we had thrown it round and round her shoulders and neck, till it looked like a mantle of red, with long ends trailing down behind. Her golden curls fluttered like sunbeams across it, and as she ran lightly before us, and, lifting up one end of the crimson wreath in her hand, looked archly through it over her shoulder, laughing and crying out: "Now, I am an oak-tree running away from you," Jim drew a long-sighing breath and whispered to me: "Oh, Will, does she look like a mortal child? I think she is an angel and will fly away presently."

At that instant, she stumbled over a projecting root of a tree and fell heavily to the ground without a cry. She was several rods in advance of us; before we reached her, she had fainted.

We were almost paralyzed with terror; we were two miles from home, and on the top of a rough and rocky ledge, the face of which was so thickly grown with scrub oaks, that we had found great difficulty in forcing our way through. "Oh, Will, how are we to get her home?" gasped Jim, as he lifted her up. The poor little white face, with its yellow curls, fell limp and lifeless on his shoulder, and the torn oak wreaths tangled themselves around his arms. She looked as if she were dead; but in a few moments she opened her eyes, and said: "I am not hurt, brother Jim, not a bit. Where is the pretty green stone?"

"Oh, Ally dear, are you sure you're not hurt?" exclaimed Jim; "never mind about the stone, was it that made you fall?"

"But I must mind about the stone," said Ally. "You haven't got any such stone among all yours; it was as pretty almost as the leaves; it's right down here, under the old root that tripped me up. I wanted to get it for you, brother Jim"—and she tried to slip away from his arms to look for it.

"Stay still, Ally, stay still. I'll find it," said I. "What sort of stone was it?"

"Oh, beautiful," said Ally, "it shone, and it was shaped like my prisms! Oh, do find it, Mr. Will."

I searched in vain; the old tree had been partially uprooted, and its scrawny underground branches exposed to light, had twirled themselves into strange shapes. Stones and earth had piled up around them, and a big mullein was growing on the very top of the root; coarse white pebbles and sharp bits of granite were lying all about, but no such stone as Ally described could I see.

"Dear little Ally, you must have fancied it; as you fell, things looked different to you; there isn't any such stone here."

Ally rarely contradicted, or urged any point; but her child's heart was too firmly set on the pretty stone to abandon it without a further effort.

"But, Mr. Will, I saw it before I fell. It was that tripped me up. I mean, I went to stoop over and pick it up, and I caught my foot." This was logic irresistible. I searched again, but with no better result. All this time, Jim had been anxiously studying Ally's face, and paying little attention to the search for the stone.

"Ally," said he suddenly, "where does it hurt you? Something hurts you, I know, by your face."

"My foot, just a little bit, brother Jim, but not if I don't move it," replied Alice.

"This one?" said Jim, touching it very gently.

Ally moaned in spite of herself.

"Yes, that one, brother Jim; please don't touch it. It will be well pretty soon."

Ally had sprained her ankle. That was evident. The slightest movement or the slightest touch was more than she could bear. It was very near sunset, and fast

growing cold. To carry the child down that rocky ledge, and through the scrub oak, without giving her greater torture than she could bear, seemed impossible. But it must be done.

Jim rose up very slowly, with her in his arms, saying, "Now try, dear little Ally, to bear the pain."

"Yes, brother Jim, I will; it"—but the sentence ended in a groan. Ally was very much hurt. At last, I arranged a sling from Jim's right shoulder in which both her legs could rest, and in this position she bore the motion better. As we moved slowly away from the tree, the gentle brown eyes looked back wistfully; in spite of the pain, she could not forget the stone. Suddenly she cried out joyfully:

"Oh, there it is, Mr. Will. Mr. Will, there is the stone!" and she pointed to a crevice in the tree-roots, higher up than I had looked.

There it was; and a most beautiful stone indeed! Neither Jim nor I had ever seen one like it. It was a crystal nearly two inches long, of a brilliant green color, shading through paler and paler tints to a clear white, and then from white to a deep rose red. For a second we almost forgot Ally in our wonder at the gem. There was nothing like it in the cabinet of our college; we had never read of any such stone.

"Oh, let me carry it, Mr. Will," pleaded Ally. "I won't drop it, and it will help me bear my foot better;" and the sensitive child fixed her eyes with passionate delight on the crystal.

Presently she said, feebly, "Take the stone, Mr. Will. I can't hold it. It pricks."

As I took it from her, a sharp shock of pain ran up my arm. What was this weird bit of crystallized red and green on which we had stumbled? Had we, unawares, linked ourselves to unseen dangers, hidden spells? I was ashamed of the vague sense of terror with which I walked on through the twilight recalling the whole scene: the little, flying maiden, with her fantastic red wreaths and golden curls, the strange stone, the mystic bond between her and it, the sharp and inexplicable pain which had shot through my frame on taking it from her hand.

Ally's sprain proved a serious hurt; it was almost a fracture. In two hours after we reached home, the slender ankle was firmly bound with splinters, and the dear, patient little face looking up from pillows on which the Doctor had said she must probably lie for some weeks. As he was leaving the room she said:

"Oh, please, Mr. Will, show my pretty stone to the Doctor."

Dr. Miller reached out his hand eagerly for the crystal as soon as he saw its shape and color.

"Why, bless my soul, what's that," he exclaimed. "You found that up on Black Ledge? Somebody must have dropped it. It's an emerald. No, it isn't, either. Look at this red in it."

The Doctor was thoroughly excited. He turned the stone over and over, held it up to the lamp-light, all the while muttering to himself, "Most extraordinary! Never saw or heard of such a stone as this before;" "looks like magic," "and, by Jove, I believe it is," he said, dropping the stone suddenly on the floor, and rubbing his fingers violently. "It's given me an electric shock."

"It made my hand prick," said Ally. "I couldn't hold it either."

The Doctor and I stooped at once to pick it up, and our hands touched it simultaneously. Instantly the same sharp thrill of heat flamed up my arm as before. I drew back, and again I glanced uneasily at Ally, and felt that there was something supernatural in the bond between her and the stone. The Doctor sprang to his feet, thrust both his hands in his pockets, and stood looking down at the crystal. Then he put the lamp on the floor. The carpet was of a pale gray. The gem shone out vividly upon it, and green and rose-colored rays gleamed and flickered through it as we moved the lamp from side to side. Very quietly Mrs. Allen bent down, and, after looking at it earnestly for a second or two, lifted it and laid it on the silver snuffer tray on the stand. On the polished silver it looked still more beautiful. Ally clapped her hands with delight.

"It is evidently some jewel which has been lost," said Mrs. Allen. "We ought to seek for the owner. Does thee not think it may be of great value?" she asked, turning to Dr. Miller.

"I don't know anything about it, Mrs. Allen," replied the Doctor. "I am inclined to think there's some kind of witchcraft about the thing, anyhow."

"But thee does not believe in any kind of witchcraft about anything," said Mrs. Allen, with a placid twinkle in her eyes. "Thee knows that very well. Can thee not judge if it is a carven gem, or if it is in a

state of nature? I think I have read of various stones having a certain electrical power."

"Oh, it is not cut," said the Doctor. "It's a natural crystal. It's the color that poses me. I have never read of such a stone."

"Please let me take it a minute," said Ally."

I laid it in her hand. She stroked it softly with the other hand, then raised it to her cheek.

"It gets brighter every minute Ally holds it," exclaimed Jim.

Indeed it did. As we watched the motions of it in the child's hands, it seemed almost as if a distinct light came from it, and played upon her features. Suddenly she dropped it, with a little cry.

"It pricked again, brother Jim. Is it alive? Does it hate to have us handle it?"

We gathered around the bed. There lay the gem, silent, shining, rosy red and emerald green, on the white sheet, between Ally's two little outstretched hands, which she held to right and left of it, as if afraid it might escape her. Her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes dilated with excitement. She watched it as if expecting it to move. I think it would have astonished none of us if it had. We watched it for some time in silence. Then Mrs. Allen laid it again on the silver tray, and placed the tray on a high shelf, saying quietly, "I do not feel any of these singular sensations myself in touching the stone. It is a most beautiful jewel. We must seek for the owner to-morrow, and now this child must go to sleep."

Late into the night we sat around the fire talking about the magic stone and making the wildest conjectures about its nature, its history. Dr. Miller was as excited as Jim and I, and the Dominie seemed carried out of himself by the sight of it. "It brings more to my mind the thought of the crystal gates of the heavenly city," he said, "than anything I have ever seen. Who knows but it may be one of the gems mentioned in Revelations, whose names are not now well known."

Dr. Miller smiled, half reverently, half pityingly.

The village called Dr. Miller an atheist, because of the blunt speech in which he set his contempt for creeds which they held sacred. But so much the more, by all the scorn which he felt for the picture of God as framed in the phrases of men, did he love the picture of God as framed in a rock, or a mountain, or a daisy.

"I've a notion, Parson, that God makes jewels for more practical purposes than for gates to his heaven," he said. "If we've got a mine up on Black Ledge of such gems as this, it's a fortune for some of us. I own a big piece of the ledge to the south myself, and I'm going up the first thing in the morning with these boys, to see if there are any more stones like this one."

Dominie smiled, also half reverently, half pityingly. The two men loved each other.

Long before light Jim and I sprang up. Jim went to the window. In a tone of utter despair he ejaculated:

"Will!"

The ground was white with snow—deep, solid, level snow. It must have snowed furiously all night. Winter had come in utter earnest. Side by side we stood and looked out on the scene. The air was thick with snow-flakes. We could not see ten rods from the house.

"Plague take this climate," said I. "When it once comes down this way there's no let up to it till spring; I know all about it. I spent a winter in Vermont once, and from the first of December till the middle of March we never saw an inch of bare ground. I just hate it. Now, we can't look after those stones for three months."

"I don't believe there are any more of them, Will," said Jim, speaking slowly and in an earnest tone. "I believe there was just that one left there for Ally, by angels, for all I know. Did you see how that light flickered on her face when she stroked her cheek with the stone? And if there were any such stones wouldn't Dr. Miller know? Shouldn't we have seen some in the cabinet?"

"Oh, pshaw! you dear old Jim," I said. "I agree with Dr. Miller that God don't make stones on earth for gates to heaven, nor for angels to give to earthly children—not even to Ally!" I added, with a sudden conscience-stricken memory of the picture of her the night before, with the tangled crimson oak wreaths and the yellow curls and the flying feet, and how I myself had shuddered in the twilight to recall the thrill of hot pain which shot through my nerves when she first handed me the stone.

"I dare say we'll all get some money out of that old ledge yet. New minerals are all the time being discovered."

"Money!" said Jim contemptuously. "I believe if a feather should drop off an angel's wing you'd pick it up, and wonder what it would sell for."

"Yes, I would," said I, very composedly;

"not wearing angels' wings myself, and having no kind of use for that kind of feather! I'd sell it as a curiosity and buy a pair of cassimere trousers; and so would you, old fellow, if you hadn't any more money than I have."

"Oh, forgive me, Will, dear Will, I didn't mean to be rough on you!" exclaimed Jim, with his whole face grieved at his own thoughtlessness. "But you know I do hate money-making, and money-talking, and money-worshiping. If I hadn't had money to begin with, I'd never have made a cent more than just enough to get bread with."

"I don't believe you'd have made that, old boy," laughed I. "You would have sat on the sunny side of the almshouse, perfectly rapt in content, watching angels in the clouds, and treasuring up their feathers if they happened to drop any! And then you couldn't have adopted Ally."

"No," said Jim, thoughtfully. "After she came, I think I'd have carried the angels' feathers to market, and made as sharp a bargain for them as you yourself, Will."

I was right. It was the winter which had set in. All that day, and all the next day, it snowed without stopping. The village seemed slowly, steadily sinking in a silvery morass; bush after bush, stone wall after stone wall, fence after fence, landmark after landmark disappeared, until the vast tracts of open country lay as unbroken as an Arctic Ocean, and the very chimney-tops of the town looked like the heads of hopelessly overwhelmed travelers. On the morning of the second day, Dr. Miller came in, trampling, puffing, and shaking off snow from shoulders, pockets, beard, everywhere; he shed the powdery avalanches as a pine-tree sheds them when it is rocked by a sudden wind.

"Ha, boys," he exclaimed; "no hunting for precious stones on Black Ledge this year! We're snowed up for three months at least. How'll you youngsters like that? And how's the ankle, Pussy," he said, in a softer tone, turning to Ally, with such a smile as seldom came on his rugged face. A little bed had been brought into the sitting-room and set across the south window. In this Ally lay, under a marvelous coverlet which the parishioners had presented to Mrs. Allen, at the last Donation Party. It was called the "Rising Sun" pattern, the villagers never having heard of the word Aurora. But there was something pathetic in the embryonic conception which these hard-working New England women had stitched into their bed-quilt of flaming Turkey red and white. A scarlet sun in the center shot myriad spokes of red to the outer edge; and minor suns with smaller spokes were set at regular intervals around it. When Ally first saw this, she was so captivated by its splendors, that Mrs. Allen's motherly heart could not resist giving it to her; so Ally had, as she said, "twenty-five suns to keep her warm at night." The child's passion for color was intense. It was the forerunner of the exquisite artistic sense and worship of beauty in all things which marked her later development. She lay now, idly following with her tiny forefinger scarlet ray after scarlet ray on the coverlet. The south window held two high abutilon-trees in full flower. Their striped orange bells and broad green leaves nodded above her like a fairy canopy; and at the foot of the bed stood the glossy, dark-leaved oleander-tree, with a few pink blossoms left on the upper boughs. The sun streamed in at the four windows, and the reflected light from the snow world outside was almost too dazzling. Close by Ally's side, sat Mrs. Allen, her pale gray gown, soft white hair, and filmy lace, making a delicious tone of relief for the sunlit reds and yellows.

Dr. Miller put his hands behind him and stood before the fire for some moments, silently drinking in the picture. Then he turned suddenly to us, and said in a gruff tone:

"Boys, how d'ye like it, here?" Jim laughed outright.

"Just about as well as you'd like it yourself, Doctor."

Jim had been watching the Doctor closely. The Doctor chuckled, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Pretty good for you, boy. Bring out that stone of yours. Let's look at it by daylight. The confounded thing kept me awake last night. I can't imagine what it is."

Ally raised herself slowly on one elbow, and, fumbling under her pillow, brought out from a miscellaneous store of treasures a tiny blue silk bag. In this was the crystal.

"Mother said I could have it to sleep with," she said, "but in the night I heard it crawling in the bag, so I moved it from under my head. It's alive. I guess it'll get to know me."

Again I felt a strange shudder at the child's words, and at the eager look with which her eyes followed the gem as she gave it into the Doctor's hands. Again

we experienced the same singular sensation, like shocks from an electric battery, in passing it from hand to hand. Again we fancied that the colors deepened while Ally held it, and that a peculiar iridescent light flashed from it when it was held near her face. It was very evident that she grew more and more excited while the stone was in motion in the room. Her cheeks grew red and the pupils of her eyes dilated, and she was restless; she did not like to have it out of her possession; still she could not hold it for many minutes.

"What does make it pinch so?" she said. "Poor little Stonie, is that all the way it can speak? Mother said the wasp pricked me to say 'Let me alone;' but this does not hurt; I like it."

Mrs. Allen looked uneasy. "Does thee think, Doctor, it can harm the child?"

"No," replied the Doctor, in a perplexed tone. "No, I think not. If it is, as it seems to me, simply a natural electricity, it may do good; but it is a strange thing. I 'd give a good deal to know what it is."

Broad sunbeams were resting on Ally's bed; the coverlet was soon warm to the touch. Ally laid the crystal carefully on one of the white spaces. "Stonie does not look pretty on the red color," she said. One of the abutilon blossoms had fallen, and she was slowly tearing the bright striped bell into strips and arranging them in fantastic patterns on her breast; the feathery stamens also lay scattered about like a shower of golden threads. Suddenly Ally cried out:

"Oh, see! The flowers like Stonie: they follow him."

We all ran to her bed, and stood transfixed with astonishment at the sight. Yes, the flowers did follow the stone! As Ally drew it slowly along, the tiny shreds of the abutilon petals and the slender filaments of the stamens followed it. On touching it they adhered slightly to the surface, as magnetized objects to a magnet.

"Is Stonie eating them?" said Ally. "Is that what he lives on?" This persistent disposition on Ally's part to speak of the stone as a living and sentient thing, childish as it was, and as we all the while knew it to be, heightened our half superstitious sense of mystery in the thing. For the first time Mrs. Allen's face experienced a shade of the same feeling.

"My mind misgives me," she said, slowly, "that it would be well for us to return this mysterious visitor to the place from which he came."

"Oh no, no, mother dear," cried Ally; "not out in the cold snow, my dear Stonie," and she lifted it to her lips and kissed it. With a little cry, she dropped it quickly, exclaiming, "He is hot as fire, I left him in the sun too long; he pricked me to say he did not like it," and she picked the stone up again cautiously, and, with a timid air, half appealing, half resolute, dropped it into the little silk bag, looking all the time in Mrs. Allen's eyes, and saying, "Please let me keep him, mother; he is such a pretty Stonie, and he'll get to know me."

"Oh yes, let her keep it," said Dr. Miller, "it's only a crystal. We're foolish to be so stirred up about a bit of stone, just because we never saw anything like it before. I dare say there are a few more stones on the earth we don't know. We're nothing but ignoramuses,—at least I am,—begging your pardon, Mistress Allen."

Mrs. Allen smiled. "I know only too well how ignorant I am of all the treasures in this wonderful world," she said. "The word that thee used did not stir any resentment in my heart, I assure thee. But does thee really think it is safe for the child to have for a plaything a stone which has such strange properties as this? And does thee not think it may be a jewel of value lost by some stranger on the hill?"

Dr. Miller sprang to Ally's bed and bent over it. In that moment, almost before she had put the stone fairly back into the bag, the child had fallen asleep. It seemed an unnatural sleep to have come so suddenly, and yet her breathing was peaceful, her pulse regular, and her cheeks were less flushed than before.

"It's the electricity; it must be," said the Doctor, more to himself than to us. "No," he continued, "I do not see any danger in the thing. The electrical properties of the stone must be slight, and the child will soon weary of it as of any other toy. But the first thing we'll do, boys, when the snow breaks up, 'll be to go to Black Ledge, and hunt up the rest, if there are any more. There's something worth looking into. I'm confident of that, but I must not spend my time this way!" And the Doctor was off almost without a good-bye.

The Doctor's prediction that Ally would soon weary of the stone was not fulfilled. Six long weeks the patient little creature lay on her bed, in the south window, under the abutilon canopy, and the mysterious crystal was her inseparable plaything. When she was not holding it up and turning it over

and over in the light, she kept it in sight, laying it always on the white spaces in the coverlet, and as far as possible from the scarlet; and I observed that when she was lying still, apparently in a reverie, her eyes were usually fastened upon the stone. We grew familiar with its strange electric and magnetic phenomena, and even amused ourselves by passing it rapidly from hand to hand after it had been heated by friction and by the sunlight.

As our superstitious uneasiness about it wore away, our interest in it diminished, and sometimes for weeks we did not think of it, except when Ally called our attention to its beauty or its mysterious powers. She still persisted in speaking of it as if it were alive, and caressing and loving it as if it could reciprocate all her affection.

"Stonie knows me now," she would often say. "He does not know any of the rest of you; you don't love him. He hardly ever pricks me now; he only purrs on my fingers."

It was an odd thing that Mrs. Allen never felt this sensation. Her nerves were so strong that the powerful influence, whatever it might be, produced no disturbance on the equipoise of her system. Jim was more sensitive to it than any one except Ally herself. He knew instantly on approaching Ally if she had been playing with the stone. He could tell with his eyes shut, by touching her hands, in which hand the stone lay; and he never entirely lost the first feeling of fear and repulsion with which we regarded the gem. He said again and again to me:

"Will, I'm ashamed of the feeling, but I do hate to have Ally keep that stone. I can't shake off a sort of presentiment that evil will some day come to her through it. I do wish it could be lost, but it is never away from her one second. At night she hides it under her pillow, and by day she carries it in her pocket. I do believe there is a spell about the thing."

"Well, it isn't a spell that does the child harm, anyhow," I always replied to him, "for certainly never in this world did a child grow strong and tall and beautiful faster than she is growing. You have it so firmly fixed in your head that she isn't a mortal child, like other children, that you can't see anything connected with her as it really is."

I was not conscious of the feeling, but a deep-rooted jealousy of Jim was already growing up in my heart, and distorting my thoughts of both him and Ally. Gentle and loving as she always was to every human being, there was a certain spontaneous, exuberant overflow of affection toward Jim, which made her manner to every one else seem cold by contrast. I was not sure, but it seemed to me that even dear Mrs. Allen felt this. I sometimes saw her eyes rest upon the two when they were frolicking together, with an expression of pain. The day came when I understood what that pain had meant.

Long before spring we had ceased to talk about going to Black Ledge to look for the magic stones, but Ally never forgot it. One bright day in April, when the drops falling from the eaves had melted a little circle around the roots of the lilac-tree, and brought to light a few tiny pale green shoots of grass, Ally turned from the window, and said to me:

"Mr. Will, see, there is the ground again! Pretty soon the snow will be gone, and we can look for Stonie's friends. Poor Stonie! he would have been very lonely all winter if it hadn't been for me. We'll take him up with us, and he will show us the way."

"But, Ally, how can a stone show people the way? That's a silly speech, little girl," said I.

"No, Mr. Will," she answered gravely. "It isn't silly, because it is true. Stonie won't show you, because he don't know you; but he will show me. He tells me a great many things when we are all alone together, don't you, Stonie?" And she took the little blue silk bag from her pocket and laid it against her cheek. As she did so her eyes dilated and her cheeks flushed, and again the uncomfortable sense of something supernatural in the stone, and in the bond between Ally and it, swept over me. "Who knows but Jim is right, after all! I wonder if we should love Ally any less if she didn't have that stone?" I said to myself, as I pondered her words and looks.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD HOME.

An out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
In the flickering fire-light, as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the Big Book on his lap,
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk-pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when failing years
Make thin my voice and thrapple,
Find my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

JEANNETTE.

BEFORE the war for the Union, in the times of the old army, there had been peace throughout the country for thirteen years. Regiments existed in their officers, but the ranks were thin—the more so the better, since the United States possessed few forts and seemed in chronic embarrassment over her military children, owing to the flying foot-ball of public opinion, now "standing army pro," now "standing army con," with more or less allusion to the much-enduring Cæsar and his legions, the ever-present ghost of the political arena.

In those days the few forts were full and much state was kept up; the officers were all graduates of West Point, and their wives graduates of the first families. They prided themselves upon their antecedents, and if there was any aristocracy in the country, it was in the circles of army life.

Those were pleasant days—pleasant for the old soldiers who were resting after Mexico—pleasant for young soldiers destined to die on the plains of Gettysburg or the cloudy heights of Lookout Mountain. There was an *esprit de corps* in the little band, a dignity of bearing, and a ceremonious state, lost in the great struggle which came afterward. That great struggle now lies ten years back; yet, to-day, when the silver-haired veterans meet, they pass it over as a thing of the present, and go back to the times of the "old army."

Up in the northern straits, between blue Lake Huron, with its clear air, and gray Lake Michigan, with its silver fogs, lies the bold Island of Mackinac. Clustered along the beach, which runs around its half-moon harbor, are the houses of the old French village, nestling at the foot of the cliff rising behind, crowned with the little white fort, the stars and stripes floating above it against the deep blue sky. Beyond, on all sides, the forest stretches away, cliffs finishing it abruptly, save one slope at the far end of the island, three miles distant, where the British landed in 1812. That is the whole of Mackinac.

The island has a strange sufficiency of its own; it satisfies; all who have lived there feel it. The island has a wild beauty of its own; it fascinates; all who have lived there love it. Among its aromatic cedars, along the aisles of its pine-trees, in the gay company of its maples, there is companionship. On its bald northern cliffs, bathed in sunshine and swept by the pure breeze, there is exhilaration. Many there are, bearing the burden and heat of the day, who look back to the island with the tears that rise but do not fall, the sudden longing despondency that comes occasionally to all, when the tired heart cries out: "O, to escape, to flee away, far, far away, and be at rest!"

In 1856 Fort Mackinac held a major, a captain, three lieutenants, a chaplain and a surgeon, besides those subordinate officers who wear stripes on their sleeves, and whose rank and duties are mysteries to the uninitiated. The force for this array of commanders was small, less than a company; but what it lacked in quantity it made up in quality, owing to the continual drilling it received.

The days were long at Fort Mackinac; happy thought! drill the men. So when the major had finished, the captain began, and each lieutenant was watching his chance. Much state was kept up also. Whenever the major appeared—"commanding officer; guard, present arms," was called down the line of men on duty, and the guard hastened to obey, the major acknowledging the salute with stiff precision. By day and by night sentinels paced the walls. True, the walls were crumbling, and the whole force was constantly engaged in propping them up, but none the less did the sentinels pace with dignity. What was it to the captain if, while he sternly inspected the muskets in the block-house, the lieutenant, with a detail of men, was hard at work strengthening its underpinning? None the less did he inspect. The sally-port, mended but imposing, the flag-staff with its fair weather and storm flags, the frowning iron grating, the sidling white causeway, constantly falling down and as constantly repaired, which led up to the main entrance; the well-preserved old cannon—all showed a strict military rule. When the men were not drilling they were propping up the fort, and when they were not propping up the fort they were drilling. In the early days, the days of the first American commanders, military roads had been made through the forest, roads even now smooth and solid, although trees of a second growth meet overhead. But that was when the fort was young and stood firmly on its legs. In 1856 there was no

time for road-making, for when military duty was over there was always more or less mending to keep the whole fortification from sliding down hill into the lake.

On Sunday there was service in the little chapel, an upper room overlooking the inside parade-ground. Here the kindly Episcopal chaplain read the chapters about Balaam and Balak, and always made the same impressive pause after "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." (Dear old man! he has gone. Would that our last end might indeed be like his.) Not that the chaplain confined his reading to the Book of Numbers; but as those chapters are appointed for the August Sundays, and as it was in August that the summer visitors came to Mackinac, the little chapel is in many minds associated with the patient Balak, his seven altars, and his seven rams.

There was state and discipline in the fort even on Sundays; bugle-playing marshaled the congregation in, bugle-playing marshaled them out. If the sermon was not finished, so much the worse for the sermon, but it made no difference to the bugle; at a given moment it sounded, and out marched all the soldiers, drowning the poor chaplain's hurrying voice with their tramp down the stairs. The officers attended service in full uniform, sitting erect and dignified in the front seats. We used to smile at the grand air they had, from the stately gray-haired major down to the youngest lieutenant fresh from the Point. But brave hearts were beating under those fine uniforms, and when the great struggle came, one and all died on the field in the front of the battle. Over the grave of the commanding officer is inscribed "Major-General," over the captain's is "Brigadier," and over each young lieutenant is "Colonel." They gained their promotion in death.

I spent many months at Fort Mackinac with Archie; Archie was my nephew, killed at Shiloh. In the short, bright summer came the visitors from below; all the world outside is "below" in island vernacular. In the long winter the little white fort looked out over unbroken ice-fields, and watched for the moving black dot of the dog-train bringing the mails from the mainland. One January day I had been out walking on the snow crust, breathing the cold, still air, and, returning within the walls to our quarters, I found my little parlor already occupied. Jeannette was there, petite Jeanneton, the fisherman's daughter. Strange beauty sometimes results from a mixed descent, and this girl had French, English, and Indian blood in her veins, the three races mixing and intermixing among her ancestors according to the custom of the North-western border. A bold profile delicately finished, heavy blue-black hair, light blue eyes looking out unexpectedly from under black lashes and brows; a fair white skin, neither the rose-white of the blonde nor the cream-white of the oriental brunette; a rounded form with small hands and feet—showed the mixed beauties of three nationalities. Yes; there could be no doubt but that Jeannette was singularly lovely, albeit ignorant utterly. Her dress was as much of a mélange as her ancestry: a short skirt of military blue, Indian leggins and moccasins, a red jacket and little red cap embroidered with beads. The thick braids of her hair hung down her back, and on the lounge lay a large blanket-mantle lined with fox skins and ornamented with the plumage of birds. She had come to teach me bead-work; I had already taken several lessons to while away the time, but found myself an awkward scholar.

"*Bonjou'*, *madame*," she said, in her patois of broken English and degenerate French. "Pretty here."

My little parlor had a square of carpet, a hearth-fire of great logs, turkey-red curtains, a lounge and arm-chair covered with chintz, several prints on the cracked walls, and a number of books—the whole well used and worn, worth perhaps twenty dollars in any town below, but ten times twenty in icy Mackinac. I began the bead-work, and Jeannette was laughing at my mistakes, when the door opened, and our surgeon came in, pausing to warm his hands before going up to his room in the attic. A taciturn man was our surgeon, Rodney Prescott, not popular in the merry garrison circle, but a favorite of mine; the Puritan, the New Englander, the Bostonian, were as plainly written upon his face as the French and Indian were written upon Jeannette.

"Sit down, Doctor," I said.

He took a seat and watched us carelessly, now and then smiling at Jeannette's chatter as a giant might smile upon a pigmy. I could see that the child was putting on all her little airs to attract his attention; now the long lashes swept the cheeks, now they were raised suddenly, disclosing the unexpected blue eyes; the little moccasined feet must be warmed on the fender, the braids must be swept back with an impatient movement of the hand and shoulder, and now and then there was a coquettish arch of the

red lips, less than a pout, what she herself would have called "*une p'tite moue.*" Our surgeon watched this pantomime unmoved.

"Isn't she beautiful?" I said, when, at the expiration of the hour, Jeannette disappeared wrapped in her mantle.

"No; not to my eyes."

"Why,—what more can you require, Doctor? Look at her rich coloring, her hair ——"

"There is no mind in her face, Mrs. Corlyne."

"But she is still a child."

"She will always be a child; she will never mature," answered our surgeon, going up the steep stairs to his room above.

Jeannette came regularly, and one morning, tired of the bead-work, I proposed teaching her to read. She consented, although not without an incentive in the form of shillings; but, however gained, my scholar gave to the long winter a new interest. She learned readily, but as there was no foundation, I was obliged to commence with A, B, C.

"Why not teach her to cook?" suggested the major's fair young wife, whose life was spent in hopeless labors with Indian servants, who, sooner or later, ran away in the night with spoons and the family apparel.

"Why not teach her to sew?" said Madame Captain, wearily raising her eyes from the pile of small garments before her.

"Why not have her up for one of our sociables?" hazarded our most dashing lieutenant, twirling his mustache.

"Frederick!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of horror—she was aristocratic, but sharp in outlines.

"Why not bring her into the church? Those French half-breeds are little better than heathen," said the chaplain.

Thus the high authorities disapproved of my educational efforts. I related their comments to Archie, and added: "The surgeon is the only one who has said nothing against it."

"Prescott? Oh, he's too high and mighty to notice anybody, much less a half-breed girl. I never saw such a stiff, silent fellow; he looks as though he had swallowed all his straight-laced Puritan ancestors. I wish he'd exchange."

"Gently, Archie ——"

"Oh, yes, without doubt; certainly, and amen. I know *you* like him, Aunt Sarah," said my handsome boy-soldier, laughing.

The lessons went on. We often saw the surgeon during study hours, as the stairway leading to his room opened out of the little parlor. Sometimes he would stop awhile and listen as Jeannette slowly read: "The good boy likes his red top;" "the good girl can sew a seam," or watched her awkward attempts to write her name, or add a one and a two. It was slow work, but I persevered, if from no other motive than obstinacy. Had not they all prophesied a failure? When wearied with the dull routine, I gave an oral lesson in poetry. If the rhymes were of the chiming, rhythmic kind, Jeannette learned rapidly, catching the verses as one catches a tune, and repeating them with a spirit and dramatic gesture all her own. Her favorite was Macaulay's "Ivry." Beautiful she looked as, standing in the center of the room, she rolled out the sonorous lines, her French accent giving a charming foreign coloring to the well-known verses:

"Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre."

And yet, after all my explanations, she only half understood it; the "knights" were always "nights" in her mind, and the "thickest carnage" was always the "thickest carriage."

One March day she came at the appointed hour, soon after our noon dinner. The usual clear winter sky was clouded, and a wind blew the snow from the trees where it had lain quietly month after month. "Spring is coming," said the old sergeant that morning, as he hoisted the storm-flag; "it's getting wild-like."

Jeannette and I went through the lessons, but toward three o'clock, a north wind came sweeping over the Straits and enveloped the island in a whirling snow-storm, partly eddies of white splinters torn from the ice-bound forest, and partly a new fall of round snow pellets careering along on the gale, quite unlike the soft, feathery flakes of early winter. "You cannot go home now, Jeannette," I said, looking out through the little west window; our cottage stood back on the hill, and from this side window we could see the Straits, going down toward far Wau-

goschance; the steep foot-hill outside the wall; the long meadow, once an Indian burial-place, below; and beyond on the beach the row of cabins inhabited by the French fishermen, one of them the home of my pupil. The girl seldom went round the point into the village; its one street and a-half seemed distasteful to her. She climbed the stone wall on the ridge behind her cabin, took an Indian trail through the grass in summer, or struck across on the snow crust in winter, ran up the steep side of the fort hill like a wild chamois, and came into the garrison inclosure with a careless nod to the admiring sentinel, as she passed under the rear entrance. These French half-breeds, like the gypsies, were not without a pride of their own. They held themselves aloof from the Irish of Shanty-town, the floating sailor population of the summer, and the common soldiers of the garrison. They intermarried among themselves, and held their own revels in their beach-cabins during the winter, with music from their old violins, dancing and songs, French ballads with a chorus after every two lines, quaint *chansons* handed down from voyageur ancestors. Small respect had they for the little Roman Catholic church beyond the old Agency garden; its German priest they refused to honor; but, when stately old Father Piret came over to the island from his hermitage in the Cheneaux, they ran to meet him, young and old, and paid him reverence with affectionate respect. Father Piret was a Parisian, and a gentleman; nothing less would suit these far-away sheep in the wilderness!

Jeannette Leblanc had all the pride of her class; the Irish saloon-keeper with his shining tall hat, the loud-talking mate of the lake schooner, the trim sentinel pacing the fort walls, were nothing to her, and this somewhat incongruous hauteur gave her the air of a little princess.

On this stormy afternoon the captain's wife was in my parlor preparing to return to her own quarters with some coffee she had borrowed. Hearing my remark, she said:

"Oh, the snow won't hurt the child, Mrs. Corlyne; she must be storm-proof, living down there on the beach! Duncan can take her home."

Duncan was the orderly, a factotum in the garrison.

"*Non*," said Jeannette, tossing her head proudly as the door closed behind the lady, "I wish not of Duncan; I go alone."

It happened that Archie, my nephew, had gone over to the cottage of the commanding officer to decorate the parlor for the military sociable; I knew he would not return, and the evening stretched out before me in all its long loneliness. "Stay, Jeannette;" I said. "We will have tea together here, and when the wind goes down, old Antoine shall go back with you." Antoine was a French wood-cutter, whose cabin clung half-way down the fort-hill like a swallow's nest.

Jeannette's eyes sparkled; I had never invited her before; in an instant she had turned the day into a high festival. "Braid hair?" she asked, glancing toward the mirror; "*faut que je m'fasse belle.*" And the long hair came out of its close braids, enveloping her in its glossy dark waves, while she carefully smoothed out the bits of red ribbon that served as fastenings. At this moment the door opened, and the surgeon, the wind, and a puff of snow came in together. Jeannette looked up, smiling and blushing; the falling hair gave a new softness to her face, and her eyes were as shy as the eyes of a wild fawn.

Only the previous day I had noticed that Rodney Prescott listened with marked attention to the captain's cousin, a Virginia lady, as she advanced a theory that Jeannette had negro blood in her veins. "Those quadroon girls often have a certain kind of plebeian beauty like this pet of yours, Mrs. Corlyne," she said, with a slight sniff of her high-bred, pointed nose. In vain I exclaimed, in vain I argued; the garrison ladies were all against me, and, in their presence, not a man dared come to my aid; and the surgeon even added: "I wish I could be sure of it."

"Sure of the negro blood?" I said indignantly.

"Yes."

"But Jeannette does not look in the least like a quadroon."

"Some of the quadroon girls are very handsome, Mrs. Corlyne," answered the surgeon, coldly.

"Oh, yes," said the high-bred Virginia lady. "My brother has a number of them about his place, but we do not teach them to read, I assure you. It spoils them."

As I looked at Jeannette's beautiful face, her delicate eagle profile, her fair skin and light blue eyes, I recalled this conversation with vivid indignation. The surgeon, at least, should be convinced of his mistake. Jeannette had never looked more brilliant;

probably the man had never really scanned her features—he was such a cold, unseeing creature; but to-night he should have a fair opportunity, so I invited him to join our storm-bound tea-party. He hesitated.

"Ah, do, Monsieur Rodenai," said Jeannette, springing forward. "I sing for you, I dance; but, no, you not like that. *Bien*, I tell your fortune then." The young girl loved company. A party of three, no matter who the third, was to her infinitely better than two.

The surgeon stayed.

A merry evening we had before the hearth fire. The wind howled around the block-house and rattled the flag-staff, and the snow pellets sounded on the window panes, giving that sense of warm comfort within that comes only with the storm. Our servant had been drafted into service for the military sociable, and I was to prepare the evening meal myself.

"Not tea," said Jeannette, with a wry face; "tea,—*c'est médecine!*" She had arranged her hair in fanciful braids, and now followed me to the kitchen, enjoying the novelty like a child. "*Café*," she said. "Oh, please, madame! *I* make it."

The little shed kitchen was cold and dreary, each plank of its thin walls rattling in the gale with a dismal creak; the wind blew the smoke down the chimney, and finally it ended in our bringing everything into the cozy parlor, and using the hearth fire. Jeannette made coffee and baked little cakes over the coals. Mackinac cream and butter are unrivaled, and our repast was crowned by a remarkable stew made in an iron pot hung over the fire, gypsy-fashion, the commonplace ingredients of cold meat, cold potatoes, and bread toasted to a crisp coming out with quite a foreign air, owing to the herbs and spices in minute quantities put in at various stages of the boiling by the deft hands of our little French cook. The meal over, Jeannette sang her songs, sitting on the rug before the fire. "*Le Beau Voyageur*," "*Les Neiges de La Cloche*," ballads in Canadian patois sung to minor airs brought over from France two hundred years before.

The surgeon sat in the shade of the chimney-piece, his face shaded by his hand, and I could not discover whether he saw anything to admire in my *protégée* until, standing in the center of the room, she gave us "Ivry" in glorious style. Beautiful she looked as she rolled out the lines:

"'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'"

Rodney sat in the full light now, and I secretly triumphed in his rapt attention.

"Something else, Jeannette," I said, in the pride of my heart. Instead of repeating anything I had taught her, she began in French:

"'*Marie, enfin quitte l'ouvrage,*
Voici l'étoile du berger.'
—'*Ma mère, un enfant du village*
Languit captif chez l'étranger;
Pris sur mer, loin de sa patrie,
Il s'est rendu,—mais le dernier.'
File, file, pauvre Marie,
Pour secourir le prisonnier;
File, file, pauvre Marie,
File, file, pour le prisonnier.

"'*Pour lui je filerais moi-même*
Mon enfant,—mais—j'ai tant vieilli!'
——— '*Envoyez à celui que j'aime*
Tout le gain par moi recueilli.
Rose à sa noce en vain me prie;—
Dieu! j'entends le ménétrier!'
File, file, pauvre Marie,
Pour secourir le prisonnier;
File, file, pauvre Marie,
File, file, pour le prisonnier.

"'*Plus près du feu file, ma chère;*
La nuit vient refroidir le temps.'
——— '*Adrien, m'a-t-on dit, ma mère,*
Gémit dans des cachots flottants.
On repousse la main flétrie
Qu'il étend vers un pain grossier.'
File, file, pauvre Marie,
Pour secourir le prisonnier;
File, file, pauvre Marie,
File, file, pour le prisonnier."*

Jeannette repeated these lines with a pathos so real that I felt a moisture rising in my eyes.

"Where did you learn that, child?" I asked.

"Father Piret, madame."

"What is it?"

"*Je n' sais.*"

"It is Béranger,—'The Prisoner of War,'" said Rodney Prescott. "But you omitted the last verse, mademoiselle; may I ask why?"

"More sad so," answered Jeannette. "Marie she die now."

"You wish her to die?"

"*Mais oui;* she die for love; *c'est beau!*"

* "Le Prisonnier de Guerre."—BÉRANGER.

And there flashed a glance from the girl's eyes that thrilled through me, I scarcely knew why. I looked toward Rodney, but he was back in the shadow again.

The hours passed. "I must go," said Jeannette, drawing aside the curtain. Clouds were still driving across the sky, but the snow had ceased falling, and at intervals the moon shone out over the cold white scene; the March wind continued on its wild career toward the south.

"I will send for Antoine," I said, rising, as Jeannette took up her fur mantle.

"The old man is sick to-day," said Rodney. "It would not be safe for him to leave the fire to-night. I will accompany Mademoiselle."

Pretty Jeannette shrugged her shoulders. "*Mais, monsieur*," she answered, "I go over the hill."

"No, child; not to-night," I said decidedly. "The wind is violent, and the cliff doubly slippery after this ice-storm. Go round through the village."

"Of course we shall go through the village," said our surgeon, in his calm, authoritative way. They started. But in another minute I saw Jeannette fly by the west window, over the wall, and across the snowy road, like a spirit, disappearing down the steep bank, now slippery with glare ice. Another minute, and Rodney Prescott followed in her track.

With bated breath I watched for the reappearance of the two figures on the white plain, one hundred and fifty feet below; the cliff was difficult at any time, and now in this ice! The moments seemed very long, and, alarmed, I was on the point of arousing the garrison, when I spied the two dark figures on the snowy plain below, now clear in the moonlight, now lost in the shadow. I watched them for some distance; then a cloud came, and I lost them entirely.

Rodney did not return, although I sat late before the dying fire. Thinking over the evening, the idea came to me that perhaps, after all, he did admire my *protégée* and, being a romantic old woman, I did not repel the fancy; it might go a certain distance without harm, and an idyl is always charming, doubly so to people cast away on a desert island. One falls into the habit of studying persons very closely in the limited circle of garrison life.

But, the next morning, the Major's wife gave me an account of the sociable. "It was very pleasant," she said. "Toward the last Dr. Prescott came in, quite unexpectedly. I had no idea he could be so agreeable. Augusta can tell you how charming he was!"

Augusta, a young lady cousin, of pale blonde complexion, neutral opinions, and irreproachable manners, smiled primly. My idyl was crushed!

The days passed. The winds, the snows, and the high-up fort remained the same. Jeannette came and went, and the hour lengthened into two or three; not that we read much, but we talked more. Our surgeon did not again pass through the parlor; he had ordered a rickety stairway on the outside wall to be repaired, and we could hear him going up and down its icy steps as we sat by the hearth fire. One day I said to him: "My *protégée* is improving wonderfully. If she could have a complete education, she might take her place with the best in the land."

"Do not deceive yourself, Mrs. Corlyne," he answered coldly. "It is only the shallow French quickness."

"Why do you always judge the child so harshly, Doctor?"

"Do *you* take her part, Aunt Sarah?" (For sometimes he used the title which Archie had made so familiar.)

"Of course I do, Rodney. A poor, unfriended girl living in this remote place, against a United States surgeon with the best of Boston behind him."

"I wish you would tell me that every day, Aunt Sarah," was the reply I received. It set me musing, but I could make nothing of it. Troubled without knowing why, I suggested to Archie that he should endeavor to interest our surgeon in the fort gayety; there was something for every night in the merry little circle—games, suppers, tableaux, music, theatricals, readings, and the like.

"Why, he's in the thick of it already, Aunt Sarah," said my nephew. "He's devoting himself to Miss Augusta; she sings, "The Harp that once ——" to him every night."

("The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" was Miss Augusta's dress-parade song. The Major's quarters not being as large as the halls aforesaid, the melody was somewhat overpowering.)

"Oh, does she?" I thought, not without a shade of vexation. But the vague anxiety vanished.

The real spring came at last—the rapid, vivid spring of Mackinac. Almost in a day the ice moved out, the snows melted, and the northern wild flowers appeared in

the sheltered glens. Lessons were at an end, for my scholar was away in the green woods. Sometimes she brought me a bunch of flowers, but I seldom saw her; my wild bird had flown back to the forest. When the ground was dry and the pine droppings warmed by the sun, I, too, ventured abroad. One day, wandering as far as the Arched Rock, I found the surgeon there, and together we sat down to rest under the trees, looking off over the blue water flecked with white caps. The Arch is a natural bridge over a chasm one hundred and fifty feet above the lake, a fissure in the cliff which has fallen away in a hollow, leaving the bridge by itself far out over the water. The bridge springs upward in the shape of an arch; it is fifty feet long, and its width is in some places two feet, in others only a few inches—a narrow, dizzy pathway hanging between sky and water.

"People have crossed it," I said.

"Only fools," answered our surgeon, who despised foolhardiness. "Has a man nothing better to do with his life than risk it for the sake of a silly feat like that? I would not so much as raise my eyes to see any one cross."

"Oh yes, you would, Monsieur Rodenai," cried a voice behind us. We both turned and caught a glimpse of Jeannette as she bounded through the bushes and out to the very center of the Arch, where she stood balancing herself and laughing gayly. Her form was outlined against the sky; the breeze swayed her skirt; she seemed hovering over the chasm. I watched her, mute with fear; a word might cause her to lose her balance; but I could not turn my eyes away, I was fascinated with the sight. I was not aware that Rodney had left me until he, too, appeared on the Arch, slowly finding a foothold for himself and advancing toward the center. A fragment of the rock broke off under his foot and fell into the abyss below.

"Go back, Monsieur Rodenai," cried Jeannette, seeing his danger.

"Will *you* come back too, Jeannette?"

"*Moi? C'est aut' chose*," answered the girl, gayly tossing her pretty head.

"Then I shall come out and carry you back, willful child," said the surgeon.

A peal of laughter broke from Jeannette as he spoke, and then she began to dance on her point of rock, swinging herself from side to side, marking the time with a song. I held my breath; her dance seemed unearthly; it was as though she belonged to the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

At length the surgeon reached the center and caught the mocking creature in his arms; neither spoke, but I could see the flash of their eyes as they stood for an instant motionless. Then they struggled on the narrow foothold and swayed over so far that I buried my face in my trembling hands, unable to look at the dreadful end. When I opened my eyes again all was still; the Arch was tenantless, and no sound came from below. Were they, then, so soon dead? Without a cry? I forced myself to the brink to look down over the precipice, but while I stood there, fearing to look, I heard a sound behind me in the woods. It was Jeannette singing a gay French song. I called to her to stop. "How could you?" I said severely, for I was still trembling with agitation.

"*Ce n'est rien*, madame. I cross l'Arche when I had five year. *Mais*, Monsieur Rodenai le Grand, he raise his eye to look *this* time, I think," said Jeannette, laughing triumphantly.

"Where is he?"

"On the far side, gone on to Scott's Pic [Peak.] *Féroce, oh, féroce, comme un loup-garou! Ah! c'est joli, ça!*" And, overflowing with the wildest glee, the girl danced along through the woods in front of me, now pausing to look at something in her hand, now laughing, now shouting like a wild creature, until I lost sight of her. I went back to the fort alone.

For several days I saw nothing of Rodney. When at last we met, I said; "That was a wild freak of Jeannette's at the Arch."

"Planned to get a few shillings out of us."

"Oh, Doctor! I do not think she had any such motive," I replied, looking up deprecatingly into his cold, scornful eyes.

"Are you not a little sentimental over that ignorant, half-wild creature, Aunt Sarah?"

"Well," I said to myself, "perhaps I am!"

The summer came, sails whitened the blue straits again, steamers stopped for an hour or two at the island docks, and the summer travelers rushed ashore to buy "Indian curiosities," made by the nuns in Montreal, or to climb breathlessly up the steep fort hill to see the pride and panoply of war. Proud was the little white fort in those summer days; the sentinels held themselves stiffly erect, the officers gave up lying on the parapet half asleep, the best flag was hoisted daily, and there was much bugle-playing

and ceremony connected with the evening gun, fired from the ramparts at sunset; the hotels were full, the boarding-house keepers were in their annual state of wonder over the singular taste of these people from "below," who actually preferred a miserable white-fish to the best of beef brought up on ice all the way from Buffalo! There were picnics and walks, and much confusion of historical dates respecting Father Marquette and the irrepressible, omnipresent Pontiac. The fort officers did much escort duty; their buttons gilded every scene. Our quiet surgeon was foremost in everything.

"I am surprised! I had no idea Dr. Prescott was so gay," said the major's wife.

"I should not think of calling him gay," I answered.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Corlyne! He is going all the time. Just ask Augusta."

Augusta thereupon remarked that society, to a certain extent, was beneficial; that she considered Dr. Prescott much improved; really, he was now very "nice."

I silently protested against the word. But then I was not a Bostonian.

One bright afternoon I went through the village, round the point into the French quarter, in search of a laundress. The fishermen's cottages faced the west; they were low and wide, not unlike scows drifted ashore and moored on the beach for houses. The little windows had gay curtains fluttering in the breeze, and the rooms within looked clean and cheery; the rough walls were adorned with the spoils of the fresh-water seas, shells, green stones, agates, spar, and curiously shaped pebbles; occasionally there was a stuffed water-bird, or a bright-colored print, and always a violin. Black-eyed children played in the water which bordered their narrow beach-gardens, and slender women, with shining black hair, stood in their door-ways knitting. I found my laundress, and then went on to Jeannette's home, the last house in the row. From the mother, a Chippewa woman, I learned that Jeannette was with her French father at the fishing grounds off Drummond's Island.

"How long has she been away?" I asked.

"Veeks four," replied the mother, whose knowledge of English was confined to the price list of white-fish and blue-berries, the two articles of her traffic with the boarding-house keepers.

"When will she return?"

"*Je n'sais.*"

She knitted on, sitting in the sunshine on her little door-step, looking out over the western water with tranquil content in her beautiful gentle eyes. As I walked up the beach, I glanced back several times to see if she had the curiosity to watch me; but no, she still looked out over the western water. What was I to her? Less than nothing. A white-fish was more.

A week or two later I strolled out to the Giant's Stairway and sat down in the little rock chapel. There was a picnic at the Lovers' Leap, and I had that side of the island to myself. I was leaning back, half asleep in the deep shadow, when the sound of voices roused me; a birch-bark canoe was passing close in-shore, and two were in it, Jeannette and our surgeon. I could not hear their words, but I noticed Rodney's expression as he leaned forward. Jeannette was paddling slowly; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes brilliant. Another moment, and a point hid them from my view. I went home troubled.

"Did you enjoy the picnic, Miss Augusta?" I said, with assumed carelessness, that evening. "Dr. Prescott was there, as usual, I suppose?"

"He was not present, but the picnic was highly enjoyable," replied Miss Augusta, in her even voice and impartial manner.

"The Doctor has not been with us for some days," said the major's wife archly; "I suspect he does not like Mr. Piper."

Mr. Piper was a portly widower, of sanguine complexion, a Chicago produce dealer, who was supposed to admire Miss Augusta, and was now going through a course of "The Harp that once."

The last days of summer flew swiftly by; the surgeon held himself aloof; we scarcely saw him in the garrison circles, and I no longer met him in my rambles.

"Jealousy!" said the major's wife.

September came. The summer visitors fled away homeward; the remaining "Indian Curiosities" were stored away for another season; the hotels were closed, and the forests deserted; the blue-bells swung unmolested on their heights, and the plump Indian-pipes grew in peace in their dark corners. The little white fort, too, began to assume its winter manners; the storm-flag was hoisted; there were evening fires upon the broad hearth-stones; the chaplain, having finished everything about Balak, his seven altars and seven rams, was ready for chess-problems; books and papers were ordered; stores laid in, and anxious inquiries made

as to the "habits" of the new mail-carrier—for the mail-carrier was the hero of the winter, and if his "habits" led him to whisky, there was danger that our precious letters might be dropped all along the northern curve of Lake Huron.

Upon this quiet, matter-of-course preparation, suddenly, like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, came orders to leave. The whole garrison, officers and men, were ordered to Florida.

In a moment all was desolation. It was like being ordered into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Dense everglades, swamp-fevers, malaria in the air, poisonous underbrush, and venomous reptiles and insects, and now and then a wily unseen foe picking off the men, one by one, as they painfully cut out roads through the thickets—these were the features of military life in Florida at that period. Men who would have marched boldly to the cannon's mouth, officers who would have headed a forlorn hope, shrank from the deadly swamps.

Families must be broken up, also; no women, no children, could go to Florida. There were tears and the sound of sobbing in the little white fort, as the poor wives, all young mothers, hastily packed their few possessions to go back to their fathers' houses, fortunate if they had fathers to receive them. The husbands went about in silence, too sad for words. Archie kept up the best courage; but he was young, and had no one to leave save me.

The evening of the fatal day—for the orders had come in the early dawn—I was alone in my little parlor, already bare and desolate with packing-cases. The wind had been rising since morning and now blew furiously from the west. Suddenly the door burst open and the surgeon entered. I was shocked at his appearance, as pale, haggard, with disordered hair and clothing, he sank into a chair, and looked at me in silence.

"Rodney, what is it?" I said.

He did not answer, but still looked at me with that strange gaze. Alarmed, I rose and went toward him, laying my hand on his shoulder with a motherly touch. I loved the quiet, gray-eyed youth next after Archie.

"What is it, my poor boy? Can I help you?"

"Oh, Aunt Sarah, perhaps you can, for *you* know her."

"Her?" I repeated, with sinking heart.

"Yes. Jeannette."

I sat down and folded my hands; trouble had come, but it was not what I apprehended—the old story of military life, love, and desertion; the ever-present ballad of the "gay young knight who loves and rides away." This was something different.

"I love her; I love her madly, in spite of myself," said Rodney, pouring forth his words with feverish rapidity. "I know it is an infatuation, I know it is utterly unreasonable, and yet—I love her. I have striven against it, I have fought with myself, I have written out elaborate arguments wherein I have clearly demonstrated the folly of such an affection, and I have compelled myself to read them over slowly, word for word, when alone in my own room, and yet—I love her! Ignorant, I know she would shame me; shallow, I know she could not satisfy me; as a wife she would inevitably drag me down to misery, and yet—I love her! I had not been on the island a week before I saw her, and marked her beauty. Months before you invited her to the fort I had become infatuated with her singular loveliness; but, in some respects, a race of the blood-royal could not be prouder than these French fishermen. They will accept your money, they will cheat you, they will tell you lies for an extra shilling; but make one step toward a simple acquaintance and the door will be shut in your face. They will bow down before you as a customer, but they will not have you for a friend. Thus I found it impossible to reach Jeannette. I do not say that I tried, for all the time I was fighting myself; but I went far enough to see the barriers. It seemed a fatality that you should take a fancy to her, have her here, and ask me to admire her—admire the face that haunted me by day and by night, driving me mad with its beauty.

"I realized my danger, and called to my aid all the pride of my race. I said to my heart: 'You shall not love this ignorant half-breed girl to your ruin.' I reasoned with myself, and said: 'It is only because you are isolated on this far-away island. Could you present this girl to your mother? Could she be a companion for your sisters?' I was beginning to gain a firmer control over myself, in spite of her presence, when you unfolded your plan of education. Fatality again. Instantly a crowd of hopes surged up. The education you began could I not finish? She was but young; a few years of careful teaching might work won-

ders. Could I not train this forest flower so that it could take its place in the garden? But, when I actually saw this full-grown woman unable to add the simplest sum or write her name correctly, I was again ashamed of my infatuation. It is one thing to talk of ignorance, it is another to come face to face with it. Thus I wavered, at one moment ready to give up all for pride, at another to give up all for love.

"Then came the malicious suggestion of negro blood. Could it be proved, I was free; that taint I could not pardon. [And here, even as the surgeon spoke, I noticed this as the peculiarity of the New England abolitionist. Theoretically he believed in the equality of the enslaved race, and stood ready to maintain the belief with his life, but practically he held himself entirely aloof from them; the Southern creed and practice were the exact reverse.] I made inquiries of Father Piret, who knows the mixed genealogy of the little French colony as far back as the first voyageurs of the Fur Trade, and found, as I—shall I say hoped or feared? that the insinuation was utterly false. Thus I was thrown back into the old tumult.

"Then came that evening in this parlor when Jeannette made the coffee and baked little cakes over the coals. Do you remember the pathos with which she chanted '*File, file, pauvre Marie; File, file, pour le prisonnier?*' Do you remember how she looked when she repeated 'Ivry?' Did that tender pity, that ringing inspiration come from a dull mind and shallow heart? I was avenged of my enforced disdain, my love gave itself up to delicious hope. She was capable of education, and then ——! I made a pretext of old Antoine's cough in order to gain an opportunity of speaking to her alone; but she was like a thing possessed, she broke from me and sprang over the icy cliff, her laugh coming back on the wind as I followed her down the dangerous slope. On she rushed, jumping from rock to rock, waving her hand in wild glee when the moon shone out, singing, and shouting with merry scorn at my desperate efforts to reach her. It was a mad chase, but only on the plain below could I come up with her. There, breathless and eager, I unfolded to her my plan of education. I only went so far as this: I was willing to send her to school, to give her opportunities of seeing the world, to provide for her whole future. I left the story of my love to come afterward. She laughed me to scorn. As well talk of education to the bird of the wilderness! She rejected my offers, picked up snow to throw in my face, covered me with her French sarcasms, danced around me in circles, laughed, and mocked, until I was at a loss to know whether she was human. Finally, as a shadow darkened the moon, she fled away; and when it passed she was gone, and I was alone on the snowy plain.

"Angry, fierce, filled with scorn for myself, I determined resolutely to crush out my senseless infatuation. I threw myself into such society as we had; I assumed an interest in that inane Miss Augusta; I read and studied far into the night; I walked until sheer fatigue gave me tranquillity; but all I gained was lost in that encounter at the Arch; you remember it? When I saw her on that narrow bridge, my love burst its bonds again, and, senseless as ever, rushed to save her—to save her, poised on her native rocks, where every inch was familiar from childhood! To save her—sure-footed and light as a bird! I caught her. She struggled in my arms, angrily, as an imprisoned animal might struggle, but—so beautiful! The impulse came to me to spring with her into the gulf below, and so end the contest forever. I might have done it,—I cannot tell,—but, suddenly, she wrenched herself out of my arms and fled over the Arch, to the farther side. I followed, trembling, blinded, with the violence of my emotion. At that moment I was ready to give up my life, my soul, into her hands.

"In the woods beyond she paused, glanced over her shoulder toward me, then turned eagerly. '*Voilà*,' she said, pointing. I looked down and saw several silver pieces that had dropped from my pocket as I sprang over the rocks, and, with an impatient gesture, I thrust them aside with my foot.

"'*Non*,' she cried, turning toward me and stooping eagerly—'so much! Oh, so much! See! four shillings!' Her eyes glistened with longing as she held the money in her hand and fingered each piece lovingly.

"The sudden revulsion of feeling produced by her words and gesture filled me with fury. 'Keep it,—and buy yourself a soul if you can!' I cried, and turning away, I left her with her gains.

"'*Merci, monsieur*,' she answered gayly, all unmindful of my scorn, and off she ran, holding her treasure tightly clasped in both hands. I could hear her singing far down the path.

"It is a bitter thing to feel a scorn for your-

self! Did I love this girl who stooped to gather a few shillings from under my feet? Was it, then, impossible for me to conquer this ignoble passion? No; it could not and it should not be! I plunged again into all the gayety; I left myself not one free moment; if sleep came not, I forced it to come with opiates; Jeannette had gone to the fishing-grounds, the weeks passed, I did not see her. I had made the hardest struggle of all, and was beginning to recover my self-respect when, one day, I met her in the woods with some children; she had returned to gather blue-berries. I looked at her. She was more gentle than usual, and smiled. Suddenly, as an embankment which has withstood the storms of many winters gives way at last in a calm summer night, I yielded. Without one outward sign, I laid down my arms. Myself knew that the contest was over, and my other self rushed to her feet.

"Since then I have often seen her; I have made plan after plan to meet her, I have, O degrading thought! paid her to take me out in her canoe under the pretense of fishing. I no longer looked forward; I lived only in the present, and thought only of when and where I could see her. Thus it has been until this morning when the orders came. Now, I am brought face to face with reality; I must go; can I leave her behind? For hours I have been wandering in the woods. Aunt Sarah,—it is of no use,—I cannot live without her,—I must marry her."

"Marry Jeannette!" I exclaimed.

"Even so."

"An ignorant half-breed?"

"As you say, an ignorant half-breed."

"You are mad, Rodney."

"I know it."

I will not repeat all I said; but, at last, silenced, if not convinced by the power of this great love, I started with him out into the wild night to seek Jeannette. We went through the village and round the point, where the wind met us, and the waves broke at our feet with a roar. Passing the row of cabins, with their twinkling lights, we reached the home of Jeannette and knocked at the low door. The Indian mother opened it. I entered, without a word, and took a seat near the hearth, where a drift-wood fire was burning. Jeannette came forward with a surprised look. "You little think what good fortune is coming to you, child," I thought, as I noted her coarse dress and the poor furniture of the little room.

Rodney burst at once into his subject.

"Jeannette," he said, going toward her, "I have come to take you away with me. You need not go to school; I have given up that idea—I accept you as you are. You shall have silk dresses and ribbons like the ladies at the Mission-House this summer. You shall see all the great cities, you shall hear beautiful music. You shall have everything you want—money, bright shillings, as many as you wish. See! Mrs. Corlyne has come with me to show you that it is true. This morning we had orders to leave Mackinac—in a few days we must go. But—listen, Jeannette; I will marry you. You shall be my wife. Do not look so startled. I mean it; it is really true."

"*Qu' est-ce-que-c'est?*" said the girl, bewildered by the rapid, eager words.

"Dr. Prescott wishes to marry you, child," I explained, somewhat sadly, for never had the disparity between them seemed so great. The presence of the Indian mother, the common room, were like silent protests.

"Marry!" ejaculated Jeannette.

"Yes, love," said the surgeon ardently. "It is quite true; you shall be my wife. Father Piret shall marry us. I will exchange into another regiment, or, if necessary, I will resign. Do you understand what I am saying, Jeannette? See! I give you my hand, in token that it is true."

But, with a quick bound, the girl was across the room. "What!" she cried. "You think I marry *you?* Have you not heard of Baptiste? Know, then, that I love one finger of him more than all you, ten times, hundred times."

"Baptiste?" repeated Rodney.

"*Oui, mon cousin*, Baptiste, the fisherman. We marry soon—*tenez—la fête de Saint André.*"

Rodney looked bewildered a moment, then his face cleared. "Oh! a child engagement? That is one of your customs, I know. But never fear; Father Piret will absolve you from all that. Baptiste shall have a fine new boat; he will let you off for a handful of silver pieces. Do not think of that, Jeannette, but come to me—"

"*Je vous abhorre; je vous déteste*," cried the girl with fury as he approached. "Baptiste not love me? He love me more than boat and silver dollar,—more than all the world! And I love him; I die for him! *Allez-vous-en, traître!*"

Rodney had grown white; he stood before her, motionless, with fixed eyes.

"Jeannette," I said in French, "perhaps

you do not understand. Dr. Prescott asks you to marry him; Father Piret shall marry you, and all your friends shall come. Dr. Prescott will take you away from this hard life; he will make you rich; he will support your father and mother in comfort. My child, it is wonderful good fortune. He is an educated gentleman, and loves you truly."

"What is that to me," replied Jeannette, proudly. "Let him go, I care not." She paused a moment; then, with flashing eyes, she cried: "Let him go with his fine new boat and silver dollars! He does not believe me? See, then, how I despise him!" And, rushing forward, she struck him on the cheek.

Rodney did not stir, but stood gazing at her while the red mark glowed on his white face.

"You know not what love is," said Jeannette, with indescribable scorn. "You! *You! Ah, mon Baptiste, où es-tu?* But thou wilt kill him,—kill him for his boats and silver dollars!"

"Child!" I said, startled by her fury.

"I am not a child. *Je suis femme, moi!*" replied Jeannette, folding her arms with haughty grace. "*Allez!*" she said, pointing toward the door. We were dismissed. A queen could not have made a more royal gesture.

Throughout the scene, the Indian mother had not stopped her knitting.

In four days we were afloat, and the little white fort was deserted. It was a dark afternoon, and we sat clustered on the stern of the steamer, watching the flag come slowly down from its staff in token of the departure of the commanding officer. "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well," sang the major's fair young wife, with the sound of tears in her sweet voice.

"We shall return," said the officers. But not one of them ever saw the beautiful island again.

Rodney Prescott had remained sunk in a strange gloom. He spoke not; even to me he was silent. I kept his secret faithfully, and trusted to time's soothing influence, glad in my own heart that the infatuation had ended so. Once away, he would forget her. I shielded him, also, as much as I could.

"His health has given way," I said; "he is suffering from a low fever."

"Oh, no," said the garrison ladies. "Depend upon it, he has heard of Miss Augusta's engagement to Mr. Piper."

I went with Archie as far as New York. There, just before they sailed, I said good-bye to the little group of silent men.

"Aunt Sarah," said Rodney, in a low voice, looking at me with heavy-lidded eyes, "I cannot live without her."

I never saw him again. He died in the Florida everglades before the year was out. "Out of his head most of the time," wrote Archie, "but we could not make out what he was raving about, for he seemed suspicious of us to the last. He was a good fellow, and I know *you* liked him, Aunt Sarah. But he was always odd, and, to tell the truth, we think he has been more than half-crazy ever since we left Mackinac."

Last year I met an islander on the cars, going eastward. It was the first time he had ever been "below;" but he saw nothing to admire, that dignified citizen of Mackinac!

"What has become of Jeannette Leblanc?" I asked.

"Jeannette? Oh, she married that Baptiste, a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. They live in the same little cabin round the point and pick up a living most anyhow for their tribe of young ones."

"Are they happy?"

"Happy?" repeated my islander, with a slow stare. "Well, I suppose they are, after their fashion; I don't know much about them. In my opinion they are a shiftless set, those French half-breeds round the point."

IN CŒLO QUIES.

"Thou shalt have rest in Heaven!" My weary soul
Upon the golden promise seizes;
And all its wasting toil and waxing dole
The prospect eases.

Here, there is labor from the morn till night,
And cares crowd in when toils are finished;
My burdens press me far beyond the light,
And undiminished.

Labor and sorrow are the doom of earth,
And labor's surest fruit is sorrow;
I bear a heavy heart beneath my mirth,
And sigh—"To-morrow!"

"In Cœlo Quies!" Oft upon my stress,
Like music steals this sweet evangel;
As if there stooped to make my burdens less—
Some loving angel.

I think, indeed, it is an angel sings,
Who, singing, makes my load the lighter;
And with the glister of his shining wings—
My way grows brighter.

When I am spent with toils, rest will be sweet;
The greater stress, the greater meed of sweetness;
God's love ordains my ruth and rest to meet—
In Heaven's completeness.

Nor will I vex my heart and Heaven with care,
How far away my rest, or nigh, is;
While this dear answer breaks upon my prayer—
"In Cœlo Quies."

IN A TRUMPET.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING.

"I know it," said Miss Pamphylia, answering a rueful glance from Miss Mehitable's brother; "still it's a great comfort to reflect that she *could* have the trumpet."

Miss Pamphylia certainly had a very peculiar way of looking at human griefs. She would stand still for one moment of dire dismay, and then suddenly illuminate with some comforting "reflection" about something that had been, or hadn't been, or could be, after all. It always reminded Miss Mehitable's brother of a cluster of ripe grapes he had noticed one October day when the skies were fitful. For one instant, while a cloud crept over the sun, they hung heavy and dark as the leaden shadow behind them; then, as a quick, strong ray of sunlight pierced the cloud, the red wine that was in them took fire, and gleamed and blazed, until his very pulses warmed as he looked.

He felt them suddenly warming again in just the same way, as Miss Pamphylia uttered the words "she *could* have the trumpet." What a thing it would make of life if that "could" only began with a "w" instead of

a "c"! But as it did not, and there wasn't the least prospect that it ever would, Miss Mehitable's brother patiently took it with the "c," much as he would have hugged a warm soap-stone, if wandering in the dark among the glaciers of the Alps.

Miss Mehitable, meanwhile, peacefully unconscious that either of them had said anything, sat gazing into the glowing hearth of coals, with a satisfied little smile on her face, and a fresh-folded handkerchief in her lap. She always did have a fresh handkerchief in her lap—it was so tidy just where the hands lay; and as for her smile, her very features were as likely to disappear. That was because she found life always so pleasant; indeed it contained but two regrets for Miss Mehitable, and it would have been foolishness to let such a minority disturb all the rest. One of these regrets was that Pamphylia did not feel quite inclined to marry Phenix. He had asked her every Thanksgiving Day for ten years in succession,—though never until after dinner, for he liked everything hot, and the faintest hope is a warmer sauce than disappointment,—but it was of no use. Miss Pamphylia's inclinations did not quite agree, and the trial was put over till another term, leaving the first part of the evening a little downish, until Miss Pamphylia regularly brightened with a consoling thought.

"After all," she said, "it is a great comfort to reflect that he needn't ask me if he didn't choose."

"Don't be a goose, Phenix," Miss Mehitable always said gently, the next morning, to comfort him; and though perhaps he had seemed a little like one, pluming himself and picking up his crumbs so many months, only to be slain on this fatal day, still when Hetty said this, he remembered what he really was, and rose from his ashes to begin another year.

But it seemed such a pity about spoiling the evenings, particularly as Miss Pamphylia only came once a year, that she had at last insisted upon a different arrangement.

"Don't ask me again until I am ready to say yes," she said, with the firmest air.

"And when will that be," asked Phenix.

Miss Pamphylia hesitated a moment, and then looked up with a sudden gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"Whenever Hetty asks for the trumpet," she said.

That was coming very near the second of Miss Mehitable's regrets in life, which was simply the miserably indistinct way in which people were allowing themselves to speak the last few years. It was growing upon them, too, instead of improving, until she had really given up expecting to hear anybody unless they came and spoke directly to her. Then, of course, they took care to enunciate properly, knowing how much she disapproved the modern carelessness, but the moment they turned away it was all forgotten, and even Phenix and Pamphylia, who were as well brought up as herself, did no better than the rest. One said, "M-m-m-m," and the other answered, "M-m-m-m," and it was only a miracle that they ever made head or tail of each other's remarks. But Miss Mehitable always preferred her friends should please themselves rather than her; so she sat peacefully by, heard what she could, and let the rest go.

It was not till the circle of those who attempted proper enunciation had thinned down to the very strong-winded ones, and Miss Mehitable's replies to even their remarks sometimes fitted about as well as if she had put her own bonnet on Phenix's head by mistake, that one of the bravest of them ventured a suggestion.

Would it not be a little strange if all her friends had lost their voices at once? Might it not be possible that her hearing had lost a trifle of its acuteness?

The suggestion was repudiated with only the least perceptible sharpening of Miss Mehitable's usual gentleness, but when Phenix brought home from the city one day, as a delicate offering, an ear-trumpet, new in design, graceful and light, she rose to her feet and flamed into such a blaze of indignation as all the rest of her gentle life could hardly sum up.

"An ear-trumpet! Was she to be the scape-goat for everbody's carelessness, and wear this crooked horn as the badge of it? Deaf? How should she be deaf any more than he was, when their birthdays were the same? Would he have the great kindness to carry that instrument into his own room and keep it there, since waste was sinful, until she should ask for it?"

It did not seem to Phenix that Pamphylia *could* say anything this time, but as he passed between her and Miss Mehitable, her face brightened. "Still," she whispered, "it's a comfort to think you've increased the regular sale."

The grapes had purpled and been gathered five times since then; to-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day once more, and the ear-trumpet lay on the piano in Phenix's

room, shining and bright as on the first day it had been banished there.

"Turkey, of course," said Phenix, as they sat round the fire after tea, letting the lights and shadows give lessons in blind man's buff in advance. "Couldn't there be anything else for a change? This will be my fifty-fifth in annual regularity."

"And my fiftieth; a real old maid," laughed Miss Pamphylia, softly.

"Nonsense," began Phenix, with a glance at her bright brown eyes and chestnut hair; but Miss Mehitable turned gently from the fire.

"Oh, yes, dear; they often live to a great age. I remember one allowed to wander in your father's field that was over a hundred; at least the inscription on its back said so. I suppose it is because they are so slow about everything."

"Not turtles—turkeys," shouted Phenix. "*Dindons* for dinner to-morrow."

"But, please don't speak so loud, brother," said Miss Mehitable. "I like distinctness, that is all. Though I am surprised at your thinking of dandelions, so altogether out of season; and, besides, cranberry sauce is Latin for roast turkey always." And Miss Mehitable laid her hands on the folded handkerchief with a peaceful smile.

This was what drew the despairing look from Phenix, and sent Miss Pamphylia to take refuge in reflecting that Hetty "*could* have the trumpet." Not that they cared in the least on their own account; it was only the thought of to-morrow, when there would be company. They were so proud of Hetty, and couldn't bear to have her make herself ridiculous.

Nothing seemed less probable, as Miss Mehitable took her seat at the table the next day, faultlessly dressed, and smiling benignantly upon every one, with Cousin John, a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, on her right hand, and a distinguished professor of elocution on her left.

"Pretty strong outposts, and Hetty always does look well," thought Phenix, with a sigh of relief, as he took up the ball she had gracefully set rolling, and croqueted it among his neighbors. It flitted about for a while in a velvety way most soothing to his fears, when suddenly, just as his anxiety began to subside, there was a crash at Miss Mehitable's end of the table, reverberating like a clap of thunder. She had set out on a series of reminiscences with Cousin John, who had just returned after a twenty years' absence, and he was inquiring at the extreme of his pulpit tones:

"Where is the Judge now?"

Miss Mehitable nodded and smiled, as she always did when she felt pretty sure, but not quite, that "Oh yes," was the right answer. This wouldn't do, for every one had started at the crash and was listening; so Cousin John tried again.

"The *Judge;* where is the *Judge* now?"

"Oh, standing on the very same spot," said Miss Mehitable; "just on the crown of the hill. Very windy on a cold day, and a little conspicuous; but local attachments are strong, you know, and we have worshiped there a great many years."

"Ah," said Cousin John, looking suddenly into his plate, and Phenix told him it would not be New England Thanksgiving if he did not send it up for more turkey; and then every one began to say what a terrible thinning there was in the rank and file of the poultry-yards to-day. Miss Mehitable nodded and smiled so appreciatingly, that the Professor wondered how Cousin John managed to get into such trouble.

"A terrible sacrifice among the feathered tribes," he said, addressing her.

"Oh, very sad!" said Miss Mehitable, with a sudden shadowing of her face. "I'm afraid very few of them will ever come back. And to think the only return we can make is to decorate their graves! We did a great many last year, and there will be more than ever, I'm afraid, when this campaign is over."

After this it struck Miss Mehitable that the conversation became very general; so much so, that she really could not catch the opportunity to ask Cousin John as many questions as she would like, or to be particularly polite to the Professor. However, everything seemed going on delightfully, though she noticed the same general carelessness of enunciation; still, she was used to that, and she would catch Cousin John after they returned to the parlor.

But Cousin John wasn't to be caught; he was very busily engaged with some one else whenever she passed near him, and, indeed, every one grew very talkative, and even the candles and the fire-light seemed to Miss Mehitable gayer than on other nights.

"Strange ways New England people are falling into," said Cousin John's nearest neighbor. "Thanksgiving dinner at 'early candle-light' is something equally new and nice."

"Is it new or old?" asked Phenix, and then came a free discussion of dinner-hours in times past, present, and to come.

"I wonder what time Abraham dined?" said Miss Pamphylia, suddenly.

Cousin John said that was a *tent*ative question; it would be easier to say what he dined upon; and some one answered: "Oh, yes, that was on a Mess-o-pot-amian plain."

Miss Mehitable nodded and smiled, but the Professor thought he would make it a little more distinct for her.

"We are wondering at what time *Abraham* dined," he enunciated, coming very close, on pretext of picking up the handkerchief which had slipped from her lap.

"Oh, *he* dined at four o'clock; I was intimately acquainted with him," said Miss Mehitable, a glow of pleasant recollection suffusing her gentle face. But, at the same moment, she caught a very peculiar one on the Professor's; she glanced at Cousin John's. Was it possible the turkey had not agreed with him that he was looking so very red? She looked at Phenix—he was white; Pamphylia was blue, and the rest were all looking the other way. A sudden and dreadful suspicion seized Miss Mehitable. A professor of elocution must enunciate well; if she had misunderstood him whose fault must it be?

"Cousin John," she said, turning toward the white necktie that had eluded her so many times that evening, "who did you understand the Professor to speak of?"

"Abraham," replied Cousin John, with truth and distinctness united in tremendous force.

"Did *you*, Pamphylia?"

Miss Pamphylia, and, one after another, Phenix and all the rest, nodded assent.

Two round red spots came into Miss Mehitable's cheeks, and she dropped her hands on the handkerchief with a gesture of surrender. Then she looked up with the unfailing smile.

"Then, Phenix, will you have the kindness to bring that instrument you have been keeping in your room for me?"

Phenix cast one look at Miss Pamphylia. She stood petrified, and her brown eyes seemed leaping after him as he left the room. Hetty had asked for the trumpet!

But by the time he came back, Miss Pamphylia had vibrated to a "reflection," and found her balance again.

"Still," she was saying to herself, "it is a great comfort to feel that it will be keeping a promise; and I've got on my new black silk, and Phenix is a great deal too good for me—that is the only trouble."

"Now, Phenix," said Miss Mehitable, inserting the trumpet in her ear, "let me hear something pleasant through this, if you can."

He looked once more at Miss Pamphylia. Her eyes shone this time, and he went across to her with the tread of a conqueror. With his right hand he led her to Miss Mehitable, and with the left he raised the mouth of the trumpet to his lips.

"If you will give us your blessing, and allow Cousin John to perform the ceremony, I believe we are ready," he said.

It is strange how much less time it requires to do things than to get ready for them. It did not seem five minutes to Miss Pamphylia before it was all over, and Phenix was showing the last guest out at the front door.

Miss Mehitable sat holding the trumpet as if she would never let it go again.

"If I had only had sense enough to ask for it five years ago!" she said. "But I do hope, Pamphylia, you will find it pleasant having a husband at last!"

Miss Pamphylia grew suddenly serious.

"I don't know," she murmured, over the edge of the trumpet; but in a moment her face cleared and shone into Miss Mehitable's.

"But if I *shouldn't*, it will be a great comfort to me to reflect that I have lived single as long as I have!" she said.

A VAGRANT.

I CANNOT check my Thought these days,
When incense lingers in the air,
But with unwearied wing it strays,
I know not how or where.

I know not where the blossoms hide
That throw their lures across its flight;
How stars can fling their gates so wide,
To give my Thought delight.

There is no door close barred and sealed
Where cowers suffering or sin,
But will to touch or whisper yield,
And let this vagrant in.

It bears no passport, no parole,
But free, and careless as the air,
My Thought despises all control,
And wanders everywhere.

Its warrant from the Throne of thrones;
Its duty to the King of kings;
Through heights, and depths, and circling zones,
It soars on seraph wings.

What canst thou bring from yon fair height,
What bring me from the deepening sea?
What gather for thy own delight
That is not wealth to me?

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Great South" Series of Papers.

WE formally conclude, with this issue, the series of papers that have been running through the MONTHLY, entitled "The Great South." It has been an enterprise involving an amount of labor and expense unprecedented in popular magazine literature. Neither pains nor money have been spared to make it all that we promised it should be. It has occupied, in all, about four hundred and fifty pages of the magazine, and involved the production of more than four hundred and thirty engravings. Mr. Edward King, who has written the papers, and Mr. Champney, the artist, who accompanied him and made the original sketches for the pictures, have traveled more than twenty-five thousand miles in car, stage-coach and saddle (in the latter one thousand miles), in personal survey of the immense tract of country presented, and our readers have the result of what has cost the magazine more than thirty thousand dollars. It is with no ordinary pride and satisfaction that we thus record the completion of a task undertaken with the desire to enlighten our country concerning itself, and to spread before the nation the wonderful natural resources, the social condition, and the political complications of a region which needs but just, wise, and generous legislation, with responding good-will and industry, to make it a garden of happiness and prosperity.

There are some papers still remaining, but they relate to parts of the South with which the North is measurably familiar, and they will form a portion of a new series on American Life and Scenery, to be produced during the coming year. The whole of the Southern papers will soon be re-published in a beautiful volume, in which the material will be newly arranged, with many necessary additions and a few subtractions, and offered to the subscriptions of the public, not only in America, but in Great Britain and nearly all the British colonies. It ought to go into every public library, and be owned by every man who is interested in America, whether native or foreign, for it is not only engaging as a book of travels, but valuable for its accumulation of vital, social, and industrial statistics.

We cannot dismiss this matter without a tribute to the enterprising men, Mr. Edward King and Mr. Champney, to whose unwearying industry and conscientious discharge of their duties we are indebted

for the successful termination of the work. They have represented the magazine with dignity everywhere, and they have been received with such courtesy and serviceable kindness as have won their gratitude and our own. To them, and to those all over the South who have aided them in their explorations, we make our grateful acknowledgments. We have reason to know that the work has given great satisfaction to the region represented; but if there are any fault-finders there, they must remember the difficulties of the task, in the immense area attempted to be covered, and the wide variety of reports and opinions to be culled, often with the impossibility of verification.

Christianity and Color.

No American of ordinary habits of observation can have failed to notice that in those sects in which much is made of religious emotion, and the policy of powerful public appeals to feeling is pursued, the moralities of life are at a discount. The same fact is evident in those communities where dogma and doctrine form the staple of religious teaching and religious life. If any one will take up the early colonial records of New England, he will be surprised and shocked at the amount of gross immorality which he will find recorded there. Rigidity of doctrine, the fulmination of the most terrific punishments in the future life, the passage and the execution of the most searching and definitive laws against every form of social vice, go hand in hand with every form of vice. There was adultery in high places and adultery in low. Slander held high carnival. Common scolds were almost too common to be noteworthy. In brief, it seems that a religion which makes most of its orthodoxy, or most of its frames and emotions of mind, is a religion most divorced from morality. A man who is told that the genuineness of his religion depends mainly upon the orthodoxy of his faith, or mainly upon the raptures of his mental experience, is either partly demoralized by his reception of the statement, or specially unfitted to meet the temptations of his life.

The negro has been supposed to be particularly susceptible to religious influences. He is as fond of religion as he is of music; and we fear that he is fond of it in very much the same way. It is no slander to say that a large proportion of the religious life of the negro is purely emotional, and that a large proportion of the negroes of the United States have never thoroughly associated, either in their theories or their practical life, religion with morality. The typical negro preacher is a "tonguey," loud-mouthed man, who appeals in his own fashion to the crowd before him; and the more he can work them up to great excitement, and wild and noisy demonstrations of feeling, the better he is pleased. In portions of the South there are orgies connected with the religious meetings of the negroes which are too absurd, too ridiculous, too heathenish, to be mentioned by one who reverently remembers in whose sacred name they are performed. The yelling, dancing, pounding of backs and insane contortions of these worshipers, are the same, in every essential respect, as they would be in the worship of a fetich. It is an amusement—a superstitious amusement—which leaves no good result whatever, and does no more toward nourishing their morality than the music of the fiddle to which they dance away the next night with equal enthusiasm.

In a recent conversation with an intelligent clergyman, who has spent many years at the South—though a Northern man—we heard him declare, without reserve, that he did not know a negro in the whole Southern country whom he regarded as thoroughly trustworthy in matters of practical morality. Moreover, he declared that the worst men, as a class, among them, were the preachers themselves. By these latter he intended to indicate specially the self-appointed preachers—ignorant, but bright men—who had secured the admiration and support of the masses. We asked him if he could not except from his very sweeping condemnation such among them as had been educated at the North. He shook his head, and replied that he knew some among those, whose superb intellectual culture would grace the proudest race in the world, but never knew one of them whom he could trust—particularly with his neighbor's wife. Now, this man had had abundant opportunities of observation, and spoke with candor and conscience. On one of the bright September Sundays of the present year, the writer listened to the out-door preaching, on Boston Common, of one of the finest and most amiable-looking specimens of the African race he ever saw, and what was he preaching about? Not purity of character and life, not love of God and love of man, not duty to family and neighbor, but the theological machinery of salvation. It was the natural reaction from the emotional religion of his race, but it had no more in it for his race, in its moralities, than the fiery nonsense of his less educated brethren.

Let us allow something for mistakes in the judgment and observation of the man whom we have quoted, and still we shall have sufficient ground for the declaration, that the negro in America, as a rule, holds his religion independent of morality—as something which either takes the place of it, or has nothing whatever to do with it, in his practical, every-day life. The fact is one full of grave suggestion, not only as it regards the future welfare of the race, but as regards the country in whose political fortunes he has become so important a factor. Much as the negro needs intellectual education, he needs moral education more. To learn to read will do little for him if, at the same time, his sense of right and wrong, his personal purity, his regard for the rights of others, his conscience, are not improved. If he cannot more fully perceive than he does to-day the relations of Christianity to character and conduct, his Christianity will rather debase than elevate him. In an enormous multitude of instances, all over the South, his religious rites are a travesty of Christian observances, and a libel on Christianity itself—a travesty and a libel that bring religion into contempt among thousands of observers.

It will be said that the loose notions of marriage that prevailed during the negro's bondage, and the thefts in which he then justified himself, have a great deal to do with his present lack of moral sense. It is claimed that his education will lift him above his present religious teaching. Granted, and still we have the emotional nature of the negro left, and his natural tendency to emotional Christianity. It is one of the great problems with which we have to deal—to educate the conscience of the negro. To give him intelligence without this, is to make him more dangerous to himself and us than he is. Either a white man or a black man, with rights and no sense of righteousness, is a dangerous man. His political power is easily bought and readily sold in the market, he is led with awful facility into unlawful combinations, he becomes a social curse in every

community. The first special aim, in all our efforts to raise the negro from his degradation, should be directed to his morals. This must be mainly done among the young, and in schools; and any teacher who is not competent to this work has no calling among the Africans, and, if he belongs to the North, he had better come home.

Investments for Income.

THERE is a class of investors who, though they have suffered sufficiently during the past year to teach them wisdom, ought to have a wise word said to them concerning their investments for the future. Many, alas! who invested unwisely, will never have anything to invest again, and will have nothing but their late-born wisdom to show for their money; but there is always a considerable class—widows and orphans, professional men with small fortunes, farmers and mechanics who have something laid by for a rainy day, and modest men of business, who, getting a little more money than they care to use, wish to "salt it down"—who really need some rules to go by, in order to insure their future safety.

There are three classes of investors in the various popular securities: 1st. Speculators, who care nothing about the intrinsic value of a security provided they can, in some way, manipulate it so as to get a profit out of it in the rapid handling, or take the advantage of the manipulation of others; 2d. Business men who invest for direct or indirect business results; and, 3d. Investors for income, that shall be received surely and regularly to supply the means of life.

Suppose a railroad scheme is started. Speculators look to see how they can make anything out of it. Schemes more numerous than we have space to describe are entered upon to speculate in lands, in contracts, in bonds, in anything. Business men, to forward their own interests, help it along. It will open up their land to settlement and improvement, raise the value of their property along the line, help their markets, facilitate their business intercourse, and benefit them in so many ways, that they subscribe to the stock, or take the bonds; yet they will often do it without the remotest expectation that the road will pay as an investment, or that they can even, in any direct way, get their money back. To these men of speculation and business, we have nothing to say. They know their own risks and will take care of themselves; but the third class of investors are always called upon to aid the project, and they are, of course, uniformly bitten. With an experiment in railroads, or manufactories, or any sort of business enterprise, the investor for income has nothing, or should have nothing, to do. No promise of large dividends should seduce him; no trust in the proposed management, no show of confidence on the part of shrewd business men, should be permitted to throw him off his guard. He should let every untried enterprise alone, and touch nothing, under any circumstances, that has not demonstrated its ability to earn the income promised in his bond, or expected in his dividend. All new railroad bonds should be shunned as a temptation of the devil. If the business world cannot build its railroads without calling for help from those who have no money to lose, let them remain unbuilt until it can. Nothing will suffer by the delay.

The grand desiderata with all investors for income are genuine security in the payment of interest, and punctuality. For these, in the natural order of things, we have always to pay, in one way or another, a premium. In other words, to get these we must accept a moderate rate of interest. High per centages of interest walk hand in hand with risk; and with risk the investor for income should have just as little to do as possible. No new banking institution, no new manufactory, no new railroad, no new steamship line, no new business enterprise of any kind, or, to put the whole matter in its briefest form and truest light, no experiment should ever receive a dollar from him. There is always good bank stock for sale at its value. There are always good railroad bonds in the market at their value. There are Government and State bonds always to be had for their value. The investor for income must be content with moderate interest, for the sake of security and for the sake of punctuality, and in the stock of well-established banking institutions, in the bonds of old and prosperous railroads, and in State and National securities, he can always find what he wants. Better than any of these investments is the mortgage on real estate for money loaned. Land, when not too near the Mississippi river, does not run away. Tens of thousands of business men invest in bonds and mortgages to insure themselves against losing their all in the handling, while investors for income are beset on every hand by them to engage in new schemes in which they do not dare to put their own money.

The great foes which investors for income are to fight constantly are their own greed, their own ignorance, and their own credulity. If they will believe nothing touching an investment that has not been proved, if they will make it a rule never to touch an experiment, if they will remember that perfect security of their principal is better than a higher rate of interest upon it, and stop reading the advertisements of new schemes in the newspapers, they will, when the door of the next panic shuts, have their coat-tails safely under their arms, and may turn around and examine the situation at their leisure.

Nature and Literature.

IF we were to look for a demonstration of the existence of a spiritual world, of which the things apprehended by our senses are the typical expression, we should find it in literature, and on that beautiful field of illustration where we so readily apprehend spiritual truth through the forms and relations of material objects. A preacher rises in his desk and tells us that there is no awkward or rough element that can be introduced into home life that may not become the occasion of new beauty and loveliness to that life; and we wonder how it can be. Then he paints for us a pure rill gurgling from a rock, and picking its dainty way down a ravine into the grassy valley. Half way there thunders from the hill a huge bowlder, that plants itself squarely in its path, tearing its banks, and throwing the mud in every direction. Quietly the rill makes a little detour, goes around the rock, nourishes vines that weave the uncouth intruder all over with verdure, and builds for itself a temple of beauty just there—a wayside shrine, at which all pilgrims pause for worship. At once we see the spiritual truth, and recognize its perfect analogies. The rill verifies the proposition, and we no more think of questioning its word than if it were spoken to us from heaven. It is this utter truthfulness of nature to the realm of thought that demonstrates its origin in thought, and proves itself

to be an expression of thought in various forms and motions of matter.

It follows that no one can be fully learned as a literary man who has not learned of nature. The strong men of the press, the pulpit, the platform, are those who are the most bountifully furnished with the natural analogies of their thoughts. The man who can illustrate best is the best teacher, as he is always the most attractive. The man who can make us see his thought—who can point out or paint to us its exact analogy in nature—is the successful man, in whatever department of intellectual or spiritual instruction. The more closely a man lives in sympathy with nature—the more deeply he looks into it—the more fully he realizes the fact that it is only the language of the spiritual, placed before him to read, and put in his hands to use. He builds its rocks into his thoughts, he weaves its beauty into his imaginations, he clothes his fancies with its atmosphere. The rhythmic day and night become poetry, the setting sun a god with flaming wings, the birds, chanting choirs of cherubim. He sees straight through all into a world of which these things are fading shadows, or startling intimations, or perfect demonstrations. In short, he sees, hears, smells, tastes, feels thought as it appears in a material form, among material conditions; and with his thought thus apprehended, he has the power to represent it to those whom he is called upon to instruct.

We are led into this strain of remark by the consideration that there are great numbers of young men, scattered up and down the country, in schools and colleges, who lament that they have not the advantages of a city life. They feel that in the city there are great opportunities of education, wonderful stimulus to labor, inspiring competitions, large libraries, social advantages, contact with high literary culture, eloquence to be had for the seeking, centralized knowledge and brotherly sympathy. Their country lives seem poor and barren in comparison. Well, what they think of the city is, in most respects, true; but what they think of their country conditions is not true at all. No man is fit for the literary or the productively intellectual life of the city who has not had either a country training, or, for a considerable period of his life, direct and sympathetic association with nature. Blessed is the literary man, the public man, the man of the pulpit, who was bred among the fields, and woods, and brooks, who has known the ocean in all its moods, and with whom the sky with its country blue and its silver stars and all its machinery and phenomena of summer and winter storms, has been an open and favorite book.

Suppose that Mr. Beecher, the greatest and most influential of American preachers, had been confined to the city during all his young life. The result would have been that we should not have had Mr. Beecher at all. We should have had a strong, dramatic man, notable in many respects—but he would have been so shorn of his wonderful power of illustration, that his pulpit would have been but a common one. It is quite safe for us to say that he has learned more of that which has been of use to him, as a public teacher, from nature, than from his theological schools and books. He has recognized the word which God speaks to us in nature as truly divine—just as divine as that which he speaks in revelation. His quick apprehension of the analogies that exist between nature and the spiritual world has been the key by which he has opened the door into his wonderful success. A theologian who has mastered his science only, is as poorly armed for effective work as a child; and all these young men, pining for the advantages of city life, ought to realize that they are living where alone they can fit themselves for the highest success. They cannot know too much of nature, learned directly from her own wide-open book. It is all illuminated with analogies which are not only corrective of their crudely formed ideas, but full of all fruitful suggestions touching their work. There is not a glimpse of a brook, a whisper of a leaf, a habit of an animal, a sweep of a storm's wing, a blush of a flower, an uprising of a morning, a sparkle of a sea, or a sob of a wave, that is not eloquent, or may not be made eloquent, in the exposition of intellectual and spiritual truth; and he whose soul is fullest of these will have the most and best to say to the humanity that comes to him for instruction and inspiration.

THE OLD CABINET.

VERY dear to my heart is a certain bit of writing by a Frenchman, whose name I cannot recall. He looks into the window of a small jewelry shop, and tries to make out in his mind how the jeweler gets his living. Suppose he should sell this ring before Sunday, and that breast-pin next week; even if he sell this and that, how can it be enough, for they have cost him at least so much, and the profit is not large, surely, and there is the rent and the fuel; and the family may be composed of two, three, four. How *does* the jeweler get his living? It runs on in some such way as that—just how I cannot tell, for I never read it, and only remember my friend's report of the little sketch many years ago.

And that is precisely the way I find myself doing. Of course it is wearing upon one's sympathies; but when you pass a bake-shop, and a retail furniture store, and a sewing-machine establishment, and a music store, and the rest, nearly every day of your life, it is difficult to keep from becoming interested in their welfare. I was sure that new restaurant over yonder would not be able to meet its expenses. The two waiters were sisters, I should think; nice, quiet girls, of a better class than you generally see in such places. I think it must have belonged to their father or uncle. They have closed one of their rooms, I notice, but keep the establishment going in the basement. The trouble was that the prices were so low that only economical people went there, and these dined so parsimoniously, excluded so rigidly those little dainties which make a large part of the profit, that there was hardly any money in the business. There is such a thing, you see, as an unprofitable encouragement of economy.

I never saw a single soul going into the music store above Third street, so I was not surprised when the worst came to pass. But I cannot tell you how hard it went with me to look at them carry out

the sheet-music in piles, and load it on a wagon. It seemed to me that sheet-music was a kind of property not to be converted into money with great dispatch. There appeared to be no way of turning an old waltz into Strauss's latest, or of melting over "Old Dog Tray" into "The Heart that thou Gavest."

Yes, and even in your grand wholesale stores, it is dreadfully depressing to see the salesmen with their coats off, standing idly about the doors, with that pathetic endeavor of theirs to look busy and brisk.

I have sometimes thought that the most desirable way of getting a living (next to writing subscription books) was to keep some kind of a movable stand in a city like New York. The idleness of the rich man and the overwork of the poor man are alike unendurable. The young Italian who keeps an apple-stand on the corner of Oliver and Ailanthus streets seems to have united in his life the pleasures of work and the pleasures of idleness. Though I passed that way many months ago, and have seen him but once, the picture of him in my mind represents to me the fortunate occupation. He was sitting on a fire-plug,—a resting-place which had been no expense to him whatever,—his feet hung crossed before him, and he was smoking a pipe. He sold enough from his stand to pay for his lodging, his food and his tobacco; and I am sure, from the expression of his countenance and of his figure, that he was without care, and happy.

There is another fate for a man of work, which is fortunate: this is when he finds time to carry on consecutively, or at intervals, some congenial labor, such as cabinet-making, experimenting in chemistry, or making verses—the last being, however, the most unprofitable and dangerous, as tending to promote a mild form of insanity. I know a man who at intervals of drawing teeth ascends to his studio, makes life studies in oil, or gives another touch to his "Annunciation."

There are doubtless many who will say that the ideal occupation for any person is the one which is most intimately connected with the objects of his sympathies and his aspirations. I have certainly known cases which seemed to prove this view correct. But, on the other hand, the congenial occupation almost invariably becomes an old man of the mountain. It gets upon his back, twists its legs around his neck, and sometimes makes it hard for him to breathe. You see how this works, moreover, with some religious people. No one could be more unpleasant than certain persons who get into certain half business, half spiritual positions. Perhaps you have heard the agent of a Holy Land exploring society talk professionally, and from a business point of view, of some sacred place mentioned in the New Testament.

For me nothing is more interesting than to see a man in the first intense strain of a new enterprise; it may be a new cider-mill; it may be a new newspaper. It is a great crisis in that man's life. He lives thirty days in one. Old, trite proverbs take on new and startling meanings. He looks upon all men and all things in a strange, new light. He judges all men and all things with regard to the accomplishment of his one, supreme design. During a certain time the stars in their courses fight for him; then the very universe changes its direction, and pushes with all its weight against his tottering walls; another change, and a thousand accidents are in his favor. He does not know till years afterward with what concentration he labored in those days of beginning. He smiles at himself, and tells pleasant stories of his make-shifts and absorption; and now when he sees another and younger person starting *his* cider-mill, with the old, outworn enthusiasm, he looks on with the same half sympathetic, half cynical interest with which an old married couple contemplate two young people who have just fallen in love.

THE volume of "Poems by David Gray, with Memoirs of His Life," reprinted in this country by Roberts Brothers nine years ago, awakened a deep interest on this side the water in the young Scotch poet, of whose pathetic career these were the memorials. Not long since, Macmillan & Co. brought out "The Poetical Works of David Gray, a New and Enlarged Edition, Edited by Henry Glassford Bell." The "Introductory Note" states that this edition is believed to contain all the maturely finished poems of the author, and is a double memorial, in that "it commemorates 'the thin-spun life' of a man of true genius and rare promise, and the highly cultured judgment and tender sympathies of a critic who has passed away in the vigorous fullness of his years." Mr. Bell had re-arranged the collection and revised the greater part of the volume, which it was his intention to preface with a memoir and criticism. In place of these we have merely, at the close of the volume, a speech made some years ago, by Mr. Bell, on the inauguration of the monument in the "Auld Aisle" Burying-Ground. We do not know how much desirable revision the poems of the later volume may have received, though we notice (a small enough matter) that certain titles lacking in the first edition have been supplied. As for additional pieces, we count nine of these, but do not find that they add materially to the interest of the volume. Those who have the first edition may desire to possess the later, and, in the matter of poetry, the fuller; but those who have neither volume, and care to have but one, will find the Roberts edition more satisfactory on account of the memoirs.

We suppose that many will read again "The Luggie," after the lapse of years, as we have ourselves, with a feeling of disappointment. The sonnets written "In the Shadows" have, for all their pain, given us more nearly the old pleasure; some of them, at least, seem to justify the place they have long held in memory. Here are two of them:

"Why are all fair things at their death the fairest?
Beauty the beautifullest in decay?
Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever-new appareling the rarest?
Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove
In the green forest gloom, an absent love?
Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird, complain
And integrate her uncontrollable woe
To such perfection, that to hear is pain?
Thus, Sorrow and Death—alone realities—
Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
On troublous life a relish of the skies."

"The daisy-flower is to the summer sweet,
Though utterly unknown it live and die;
The spheral harmony were incomplete
Did the dew'd laverock mount no more the sky,
Because her music's linked sorcery
Bewitched no mortal heart to heavenly mood.
This is the law of nature, that the deed
Should dedicate its excellence to God,
And in so doing find sufficient meed.
Then why should I make these heart-burning cries,
In sickly rhyme with morbid feeling rife,
For fame and temporal felicities?
Forgetting that in holy labor lies
The scholarship severe of human life."

Is not the opening passage, by the way, an unconscious memory of the lines in Shakespeare's ninety-fourth sonnet?

> "The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
> Though to itself it only live and die."

They will ever be unanswered questions—Did he die too soon? If he had lived, would David Gray have won the higher fame he coveted? Did the sweet melancholy death music,

> "With morbid feeling rife,"

betray an innate weakness, or was it, on the other hand, the evidence of that intensity of concentration which is one of the attributes of genius?

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Fashions.

THE fashions for the next half-year have ceased to be probabilities; they have become facts. It is as easy to decide now what it is wise to buy for winter as it will be two months hence.

As before mentioned, the staple dress goods will be silk, first of all; then camel's hair cloth, camel's hair serge, and other rough-surfaced stuffs for outdoors, and soft cashmeres and light woolen fabrics for the house. The plaids, for which a successful reign has been predicted, are mainly two shades of the same color in broken or solid blocks, or combinations of two very dark colors, notably blue and green. Bright-tinted plaids, like the tartan, are, for ladies, almost as much excluded as heretofore. Even where self-shaded plaids are used, they are mingled with a plain material of one or the other shade, usually the darker.

The combination of two fabrics, as well as two shades, is so common as to be almost a necessity now in all styles of costume—silk and velvet, silk and satin, silk and grenadine, silk and muslin, for elaborate attiring; and silk, with all varieties of worsted goods, for ordinary wear. Sometimes even two kinds of woolen stuffs, such as brilliantine and serge, are put together.

For the street, the popular mode is a short skirt and sleeves of the deeper tinted material, and long apron-fronted overskirt with plain round basque of the lighter shade. Such trimming as there is is confined chiefly to the lower skirt—a simple hem, piped band, or large cord, being regarded as abundant finish for the upper dress. The cuirass basque is usually selected for street suits, its utter simplicity making it admirable for the purpose. It is merely a round basque (the waist fits the figure as closely as it can without straining), a quarter of a yard deep, lying smoothly over the hips without a single plait. A large cord or piping edges it, and where ball fringe is placed on the overskirt, it is added to the cuirass. Its modest elegance is marked; it requires, however, not only a good figure, but admirable fitting to look well.

The polonaise is by no means a thing of the past. It lives, and has a very graceful being; but, not being regarded as in quite so good style as the basque and overskirt, it is less frequently seen. The French models for this garment are peculiar. Sometimes they have only front breadths and a basque behind; then they will have back breadths with a pointed basque in front over an elaborately ornamented tablier. But the long gown-like garment which we have clung to for a year, really seems a little out of date. It is still worn, and no doubt will be for months to come; but its wearers who care more for comfort than fashion, concede enough to fashion in the matter of sleeves to have these match the dress-skirt.

A novelty in skirts, which, while seen in promenade costumes, is better adapted to evening and house dresses, are the box-plaited back breadths. Such skirts have two straight widths in the back, these being laid in three double or triple box-plaits from the belt to the hem. The plaits are caught together on the wrong side by tapes and are usually allowed to flare about half or a third of a yard from the bottom. On the outside, handsome bows of silk and velvet are placed on the plaits, sometimes on the center one alone, sometimes on all three. With these plaited backs are worn either long-pointed aprons fastened under the plaits behind, or elaborately decorated front and side breadths, the trimming terminating under the plaits. As will be seen, this is very effective in demi-trained robes, and is a convenient method of re-arranging silk dresses which have several straight widths, and are otherwise passé in form.

A marked tendency to greater fullness is noticeable in all skirts, and, as a necessary adjunct, comes back the bustle, to be followed, probably, another season by the full-hooped petticoat. Undesirable as this is, it cannot well be avoided, if more breadths are added to the already sufficient expanse of dresses.

In the matter of trimming there is little new. All heavy worsted goods demand folds, piped bands, large cords, and worsted fringes, such full trimmings as are needed being generally side-plaited, while on silk are seen an infinite number of knife plaitings, passementerie lace, and fringe, plain and jet-wrought. The ornamentation, comparatively simple in design, is none the less costly; indeed, the quantities of jet and blue steel beads used on all garments render them foolishly, because needlessly, expensive.

The matelassé silk, so much mentioned now-a-days, is a very thick material, stamped or woven in raised designs, quite resembling the old-fashioned piqué of which petticoats were formerly made. It is employed in many dark colors in conjunction with silk and velvet. It is, however, clumsy, not especially pretty, not very wide, very dear (ranging from $5.50 to $15 a yard), and, we dare believe, would not be fashionable were it not a novelty.

One thing more, and then a truce to gowns and goods. The fraise, proper, is altogether gone by. The favorite neck finishes are collars more or less military in aspect. First, there is the standing collar pure and simple, which is little more than a straight stiff band occasionally quilted lengthwise. Then there is the standing collar with points turned over in front; again, the standing flaring collar running down to a point in front; next the collar

standing and flaring in the back of the neck, and turning back in two long narrow revers on the bosom. There are many variations, but these form the basis of all. Now and then appears a neck trimming plaited in the back and forming revers in front; although a plain collar of some kind is the greater novelty.

Hats.

As a part of a woman's garb the new hats are unique. Their prototypes have existed among men's head coverings for several seasons, but nothing quite so eccentric has been seen for women's use for many a day. The modish hats are of all shades of felt; have high crowns (like the quondam Alpine hat, without its dent) and rather wide brims. It is in the brims alone that one can be individual. They are turned up before, behind, on the sides, at the corners—wherever fancy prompts, in short. Velvet and repped silk, of shades contrasting with the felt, with short feathers of all kinds—ostrich, heron, cock, duck, peacock, partridge, robin, and every other variety of wing—form the principal portion of the trimming. Inevitably, there is an abundance of jet interspersed, in the form of buckles, pins, sprays, and fringes, while blue steel holds its own. But, as jet and steel are not happily adapted to every color, there is now and then a surcease of them. The brims of these hats are not wired; consequently they are so softly flexible that, while they are turned up on one side, they can be turned down upon the other, producing a singularly "rakish" effect. These hats have in fact too great a tendency in this direction; and require unusual taste and discretion in their use. The usual garniture is a binding of velvet, wide or narrow, as preferred piped with repped silk; finger wide band, also of velvet, round the crown; a bunch of loops of the combined silk and velvet securing the brim against the crown—these, in turn, surmounted by such feathers as may be used, and the flowers and leaves, if any are employed, tucked in with the rest, forming a general conglomerate. Flowers are rather less in favor than usual just now, though it may be only because everybody is wearing felt; and felt and flowers are naturally incongruous. Such flowers as are worn, however, are mainly of a deep rich red—a color, by the bye, especially fashionable this season.

Bonnets do not differ essentially from those of last year, except in being rather larger. They have the same irregular shapes and superfluous decoration as before, but are chiefly of darker tints; even reception and opera hats being black or nearly so, picked out with white or some very pale contrasting hue.

Cloaks.

SOMETHING new is developed in the matter of cloaks. In place of the familiar and jaunty walking-jackets are long, loose sacques, single-breasted, closing snugly up to the throat (this is noticeable in all garments for in and outdoors), and shaped, if at all, but slightly to the figure in the back. The style is not nearly so attractive as the business-like little jackets which last season gave us; but it is a change, and must be accepted. Heavy beaver and other cloths, not quite black, will be popular for every day, as well as a clever (worsted) imitation of seal-skin. For richer wraps, matelassé silk and velvet, trimmed with velvet or fur, are likely to challenge favor with genuine fur. On cloth garments much braiding and beading appear; but this garniture differs from last year's to this extent: the braid is generally from a quarter of an inch to an inch wide (sometimes graduated in width), and is sewed on in horizontal or perpendicular rows all over the cloak. When beaded, the jets are sewed singly either on the edge of the braid or between the rows. Cloth sacques will be bordered with narrow bands of fur as well as matelassé and velvet, the effect being one of great warmth, comfort and beauty.

Costume Parties.

THOUGH fancy-dress parties are always in order, the costumes for them very rarely are. Indeed, one of the most difficult things in the world to decide upon is an appropriate disguise for such an entertainment. Of course, it must be chosen with reference to the height, complexion, bearing and style of the wearer; otherwise the assumed character will be merely grotesque and inconsistent. The absurdity of a very small man assuming the character of Falstaff, or John of Gaunt, or of a very large woman trying to dwarf herself to the proportions of Titania or Cinderella, is perfectly manifest; but blunders quite as glaring as these are constantly being made. It is not the expensiveness and elaborateness of detail that make a fancy dress successful, but its careful selection, and a thorough assumption of the character personated.

Where several persons are going together, it creates much amusement to take a group of related characters, as, for instance, the four members of the Pickwick Club, with Sam Weller in attendance; or, Tony Weller and his wife and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins; or, Mr. Pecksniff and his two daughters, with Mark Tapley hovering near; or, Betsey Trotwood, who wildly waves her stick and shrieks, "Janet, donkeys!" while her companion, Mr. Dick, converses freely upon "King Charles." Other couples easily personated are Spenlow and Jorkins, Captain Cuttle and Mrs. MacStinger; Florence Dombey and Paul; Mr. Carker and Mrs. Skewton; Barnaby Rudge and his mother, with the raven; Dolly Varden and her father Nick; Harold Skimpole and Mr. Turveydrop. Then, from Shakespeare—Othello and Desdemona, with Iago at their side; Beatrice and Benedick; Titania and Puck, with Bottom, the weaver; Ferdinand, Caliban and Miranda; Rosalind, Celia and Touchstone; Falstaff, with Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; Antony and Cleopatra; Romeo and Juliet; King Lear and Cordelia, and Hamlet and Ophelia. These groups are varied enough to suit all ages, styles and natures. History gives us material equally good and familiar, as Elizabeth, with two or three of her courtiers, Leicester, Essex and Raleigh, for example; Marie Stuart and Rizzio; Henry II., with Rosamond and Eleanor; Ferdinand and Isabella, accompanied by Columbus; Philip II. and the Duke of Alva; Richard I. and Blondel; Oliver Cromwell and his daughter Elizabeth; Charles VII. and Jeanne d'Arc; Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; Napoleon and Josephine; John Smith and Pocahontas; Miles Standish, Priscilla, and John Alden; Washington and Cornwallis; Major André and Benedict Arnold, and many more. An excellent group is composed of Faust, Mephistopheles, and Marguerite.

The advantage of choosing a group of characters is that it facilitates the impersonations. Each gains from the other, and the effect is much more striking, if the spirit of the whole representation is caught, than that of any number of the conventional brigands, peasants, flower girls, nights and mornings, and

nameless kings and queens that haunt the parlor and the ball-room.

The four seasons are very appropriate impersonations for two ladies and two gentlemen. Spring, in delicate green tarletan, with crocuses, violets, daisies, and anemones, and Summer, in rose-colored tarletan, with all the varieties of fruits and flowers belonging to the season are, of course, the feminine parts; while Autumn, in a flowing garment of scarlet, yellow, brown, and green silk, decked with vines and bearing a wheat sheaf, and Winter, in pale-gray gown, covered with snow and icicles (cotton batting and glass beads), hoary beard and head—may be given to the gentlemen.

The Spirit of the Press, the Spirit of Music, the Spirit of Painting, and the Spirit of Sculpture, form another quartette, equally effective, together or apart. The first has a short dress, made entirely of newspapers, sewed to a thin muslin lining. The trimming is of pictures, cut out and pasted on; the buttons and neck chain, composed of advertising cuts; the bracelets, of platted strips of newspaper; the fan, of newspaper, with a pen-stock handle; the hair ornaments, of bright-colored wipers, pens, pencils, and tiny scissors, while from the chatelaine, in place of a vinaigrette, depends an inkstand. The second figure has a drum for the body of the costume, a trumpet for a hat, sheet music for skirt or pantaloons (as the case may be), sleeves of the same, small key-boards for shoulders, jews-harps for ear-rings, a flute instead of a fan or sword, a metronome quiver, full of violin bows on the back, a pair of bones stuck in the cords of the drum, and whistles on the fingers in place of rings. Number three has a short gown of canvas with daubs of paint upon it—if possible, the semblance of a picture; a bunch of brushes hangs from the belt, a painter's knife is stuck in the waistband, a palette, with paint, forming the hat; canvas slippers, with tracery, in different colored paints, and a camp-stool and umbrella, slung across the back, complete the costume. The fourth is the least noticeable costume. The outer garment is made of enamel cloth, representing variegated marble; the hammer, chisel, and other professional insignia, are disposed about the figure, while small relievos in plaster (marble would be too heavy) are used for ornament. The jewelry is cameo, and on the head is the immemorial artist's cap, with a band of cameos (generally two bracelets) around it.

For Undines, Mermaids, Aphrodites, and other ladies of aqueous origin, it is very easy to devise costumes from thin stuffs (tarletan preferred) using many thin white petticoats under one, or at most, two thicknesses of light bright green. The trimmings may be of small shells, bits of coral, sea-weed, scraps of silver gauze, strings of pearls and other sea products, and a veil of silver gauze thrown over the whole improves it wonderfully, and serves, at the same time, for a mask. Imitation coral can readily be made by bending wire into fantastic shapes and dipping it into melted sealing-wax. So, also, if a crown of coral be desired, the shape can be made of pasteboard, cut into spangles, and dipped into wax as before.

A Spirit of the Fountain costume may be composed of tulle, all white, except the outer skirt, which is of one thickness of pale green. This produces a shimmering appearance, and when studded an inch apart with tiny crystal beads, is very pretty. Chains of fine clear glass beads, looped and caught in careless strands over the whole dress give it a cool, sparkling look. A necklace and bracelets may be made of beads, and a head-dress of the grasses and water-plants that grow about fountains.

One of the prettiest Wood Nymph costumes for a brunette is made in this manner: A short dress is selected of straw-colored tarletan, two or three thicknesses, or narrow flounces, making the shade distinct. On this foundation are placed wreaths of ferns and bright-tinted (pressed) autumn leaves, scraps of moss and lichens, bits of bark and scarlet berries *ad libitum*. The necklace and armlets are of short pieces of partridge-vine, lapped so as to show the berries. To these effects add red and yellow leaves in the hair, and a bouquet of sumach berries and leaves. The result is brilliant and beautiful, and, except in time and skill, very inexpensive.

In choosing historical characters, it is not difficult to find pictures that give suggestions for the costumes, and in choosing characters from novels or other books, illustrated editions may generally be obtained which will serve as a basis. A number of valuable books are published containing the styles of different centuries and epochs, and from these it is easy to devise the needed costumes.

Perhaps the pleasantest of all costume parties are those where the list of characters is confined to the creations of a single author; as Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott; for then there is opportunity for considerable dramatic as well as mantuan skill.

Tea and Toast.

"WHAT sort of season are we to have this year, Miss Knickerbocker?" "Oh! dull, of course. There is no panic, to be sure; but every one feels the results of last year's scare, and no one has been making any money since—so we shall have a quiet time of it, I suppose." Such, in brief, was our dialogue, the other evening, with a fair descendant of all the patroons, and just so much has been said, doubtless, thousands of times during the autumn. Personally, we don't greatly believe it, cherishing an inner conviction that the gay world will roll on, to the unskilled plebeian eye at least, as gay as ever. Messrs. Barmore and Delmonico will be as busy as ever with terrapin and sugar temples, and Mmes. Falbalas and Trois Volants still drive their weary workwomen through the small hours with hasty stitching of pannier and train. But suppose it otherwise, as in isolated cases it very likely may be, is not this the time to read over the oft-repeated lesson of simplicity—of choice in methods of enjoyment, and a wise preference of the essential to the superfluous and superficial? Need it be repeated here, what every student of social manners knows, that the most charming society the world has ever seen—the *salon* of the Faubourg St. Germain, in the last half of the last century and the first of this—was noted for its modesty, not to say meagerness in material appliance? That De Staël and Chateaubriand, and Récamier and Guizot, and Lamartine, and all the rest of them, in their social hours—were grave or gay, profound or witty, thundered, glowed, or scintilated on a light and digestible diet of tea, *bouillon*, and fancy biscuit.

Why in the name of duns and the doctor (we are perfectly aware that our question is not novel, but, it is pertinent, and in season)—why, we repeat, need we, at social meetings, dress and eat, and drink as we do? Wouldn't the redowa or the "dip" float on as harmoniously as now, without Augustus's diamond shirt studs and Angelina's thousand dollar train and laces? Would Eupatrida queen it less royally over the parlor Parnassus in a plain silk

gown, or Fortissima be less subtly, softly dangerous in dyed gloves? And when we come to that (to many) crowning element of the evening—the supper—why need we burden ourselves or our neighbor with that barbaric splendor—the "Indigestion Made Easy, or the Young Dyspeptic's Whole Manual," which smokes and glitters on the Fifth avenue buffet? For our own part we prefer a good sandwich and fragrant cup of tea, *with a good night's rest after it*, to all the splendors of Mrs. Crœsus's favorite caterer, plus the inevitable headache and nightmare to come. If we are ever tempted to miss the iced salmon and champagne, we need only reflect that such outlay would effectually bar these jolly little *conversazioni* at Mahlstick's studio in the Two Hundredth street building, or those charming *musicales* at Preziosa's rooms in Seventh avenue—and cease to repine.

So, all jesting aside, if our hospitable people feel poor this winter, let them by no means give up their hospitality; offer it all the more, but serve it with poor man's sauce, the good old durable virtues of modesty and frugality, of cheerfulness and honesty, and kindly welcome, with hearty clasp of ungloved hands, and liberal proffer of simple cheer. Though the appetite may pine, the soul will thrive; the very spirit of social entertainment will bloom and throb within us, and like Jacob, when he kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept, we shall mourn to think we never thought of doing it before.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Montpensier Pictures in Boston.

FOR many months before they actually reached this country, the Montpensier pictures were a principal subject of talk in circles where the fine arts are reckoned of importance; and Hope, the youngest and greenest of the sisterhood of Christian graces,—young and green in spite of her years, for is she not as old as the rainbow?—allowed herself to be more excited about the splendid ducal gift than is even her credulous wont. All of us, in fact, who care about pictures in general, believed everything that was said in advance about these pictures in particular, although, if we had looked into the matter with less enthusiasm, and more hard common sense, we should have seen good reason to suspect that though the gift's

> "hid causes were not found,
> All was not sweet, all was not sound."

The first fact which should have been patent was, that, supposing the pictures to be what they are represented, the English would never have allowed the circumstance of certain rooms being wanted for the exhibition of Landseer's works to stand in the way of their seeing fifty-five masterpieces of Spanish artists of the great time. Outside of Italy, no country is so rich in pictures as England; her wealth in this respect is incalculable, but she is not rich in Spanish pictures, and, indeed, speaking broadly, it may be said that Spanish pictures are only to be seen in Spain. So we might have made sure that, as there is no lack of rooms in London in which to hang fifty-five pictures, if the Duke de Montpensier had offered the English Government so many masterpieces of the greatest Spanish painters, nothing would have prevented the acceptance of the splendid opportunity. Still, we did believe that such an offer had been made and politely declined for reasons, and we were all delighted that, instead of being stored up in the English barracks at Gibraltar, they were permitted to come here and minister to our culture. Well, we have them, and what do the facts prove to be? Why, that we have not, in the first place, fifty-five Spanish pictures at all, but only twenty-one. In the next place, these twenty-one pictures represent only eleven different artists, and of these only five, at the outside, can be allowed famous. The Spanish artists represented are Murillo, 1; Zurbaran, 5; Velasquez, 3; Ribera (Lo Spagnoletto), 1; Leal, 1; Morales, 1; Herrera the elder, 2; Herrera the younger, 2; Ribalta, 1; Boccanegra, 1; Orrente, 3. The figures printed after these names show the number of pictures belonging to each artist, but, in the case of Velasquez, only one of the three pictures bearing his name in the catalogue can with any probability be ascribed to him; the two small equestrian portraits—of Philip IV. of Spain, and of Olivares, his Prime Minister—are certainly by some copyist, and though the portrait assumed to be by Velasquez, and long supposed to be a portrait of the painter, is a fine picture, yet it is not certainly a Velasquez. In the case of all the other pictures there can be no doubt of the authenticity; yet it will be seen that, with the exception of the Zurbarans, there is but a poor representation of Spanish art, and that the collection is made up with but little judgment. One small Velasquez and five Zurbarans, four of them very large, is too much sack to so little bread. The same may be said of three Orrentes to one Murillo.

Outside of Spain we have Salvator Rosa, 2; Sebastian del Piombo, 1; Bassano, 2; Snyder, 1; Vandermeulen, 1; Henri Lehmann, 2; Granet, 1; and, Heaven save the mark! Tony Johannot, 22! The number fifty-five is made out by a fine enamel, a portrait of the Constable de Bourbon, by Léonard de Limoges. This is a great treasure, but the Boston Museum already contains three exceptionally fine specimens of Limoges enamel. These fifty-five pictures had to be insured, as we understand, for $500,000, and their exhibition in Boston will cost at least $20,000. This is the sum named to us, but we believe it includes the insurance policy. The expense would have been much greater, but fortunately for us, in a moment of gush, the Cunard steamship brought the pictures over for nothing, the United States Custom-House remitted the duties, the Boston Athenæum gave them its picture-gallery, and gentlemen of culture thought it no hardship to spend days in unpacking and hanging these pictures, preparing catalogues, writing useful accounts of them for the newspapers, and doing yeoman's service in the most loyal spirit in the task of making the Duke's gift as useful to the public as it could be made. It seems hardly fair, under the circumstances, to look this gift-horse too closely in the mouth, but we believe nothing is

gained by suppressing the truth. The case is so well understood in Boston that if we should begin to compliment she would begin to grin, and, therefore, we will say plainly that we have all been deceived in the Montpensier Collection. The pictures are not worth what they have cost in time, in money, and in printer's ink. One of the five pictures by Zurbaran, and one or two figures in the other four, we are glad to have seen. The Murillo is but an indifferent picture in its present condition, whatever it may once have been. The Ribera is disgusting, as this painter's pictures almost always are. In the "St. Francis in Ecstasy," Ribalta has painted funnier than he knew, though the picture is not without merit. The two Salvator Rosas still keep much of their authentic fire, though they have been too much scrubbed, and the Sebastian del Piombo, considering that its author was a pupil of Giorgione, would seem to prove that one may live long by a rose, and yet not smell of it. The Heads of Saints and Fathers, by the elder Herrera; the Scenes from the Life of Jacob, by Orrente; the Vandermeulen, the Leal, the Snyder and the Bassanos, would have been well enough to have had in a large collection and with ample room, but they smack of false pretenses in a collection like this, which was promised choice. Besides, not one of them is fine of its kind, and even if they were the best, they would be of little value to the student, and of no value whatever to the general public. As for the Repentant Magdalen of Boccanegra, we do not believe it would have been accepted even by the National Academy of Design, unless driven to desperation for something very bad to put over one of the doors in the corridor. It ought to have been at once reshipped to the Duke with the compliments of the Art Committee. Still, if reshipping had been in order, it would have been to want logic, if the Henri Lehmanns and the Tony Johannots (it is a comfort to think that if we have had Louis Lang and Leutze, and Rossiter, the French have had Tony Johannot!) were not to go with the Boccanegra; and with the exception of the Zurbaran, the Morales and the Velasquez, no one need have wept if, the Boccanegra, the Lehmanns and the Johannots once set on their homeward way, the whole collection had followed their leader like so many sheep! We are at a loss to understand the transaction. We must acquit the Duke of anything like a desire to take advantage of our natural national ignorance of art; but, then, that admission made, how acquit the Duke himself of singular ignorance? For, if he supposed these pictures really masterpieces and worth $500,000, or even the half of that sum, how ignorant he must be in such matters, or how ignorant those about him! There can be little doubt that the value of these pictures was accurately known in London, and that they were bowed out of Burlington House by Sir Francis Grant with that politeness which the President of the Royal Academy knows so well how to use to a Royal Duke. The Academy could not have afforded to put itself in the position of chaperon to such pictures as these. Exhibited in London, they would have been decorously laughed at, and not enough people could have visited them to pay for the catalogues. Even here, the result has been to lower our opinion of the Duke's culture and to exalt our opinion of his shrewdness. And, on the other hand, is it not painfully evident that in republican Boston the charm of the Duke's title, the prospect of having a Duke lend us his pictures, the new sensation of being taken an interest in by a royal personage, have made us all too happy for our own good? As with Andersen's snails, has it not seemed enough reward for living, to be carried to the palace kitchen, to be done brown, to be laid on silver dishes, and to be swallowed whole by a lord?

"Christian Dogmatics."*

To the series of volumes, under the editorial supervision of Professors Henry B. Smith and Philip Schaff, which was commenced by the publication of Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," has now been added the great work of the Dutch Professor, Van Oosterzee, on "Christian Dogmatics." The plan of the series is to provide a complete library of text-books in philosophy and theology for the use of theological students and ministers. The scale on which the enterprise has been undertaken by the publishers is so large and comprehensive, and the guarantee given by the ability and learning of the editors is so ample, that the success of the publication can hardly be doubtful, and the thinking of the coming generation of ministers is sure to be very largely affected by the influence of the volumes thus provided. It is matter of great importance, therefore, that the works selected for this series should be of the highest order of excellence. The selection of Ueberweg's great work for the first in order has met with universal commendation. And it would seem that the learned editors have been no less happy in beginning the theological department of their library with these two stately volumes of Van Oosterzee.

The author is already well and favorably known in the theological world on this side of the water, by the translation and republication of his treatise on the "Theology of the New Testament,"—a work which indicates even on its title-page the happy combination of exegetical and dogmatic learning by which he is fitted for the treatment of Christian theology. An exegete who is not a theologian will easily become a pedantic and narrow literalist. A theologian who is not an exegete will easily become hard, dry, dogmatic, and so unfit for the unfolding of the truth of Christ. But when to a careful and scholarly examination of the Scriptures, in a spirit of docile and reverent acceptance of its teaching, is joined the vigorous and well-trained thinking of a speculative philosophy, we may rightly look for work which is, in the best sense of the word, Christian. It is such work that is given us in these volumes. They are not the utterances of a mere professor; they are not the explanations of a mere student; they are the words of a devout and earnest Christian man, who, by long experience in the pulpit and the pastoral office, has learned the practical power and value of the truth which he now undertakes to formulate and systematize.

Dr. Van Oosterzee's style is unexpectedly clear and simple, and even attractive. One does not look to find light reading in two large volumes of Christian dogmatics. But it is pleasant to find that the method of arrangement is so orderly, and the style so pleasant and even sometimes so fervid, that the book is an easy one to study, and even, in some instances, an attractive one to read. The theology which it teaches is very closely in agreement with what is known among our churches as evangelical

* Christian Dogmatics: a Text-Book for Academical Instruction and Private Study. By J. J. Van Oosterzee, D. D., Professor of Theology in the University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch by John Watson Watson, B. A., Vicar of Newburgh, Lancashire; and Maurice J. Evans, B. A., Stratford-upon-Avon. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

and orthodox. It exhibits unusual fairness and liberality in certain directions, as, for example, in the chapter concerning Holy Scripture—the origin and character and authority of the Bible. And, on the other hand, on certain subjects where much of the German theology—even of that which is considered evangelical—would be called loose, this author is unexpectedly cautious and guarded in his statements, as, for example, on questions of eschatology, and, more particularly, on the question of the nature and duration of future retribution. Teachers far less orthodox than Van Oosterzee on this point, are welcome in the Evangelical Alliance conferences. And the reserved and careful statements of the Dutch author, as contrasted with many of his German brethren, are particularly noticeable.

On one or two subjects there would seem to be a lack of familiarity with the best thinking of American critics in theology—which is not remarkable in a writer to whom our language and its literature are only imperfectly known. It might have been wise if the American editors had ventured to add some supplementary statements of their own to those of the author, in regard to themes to the discussion of which the American churches have given as strong and religious thought, to say the least, as those themes have ever received from any thinkers. But, on the whole, it would be difficult to find anywhere a treatise with so many excellences and so few faults, and so admirably fitted for the special uses for which it is designed, as this treatise of the Utrecht Professor.

"Gunnar."*

BOYESEN, like Björnson, has caught the inviolable rule of Scandinavian literature. The breath of the pine is in his pages; they may be taken as an antidote to morbidness. Those who love innocent love-tales can indulge here their clean tastes with a story charmingly set in a background of the true Norwegian scenery of fjord and glacier, mighty table-land and ancient peasant hut. The actors in this simple comedy foot the steep hills through northern forests of birch, or call the cattle on the highlands during the season of the "saeter." The writer has full sympathy with the life of the tough peasantry; a life not so toilsome but that rough amusements and a good share of homely education relieve its drudgery; not so monotonous but that a delicate artist like Mr. Boyesen may find many colors for his brush.

The plot is of the simplest, being what might be termed the primal plot. A low-born youth loves above him, is loved again, and leaves his village to return as a successful artist and demand the fair one from her cruel parents. This being the old, old story, we look to the accessories of the love of Gunnar and the yellow-haired Ragnhild for the requisite amount of novelty, and if the by-play and the setting have nothing startling about them, they are, at least, fresh and charming as nature is charming. It is impossible to read "Gunnar" without feeling that the author is a poet.

William Black, in "A Princess of Thule," describes his background with great minuteness, even goes the length of redescription under a different phase of weather. He has felt that the unusual scene must be thoroughly remembered by his readers for the full comprehension of his characters. So Norwegian tales deal largely in description. In "Gunnar" the setting has, at least, equal weight with the plot. But, besides this reason, another and a subtler one may be much more important. In countries like Norway man is manifestly overborne by nature, as if the doom expressed in their mythology had come true, and the giants of the frost had rebelled against their conquerors, the bright gods of the sun, and beaten them. Indeed one might speculate on the origin of the northern mythology, as symbolizing the slow retiring of the glaciers and snow-line toward the Pole by the defeat of the Hrymthusser by Odin's gods. The battle is now in favor of the north, and Scandinavia is no longer the home of conquerors; the land is greater than the men.

In this way one can strive to account for the preponderance of "description" in Scandinavian literature, as well, be it said, as in the early literature of our own land. In both cases nature so overwhelms man that he has no time to study his own kind. This is one explanation of the lack of literature on the advance line of civilization. The center may send the right kind of brain to the outskirts of civilization, but that brain does not do what was expected of it.

Besides owning a light grace, which its neighbor of Germany lacks, Scandinavian literature appears in translations an essentially clean one. Travelers do not represent the people as especially moral, but even when love borders on the illegal, there is a certain wholesome tone to their love-tales. Constancy appears to be a national virtue. In "Gunnar" all are constant save one, and his name has a suspiciously German look. The literature deals much with peasants, and may gain from them the virtues of hard-workers in the open air, whose toil keeps them from temptations. Why it should deal with peasants chiefly, is a question of some intricacy. For many centuries Scandinavia has been shaken by no foreign or domestic wars to be compared with those of the rest of Europe. The middle classes would seem to lack the picturesqueness of sentiment which the peasant gains through battle with the rugged soil. The noble is polite.

There is no other literature like that of Norway. The world needs all there is, for the supply is not abundant, at least of such good quality as we find in "Gunnar."

"The Wetherel Affair."*

ANY strongly marked character, whether individual or national, may easily be drawn in fiction as either unnaturally good or extravagantly bad, without overcoloring its traits, by the simple device of bringing one set of qualities into the foreground, and slighting the opposite one. When historians are usually charged with holding the balance negligently in the case of New England for the sake of glorifying or vilifying, novelists can hardly escape the suspicion of a like bias. It would be easy to make a list of those who, in their zeal to prove Puritanism the leaven of the nation, have succeeded admirably in showing how unpleasant an element yeast must be to live in. A picture of New England character, traced without a line out of drawing or a perspective slurred, may well seem richer in shadows than in lights. Where virtues are of the rugged and unamiable kind, and faults aggressive and calculating, we no more look for traits of softness and graciousness than we look for flowers in the Alps. If we

* Gunnar. A Tale of Norse Life. By H. H. Boyesen. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* The Wetherel Affair. By J. W. De Forest. New York: Sheldon & Co.

find them, as we do, they are the more exquisite for their rarity.

Our author plainly regards that character with respectful admiration, but prudently prefers it as the flavor instead of the substance of his story. He dilutes and qualifies it with skillful and satisfactory effect. He cleverly hangs up Judge Wetherel, of a past generation, as a family picture, to show what the old stock was. The features are too stern for romance, the ways too rigid for modern freedom and breadth of life. His kindred of the later race, the real actors in the story, are infused with warmer blood, and tempered by more varied influences. They win our sympathy through modified excellence and improved inheritance of good, and appear with fresher interest in the scenes of to-day.

The author resorts to an ingenious device for portraying in his heroine one of the strongest ancestral characteristics, which, if developed in its usual course, could hardly have failed to make her harsh and unlovely. Nestoria is the very opposite of this. Her conscientiousness is innate, but not perverted by training. She appears as the daughter of a missionary, educated in the remote East, and free to obey this central spring of her character when transferred to a sphere wholly strange to her, where it is her only guide. What Nestoria, with her intense sense of duty, might have become if reared under home influences, it is dreadful to contemplate. Such a nature, fed with the precepts and broken in to the practices of a certain school of erotic religionists, would have been warped into a marvel of morbid introspection and sham exaltation. As she is presented, she is a profound and skillful psychological study, genuine in her sincere self-distrust and the agony of her moral conflicts. The element for such conflicts is simply and naturally found in her trust and love for Wetherel, and much insight and tenderness are shown in her refined and alternating doubts among the importunities of divided duty that beset her.

Wetherel, again, is not a pure New Englander, but the strongest features in which his moral being copies his forefathers' are brought out in their admirable, not their aggressive aspect. His masterful will and stern justice are bent to redeem himself from errors, and to clear his name from suspicion. He puts these qualities to their best use in dominating himself, not others. A fair and honorable field is opened for their display in pursuing a criminal, not prosecuting the unorthodox, and vindicating the law instead of imposing a creed. Here, again, the transplanted offshoot is well developed into generous improvement upon the old stock. Still, the range of his growth is narrow. Not so with Lehming, the instance of moral light and sweetness shrouded and clogged by physical unloveliness. Some different gifts of nature, we are expressly told, descended to him, and those of a mellower, fuller quality, that change our pity for him to respect. In courage conquering feebleness, in self-denial and self-devotion, he is the real hero of the story, and his character, more gentle but not less firm, is ingeniously presented as a foil to the positiveness and cool concentration of Wetherel's.

Mr. De Forest does not want humor, but he wants, as yet, the art of diffusing it. Instead of making it permeate the life of all his persons, like the universal human sentiment it is, he solidifies it into lumps. Mrs. Dinneford, with gush of gabble garnished by Scripture and play quotations, yet with right feeling seen at the bottom through its shallow current, is a fair specimen of what a good-natured Yankee woman, more mentally than morally commonplace, may become in city life. But the humor wants relief and shading, as it is displayed in detective Sweet, in Imogene, a mixture of melodramatic goose with feminine spite and kindliness, and in John Bowlder, who prances and maunders like a caricature of a late venerable philosopher.

We have said nothing of the plot, which grows complex out of a mere misunderstanding, and, as the author forcibly insists, is only too likely to be possible; nor of the situations, many of which are tragic without being at all overstrained. So much of the interest of the novel depends on a mystery that might be very simply dispelled, that it would be unfair to the reader to forestall his enjoyment of the book by any analysis of its construction.

"The Thirty Years' War."*

To those curious to know with what national right the French lay claim to Alsace, and have not the time to spend on the authorities, let the present little volume be recommended. It forms one of a series of essays ("Epochs of History"), by living men belonging to the modern school of historical research—men who draw largely from the best critical scholars of the day, notably from German historians. Each volume stands by itself, is small and compact, impartially written, and furnished with maps and, what is unusual, a thorough index.

"The Thirty Years' War" impressed itself more terribly on the German than on any other national mind of Europe, but it would be hard to find a single land not powerfully affected by its fortunes. Germany was laid waste, burnt, drowned in blood, until "Der Dreissig-jährige Krieg" became a name of horror, handed down in every village to the present day. Others may not have suffered an equal disintegration, but at the Peace of Westphalia no country of Europe contained exactly the same nation as before; a change had taken place in each. Not only had Protestant and Catholic sunk exhausted into well-defined borders of country, but the free cities were no more; Switzerland had become its own master in reality as well as in name; Portugal and Holland were nations; England was a commonwealth; Spain a broken power, and France the leading nation of Europe. While Christian soldiers were perpetuating awful crimes in the name of religion for pay, one might suppose that men in Continental Europe would be only too glad to escape to the gentle savages of America. A reason for the contrary fact, namely, that emigration to our shores was small, must be looked for in the waste of human beings during the close of the sixteenth and the greater part of the seventeenth centuries.

One is inevitably brought back to "The Thirty Years' War" in judging of any of the great nations of Europe as they stand at the present day, unless Russia be an exception. Germany has only lately attained what some men dreamed for her in that age. Bismarck's war upon the priests looks like the finishing touch to the perilous edifice called German unity—perilous because it is evident how autocratic, how non-representative his government is. Judged in the mass, the old war was a struggle for liberty, a second Protestant Revolution against Rome, wherein Spain was the chief weapon which dealt the blows. Liberty could not do without the results gained, but the price was terrible; the general principle of right to one's own

* Epochs of History: The Thirty Years' War. By S. R. Gardiner. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

religious opinions was upheld, and in its train came all the bold achievements of individual thought, whose benefit we reap at the present day.

Readers will do well to take up Schiller's "Thirty Years' War" in connection with Mr. Gardiner's volume, for the latter being, like a manual, very compact, will be found of decided use in reading the commentary of the great German poet.

"A Manual of Mythology."*

THE modest title retained by this enlarged edition of Mr. Murray's work does not ask us to expect anything profound, although the new preface informs the public that the author is no longer a blind follower of German authorities. Originality, to say nothing of profundity, cannot be expected where the names alone would fill a volume. Greek mythology by itself could hardly fail to crowd a book of the size of this, but the author has added sketches of Egyptian, Norse, and Hindoo theogonies as well.

As from his position he is presumably an authority, it would have been more satisfactory to students had the author taken a volume to each mythology, for in a smaller space much of the most important and suggestive portions of myths are perforce omitted. "A Manual of Mythology," however, is hardly a student's manual. It is addressed more to schools and gymnasiums, to the small library of a woman interested in general reading, to young women's seminaries. The grossness of the real traditions is here very much passed over, and, where avoidance is impossible, the myth is treated with great discretion. As to literary position, "Murray's Manual" takes stand between full books of reference and those to be read for amusement. A copious index relieves the publisher from the necessity of alphabetical arrangement. Greek spelling is retained, and a full list of illustrations presents a good general idea of the expression lent to gods and heroes by Greek plastic art in the time of Hellas's magnificence.

Some Illustrated Books.

SAINTINE'S "Myths of the Rhine" has been translated for the American edition by Prof. Schele De Vere, and is accompanied by over one hundred and fifty illustrations from the pencil of Doré. The readers of "Picciola" will be glad to find the shrewd and ready wit and gentle fancy of this author at free play among such subjects as are here afforded. Doré's designs are among his most effective; he is not as subtile as Saintine, but his grotesquerie is often very amusing. The two imposing volumes of "Paul Marcoy's Travels across South America" contain five hundred pictures and maps, illustrating the scenery, customs and costumes observed during the author's twelve years of residence. "Rhymes and Jingles," by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of "St. Nicholas," we think will be pronounced the best collection of its kind extant. They are written neither "down to" nor above the comprehension of children, but with a wit and sympathy that win a straight and level passage to the child's mind and heart. They have already, in their publication in different periodicals, been judged and approved by the sharpest and most merciless critics of children's literature that anywhere exist—the children themselves. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. publish all the volumes above mentioned.

The illustrations in J. R. Osgood & Co's holiday edition of Longfellow's new poem, "The Hanging of the Crane," were drawn by Miss Hallock and Mr. Thomas Moran (artists well known to the readers of this magazine), and engraved by Mr. Anthony and Mr. Linton. Mr. Moran's designs have all his peculiar characteristics: a touch at once free and accurate; effects delicate and brilliant. Some of his drawings here, rendered by the engraver with sympathy and intelligence, have a singularly rich and luminous quality. Miss Hallock's designs are drawn with peculiar delicacy and charm; besides their technical perfections, they have a genuine and most winning sentiment, which always escapes the pitfall of affectation. Not only action and composition, but the carefully selected "good old English" setting of costume, furniture, and architecture, have given to what might easily have been commonplace household pictures, a new dignity and grace, in perfect keeping with the verse of the great and gentle poet.

The first bound volume of "St. Nicholas" is out in good time for the holidays. It makes certainly the most beautiful and attractive book of its kind which it has ever been our good fortune to see. We are compelled to agree with Mr. Warner that "the first year of the 'St. Nicholas,' more than fulfills the promise of its auspicious birth, and in the bound volume, with its glory of red and gold, we have what may be called a permanent addition to the literature of the young;" and, still further, that if the children do not like it, "it is time to change the kind of children in this country."

Some mistakes have been pointed out, by the critical, in Mr. Brigham's "Cast Catalogue of Antique Sculpture" (Lee & Shepard); but it is still a valuable aid to private collectors and to the purchasing committees of art museums. The catalogue does not pretend to be complete, but it gives a long list of desirable casts, with sizes and prices, the names and addresses of casters, and also sizes and prices of the reductions, if they exist, and a large number of photographs. In the "Introduction," a short statement appears of the manner of making different kinds of casts, and the reader is told how he can distinguish between those taken from new molds and those taken from molds that are old and worn. Appended to the catalogue is an "Introduction to the Study of Ornament."

Erratum.

ON page 311 of the July number of this year, for 10.2 inches, given as the first measurement of the Shakespeare Death-Mask, read 6.2 inches.

* A Manual of Mythology. By Alexander S. Murray, of the British Museum. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Agriculture and Insects.

An exhibition of useful and noxious insects, with the results of their works, was given at the Palais d'Industrie at Paris, during September and October. The idea and the manner in which it was carried out are well worthy of the attention of some of our centers of agricultural interests. The following is the arrangement:

The first division contains useful insects arranged in six groups, each species being shown in its stages of egg, larvæ, crysalis, and perfect insect. In this are found the silk-producing insects and those that produce honey and wax; among these are the honey-bearing ants of Mexico. Then follow the cochineal, gall, and a host of others. The fourth group is composed of the edible insects: the water bug (*Notonecta* and *Corisa*), whose eggs are converted into bread, and sold under the name of "haulte," in Mexico. To these may be added the grugu worm or edible caterpillar of the cabbage palm, with many species of locusts, crickets, grasshoppers, ants, and spiders, the last of which, in the person of the *Epeira edulis*, is a valued article of food in Polynesia. The fifth group is composed of cantharids and other insects employed by physicians, and the sixth those like the phosphorescent insects and beetles that are used for purposes of ornament.

The second division, or that of noxious insects, includes all those that injure the vine, olive, cotton, medicinal and ornamental plants; also those hurtful to trees, timber, hair, feathers, and other articles of value.

Death of Trees in Cities.

At a recent meeting of the Scientific Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, Dr. Voelker stated the results of his investigation of the soil of a London square in which Messrs. Veitch had twice planted trees, which in each case had died. On examining the clear watery solution from treating the soil with distilled water, he found that the soil contains one-tenth per cent. of common salt and two-tenths per cent. of nitrates. Whenever the amount of chlorine in soil reaches anything like an appreciable quantity it exercises an injurious influence. Land, for example, which has been inundated by the sea, will not grow wheat for the next two years, though in the first year cabbages may be grown. The quantity of nitrates in the soil sent to him was remarkable. Usually in a soil it did not reach a proportion which could be expressed otherwise than by a third place of decimals. He could not doubt that the two saline ingredients mentioned did the mischief.—"Builder."

The Transit of Venus.

The coming transit of Venus will be observed from about seventy-five stations, at many of which there will be a large number of instruments. The expense of the whole of the expeditions will amount to about one million dollars. It may seem to some that the results to be arrived at are not worth so great an outlay, but the general voice of the non-scientific as well as of the scientific world has contradicted this.

Besides the astronomical advantages to be gained from the coming transit, there are several collateral issues of no small importance. In the first place, the longitude of a host of stations all over the globe will be accurately determined, and it is a remark by no means unworthy of notice, that the simple observation of the local time of contact will give the inhabitants of East Africa and of all Asia an accurate means of determining their absolute longitudes. If, moreover, as has been proposed, San Francisco and Japan are to be compared directly as to longitude, the whole circle of the globe will be completed by telegraphic and accurate chronometric determination.

Again, with the host of vessels by which scientific men will proceed to their stations, meteorological, and sometimes even magnetical instruments will be provided. These vessels will be traversing the different oceans of the globe about the same time, and thus the meteorology of the world will be much better understood.—George Forbes.

Diseases and Seasons.

In a paper presented to the Scottish Meteorological Society by Drs. Mitchell and Buchan, the authors have calculated the weekly average death-rate of London for the past thirty years for thirty-one diseases. The results show a large excess above the average, from the middle of November to the middle of April, from which it falls to the minimum in the end of May; it then slowly rises, and on the third week of July, shoots suddenly up, almost to the maximum of the year, at which it remains till the second week of August, and thence falls as rapidly as it rose to a second minimum in October.

Regarding the summer excess in the death-rate, which is so abrupt in its rise and fall, it was shown that it is wholly due to one class of population, viz., infants under five years of age. It was also demonstrated that the maximum mortality from different diseases group around certain conditions of temperature and moisture combined, as is shown in the following table

Weather.	Maximum Mortality.
Cold	Bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma.
Cold and dry....	Brain-diseases, convulsions, whooping cough.
Warm and dry...	Suicide, small-pox.
Warm and moist.	Diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera.
Cold and moist..	Rheumatism, heart disease, diphtheria, scarlatina, measles, croup.

The Ages of Stars.

From the address of M. Wurtz, the President of the French Association, we quote the following: "What an effort of the human mind! To discover the constitution of stars of which the distances even are unknown; of nebulæ which are not yet worlds; to establish a classification of all the stars, and, still more, to guess their ages—ah, tell me, is not this a triumph for science? Yes, we have classed them according to their ages. Stars colored, stars yellow, stars white; the white are the hottest and the youngest; their spectrum is composed of a few lines only, and these lines are dark. Hydrogen predominates. Traces of magnesium are also met with—of iron and perhaps of sodium, and if it is true that Sirius was a red star in the time of the ancients, it owed, perhaps, its tint to the greater abundance

of hydrogen at that epoch. Our sun, Aldebaran, Arcturus are among the yellow stars; in their spectra hydrogen lines are less developed, but the metallic lines are fine and numerous. The colored stars are not so hot, and are older. In consequence of their age they emit less vivid light; in them there is little or no hydrogen. Metallic lines abound, but one also finds channeled spaces like the lines of compounds. The temperature being lower, these latter can exist, whether they consist of atoms joined to others of the same kind, or whether they contain groups of heterogeneous atoms. In referring recently to this classification of Father Secchi and the distribution of simple bodies in distant stars, Lockyer has observed that the elements the atoms of which are lightest are to be found in the hottest stars, and that the metals with high atomic weights are, on the contrary, met with in the colder stars; and he adds: 'Are not the first elements the result of a decomposition brought about by the extreme temperatures to which the latter are exposed? And, taking them altogether, are they not the product of a condensation of very light atoms of an unknown primordial matter, which is, perhaps, ether?'"

Action of Wind-Instruments on the Lungs.

In a series of experiments made to investigate this matter, Dr. W. H. Stone first measured the extreme pressure that the muscles of the lips could resist in ordinary persons, and in those accustomed to the use of wind-instruments. "The difference between different individuals was very great, some untrained persons having naturally considerable muscular power. About six feet of water was the ordinary maximum when a small tube was inserted between the lips. When the lips were supported by a cupped mouthpiece, such as is used for brass instruments, a greater height of the column could be obtained. The great majority of untrained persons could not support more than three or four feet of water. It was to be noticed that the lip muscles invariably gave way long before the expiratory power of the thoracic muscles was exhausted."

In a second series of experiments a small glass tube was introduced into the mouth at the angle, and connected with a rubber tube which passed over the shoulder to a pressure gauge placed behind the person; by this device the pressure attending the production of a note on any instrument by a performer could be measured. The following pressures in inches of water were found to produce an ordinary orchestral tone:

Oboe	lower notes,	9	in.	highest,	17	in.
Clarionet	"	"	15	"	"	18	"
Bassoon	"	"	12	"	"	24	"
Horn	"	"	5	"	"	27	"
Cornet	"	"	10	"	"	34	"
Trumpet	"	"	12	"	"	33	"
Euphonium	"	"	3	"	"	40	"
Bombardon	"	"	3	"	"	36	"

"It is to be noticed that the clarionet, in this as in some other respects, differs from its kindred instruments, and, also, that most of the pressures are small, not exceeding, or, indeed, attaining the pressure of a fit of sneezing or of coughing. They are, therefore, very unlikely to injure the lungs, or to produce the emphysema erroneously attributed to them."

Memoranda.

M. De Cherville says that a small piece of potassa, dissolved in a little wine, is a test of artificial coloring. He states that if a greenish tint results in the wine, with no deposit, no false coloring matter has been introduced. The formation of a violet deposit shows the use of elderberries or mulberries. If a red deposit is formed, the wine has been colored with beet-root or peach-wood; if a violet-red, with logwood. A violet-blue deposit betrays privet berries; and a bright violet, litmus.

The use of carrier pigeons for the purposes of the press is steadily increasing in Europe, and the breed is rapidly improving, and despatches are now brought to London from Paris, Lisbon, and Brussels. Among the additions to the stock is that of an ocean homing bird from Iceland, which flies at the wonderful speed of 150 miles in an hour.

In the "Comptes Rendus" of April 27, M. Prilleux states that the flow of gum in fruit trees is a disease. He calls it *gommose*. Substances which should promote the growth of the plant accumulate until their transformation about gummy centers takes place. To produce a stronger attraction for these materials than that of the gummy centers is the remedy. Scarification of the bark does this by compelling the formation of new tissues.

ETCHINGS.

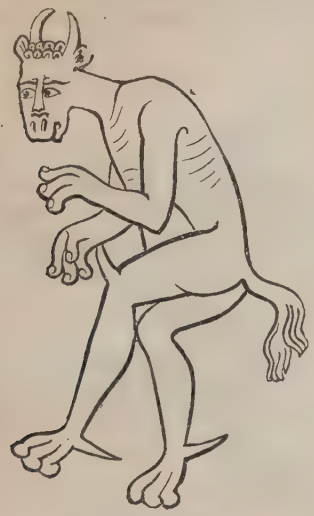
The Devil in Literature.

Very few people really like the devil,—at least we are led to believe that the attachment is generally the other way,—but he has always excited the greatest interest in the human mind. In many cases this may be but a sort of forecasting curiosity,—a prudential outlook, as it were,—but it is very often an entirely disinterested desire for knowledge. Satanic research is an absorbing pursuit, if we are to judge it by the books that have been written on the subject. "The Bibliotheca Diabolica," compiled by Mr. Henry Kernot, and just published by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong (who have no connection, we trust, with what is commonly known as the "Satanic Press"), is a curious compilation of the titles and character of some seven hundred volumes that treat, directly or indirectly, of his Infernal Lowness.

It has always been considered necessary to understand, as far as possible, the nature and habits of the Evil One, for it is well known that no nation ever prospered that did not possess a vigorous and potential devil. But there have been great mistakes made in regard to the personality of this being. Indeed, although it seems scarcely credible in this age of discernment, there have been people who thought the devil was a woman! One of the worst devils of whom record has been made is Doorga, the wife of the Hindoo Siva, but we ca .not but believe that her husband is really responsible for her crimes.

And it is well that the ordinary devil is not a woman. How few, in such a case, would be a "match for the devil!" What feminine devil would

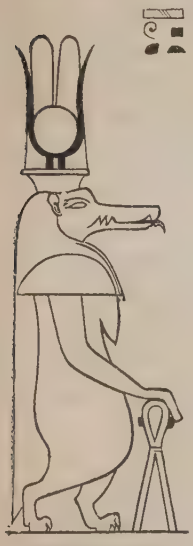
have been careless enough to let St. Dunstan seize her by the nose with a pair of hot tongs, or to allow Martin Luther to find out that she was in the habit of stealing nuts and cracking them against his bed-post?



OLD ENGLISH DEVIL.

It is an easy thing, perhaps, to so manage your affairs that the devil will choose *you*, but it has never before been so easy to choose a devil—yet we have them in Mr. Kernot's collection, of every kind and degree. Fastidious, indeed, must be he who cannot here find a devil to suit him.

Among the earliest mentioned is the hero of a miracle-play, called the "Harrowing of Hell," written in the reign of Edward the Second. The devil of that day was what would be called in our common parlance a "level-headed" individual. Not only his picture, here given, but his mental characteristics show this. He was a devil who had an eye to pleasure as well as business, and, as one would be apt to infer from his knees and his heels, he had a good many fine points about him. He was very much opposed to a proposed visit of Christ to his domains, because he did not want him to "fonden how we playen here." He doubtless made his resort as pleasant as possible, and, judging from our study of old English history, he did not lack for encouragement or patronage.



EGYPTIAN DEVIL.

If, however, this English devil should be of too modern a type, there are much more "antient deu-ills," such as the Egyptian Prince of Darkness, who does not skip around, enjoying himself, but stands in stolid state, holding an immense pair of pincers, and wearing on his head an emblematic pitchfork. With his tongue lolling out and his teeth grimly displayed at the back of his well-developed jaws, he ever stands a powerful incentive to good actions and an honest life.

Then there is the devil of the Cingalese, a lively fellow on horseback. Judging from the comparative size of the steed and the rider, the horse must have led a very wicked life to have been saddled with such a weight when his earthly race was run. This demon has two heads, and teeth that would worry a modern dentist, no matter how much nitrous oxide he might have on hand. In addition to his other attractions, he has a sort of Ulster overcoat of snakes, which gives him the appearance of a piece of cheese that has been kept too long.

No wicked person could be expected to have a single easy thought while contemplating this monster.

After making the acquaintance of such an evil spirit as this, no one would be apt to fear the comparatively modern devil of Martin Luther. Indeed, in these days of heavy, solid, glass inkstands and base-ball practice, it would be easy to put such a one to flight.

A "devil in love" must be a rather insupportable object, especially to the object of his affections; yet

CINGALESE DEVIL.

the anatomically melancholy Burton tells of such a one.

It is surprising, too, that the time of day should be considered of any moment to an Evil One who is thoroughly in earnest and has his heart in his work; but the worthy Fowler, in 1655, treats of "Satan at Noon," probably supposing that if he carried on his operations on earth at all, his proclivities would lead him to choose the hottest part of the day.

John Bunyan and Jac. Lydius had rather different notions of the lower regions, for one wrote of "Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul," while the other treats of the "Joyful Hours of Death," illustrating his ideas with pictures of "Cremation," "A Soldier thrown into the Jaws of Hell by an Unicorn," and other pleasant pictorial proofs of "joy."

While Milton sings how—

> "Satan exalted sat,
> By merit raised to that bad eminence,"

and rolls out in easy flowing blank verse the deeds of his Great King of Hell, an anonymous writer, in 1679, tells of a very humble devil, in the lower walks

of life, who mixed himself up in the bargain of a farmer and a "poor mower about the cutting down three half-acres of oats," and afterward settled the matter, that very night, by cutting the oats himself, and subsequently, as we are led to suppose, making matters very hot for the farmer.

The most intellectual devil of whom a portrait has been taken is unquestionably the fast friend of Dr. Faustus. This gallant gentleman, despite his sinister countenance and ominously swelling instep, is one eminently calculated to succeed. Of insinuating manners and finger-nails, who could withstand his wily influence? One need not be a Marguerite to fall when a thoroughly genteel devil leads the way to the precipice.

"The devil is never so black as he is painted," says an old proverb, and yet we see that a book was written in 1726 treating of "Black Devils" and "White Devils," and we have all made the acquaintance of blue devils. The black variety has always been a favorite, although in many instances, especially on the operatic stage, he is trimmed with red. George Cruikshank has, perhaps, given us one of the best ideas of the popular devil of the present age.

But mere color does not sufficiently indicate the varieties of the Satanic family. We may have "The Merry Devil," who disported himself at Edmunton in 1631, or "The Dancing Devils," who skipped about in a "Dumb Farce" in 1724. As a Hermit, Asmodeus appears in 1741, and as the "Devil on Two Sticks" he has long been famous, especially in London and Paris. This variety, however, has never been popular in this country, as we need evil spirits of much greater speed and activity to satisfy our diabolical yearnings. Defoe tells us of "The Devil in Politics," but this is now such an ordinary apparition that it ceases to attract attention. Satan also appears as a "hog-driver," and it is probable

MEPHISTOPHELES.

that in this case the most stubborn swine must have felt the truth of the old adage that "he must nedes go that the dyvele dryveth."

Regarding this subject in the most liberal manner possible, we can imagine no form or locality in which the devil may not be found, if we choose to look for him. He is even treated of in a "Guide to the Middle States." As Purgatory, considered as a middle state, is not here referred to, we are at a loss to know why persons looking for a devil should be furnished with a guide to the Middle States, un-

DIABOLUS VULGARIS.

less it is that they can find him in other portions of the country without a guide.

Most of the writers mentioned in this unique compilation seem to have treated of the devil from a different point of view. For instance, one, in "Letters from Hell," appears to derive this information directly from head-quarters, while another, disregarding Satan's domestic life, merely considers his work on earth, and maintains that "The Devil's Masterpiece" is to be found in the existence of thirteen hundred sects in our religious world.

In regard to one thing, most writers on this subject agree, which is that "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil." This is certainly right, for we all should be prudent, indeed, at such a meal; still we fear that the devil's fork would always be found to be quite as long as any practicable spoon.

This "Bibliotheca Diabolica" abounds in devilish mottoes, and they, very generally, hit their mark; but when we read that, "There is a devil in every berry of the grape," we cannot but think it very hard on the European "Grape-cures," where the patients eat three or four pounds a day—"to begin with." We doubt, too, the correctness of the advice to "give the devil his due." Such action is not at all necessary, for he has never been known to have a claim that he did not collect.

And yet we do not wish to be too severe upon Satan, for, as Defoe remarked in 1720:

"Bad as he is, the devil may be abus'd,
Be falsely charg'd, and causelessly accus'd,
When men, unwilling to be blam'd alone,
Shift off those crimes on him which are their own."

Having written this much, we come upon the following proverb: "Talk of the devil, and he will either come or send."

Perhaps we had better stop here.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX. JANUARY, 1875. No. 3.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

A BULL-FIGHT AT CUZCO.

CAN any sufficient reason be given why South America has so long remained practically a *terra incognita?* This vast continent, which stretches from the tropics to the poles, carries in its bosom the remains of ancient civilizations. Vast rivers and lofty mountains diversify its surface. Untold mineral riches are there to reward the adventurer. Precious woods, little less valuable than its gold and silver, are to be had almost for the labor of taking them away. There is vegetable life in infinite variety for the study of the botanist. The naturalist can hardly hope to completely classify its animal and insect life, though he should labor for centuries, and the ethnologist can there find problems the solution of which may have an intimate bearing upon the history of our own continent. In spite of all these inceptives to investigation and exploration, we know hardly so much of the interior of South America as we do of that of Africa. Yet, when the source of the Nile shall be discovered, the solution of this vexed problem will have far less practical interest and value to us than would the answer to a hundred questions which might be started regarding the sister continent, which makes up the southern half of this

* "Travels in South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." By Paul Marcoy. Illustrated by five hundred and twenty-five engravings on wood, drawn by E. Riou, and ten full-page maps from drawings by the author. 2 vols., super-royal 4to. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

western hemisphere. During the last ten or twelve years our own naturalists have begun to manifest a curiosity worthy of the subject which there provokes it, and it is safe to predict that the next twenty, and, perhaps, that even the next ten years, will bring us more accurate knowledge from our own explorers regarding South America than the last century has done. Until this time shall come, we may accept the narrative of M. Paul Marcoy, which is now, for the first time, brought within the reach of American readers, as the fullest and most trustworthy of all accessible accounts of this wonderful continent. Indeed in some respects it can never be surpassed, and in others it can never be equaled. Had Paradise itself been thrown open to M. Marcoy, and had he been given an exclusive commission to describe its beauties with the pen and depict them with his pencil, he could not have discharged his duties more satisfactorily or conscientiously than he has done in this case. Not that South America is by any means a paradise. As a faithful chronicler, M. Marcoy has portrayed scenes which would destroy any such delusion; but the wealth of illustration with which these two super-royal quarto volumes are embellished, the exquisite execution of each one of these five hundred wood-cuts—many of them full-page—and the beauty, care, and delicacy with which letter-press and engravings are printed, are a revelation to the lovers of beautiful books. No other volume of travels has ever before been offered to American readers which can begin to compare with this work in all the particulars we have named. From these landscapes a more vivid idea of the peculiarities of South American vegetation may be gained than could possibly be given in words, and the representations we have of the aboriginal inhabitants show us at a glance true types of all the tribes with which M. Marcoy came in contact. Never was the pencil of the artist used to better purpose or more effectively in illustrating the peculiarities of little-known regions. The letter-press of these superb volumes is, moreover, a worthy accompaniment of the illustrations, and the maps are exceedingly full and clear. By tracing upon them the course of the traveler, we find that he started upon his journeyings from Ilay, the port of Arequipa; thence he went over the lofty passes and glaciers of the western chain of the Andes to Cuzco, and, striking near this point the head-waters of the Amazon, he followed down the course of this river to its mouth. Twelve years covered the period of M. Marcoy's journeyings in South America. Volumes like these, which are the result of such protracted and industrious labors, and which embrace observations made over such a vast extent of territory, are not to be summarized satisfactorily in a magazine paper, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with reproducing a few of the more interesting incidents and noteworthy passages with which the work is crowded.

Shortly after leaving Ilay, M. Marcoy and his companions, ascending the mountains, came to a plateau some 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, which commanded a view of a section of the country they were about to traverse; and the outlook it must be confessed was not at all inviting. Before them lay the Pampas of Ilay, "a sea of sand some sixty miles across and one hundred and eighty in length," whose waves, so immovable, yet so mobile, resembled, to the eye, those of the ocean, which once covered the plain. The reins were given to the animals, that they might, as far as possible, economize their strength. By instinct they broke their ranks and re-formed in column, each one sniffing the air strongly, bending down his ears, stretching out his neck, and falling into step behind his companion with military precision. "A journey across the desert," writes M. Marcoy, "is not without its dangers. The wind of the ocean plows its surface and continually changes its aspect. From morning to evening, from hour to hour, there is no more rest for these sands than for the waves themselves. Cavities open, hillocks are heaped up, ridges form only to close, to fall in again, to be dispersed, succeeded by others like them. In order to steer their course over this uncertain sea the pilots of the pampas observe the position of the sun by day, and of the stars by night. These are sure guides, which never fail them, but their path is also marked out by the bones of animals that have perished in the endeavor to cross the plain. These sad landmarks indicate by their position either to the right or to the left, by their proximity or their greater distance, that the traveler is more or less in the right track. For this reason they are always descried with satisfaction, notwithstanding the mingled disgust and pity which the sight of them provokes. I am speaking now of disinterested and intelligent travelers. As for the mercenary and hard-hearted muleteers, these bones, recalling so much lost capital, rather provoke their ill-humor than

any show of tenderness. We had already continued our march a considerable time, often sounding the depths of the pampas with a searching glance, without discovering anything that resembled a carcass, when a cry which parodied that of the antique sybil, 'The bones! see the bones!' was uttered by a veteran arriero at the head of the column. All turned their eyes toward the point indicated, and southward at the visual extremity of the plain it was possible to discern a whitish belt, which resembled those veins of saltpeter or of sea-salt so frequently to be found in these latitudes. Acting upon the advice of our leader, who asserted that we ought to pass to windward of these forsaken carcasses, we bent our course to the right, and went to reconnoiter them. Grouped in little heaps, and disposed in a single line, which lost itself in the horizon, these bones were more or less blanched, more or less polished, according to the lapse of time since the death of the animal who owned them. In a certain symmetry which marked their arrangement I could not fail to recognize the hand of man, although our attendants, when I made the observation, seriously assured me it was all the work of the wind. When, however, I showed them that some of the heads of the horses and mules were adorned with thigh bones stuck in the cavities of their eyes or ears, and that there were other grotesque arrangements of the same character, our facetious friends burst into a laugh, from which I concluded that these mournful attentions which they had set down to the account of the wind, were really the work of their own hands, or of comrades like them. The farther we advanced the more we saw of recent débris added to the old, which at length they entirely covered like an alluvial bed. Some of the bones were still clothed with blackened flesh and dried integuments; some entire skeletons, perfect models of the living form, recalled to my memory the horse ridden by Death, in the Apocalypse. Other carcasses still retained their skin, and under the skin, which sounded like a drum, and was as tight as an umbrella, troops of vultures, the accustomed guardians of these solitudes, had taken up their abode. Following the example of the rat of La Fontaine, who made his nest in a Dutch cheese, these rapacious birds, having first eaten the flesh of the beast, make a house of his inside. At the

"THE BONES! SEE THE BONES!"

noise caused by our approach they came out from their dens one by one, fixed upon us their cruel, withered eyes, and returned into their holes when we had passed. The more curious or the more starved among them would perch himself upon a rib or thigh-bone, as upon a branch, and with oblique looks seem to watch the pace of our mules as if speculating on the chance of one being left on the road. If so, their expectations were disappointed. Our poor beasts, although they carried their tails between their legs, and their ears bent, were able to continue their journey without accident, to the no small satisfaction of their owners."

From noon until ten o'clock at night the party accomplished thirty-three miles—half the distance across the pampas; but their journey, short as it was, had pretty well used them up. The heat, the saltness of the atmosphere, the intense reflection of the sands had produced red noses, cracked lips, and a pulse as furious as if it resulted from an attack of fever. A tampu or hostelry which stood at this point, as a half-way house across the pampas, gave the party scanty refreshment at an exorbitant price, and they pushed forward on their way. The remainder of the journey, difficult though it was, was accomplished without serious inconvenience, and then the wonderful Valley of Arequipa came in view.

Arequipa itself—its dwellings, its convents, its churches, its people, and, with true French gallantry, its women especially, are minutely described, and all with a fervid eloquence to which the text of the narrative itself alone can do justice. In the journey from Arequipa to Lampa there were contrasts enough to satisfy the requirements of the most exacting adventurer. The dangers of a furious snow-storm encountered in crossing the Sierra Nevadas were compensated for by unexpected hospitalities at Lampa, where M. Marcoy found himself the guest of a convivial bachelor upon the occasion of the festival of San Fermin. The fun of this feast, which was not a public but a private one, is so graphically described and illustrated that the ac-

A CANON OF CUZCO AND PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS.

count must be read at length in M. Marcoy's own narrative to be appreciated.

The third stage of his journey was from Lampa to Acopia, and the fourth to Cuzco. This city, which was founded in the middle of the eleventh century by Manco-Capac, the founder of the dynasty of the Incas, and which remains now nearly as it was reconstructed by Pizarro after the conquest, contained at the time of M. Marcoy's visit about 20,000 inhabitants. Its churches are, many of them, superb specimens of ancient architecture, and its priests are men of the world in their manners, jovial fellows in conversation, and not only possessed of general information, but well versed either in geography, physics or the higher mathematics—to whichever circumstances or the bent of their minds may have directed them. Of their domestic lives we have this description in the account of the home of a canon, a friend of the author: "A philosopher by instinct, and by opportunity a professor of experimental physics." "His study was a loft lighted from the roof; an indefinable but poisonous odor exhaled from this sanctuary of science, into which I never entered without holding a lemon to my nose. No den in the dirtiest quarters of Orleans; no marine store shop ever presented a more confused heap of books, instruments, rags and waste-paper; no dirty nook was ever so covered with dust or interlaced with cobwebs. Our canonical friend, seated at a table, occupies himself in making out his ideas on paper, and keeping them bright by repeated draughts of Carlon wine. If his hands stay, it is only to notice, with a smile, the three young monkeys—his adopted children—who are screaming and tumbling over each other on a mat. By a caprice worthy of his philosophy, our friend has given to these children, whose mother, an Indian, is his cook, names taken from the vegetable kingdom; the eldest is called *Sa-*

SCENE AT THE CARNIVAL—THE AGUE CARICATURED.

pallo (melon); the next in age, a daughter, *Zanahoria* (carrot); the youngest answers to the name of *Apio* (celery). The maternal *amour propre* of the Indian was a little shocked at first by these ridiculous names,

THE CUNCHOS; (WILD MEN).

but her master would maintain his point by pretending, with or without reason, that the names of vegetables were very proper for the children of a cook, and would recall happy memories of the *pot-au-feu*."

The laxness with which the vows of celibacy supposed to have been assumed by priests are observed, as this picture shows, extends to other relations of life according to M. Marcoy. At Cuzco he says the monastic state does not entail upon the novitiate any of those rough trials of his constancy which mortify the body and weary the spirit. It is along roads clad with soft herbage, and paths sown with flowers that these novices reach the period when they must pronounce their vows and seriously commence their vocation. "How often in our walks through town and country," writes M. Marcoy, "have we not seen through the half-open door of a *chicheria* a merry swarm of these *monigotes* (lay brothers of religious orders) roaring their bacchanal songs, drinking their brimming glasses, or dancing the *maicito* and the *moza mala* with all the abandonment of their age." Notwithstanding the severe seclusion of the nuns of Cuzco and their superiority to the opinion of the world, we have the intimation plainly made that "calumny has not scrupled to whisper the accusations so natural to the carnal mind, and to tarnish with its unclean breath these mirrors of purity." Instead of being put to death, the nun who has forgotten her vows—and some instances of the kind, M. Marcoy assures us, are on record—is simply but severely whipped by two of her companions, and deprived of her chocolate for breakfast during a year. As for her accomplice, he may be censured by public opinion, but the law does not reach him.

In the domestic life of the people numerous traits and facts are noted. In the families of the doubtful nobility, for instance, or those which can boast of a small number of ancestors, a piano of English or Chilian manufacture is regarded as indispensable. Every family happy enough to procure one of these instruments, though it may be all askew and without strings, is raised at once to the level of the nobility. Provided with wax lights always fresh, and with a book of exercises always open, it stands in the most conspicuous part of the reception-room. No one ever thinks of touching it, for reasons which need not be explicitly stated; but the show it makes is satisfactory to the *amour propre* of the family.

The women of Cuzco have the Indian type of physique predominant over the Spanish; but to remind one of them of this fact, is to offer her a grievous insult. Their ambition is to prove that they are Andalusian from head to foot, and if the doubter is sufficiently acquainted, they will show their shoe as an indisputable proof of their descent. Illusions vanish, however, as years accumulate, and the older women do not hesitate to acknowledge their origin, when occasion offers. Thus they, laughingly, exclaim: "*Somos Indias, para que negarlo.*" "We are Indians, what is the use of denying it." As regards dress, they have preserved the old national costume of the time of the viceroys, still used at Lima, where, as M. Marcoy wittily expresses it, "it is used to cover the amiable weaknesses of the woman, rather than the woman herself;" but this costume, which is gradually disappearing from the capital of the Pacific, "to

the delight of all the unhappy husbands whose torment it has been for these two centuries, is far from being worn by the women of Cuzco in the no-fashion of the fair Limanians."

The pleasures of the dance and music are enjoyed by the people of Cuzco in common with the rest of the civilized world, but they also have amusements quite peculiar to themselves. Among these may be named the bacchic pilgrimage, which the women of the lower class make every year to the cemetery, and the rompish "outing," or picnic of the smaller *bourgeoisie* to Sacsahuaman. This pilgrimage takes place on the "Day of the Dead." From eight in the morning, the approaches to the Pantheon are obstructed by a crowd of native women carrying in their arms their jugs of "chicha." Once in the cemetery, they collect on the common, first the heads and thigh-bones, and ribs of skeletons, the wreck of the dead which have been thrown out of the ground, and which they suppose to be those of their relatives, friends, or acquaintances. They select and count these bones, arrange them in little heaps, and one after another set up the most plaintive wailings over them; tell them the gossip of the quarter and the news of the year; how the wife of Juan has left her husband to follow, in the character of *vivandière*, a soldier on the march; how Pedro's sow has had a litter of eight pigs, one of which has five feet; how José is gone into the hot valley to work at the cocoa gathering. The *bourgeoisie*, M. Marcoy tells us, upon these occasions mix their childish babble with tears, sobs, and draughts of chicha, taking care every time they drink to water with the beer the bones of the dear departed whom they apostrophize, to the end that they may still enjoy in the other world a lingering odor of the sweet liquor of which they emptied so many jugfuls in this. After a whole day of this reveling, the mourners are all thoroughly drunk, and return to their homes tumbling against the walls and howling at the top of their lungs. The outing at Sacsahuaman, which takes place on Whitsunday, is an *al fresco* orgie under the shadow of the walls built by the Incas. Men and women furnished with provisions, solid and liquid, climb, on foot or on horseback, the abrupt slope which leads to the foot of the eminence. Arrived on the platform which crowns it, each party selects a site, spreads on the grass its provisions and bottles, and then falls to eating and drinking, singing and dancing, or collecting the charming flowers of the neighborhood. When the sun has disappeared behind the three crosses on the hill, the drunken mob takes the road back to the village, rolling about, stumbling, and supporting one another as well as they can, all the time accompanied by laughter and shouts, and songs sufficient to wake the dead.

The annual processions must also be numbered among the amusements of Cuzco. These the ladies witness from their balconies in full dress. Public rejoicings are rare, but M. Marcoy was fortunate enough to witness two great solemnities—one, the grand entry of a bishop; the other, the nomination of a President. On this latter occasion, the citizens went to considerable expense. Their rejoicings were spread over three days. On the first day, a mass was celebrated by way of thanksgiving, and a display of fireworks was made in the court of the cathedral pre-

TARUCA AND TARUCACHA; (DEER AND BUCK).

cisely at noon. On the second day, the pupils of the college of San Bernardo performed a tragedy entitled "Antony and Cleopatra." A student of theology, whose skin was dark enough for the character, but who was less appropriately dressed in a

white robe and six flounces, his hair in corkscrews, surmounted with a plume of feathers, took the part of the beautiful Queen of Alexandria. One of his companions, with a great beard, a cocked hat and feather, a black dress-coat, and boots like a riding-

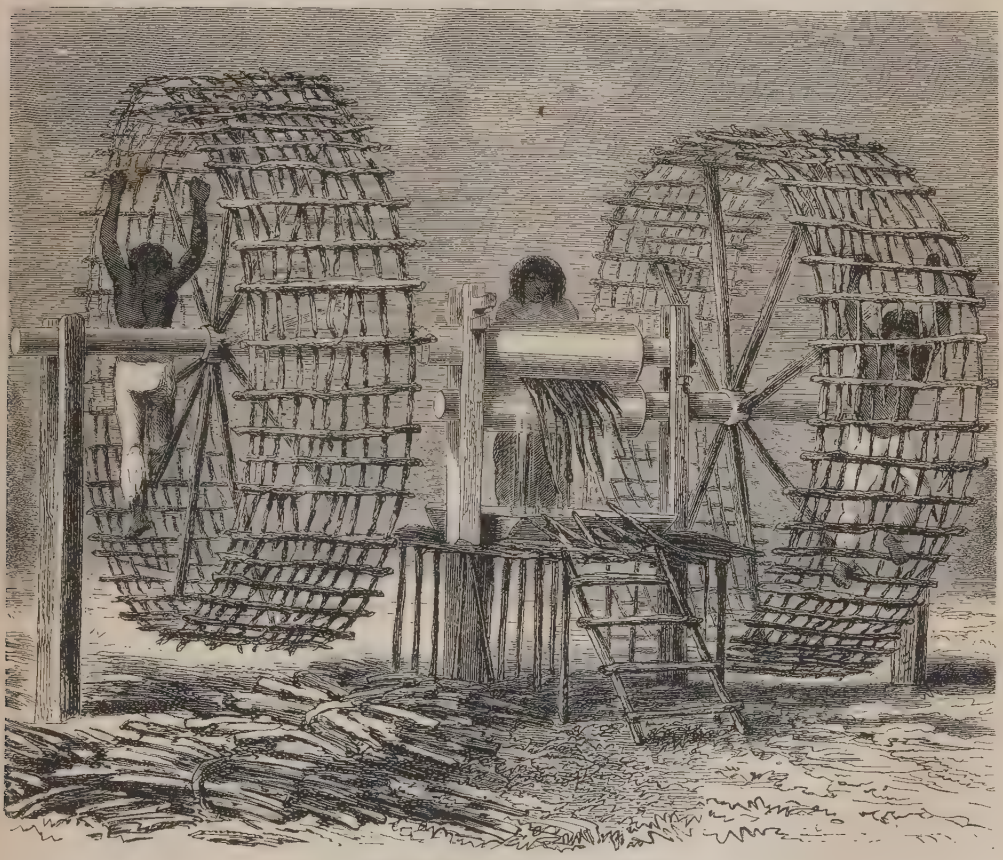
CAPTURE OF TURTLES.

master, played Antony. This tragedy in a single act, and in octosyllabic lines, was a tremendous success. The third day's entertainment was a scuffle with tame bulls, *corrida de toros mansos*. The Plaza du Cabildo, where the water-carriers are accustomed to fill their pitchers at all hours of the day, and spend the time in idle gossip, had been transformed into a circus, and surrounded with six rows of ascending seats. From the hour of noon, until four o'clock, a dozen bulls, whose horns had been cut and mounted with guards, as the programme said, to prevent accident,—the art of bull-fighting being still in its infancy, in Cuzco,—were let loose in the arena, where they tumbled over the *chulos* (jesters or clowns of the circus), who were gorgeously clothed in white and green satin. As four o'clock struck, a detachment of some sturdy soldiers in a gray uniform and white calico hats entered the circus and drew up in the center. After a short rest, only disturbed by the word of command, "*carry arms*" and "*present arms*," they commenced spinning around like tee-totums, crossing each other, mixing with each other, and winding in and out with remarkable nicety, while their hands were continually occupied in taking from their cartridge-boxes, as if they were cartridges, handfuls of the petals of flowers, which they dropped on the ground. This choregraphic rather than strategic evolution ended, these defenders of their country salute the assembled multitude and retreat backward. Then there appeared, written on the yellow sand of the arena, in capital letters, made of flowers, and a couple of yards long, these three words—VIVA EL PERU. A thunder of applause, which made the seats of the circus tremble, saluted this achievement.

The symbolic masquerades form a distinct and common feature of the gayeties of Cuzco. One set is peculiar to the saturnalia of the carnival. Among them are the *chucchu* (ague) ; the *chunchos* (savages) ; and the *dansante* (dancer). The ague is an Indian of middle age, wearing a battered straw hat, a sheet by way of a cloak, and carrying a medicinal mallow. Two merry youngsters, grotesquely dressed, accompany him in his promenade through the city—one carrying a chair, the other, an enormous syringe. At every hundred steps this symbolic personage, whom the supposed fever causes to tremble like a leaf in the wind, stops and salutes the passers-by ; then kneel-

ing upon the chair and dropping the sheet, he repeats, with the help of his syringe-bearer, the familiar scene from Molière's "Malade Imaginaire."

The *chunchos*, or wild men, are great dark-skinned fellows, with floating hair, dressed in their ordinary costume, but wearing immense conical hats of osier and covered with feathers of macaws and perroquets. They play the part of savages in the streets during the three days of the festival, drinking and shouting their hardest.



MILL FOR BRUISING SUGAR-CANE AT SARAYACU.

The dancer wears a straw hat, round which are hung little bells and rattles. His dress is a fringed spencer of faded velvet and a frame-work of osier, which may be termed a petticoat, ornamented with silver plates. He goes from house to house dancing a *zapateo* of his own composition to the tinkling accompaniment of slips of copper which rattle as he moves.

Besides these profane masquerades, there are sacred exhibitions, the actors in which accompany the processions, frisk about before the litters of the virgins and the saints, apostrophize the holy images, and even put out their tongues and shake their fist at them. The *Huamanguinos*, inhabitants of the ancient province of Huamanga, now Ayacucho, come in this class. From the time of the Incas, that province had the privilege of providing Cuzco with dwarfs, buffoons, actors, and mountebanks, destined for the entertainment of the court. With the disappearance of the Incas, the *Huamanguinos* lost their peculiar privileges, and have since followed the fairs as common clowns, or figured in the annual processions. Their usual performance is a Pyrrhic dance, which they perform to the clinking noise made by two blades of a pair of scissors, one suspended from their thumb, the other from their forefinger, which they use as castanets. Some of them play juggling tricks with daggers and balls, pierce their tongues with needles, and hold their hand over a

heated brazier, to the delight and astonishment of gaping crowds. The *Huamanguinos* are escorted by *tarucas* and *tarucachas* (deer and bucks), young fellows disguised in the skins of the animals whose name they take. All these strange and wildly accoutered revelers leap, gambol, grimace, and yell, to the utmost extent of their ability in the midst of the processions or opposite the temporary street altars, which are arranged and decorated by the corporation of fruiterers. These altars consist of a long table, covered with a cloth, ornamented with stars of tinsel; a sort of reredos is formed with an elliptic frame-work of osier, decorated with mirrors and ostrich eggs; besides which, old two-globed piasters and silver reals, having holes made in them for the purpose, are hung up by threads. Altogether they present a singular mixture of objects of art and industry, and specimens taken from all the three kingdoms of nature. Sometimes macaws and monkeys mount guard at the opposite ends of the altars, and, as a curb on their natural restlessness, which might lead them to tamper with the decorations, a couple of young scapegraces, each armed with a switch or whip, mount guard over them, and with characteristic alacrity recall them to a sense of their dignity and responsibility whenever they undertake to meddle with any of their surroundings.

These are but a few—and we should hesitate to assert that they are the most amusing and interesting—of the peculiar characteristics of life in Cuzco noted by M. Marcoy. From Cuzco our traveler takes us through Echarati, Chulituqui and Tunkini; but we cannot stop to note the many curious facts he has to tell us regarding these districts. From Tumbuya to Sarayacu was the eighth stage of his journey, and this is rendered extremely interesting by the minute account given of the Conibo Indians. The women of this tribe are small, obese, and disagreeable-looking; yet they are not so excessively ugly as many of their sex in the South. Notwithstanding their constant exposure to the attacks of mosquitoes, they wear no clothing besides a strip of brown cloth. They seem to have a valid claim to originating the style lately in vogue among our own ladies, of cutting the hair square on the forehead, although they carry it to the extreme of letting it fall like a bush down to the eyebrows, while the rest flows freely over the shoulders. The custom of painting the face with the colors consecrated to that purpose—red and black—is even more universal among the men than it is among the women. Possibly to delude themselves with the idea that they are dressed, they paint representations of sandals on their feet, and occasionally indulge in the luxury of fictitious buskins, like riding-boots, as high as the knee. Some have a jacket or coat painted open at the breast and festooned around the hips, but the less pretentious content themselves with painting on their hands gloves or mittens. As the tunic hides these designs to a greater or less extent, they are only fully visible when the Indians are bathing. The women seem to be quite content to resign to the men the exercise of coquetry, and the men are not slow to avail themselves of the privilege. They make their toilets with the most fastidious care, spending hours in removing stray hairs, painting themselves, or smirking in a bit of broken looking-glass, if they happen to be possessed of such a luxury. The wife of the Conibo meanwhile is engrossed with the cares of the household, or in still more painful labors. She looks after the little clearing, if by chance there is one, gathers the fruits or roots, fetches wood and water, kneads the clay to make pottery, bakes the vessels when made, paints or varnishes them, and when on the march is made a beast of burden, carrying the produce of her husband's hunting and fishing, and even the oars and paddle of his canoe.

The turtle is the main source of food supply to the Conibo. The forests and waters furnish him fish, flesh, and fowl in great variety, but he cares for little else besides the turtle when he can procure it. Between August 15th and September 1st the waters of the Ucayali, the affluent of the Amazon, on which the Conibos live, become less impetuous, in consequence of snow having ceased to fall on the summits of the Andes. Vast spaces of sand are left bare, and the turtle fishing at once commences. On a fixed day the Conibos embark in canoes furnished with all necessary utensils, and travel up and down the river for from thirty to sixty or even one hundred miles. When they discover on the shore the claw-marked furrow made by the turtle when walking, they call a halt, and having built at some two hundred yards from the water their *ajoupas* or cabins, they patiently wait in ambush the arrival of their amphibious prey. Generally their instinct is so unerring that their encamping hardly precedes by more than a day or two the appearance

of the turtles. On a dark night, between midnight and two o'clock, an immense swell agitates the river. Its waters fairly seem to boil. Thousands of turtles come clumsily tumbling out of the river and spread themselves over the shore. The Conibos, squatting, or kneeling under their leafy sheds, and keeping profound silence, await the moment for action. The turtles, who separate themselves into detachments on leaving the water, dig rapidly with their fore feet a trench often 200 yards long, and always four feet broad by two deep. They apply themselves to their work with such zeal that the sand flies about them and envelops them as in a fog. As soon as they are satisfied that their trench is large enough they deposit in it their soft-shelled eggs to the number of from forty to seventy, and with their hind feet quickly fill up the trench. In this contest of paddling feet more than one turtle, tumbled over by his companions, rolls into the trench and is buried alive. Half an hour is enough for the accomplishment of this task. The turtles then make a disorderly rush for the river. Now the moment has arrived for which the Conibos have anxiously waited. At a given signal the whole band suddenly rise from their lurking-places and dash off in pursuit of the amphibia, not to cut off their retreat—for they would themselves be trampled under foot by the resistless squadrons—but to rush upon their flanks, seize them by their tails, and throw them over on their backs. Before the turtles have disappeared, a thousand prisoners often remain in the hands of the assailants.

With the appearance of daylight the massacre begins; under the axes of the indigenes the shells of the amphibia fly to splinters; their smoking intestines are torn out and handed to the women, who separate from them a fine yellow fat, superior in delicacy to the fat of the goose; and the disemboweled corpses are left to the vultures. Before commencing the butchery, however, the Conibos select two or three hundred turtles for their own subsistence and for traffic with the missions. Of these they cut the sinews of the feet, tie them together in pairs, tumble them into trenches, and cover them with rushes, to prevent the sun from baking them to death. After melting, skimming, and depositing in jars the grease from the dead turtles, the natives turn their attention to the eggs of the turtles, which, as well as the grease and flesh, is an article of commerce with the missions. The eggs are taken out of the trench in which the chelonians had deposited them, thrown into a little canoe, which had been previously washed and scraped, and which answers the purpose of a mash-tub. The men and women pierce the eggs with arrows having five points, and the yellow oil they collect with large mussel-shells. A few jugs of water are thrown on the broken shells, the whole is briskly stirred up, the oil is skimmed off and deposited in jars, as before. This, with the grease, is bartered for glass beads, knives, fish-hooks, and turtle-darts, to the missionaries, who use the oil for cooking purposes. These turtle-darts are made by the blacksmith converts of Sarayacu, from old nails. One of these nails properly sharpened and fixed to his arrow by the Conibo serves to harpoon the turtles when they pass in crowded shoals from one river to the other. For hours together the fisher stands on the shore watching for the appearance of the chelonians. Hardly is the shoal in sight when he bends his bow, arranges his arrow and waits. At the instant when the floating mass is passing before him he sights it horizontally, then, suddenly raising his bow and arrow, makes his weapon describe a trajectory, the descending line of which has for its point of intersection the shell of a turtle. Sometimes several individuals throw themselves into a canoe, pursue the shoal, assail it with their arrows, which describe parabolic curves, and continue the chase until their canoe is so filled with the booty that it is ready to sink. To judge by the cries, the hurrahs, and the bursts of laughter which accompany this fishing, it is easy to see that the Conibos find in it even more amusement than labor.

The culture of the sugar-cane, and the transformation of its juice into rum, are matters of great solicitude on the part of the reverend fathers of Sarayacu. Each month a quantity of the liquid is made and stored up. Since all the daily labors are preceded, accompanied and followed by a distribution of *petits verres*, designed to give nerve to the laborers, to preserve their cheerfulness, and to send them home satisfied and singing, it may readily be inferred that an immense quantity of liquor is used by the servants of the mission and by the converts. To supply this alcohol, the enormous mill for bruising the canes, which is directly opposite the church, is often in motion. Two men, who climb within its wheels like squirrels in cages, furnish the motive power. The crunching, grinding noise which it makes, is enough to set civilized teeth on edge; but, keeping the results in view, the population, of both

sexes, welcome the sound with shouts of joy. The official sugar-mill, however, does not begin to furnish all the fire-water needed by its monthly grindings, and each native, to make up for the insufficient supply, cultivates the sugar-cane and makes rum for himself. With a foresight which shows that these so-called converts have an eye to the "main chance," these gatherings and distillations take place on different days. Friends and neighbors invite each other to taste the new liquor, and the guests accordingly assemble at the place designated to test the new-made liquor and spend the time in dancing, to the accompaniment of such music as they may be able to improvise. As each household is careful to name a day a pair of cymbals, are brought out. These instruments, which were formerly brought from Lima by Father Plaza, are somewhat deteriorated by time, and the converts jangle them in a hap-hazard fashion; still they answer the purpose, and when processions form part of the festivities, a barrel-organ is called into requisition, and this furnishes what, by taking a liberty with language, may be called a tune. The reports of howitzers, the whizzing of rockets, and the crackling of fireworks, mingled with the joyous shouts of the assemblage, make a day so tumultuously noisy that our own Fourth of July must seem a day of rest beside any one of these festivals at Sarayacu. The fêtes on Christmas and New Year's eves,

THE PRIOR'S BATH.

which does not conflict with another appointment, there is a steady round of festivities kept up almost from one year's end to the other.

Upon ordinary occasions the fife and tambourine, or small drum, furnish all the music regarded as necessary, but upon special days, the big drum, Chinese bells, or M. Marcoy tells us, were the most remarkable that he witnessed, and of the first of these he gives us a description, which we abridge. From the early morning of Christmas Day *(Navidad)* an extraordinary commotion is noticeable in the village. Converts of both sexes are running hither and thither engaged in their preparations for

the fête. The evening previous, charcoal, sulphur, and saltpeter have been dealt out to the native pyrotechnists in the proportionate quantities necessary for the manufacture of gunpowder, and during the night the converts have been busily engaged in the preparation of crackers and suns, which are to be exploded at high noon, according to the Ando-Peruvian custom, and constitute the introduction to the fête. At nine o'clock in the evening the ceremonies commence. At the sound of the bell a woman, who has been selected to act the rôle of Queen Christmas, enters the church, accompanied by two maids of honor. She goes on her knees before the balustrade of the chancel. There old converts, costumed as choir children, and bearing the cross and banner, with Father Plaza in the center, await her. The face of the "Christmas Queen" is daubed with black and red paint, a diadem made of parrots' feathers ornaments her head, which is surmounted by an immense tortoise-shell comb. Gay-colored cotton kerchiefs, so disposed as to form a scarf, make a further contrast to the simplicity of her ordinary attire. The maids of honor, daubed with genipa and rocou, after the example of their mistress, hold in the palm of their right hand an earthen basin, containing oil, in which a wick is burning. The prior propounds to the queen, in the Quichua tongue, the first four questions of the catechism. She gives the prescribed responses, and then the prior hands to her a small wadded basket containing an infant Jesus, which she devoutly embraces. Rising, and bearing in both hands her little burden, her majesty leaves the church, and, followed by her lamp-bearers, goes from house to house, and presents the new-born child for the adoration of the faithful. An escort of men with torches accompany the procession through the village. The queen's progress on this occasion occupied an hour. When she re-appeared on the threshold of the church her walk was unsteady, her comb awry, and her eyes dazed. Her maids of honor, foolish virgins, had spilled the oil of their lamps, and the wicks were extinguished. Upon investigation, M. Marcoy found that it was the custom to offer her majesty, at the door of each house where she stopped with the infant Jesus, a glass of brandy, from which she drank a few drops. Allowing twenty drops on an average to each of the one hundred and sixty-six houses of Sarayacu, the Christmas Queen, according to M. Marcoy's calculation, must have drank 3,320 drops of brandy, and, as her maids of honor each had the same opportunity, which they doubtless improved, the wonder is that they could stand at all.

CHASE OF THE CANNIBAL CACHIBOS.

Upon the return of this *cortége*, the rev-

erend father, the monks, and M. Marcoy, as a guest, took their places at a table which had been spread in the court-yard of the church, and which was profusely decorated with garlands, green palms, and flags. A troop of converts carrying torches gave light to the company. Boiled turtle, fried lamantin, a râgout of hocco, maize cakes, cooked under the cinders, and figs in molasses, composed the bill of fare.

According to the etiquette of such occasions, the Christmas Queen and her two attendants served the table. Six male *bayadères* danced during the banquet; some, naked to the middle of the body, were wreathed round with garlands and crowned with vine branches, after the manner of the ancient fauns; others were rubbed with bird-lime and rolled in feathers; these again were covered with a jaguar's skin, those wore on their head an iguana's skin, the dorsal crest of which recalled the prow of Nestor's vessel and the redoubtable epithet, *dekembolos*, given it by Homer. All these dancers, blowing cows' horns, exerted themselves to the utmost, and when the idle lookers-on pressed them too closely, they energetically kicked them back.

At dessert, Father Plaza whispered in the ear of M. Marcoy, "They are about to play the comedy of Smith and Lowe." These gentlemen were, it seems, officers of the British Navy. They had some time previously made a journey from Lima to Para in company with Major Beltran and Lieutenant Ascarate, and then spent eight days at Sarayacu. M. Marcoy was ignorant that Messrs. Smith and Lowe had written a comedy, although he knew that an account of their journey had been published. He naturally had some curiosity to pass upon the dullness or liveliness of the production, and at once signified to the prior that he was ready to listen. At a gesture from Father Plaza, the crowd drew back, the torch-bearers placed themselves in the first rank, and two actors entered the empty space. One was attired in what resembled a black coat with red buttons painted on his body, with genipa and rocou. A cotton handkerchief was twisted around his head, after the style of a skull-cap, or fez; a long false beard completed his accouterments. He carried under his arm a roll of thin bark, designed to represent manuscripts, and held in his hand a kind of a comb of strange form.

CARRYING A LEAF OF THE NYMPHÆA.

The other actor in this "Comedy of Smith and Lowe," had his face whitened with flour. A gourd answered the purpose of an inkstand, and a quill plucked from the wing of a hocco served for a pen. He also held between his thumb and forefinger a kind of square frame, in which was fitted a fragment of looking-glass.

"*El frac negro* (the black coat) is Smith; *el escribano* (the writer) is Lowe," the prior whispered in a low tone to M. Marcoy.

Our traveler then understood that the farce to be enacted, instead of being a theatrical composition written by the English travelers named, was simply a burlesque at their expense. He further recognized in the looking-glass encased in a frame, an ingenious representation of the quadrant which Messrs. Smith and Lowe had used before the converts.

The solar observations commenced; the mock Smith, his eye clapped to the glass of the instrument, and his legs stretched out like those of a pair of compasses, began gabbling an impossible idiom in which the *yeses*, the *ofs* and the *wells* that turned up appeared to be intended to reproduce the British tongue and the accent of the naval officer. As the mock Smith seemed to take a degree, the mock Lowe, one knee to the ground, seemed to repeat and take note of it. From time to time the mock Smith interrupted his observations for the purpose of applying to his beard, which was made of tow and colored with rocou—the real Smith must have been a fair man with carroty hair—a comb made from the fin of a fish. The pretended Lowe profited by these opportunities to examine the point of his pen and trim it with an imaginary knife. The audience enjoyed this ludicrous performance hugely, as was shown by their uproarious shouts of laughter, and their enthusiastic stamping and applause—proofs of approbation which testified to the faithful mimicry of the actors. M. Marcoy intimates his suspicions that Father Plaza had given his authorization for transforming Smith and Lowe into clowns, because they had not been sufficiently generous in their donations to the alms-box of the convent. However this may have been, the excellence of the comedy exhibited to very good advantage the sense of the ludicrous possessed by the converts, and served to soften the memory of the sacrilegious performance in the earlier part of the day. After the entertainment was over, the monks re-entered the convents. The converts, after escorting to the cells Father Plaza and his guest, took possession of the refectory according to custom, and kept up their singing, drinking and dancing all night long.

To the credit of this jolly prior the fact must be placed on record, that he showed a much more decided desire for personal cleanliness than did some of his subordinates. Nearly every day at nightfall he was in the habit of taking his bath, and he often made M. Marcoy his companion on these occasions. The bath, a tub filled since morning with water, which the sun had heated to the proper temperature, was placed under a tree some paces back from the river. The procession to the bath was an animated spectacle. Four torch-bearers led the van, and the major-domo followed, carrying his master's linen. Behind, the converts of both sexes pressed on tumultuously to take part in the *séance*. While the prior, completely dressed, took his seat in the bath, the converts also, without removing their clothing, entered the river, where, for half an hour, men and women frolicked together with laughter and shouts which were heard as far as Belen. The prior then changed his clothes, the *séance* was ended, and M. Marcoy and his host returned to the convent escorted by the natives of both sexes, who gamboled around them like a mythological troop of tritons and sea-nymphs.

During the time of his stay at Sarayacu M. Marcoy made a short trip down the Ucayali with one of the priors, Father Antonio. During his brief absence he gathered some curious facts regarding the Cachibos, a tribe which has been accused of cannibalism—falsely, M. Marcoy thinks. Concealed in the depths of the forests, where they have to dread, during the day, the arrows of the Ucayali tribes and the guns of the Pozuzo Christians, it is only at night that the Cachibos venture to quit their retreats to fish in the Pachitea, or to gather turtles' eggs on the shores of the river during the laying season. Men and women go naked, and this nudity, remarks M. Marcoy, in a country infested by mosquitoes means a succession of tortures sufficiently justifying the fancy attributed to them of eating their neighbors with so little ceremony. If the necessary cares of subsistence draw them far from their dwellings, these poor wretches, wearied for sleep and having no mosquito coverings, dig holes in the sand and bury themselves up to the shoulders. They then fill over the rest of the excavation lightly, and cover it with foliage. Thus sheltered against the mosquitoes, they sleep as well as they can until daylight. With the first appearance of the dawn they creep from their holes, run to the river to get rid of the sand which the perspiration has glued to their bodies, and after having cleaned and refreshed themselves, return to the woods, which they leave only on the following night.

The tribes of the Sacramento Plain, who know the habits of the Cachibos, amuse themselves by hunting them at the period when the egg-laying of the turtles brings them to the shores of the Pachitea. To approach their victims without being seen, the Conibos, Sipibos, Schétibos, skirt in file the forest in which they have their retreat, and, on arriving opposite an encampment of Cachibos on the shore, they disperse themselves and rain their arrows on the enemy. Terrified by this sudden attack, the Cachibos seek to regain the cover of the woods, but the hunters follow close in pursuit, and always succeed in trapping one of the fugitives. If the captive is a woman or child, they lead it into slavery; if a man, they beat him to death on the spot, or subject him to tortures for their amusement.

THE FISHING JAGUAR.

South America is full of the wonderful, as well as of the beautiful, in its vegetation. One of the most notable localities in this regard, which M. Marcoy visited, was the Nuña Lake, one of the long series connected with the Ucayali. The waters of this particular lake were black as ink and reflected neither the light of the sky nor the rays of the sun; it was about six miles in circumference, and was fringed by a thick curtain of vegetation. Its surface at certain parts was covered with nymphæa, whose gigantic leaves were of a brownish-green tint, which contrasted strongly with the ruddy wine-color of their upturned borders. Mingled with these leaves, magnificent flowers were in full blossom, whose petals of a milky whiteness outside were brightened inside by a dull red tint with center markings of a darkish violet. These flowers, in consequence of their enormous development and the size of their buds, which resemble ostriches' eggs, might have been taken as representatives of an antediluvian flora. Quite a multitude of stilt-plovers, ibises, Brazilian ostriches, and spoonbills, disported themselves on this splendid carpet, and added to the striking character of the scene, while serving as objects of comparison, by which the observer could judge of the size of leaves and flowers, which these birds shook by their movements without submerging them. M. Marcoy directed his men to push the canoe into this network of leaves and flowers so that he might procure a specimen, and, with the aid of a woodman's axe, he was finally able to detach a flower and a bud from their stout stems, which were covered with hairs three or four inches in length. The leaves of the plant, anchored to the bottom by spiry stems the size of a ship's cable, resisted the combined efforts of the

men, and, finally, they had to content themselves with a leaf cut off a few inches below the surface. On landing, M. Marcoy had two sticks arranged as a cross, and on this he placed the leaf of the nymphæa, thus enabling two men to carry it to camp. Immediately after reaching camp, M. Marcoy found that this single leaf weighed thirteen pounds and a-half; that it was twenty-four feet, nine inches, three lines, in circumference. The flower was four feet two inches round; its extreme petals were nine inches in length, and its weight was three pounds and a-half. The bud weighed two pounds and a-quarter. To preserve the leaf, M. Marcoy was compelled to cut it into eight pieces, and he declares that he was prouder of his trophies than was old Demetrius Poliorcetes of a new city added to the list of his conquests.

Stories of the animals of South America abound in M. Marcoy's narrative, but we have only space to mention the Amazonian jaguar, of which the Tapuyas reckon nine varieties. This is the beast they admire most and hunt the least, chiefly because they think its flesh to be bad and attach little value to its fur, but also because they regard it as the offspring of their demon, Jurupari, who, they say, made it of his own dung. Hence the name *biche-diabo*—devil-beast—given to this feline, which has all the strength and ferocity added to the cunning and malice of the spirit of darkness. Often this jaguar surprises the great turtle upon the shore, and turning it over on its back, presses on its belly with his left paw, and so preventing it from moving, inserts his right paw between the upper and under shells and rends the palpitating flesh of his victim. The wonderful agility of the ape even, does not always preserve it from the teeth of the jaguar, who pursues it from branch to branch, even to the tops of the trees, springs upon it, careless of a fall of some thirty feet, and seizing his prey in the same manner as our domestic cat, like that, always alights safely on his four feet. Occasionally surprising the tapir in the act of drinking, he fastens himself upon the back of the astonished animal, allows himself to be dragged away over the broken ground and underwood, and plunges into the mud or water with the pachyderm, rending it as it vainly tries to escape, and ending the contest by breaking the neck of his victim. There is, however, an animal of the South American forests to which the terrible jaguar has now and then to pay the penalty. This is the great ant-eater. The moment the jaguar leaps upon him, this long-nosed grubber throws himself on his back and manages to embrace the feline with his four legs, and to stick into his body the formidable claws with which he is armed. Thus clamped together the enemies cannot again separate, but die together. When the Tapuyas find the skeletons of the feline and the edentata thus interlaced, they laugh, and say: "The jaguar and the tamandu have spoiled each other's dinner." But we have yet to cite what seems to the natives the most decisive proof that this animal is in league with the evil one. They say that the jaguar is particularly fond of fish, and its manner of catching it, without lines or hooks, in their judgment, could only have been suggested by the demon Jurupari. The feline selects a tree that has fallen across a river, and crouching down on its extremity it whips the water from time to time with its tail, to imitate the fall of ripe fruit. This noise deceives the *paco*, the *pira-arara*, and the *surubi*, who imagine that a drupe of the palm or an acorn has dropped into the water, and hasten to swallow it. But scarcely has one of these credulous fish lifted its head above the level of the water when a stroke of the jaguar's paw turns it out on the bank.

We have thus selected, almost at random, from M. Marcoy's narrative, a few characteristic passages. As far as possible we have retained his language—or rather that of his translator—that we might give, more effectively, some idea of the style as well as of the contents of these extremely attractive volumes. To obtain anything like a satisfactory knowledge of the extent to which the pencil has aided the pen in bringing the peculiarities of South America to the knowledge of the reader, an inspection of the volumes themselves is necessary. Other travelers, in other sections of South America, may make important additions to our knowledge regarding the natural history, the ethnography and hydrography of this great continent; but we can hardly anticipate a more entertaining narrative than that of M. Marcoy, and certainly no work can be produced for a long time to come which shall approach this in artistic attractions.

MY TOURMALINE: Part III.

BY SAXE HOLM.

The thaw was rapid and general. Not for years had such a body of snow disappeared so quickly. The river rose alarmingly; even little pools became dangerous. A large part of the village was under water. One feeble old man was actually drowned at the foot of his own garden; and for a few hours there was great cause for alarm; but the waters fell as fast as they had risen; a high wind rose and blew steadily for three days, and at the end of a week the whole country lay bare and dry, with a tender green tint everywhere struggling through the brown.

Dr. Miller had not forgotten the trip to Black Ledge. While the freshet was at its height he ran in one morning to say, "Boys, if this lasts we can go to Black Ledge by Saturday. The snow'll be all gone."

"And me, too?" said Ally. "Will you take me?"

"No, indeed, Pussy," said the Doctor. "It will be too wet and muddy."

"But you can't find Stonie's friends without me," said Ally. "I know you can't. Don't you know, Mr. Will, you couldn't see Stonie, look all you could, and there he was right in plain sight all the time. Don't you remember?"

True, so it was. Again a vague distrust and fear flashed through my mind. It had seemed to me at the time inexplicable that, searching so carefully and long, I had not seen the stone. Ally continued: "It won't be of any use for you to go unless you take Stonie, at any rate. Perhaps he will tell you the way if I ask him to."

Dr. Miller looked at Ally with a surprised face.

"What nonsense is this you're talking, Pussy?" he said.

"That's just what Mr. Will said," replied Ally, archly, and yet with a strange earnestness in her tone. "Nobody believes that Stonie knows me and tells me things, but he does. Some day you'll all believe it."

"Pshaw—what a notional little woman it is, to be sure," laughed the Doctor, patting her on the head, as he hurried out.

"Never mind. You'll see," said Ally quietly, putting back into her pocket the blue silk bag which she had been fingering dreamily while she talked.

Saturday was clear and bright. We set out early. Ally made no request to be taken with us, but watched all our movements with intense interest. I observed that she had the blue silk bag in her hand and raised it often to her cheek. She bade us good-bye very quietly, but, as we cleared the gate, we heard her call, "Doctor, brother Jim, wait a minute," and she came flying down the walk, with the blue silk bag in her hand. "Here, Doctor," she said, "you must take Stonie. You can't find the way without him. He has told me where his friends are; and I have asked him to tell you. There aren't any more of them on the old tree-root. You needn't look there. Most of them are down deep, and you'll have to dig; but there are some up on the very tip-top of the rocks. I know just how they look there. Stonie showed me."

The Doctor laughed and dropped the little bag in his pocket, saying, "I'll take good care of your Stonie," and Ally ran back, kissing her hands to us all.

"She's a most fanciful child," he said, as we walked on; "that imagination of hers will give her trouble some of these days; though she's got a splendid physique to offset it."

"Are you sure it is all her imagination about this stone, sir?" asked Jim, hesitatingly.

Dr. Miller stopped, turned, and looked Jim squarely in the face. "God bless my soul, boy, what else do you suppose it is? You're as bad as the child, upon my word. They don't teach a belief in witchcraft at your college, do they? I'll be bound Will here don't believe any such nonsense," turning to me."

I felt my face grow red, and my answer was as hesitating as Jim's question.

"No, sir, I don't believe it exactly, but it is very odd how Ally—"

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the Doctor. "It isn't at all odd how Ally—But you two are beginning rather young to see through a woman's eyes. Let it alone, boys, let it alone, only torment comes of it," and the Doctor fell into a reverie, such as we had often seen him in before, and which we knew better than to interrupt.

It was a wet and ugly climb up Black Ledge that morning. In the hollows of the rocks and under the giant oaks there still lay patches of slippery snow and ice; but the

air was soft and balmy, and one blue Hepatica welcomed us. It was growing almost under the trunk of the fallen tree in whose root Ally had found the stone.

"Ally said it wasn't of any use to look here," said Jim, unthinkingly.

Dr. Miller looked at him almost severely.

"Youngster," said he, "aren't you a little ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes, sir, a good deal," replied Jim, frankly enough to disarm the most contemptuous critic. "A good deal. But I can't help it. I do believe, if we find the stones at all, we shall find them where Ally said they were."

"And I suppose you believe, too, that this stone here"—tapping his waistcoat pocket,—"told her where its 'friends,' as she calls them, were?" said the Doctor, with kind, twinkling, compassionate eyes. "Poor boy—if Ally, at ten, does this to your senses, what'll she do to you six years hence?"

"Love me, I hope," said Jim, "as well as she does now. She's all I've got in the world, Dr. Miller, and please don't laugh at me any more. You would'nt if you knew how I love that child. Would he, Will?"

"No," said I, pretending to laugh. "It's no laughing matter, Doctor."

But the words, "She's all I have got in this world," echoed strangely in my ears. Dear, generous Jim, how little our boys' hearts could have dreamed in that hour of the barrier into which those few words were destined to be built!

We searched long around the roots of the old tree. I think Dr. Miller was determined to falsify Ally's prediction by finding the stones there.

"That one stone couldn't have been all alone," he said. "There's no such thing in nature; there must be more where that came from."

"But, Dr. Miller," said I, "that one was in a crevice of the roots; it probably came from deep down in the earth," and I showed him, as nearly as I could recollect, where the stone had lain. He examined the earth on the roots very carefully, and we looked for the cavity from which the tree had come, but there was no trace of it. Probably many years had elapsed since the storm which uprooted the old oak. "It might have grown a long way farther up the hill for all we can tell," said the Doctor, scratching his head and looking puzzled.

At this instant we heard loud shouts from Jim. He had spent very few minutes looking in the vicinity of the old tree, but had climbed rapidly up the ledge, and had been out of sight for some time.

"Oh, Will! Will! Doctor! Doctor! Hurry!" he cried, in tones so shrill and earnest, that I feared he was in trouble.

"He's found them, I do believe," exclaimed the Doctor, and we ran breathlessly up the steep and slippery rocks.

On the very top of the ledge knelt Jim—his hands clasped.

"Oh look, look!" he exclaimed. "Was not Ally right?"

We stood still in amazement. Glistening, sparkling in the sun, there lay dozens of crystals as if they had been just thrown down by some careless hand.

"I haven't touched one," said Jim; "I didn't dare to."

Dr. Miller did not speak for some moments. Then he cried out:

"By Jove, I'd like to know whether we're in Maine or in Brazil! It looks as if we'd been living at the foot of an emerald mine all our days, and might have gone on living so if it hadn't been for that blessed child. However, somebody had to find it out sooner or later. Pitch in, boys; pitch in, we'll get all we can this trip. The whole town'll be up here to-morrow, for I take it we haven't got any right to keep it to ourselves. Nobody's ever thought of owning Black Ledge. I guess my line comes up higher'n anybody's; but I'm a good way down yonder; this is the town's property up here."

Eagerly, silently, with an undercurrent of consciousness that we were coming very close to some strange secret of nature, we gathered up the crystals. There were many of great beauty, but none so fine as the first-found one, Ally's "Stonie." Many of them were broken; some looked as if they had crumbled slowly into fragments; but all were transparent, brilliant, and of colors of ineffable beauty—dark green, light green, pink, yellow, blue, rose-red and white.

It seemed utterly incredible that such treasures could long have been lying exposed on this hill-top.

"I don't suppose there are many villages where it could have happened," said Dr. Miller, "but there isn't a man or woman in this town that would ever think of walking a rod for pleasure, except me, and I'm too busy always to get so far from home 's this. I suppose I've looked up at this Black Ledge a hundred times and resolved to come up here at sunset some night, but I never

have. I guess I'm glad I didn't. It's worth a good deal more to come on it this way, with you boys along, and that Ally down below waiting."

"Oh, what will she say? What will she say?" exclaimed I.

"She won't be surprised," said Jim. "She's known it all winter. She told me a long time ago that there were ever so many up here, that Stonie said so. And she says: 'You know that the most of them are down deep;' that we'd only find a few on the top."

"So she did; so she did," said the Doctor, unconscious of the amount of confidence in Ally betrayed by his reply. "It's odd how the child knew; but that's the way it must be. These crystals have been formed deep down among these rocks. I don't know what has laid them bare. It takes ages for rocks to decompose, but this looks like it. We'll dig down just at the base of these biggest rocks. This soil has washed down round them."

In our first wonder and delight at the crystals, we had scarcely observed the rocks, but, in looking more closely, we found that they, too, were of rare beauty. There were great masses of a rose-red stone, magnificent rocks of quartz, and shining surfaces of mica. On the cold gray of the granite ledge these glittering colors stood out in sharp relief, and produced an effect of design in spite of all the chaotic confusion.

"I believe the gods began a temple here once," said Jim, "and left their jewels behind them."

"Quit Maine for want of worshipers," chuckled the Doctor, as he tugged away at his digging. Suddenly he threw down his spade, fell on his knees, and began fumbling in the loose earth with his fingers.

More crystals! We looked on in speechless astonishment. The cavity into which his spade had broken was some two feet deep. The bottom was filled with sand, and loose in this sand, as if they had been packed in it for safe keeping, lay many crystals of the finest colors we had yet seen. Their shapes were not perfect, and many of them were cracked or fissured as if they had been at some time exposed to the grinding of other stones upon them, but the colors were superb. Carefully we sifted the cavity to the very bottom, not leaving a single fragment of the gems in it. By this time the sun was well down in the western sky.

"We really must go home, boys," said the Doctor; "they will be anxious about us, and I am hungry, and you ought to be, though you are not," he added, scanning our excited faces with a professional eye.

Hungry!—we had no more thought of hunger than we should have in Aladdin's palace. Our eyes were so feasted that the whole body seemed fed. It was simply impossible to carry down the ledge all the crystals and crystal-bearing fragments of rock we had collected. We hid some of the least beautiful specimens under the old tree-root, and we were then so heavily burdened that the walk home was a serious toil. Ally was at the window watching for us. At the first sight of our overloaded arms, she clapped her hands and bounded to open the door.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!" she exclaimed, jumping up and down, and springing first to one, then to another; "I thought Stonie would help you."

"You foolish Pussy," exclaimed Dr. Miller, "we've got a hundred stones just like him."

"No," said Ally, gravely, "you have not got any just like him. There is not one among them all just like him."

"By Jove, she's right," muttered the Doctor, as we slowly set down our loads; "there isn't one just like hers."

"I told you so. I said she knew all about them," whispered Jim, under his breath.

We spent the whole evening in sorting and arranging the stones; they seemed more and more beautiful the more we studied them. There were no two alike; very few of them were perfect in shape, but they were all of superb colors. There was not one, however, which was so large, so regularly shaped and beautifully tinted as Ally's Stonie. As we held up crystal after crystal, exclaiming, "This is a perfect one!" "Oh, this is the most beautiful of all," Ally would place hers by the side of it, and without saying one word, look an arch interrogation. When the last crystal was laid in its place, she said, quietly:

"Stonie is king. These are his people. But there are many more in the hill."

"How does thee know, dear?" asked Mrs. Allen. "Can thee tell me how it is?"

"Stonie tells me, mother," replied Ally.

"But how does he tell thee?" said Mrs. Allen, humoring the child's fancy by speaking of the stone as she herself did. "He does not speak in words. He makes no sound."

Ally looked perplexed. "No," she said,

slowly, "I know that. But he likes me. He makes me see."

This was all the explanation she could ever give of the way in which she received impressions by means of the magnetic stone —"He makes me see." The next morning we inclosed a few of the smaller crystals in a letter and sent them to the Professor of Geology in our college, giving him a full account of the crystals, and of the locality where we had found them.

How anxiously we awaited his reply. Our brains teemed with the wildest hopes and projects; even Dr. Miller built air-castles, in which rubies and emeralds made walls and floors. The whole village was in a ferment of excitement. Black Ledge swarmed thick with eager crystal hunters. Many beautiful specimens were found, but no more of the perfectly formed crystals like ours. At last the letter came. Jim and I ran with it to Dr. Miller's office, and we read it together. It was long and full.

Our crystals were not emeralds, not rubies. They were tourmalines. The mineral was a rare one. Early in the eighteenth century, some experiments had been made before the French Academy, showing the wonderful electric properties of the stone, and for a few years considerable interest had been taken in the subject. But, owing to the scarcity of the gems, the investigations had not been continued, and even at the present day the stone was almost unknown, except to professional mineralogists.

Commercially, the gem had no fixed value. A superb group of them, which had been presented to the British Ambassador to the Burmese Empire, in 1795, and was now in the British Museum, had been valued at one thousand pounds sterling. The deep red variety, when clear and flawless, would command the price of rubies. It had been surmised that the famous ruby in one of the diadems of the Russian crown jewels was a species of tourmaline. The Professor concluded his kind letter by heartily congratulating us on our discovery, and thanking us, in the name of the college, for the specimens we had sent. He also offered to put us in communication with some amateur collectors in Europe, if we wished to dispose of the remaining crystals. As these were the only ones which had been discovered in America, he believed that they would be largely sought after.

"Well, they're not real jewels after all, then," said the Doctor, drawing a long sigh. "I did hope they'd turn out to be a fortune for somebody. But I don't care to dabble with the amateur collectors the Professor talks about. I've had one such man on my farm already after bird-tracks. I never made anything out of him. You can have all my share, boys; but I think you'd better send some of the very handsomest specimens to the college, don't you? Those little fellows we put in the letter weren't anything. If the British Museum has got one five-thousand dollar specimen, 't aint anyways likely they want another. It's easy enough, though, to 'value' a thing at five thousand dollars, when a grand Mogul of the Burmese Empire's given it to you for nothing. I can set one of these big quartz rocks with the green crystals in it up on my mantel-piece and 'value' it at five thousand dollars, too, any day."

We were crestfallen and disappointed, but the romance remained, though the hopes of pecuniary gain had departed. There was something in the very word tourmalines, Jim said, which went far to reconcile him to their not being rubies, and we felt somehow linked to the past century, to the French Academy, and to the Russian Empire—we boys in the heart of Maine who could amuse ourselves of an evening with handfuls of gems such as savants had vainly desired to possess and Empresses had worn.

When we read the letter aloud at home Mrs. Allen looked at her husband with so significant an expression, and he returned it with one so full of earnest meaning, that I exclaimed:

"Dear Dominie, dear Mrs. Allen, what is it?"

Mrs. Allen did not speak. The Dominie glanced at her before replying. Then he said:

"My son, our hearts were much troubled at the new thoughts which these jewels had brought into the life of our household. We do not desire money for ourselves; we fear it for those we love. We must grieve that your hopes are cast down, but we cannot help being glad that the chief mission of the wonderful stones is, after all, nothing more than to give us all one farther glimpse into the wonders of God's house in which we dwell."

Jim sprang from his seat, went to the Dominie, took his hand reverently in both of his, and pressed it without speaking. The Dominie's words had gone to the very bottom of his heart.

"God bless you, my son," said the Dominie. "When your hair is as white as mine you will think as I think."

"I do now, sir," said Jim, in a low voice, "and I believe I should think the same if I had not been rich."

"Much you can tell about that, old fellow," said I. "Wait till you've had to go without half the things you wanted for years and years. You're just like a blind man talking about colors."

"The Dominie and mother have had to go without most things they wanted," said Jim, impulsively.

The two aged lovers again exchanged glances. This time it was Mrs. Allen who spoke.

"Nay, not so. We have not gone without the things we have not had. But that is something thee cannot understand yet," and the placid, tender eyes turned to Ally involuntarily.

Ally had listened with absorbed interest to the reading of the letter and to the conversation which followed. Her face showed that not one of the ideas escaped her comprehension. The mental growth of this child in the last six months had been simply wonderful. In technical and text-book knowledge she was still far behind most children of her age, and must, of course, continue to be so for a long time. The lost years of her sad, untrained childhood could not easily be made up. But, on the other hand, every moment of her life now contained true education; and her susceptibility to influence was so exquisite that each new germ of thought sprang up quickly, bearing its hundred fold. Except for the innate gayety of her temperament, and for her fine English physique, she would have been in danger of becoming an introverted and too thoughtful child. But the mirthful heart and the abounding animal life saved her.

As Mrs. Allen finished speaking, Ally came slowly to the table, drawing the blue silk bag from her pocket.

"I would like to send Stonie to the gentleman who wrote that letter. Stonie is king, and ought to go," she said.

"Can you spare Stonie?" asked Jim, tenderly. "You will miss him very much, little one."

"I can have another all for my own, can't I?" said Ally, anxiously.

"Why yes, pet, a dozen, if you want them," replied Jim; "but they won't be like Stonie. There isn't one just like him."

"I know that," said Ally. "There isn't one in all the hill just like him. But he is king; he ought to go, and he wants to go, too. He has told me so."

With a tender, lingering touch she laid the beloved crystal down on the paper where we had already placed some of the specimens to be sent to the Professor. It was, indeed, king of them all. Both ends of the crystal were perfectly formed. It was transparent and flawless throughout. Two-thirds of its length were vivid green; the other third rose-pink. At the green summit was a layer of solid opaque white, looking like a cap, though only a line wide. In no other specimen did we see any trace of such a formation of white.

"That is Stonie's snow crown," said Ally, laying her finger on the white end of the crystal. "You see none of the rest have crowns."

She found it hard to make a choice. She tested every stone by laying it against her cheek.

"I want one with a voice like Stonie," she said.

We were so accustomed now to this strange manner of speaking of the stone that we treated it merely as a child's fancy for thinking a toy alive. But there was much more in it than we knew. At last she made her selection—two of the longest and slenderest crystals, of precisely the same length, one solid green, the other green and red.

"Are these too nice for me to have?" she asked timidly. "They are the best of all you have."

"You generous pussy," exclaimed Dr. Miller, "as if you hadn't given us the very gem of the whole."

"Oh, Stonie wasn't really mine!—only to keep for a little while," said Ally. "He was king."

The next day Dr. Miller was to set out on a long journey to the West, and he proposed to deliver our precious package of tourmalines, with his own hands, to the Professor.

"I'd like to tell him, too, about you boys," he said, roguishly. "If I report all your misconduct faithfully, he'll get your sentence extended another six months."

"Oh, if he only would!" we both exclaimed. "We do hate to go away."

The time was very near—only four weeks more. We could not bear to hear any one mention the days of the month. They sounded in our ears like the notes of a clock striking hour after hour of a happy day. Oh, the marvel of this thing which we call time!—which is, and which is not—a moment of which can seem like an eternity

of pain! an eternity of which can seem too short for a moment of joy!

Weeks after Dr. Miller's departure I observed, one morning at breakfast, that Ally was unusually grave.

"What is it, Ally? What are you thinking about?" said I.

"Stonie," she replied, in a sad voice.

"Do you want him back? I was afraid you would," said Jim.

"Oh, no, brother Jim. It isn't that;" and the child's lip trembled.

"What is it, then? Do tell me, dear," exclaimed Jim, his face full of trouble, as it always was at sight of an instant's unhappiness on Ally's.

"I can't," said Ally; "I don't know. It's Stonie. When will Dr. Miller come home?"

"Why, not for three weeks yet, Ally," replied Jim; "but he hasn't got Stonie now. Stonie's safe in a great big box on high legs, with a glass cover to it, by this time." And he tried to divert her mind by telling her about the college cabinets. She listened absently, and at last shaking her head, and saying: "Stonie isn't there," she slipped from Jim's lap and walked slowly away.

That night there came a letter to Jim in a handwriting he did not know. He glanced at the signature, and exclaimed:

"Oh, the good Doctor! He's written to tell us about the tourmalines!"

As he read the letter his face lengthened. I did not interrupt him with any question, but I said to myself:

"The tourmalines are lost, and Ally knew it this morning. I wish we'd never heard of the things anyhow. They're bewitched."

Presently he threw the letter to me, saying, "Read that, Will. I don't care about the confounded stones, but I'd rather run a gauntlet of wild Indians than tell Ally. Hang the thing! I wish we'd never seen Black Ledge."

Dr. Miller's letter was highly characteristic.

"DEAR BOYS: I may as well out with it. Your—my—Ally's—all the tourmalines are lost. I don't know but the Dominie was right, after all. Maybe they are used for gates in heaven, and angelic architects lay violent hands on them whenever they find them. The worst of it is, that I can't swear that it isn't my fault. The beastly stage driver that we rode with day before yesterday upset his stage just before dark, and nearly broke all our necks. There was a woman with a little boy in it, and the child's leg was broken, and I was up all night with them; and I'll be hanged if I ever thought once of the package of tourmalines till late the next day. I had it in my inside pocket, and felt of it about once in an hour or so up to that time. I spent most of yesterday ransacking the bushes and sand where we tipped over, and questioning everybody, but it's no use; the thing's gone, and I'll have to push on to-morrow. I hate to leave this woman with her boy worse than I ever hated to do anything. The child can't be stirred for three months, and they're as poor as the dogs. You can tell Ally about this little boy and his broken leg, and that'll divert her from Stonie. Don't blame me any more than you can help, boys; I'm cut up enough about it, anyhow. I expect you thought I was old enough to be trusted. DAVID MILLER.

"P. S. I'm ashamed of myself for thinking such a thing, but I can't get it out of my head that Caleb Bunker has got the tourmalines. He sat next me in the stage, and he has been like a man possessed about them from the very first; but, of course, I can't ever say a word to him, and I've no business to you. He was terribly officious in helping me look after them yesterday morning, and all of a sudden he disappeared. If he got them I shall find it out some day, for he's such a fool. D. M."

To our great relief Ally took the news of the loss of "Stonie" very quietly. She was prepared for it.

"I knew something had happened," she said, "but it is no matter; Stonie will be king, you know, wherever he is. I dare say he did not want to be shut up in that box you told me about."

When we were alone Mrs. Allen said quietly to Jim:

"I am very glad thee was discreet enough not to read before the child the Doctor's suspicions of Mr. Bunker. She has gratitude to him and Mrs. Bunker, and I would be sorry to have it disturbed. I fear that the Doctor is right. There was all the essence of dishonesty in the manner in which he spent thy hundred dollars for Ally."

Our sorrow at the loss of the tourmalines was soon swallowed up in our grief at the near prospect of going back to college. To leave Ally and Mrs. Allen and the Dominie was harder to me than it had ever been to leave my own home; and, as for Jim, poor boy, it was the first home he had ever known.

"If I weren't ashamed, Will," he said, "I'd quit college and turn my back on the world and settle down here with Dominie."

"What to do, Jim?" said I. "Study and hunt, and teach Ally till she's old enough for me to take her to Europe," replied he, with kindling face. "I believe I'd know more at the end of six years that way than I will now. College is an infernal humbug, Will, and you know it as well as I do. Haven't we learnt more in these six months with Dominie than in all the rest of our lives put together? Any how I'm thank-

ful Ally's got such a home. Blessed little angel, how could I ever have thought of her being marched up and down the streets in those processions of boarding-school girls, and learning to flirt with the students. It makes me feel like knocking these country fellows down now whenever I see them looking at her, and I don't know what I'd do with her at college."

"Break a dozen fellows' heads every term, I expect, old boy—what with the ones that made love to her, and the ones that chaffed you about her," laughed I.

"Chaffed me about Ally!" exclaimed Jim. "What do you mean, Will? Who ever heard of a man being chaffed about his sister?"

"Nobody," said I, satirically; "but Ally happens not to be your sister."

"Will, it's just the same as if my father and mother had adopted her instead of me; exactly the same. She is my sister, I tell you," said Jim, emphatically.

"There isn't any same as brother about kisses," came into my head, but I forebore to quote the words. My heart was already sorer than I knew how to explain, by reason of this little maiden's exclusive love for her brother Jim.

The dreaded day came swiftly, as only dreaded days can; it was a sunny May morning. To go away by stage from a home one sorrows to leave is infinitely harder than to go in any other way. There is such a mockery of good cheer, of a pleasure drive, in the prancing of the horses eager to be off. There is such a refinement of cruelty in the composure of the driver waiting whip in hand for you to decide for yourself when the last words have been said, the last kiss taken. There is such a prolongation of the pain of last looks, as at turn after turn of the winding road you discover that you can still see the dear forms on the doorstep, or the gleam of the home through the trees. The authoritative "All aboard" of the conductor, and the pitiless shriek of the steam engine at the railway station, are mercies for those who find it hard to part. All this I thought as we rode away from the beloved Parsonage, looking back and back again between the pink apple-tree tops to the group of loved ones in the doorway. The parting had been singularly brief and quiet. Mrs. Allen's placid brown eyes were full of tears, but her last words were simply, to both Jim and me: "Thee will write, thee will write often;" and the Dominie's voice shook a little as he said, "God keep you, my boys. Remember that this is your home, always."

Ally spoke no word; she kissed first me, then Jim, with a swift kiss quite unlike her usual clinging, loving kisses, and then turned her head away and hid it in the lilac boughs. The clusters of purple flowers bent down and rested on her golden hair as if to soothe her. All I could see of her face was the patient sweet little mouth, which was firmer shut than usual.

And so we went back into the world again; the city, the college, the men, the women, all seemed unspeakably strange, and the strangeness did not wear off. For weeks our feeling was not so much one of homesickness as of bewilderment. No foreigners in a strange land ever found the atmosphere of their lives newer, more inharmonious. The very speech jarred on our ears. For six months we had heard but three voices, and those singularly low, sweet, rich.

"Oh, Will, is this the same language they used to speak at the Dominie's?" exclaimed Jim, in the middle of our first breakfast at our boarding-house; "I can't stand it! It is like jews-harps. It never sounded like this before."

"How have you ever made out to live through the winter in that outlandish place, Mr. Ordway?" at this instant called our spinster landlady in shrill tones from her high seat at the head of the table; "I assure you we have all sympathized with you deeply."

Jim's look of surprise was almost an angry stare.

"I was never so happy in my life, madam," he retorted, "and I assure you this place is the outlandish one and not that!"

Significant looks were exchanged among the boys at this outbreak. "Oh, Jim, be quiet," I whispered; "the boys will chaff you to death if you make such speeches."

"Yes, I'm a fool, Will," he answered, under his breath, and then, resuming his more courteous tone, he endeavored to soothe the ancient maiden's resentment and disarm suspicion by a graphic account of the beauty of the winter in northern Maine, and of the rare characters we had found in Parson Allen and his wife.

But the mischief was done. College boys do not easily lose sight of the clew to a possible joke, and the secret of Jim Ordway's attachment to Maine was the staple of current banter for months. I was not there long to help poor Jim bear and baffle it. In the third week of the term I was called

home by the sudden death of my father. His business was left in disastrous confusion, and the only chance of saving the property seemed to lie in my giving up my college education and going into the counting-house. It was a severe test for a boy eighteen years old, but I have never regretted that it devolved upon me. I was better suited for a business life than for any other, and the four years of college would not have been sufficient help to me in it to have compensated for the delay. Here, therefore, the currents of life divided me from Jim. After four years—three at school and one at college—in which we had lived like brothers, we were now thrown widely apart.

The separation was much harder to Jim than to me. As I said in the beginning of my story, I have always wondered why I did not love him better. His idealistic, dreamy, poetic, impulsive nature had great fascination for me, but with the fascination was mingled a certain impatience, almost scorn of his lack of practicality, and an element of pity, which is fatal to the strongest love between man and man. It was only in a woman's nature that I could wholly love the combination of qualities which made Jim the sweet-souled fellow he was, and made him dearer to almost everybody than he could ever be to me, whom he loved with his whole heart. Yet I feel a sharp sense of disloyalty, in writing these words, in acknowledging even to myself this fatal flaw in my regard for him. He was so pure, so unselfish, so true; he lived habitually on so much higher a plane of thought than I did, that I always felt in his presence that the flaw was in me, rather than in him, that my love could not grow warmer. His gentle, affectionate sweetness, his enthusiastic sympathy moved me greatly. But the instant he was gone from my sight my consciousness of the lack in his nature returned in undiminished vividness, and I knew that I must forever receive far more than I could give, in my relations with him.

The story of the next three years is summed up in a few words. Jim was faithfully working away in the college routine, which he more than half despised, but would not let himself abandon. I was working alone and unhelped, as men work in a shipwreck, striving to save the remains of my father's little property. It was a terrible strain, and has told on my whole life. I used up in those years physical capital which could never be replaced, but I gained a business knowledge and capacity which no less severe training could have given me. In saving my father's hundreds I learned to make my own thousands, and I am content. Jim wrote very often, I wrote seldom. This was partly because of my temperament, partly because I was so overworked. Through him I heard from the dear home in Maine, and through him sent to them my warm recollections; but after the letters at the time of my father's death I left off writing directly to him. This, again, was partly because of my temperament, partly because I was so overworked; but partly, also, because I had an instinctive consciousness that the thought of Ally must not become an element in my daily life. Strange that in the boy's heart the man's instinct should have been so strong; should have so recognized in the little unformed child the mature woman; should have had so prophetic a sense of all which lay hid far, far in the future! When the news of my misfortune reached the Parsonage, Mrs. Allen and the Dominie each wrote me a loving and sympathizing letter. Mrs. Allen said:

"Thee knows that we ourselves set little store by money, nevertheless we can sorrow with those who lose it. If it is best for thee to have riches, it is very easy for the Lord to lay them in thy hands."

Enclosed in the letter was a small bit of paper, on which Ally had printed in large and angular letters:

"DEAR MR. WILL: I am very sorry for you to have to go away from brother Jim.

"I would kiss you if you were here.

"ALLY."

I have this precious bit of paper now; the letters are faded, and the paper is worn thin and ragged; it is many years old. Jim's letters were full of Ally, especially during his vacations, which were always spent at the Parsonage. Sometimes he was grieved at my seeming lack of sympathy about the child. He once wrote:

"I don't know if I bore you about Ally. You never ask a question about her, and sometimes I think you have forgotten our life in the old Parsonage, you say so little of them all. But it don't seem like you, Will, to leave off loving anybody that loves you, and they all do love you just as well to-day as the day we rode off together on the stage. If you don't care about them as you used to, and would rather not hear so much about them, do tell me, so I needn't write it any more."

Leave off loving! No, it was not like me. In my reply to this letter I said:

"I hope you will never think, because I do not speak of or to people, that I have ceased to love them. I do not love you, or Dominie, or Mrs. Allen, or Ally any less than I did three years ago. You will never learn, I suppose, that words are not with me natural expressions of feeling."

Jim was relieved, but not satisfied.

"I cannot doubt the truth of all you say, dear Will," he replied, "but I wish it had a different sound to it somehow."

Ah, the "sound to it!" How many a heart like my faithful Jim's has half broken for the lack of a certain "sound" to words which were spoken in all loyalty and affection, and really meant all which the aching, listening heart craved, but could not learn to understand in any other language than its own!

This letter was just before Jim's graduation. I had promised to be present at the Commencement. The Dominie and Mrs. Allen and Ally were all to be there, and perhaps Jim's dearly beloved old guardian. Jim's heart was over-full with delight and anticipation. His letters made even me, prosaic, calm-blooded man that I was, feel like laughing and crying together.

"Oh, you dear old Will!" he wrote; "will you just think of what currents are coming together next week? Guardy hasn't seen Mrs. Allen for thirty or forty years, and I know he used to love her—I know it by lots of things; and you haven't seen Ally for almost four years. I shan't tell you a word about her, only just you be prepared to lose your breath, that's all. I will tell you one thing, though. She's almost as tall as I am, Will! What do you think of that for a girl of fourteen? Oh, I'm proud of her! And you, old fellow, have you got such a beard I shan't know you? Oh, but I'm afraid I shall cry! Hang it all! I wish there wasn't such a streak of woman in me."

Ally, almost as tall as Jim! I could not form any such fancy of her.

She lived in my mind, always in one picture; a little bounding child, with a wreath of scarlet oak-leaves over her shoulders, and golden curls shining in the wind; and whenever I recalled this picture, I recalled as vividly the sharp thrill of electric heat which shot up my arm as I took from her tiny hand the red and green crystal. My life during these three years at home had been so secluded, so dull, so hard, that the memory of the winter at the Parsonage was in no danger of being effaced by new impressions. On the contrary, it but brightened day by day. The traveler cannot forget the oasis while he is still in the desert. My mother and sisters were good women. I loved them dutifully, but they gave me no joy; they invested life with no grace, no exhilaration, no stimulus; they were, like me, affectionate, realistic, faithful, plodding; except that I had known Mrs. Allen, had breathed the atmosphere of her house, I should have accepted them as types of the highest sort of women—so true, loyal, upright, steadfast were they; but, I had learned the gospel of a new dispensation; I had been led up to heights whose air had expanded my spiritual nature as the air of great altitudes expands the lungs. All the more that I comprehended my own incapacity to create or even fully understand the atmosphere of an idealized life, I felt that I needed it, and knew that I longed for it. Hour by hour, in these long three years, while Jim had suspected me of forgetting the dear ones at the Parsonage, I had yearned for them with a yearning born of such need and loss as Jim could never have felt, and never have borne. I hesitated long whether I should go to the Commencement. The promise had been of such long standing, it seemed an obligation; and well I knew that Jim's loving heart would be wounded to the quick, if I failed. My inmost instinct warned me against going, told me that after a week in such companionship it would be only the harder to return to the associations and the burdens of my inevitable life: on the other hand, it seemed a selfish thing to deprive my friends of a pleasure solely to save myself a pain. "Supposing life is made a little harder," I said to myself, bitterly, "what then! I can bear it." Oh, how worthless a faculty is imagination when we use it to gauge an untried burden! As well ask the eagle's vision to measure the load that a beast of burden may draw!

I went to the Commencement. An accident to a train delayed me many hours, and I did not arrive until nearly noon of the Commencement day. The exercises had begun some two hours before. The church was filled to overflowing. To enter by the doors was simply impossible. A step-ladder had been set at an open window on the left hand of the pulpit, and by this the guests who were to have seats on the platform had climbed up. From this window I could see the whole house. I had not stood there many minutes before I caught Jim's eye.

He was in the second row of pews, in front of the platform, looking no more like a senior than he did the day we were rusticated for our freshman frolic. Dear, child-hearted man. Not a line of beard on his cheek; not a trace of worldliness in his face; every line, every feature, full of spirituality, enthusiasm, simplicity.

When he caught my eye his whole face flushed, and he involuntarily half rose from his seat; then recollecting himself, he sank back with a comic look of despair, and began to make signals to me which I could not in the least comprehend. In my absorbed attention to these signals, I did not observe that I was obstructing the entrance to the platform, and that some one was waiting to pass me. Suddenly, I heard a low voice saying, "Will you have the kindness, sir, to let my father pass?" and the old electric shock flashed up my arm like fire. Without turning my head I knew that it was Ally who had spoken, and that she had Tourmaline in her possession. I sprang back. She lifted her beautiful brown eyes to me, as calmly as to a stranger, thanked me, and stretched out her hand to Dominie, saying: "Come down here, father, we have kept a seat for you."

Dominie also looked in my face as in the face of a stranger, and bowed courteously as he passed. Then for the first time I realized what the years had done to my face. But how then should Jim have known me so instantly? A sudden sense of aggrieved pain stole over me. I said to myself: "They would have known me if they had not forgotten my face." As Dominie took his seat, I heard him say to Ally:

"He has not come. It is very strange. I am afraid there is some accident."

I knew then that he had been to the station to meet me. The temptation was very strong to make myself known—but the temptation to study Ally's face for a few hours unobserved, was still stronger.

To say that she was the most beautiful human creature I had ever seen seems to desecrate her. Comparison between Ally and other women was impossible. Moment by moment as I looked at her I grew incredulous of my eyes. Was that a girl fourteen years old? Was that the outcast child fostered in a lonely New England village by the village pastor's wife? It was a woman of such superb stature that one-half inch more of height would have made her look masculine. It was a woman of such self-poise of manner and bearing—such rare elegance of dress—that out of America one would have thought her of some royal house. If she had had no beauty, the elegance and the grace of her bearing would have produced the effect of it; but what words can describe the charm produced by the combination of these with beauty which more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood? There were the same soft yet brilliant brown eyes, the same exquisite complexion, the same golden-yellow curls. The curls were no longer falling on her neck, but no looping could wholly confine them. I could have sworn that one which drooped and fluttered on her right shoulder was the very one I had so often threatened to cut off. The expression of her face was singularly like that of Jim's. I had sometimes noticed this at the Parsonage, but now the resemblance had deepened. There was the same simplicity, spirituality, enthusiasm. There was, however, in spite of the enthusiasm, an expression of placid repose, which Jim's face had not. In this her face was like Mrs. Allen's, and no one seeing them sitting there side by side could have failed to suppose them mother and daughter. Mrs. Allen's dear old face had grown wrinkled and thinner, and yet so tender and holy was its beauty that it did not suffer by contrast with the fresh young bloom at its side.

Ally's dress was black, of a fine transparent material. A wide, floating scarf of the same, quaintly embroidered in tiny poppies of scarlet and gold, was thrown over her shoulders. Her bonnet was of the finest black lace, its only ornament two scarlet poppies and one golden bud. It was a toilette an Indian princess might have worn if she had also been a poet.

"Jim must have sent to Paris for that for her," said I to myself. "Lucky fellow that he is with his money!" I was wrong. It was a toilette that Ally had devised, and her own hands had wrought the poppies in scarlet and gold.

The President rolled out his sonorous Latin sentences; my old classmates came and went on the stage; disquisitions, discussions, orations, were all alike to me. I heard the words as one hears words in a dream. I was fully conscious of but one sense, and that was the sense of Ally's personality. It was not the fascination of her beauty; it was, as it always remained, the vivid sense of her as of an expansion of my consciousness of myself. This is the nearest analysis which words can give of the bond which held me to Ally. As I stood with my eyes

dreamily fixed on the scarlet and gold poppies of her scarf, I recalled the wealth of scarlet oak-leaves which she had worn on that autumn morning, and I knew that the two hours were linked together by a bond as enduring as eternity. While I was thinking of the strange coincidence in material color of these two most vivid pictures in my brain, I was suddenly conscious of another sharp electric thrill; not running as before, up my arm, but seeming to come from the floor beneath my feet. It was very sharp—so sharp that I involuntarily leaned against the wall to steady myself for a second and shut my eyes. When I opened them I saw that Ally's head was turned; she seemed to be eagerly looking for some one, yet the expression was not wholly one of expectancy; it was of a vague anxiety. Her eyes moved slowly from face to face in the seats behind her. As they came nearer and nearer to me my heart beat violently. Was she about to know me at last? Had the tourmaline bond revealed me to her? Her eyes met mine. I had resolved that no change in my face should assist the recognition, but I felt the blood mount to my temples, and I could no more have withdrawn my eyes from hers than I could have lifted the old church in my arms. For a second her eyes fell under mine, then she lifted them again with the old appealing look which I remembered so well, her cheeks flushed, and a reproachful expression gathered around her mouth. If she had said: "I know it is you; how can you be so cruel, pretending not to know me?" it could not have been plainer. I smiled, and in one second there broke all over her face a light of rosy color and laughing gladness, and turning to Mrs. Allen and the Dominie, she spoke one eager word, pointing to me. In a moment more the dear old Dominie had my hands in his, and, too regardless of the place, we were talking breathlessly. It was well for us that an intermission in the exercises arrived at that moment. Once the barriers of my incognito were broken down, words could not come fast enough.

"I am very glad to see thee once more," were all the words of welcome Mrs. Allen spoke, but the eyes said more. And Ally, beautiful Ally, how shall I describe the myriad ways in which the child heart spoke through the woman's eyes and voice! The three years' interval seemed obliterated in her consciousness; it was again "Brother Jim" and "Mr. Will," and the glad, merry, loving old life seemed to be going on, as fresh and untrammeled as ever, there on the platform of the old meeting-house, and under the eyes of hundreds of people.

"I knew you were here some time ago, Mr. Will," said Ally.

"How, Ally?" said I. She colored, but did not reply. "You have spoken to me once this morning, and did not know me," I continued. "That made it hard for me to be sure you knew me just now."

"Oh, no, Mr. Will," she said, earnestly. "That is not possible. I knew your face the instant I saw it. I had been looking slowly into all the faces near me to find you. I had been looking for an hour. I knew when you came in, I think."

It was probable, then, that when I had believed her eyes were lifted to my face, they were really fastened on Dominie, who was close behind me, and she did not see me at all. As I sat near her, the folds of her dress touching my feet, again the sharp electric thrill flashed from the floor to my brain. I bent over her and whispered,

"Ally, do you carry Stonie in your pocket?"

"Oh no, not Stonie. He was lost, you know. But I have Stonie's two friends here;" and she threw back her scarf and pointed to the two tourmalines hanging at her belt. They were fastened together by a twisted silver wire in shape of a cross, and swung by a long loop of the wire from her belt clasp.

"I keep them always with me," she went on. "I am just as much a baby as ever about them. Do you recollect?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, it is just so now. Mamma thinks I shall outgrow it, but I do not believe I shall grow any more. Do you, Mr. Will?" she said with delicious archness. "And if I do, I believe the crystals will keep on telling me things as long as I live. If I put my hands on them I feel their power, and I can see things while I am touching them—things which are happening away from me. But mamma does not like to have me talk about it to any one. So I never do."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Jim, "Tourmalines again! I'll cut them off your belt some day, Ally. They bewitch you and make you too bewitching, and she is bewitching enough without them. Isn't she, Will?" turning to me.

I could not answer. Something in his tone jarred upon me indescribably. Was this the Jim who had said to me once that he could not understand how boys spoke

lightly of the wives they would one day have? Was it he who was speaking in this jesting way of the witchery of the girl whom he was to marry? Ally laughed, and her laugh gained upon me still more.

"No use, brother Jim," she said. "I should go to Black Ledge and get others. Besides, Stonie is coming back to me some day, and he is king."

Ally's childlike unconsciousness of self prevented her seeing what we all saw, that the eyes of the whole assembly were upon her. Her beauty, her remarkable stature, her indescribable charm of voice and smile, awaked the attention of every one and held it spell-bound.

"Ally, my child," at last said Mrs. Allen, "thee must not forget that thee is not at home. There are many strangers here observing us."

Ally was as high-spirited as she was beautiful. The old lamb-like docility had gone with the days of suffering which had created it.

"Why should they observe us? How dare they be so rude?" she said, with her eyes flashing and turning suddenly toward the front of the platform, unconsciously taking in the whole house in her swift glance of resentment, and looking more superb than ever.

"By Jove, Will," exclaimed Jim in a whisper, "look at the galleries! We'll have the whole college at her feet to-morrow!" and his face flushed with pride.

"Oh, Jim," said I, "do let us get her away. I can't endure to see them stare at her so."

"Why, you queer old Will," said Jim, "what do you mean! You ought to be just as proud as I. She's just as much your sister as mine."

"She isn't either your sister or mine, old fellow," said I, "and it's no place for a girl like her—up on this platform for a mob of men to look at. I'm going to take her farther back;" and I easily persuaded them all to move into a more retired seat, where we could talk more quietly.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL.

I. DOWN THE GREEN RIVER.

THE Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Grand and the Green. Grand River has its source in the Rocky Mountains, five or six miles west of Long's Peak, in latitude 40° 17′ and longitude 105° 40′, approximately. A group of little Alpine lakes that receive their waters from perpetual snow banks discharge into a common reservoir known as Grand Lake—a beautiful sheet of water, whose quiet surface reflects towering cliffs and crags of granite on its eastern shore, and stately pines and firs on its western margin.

Green River heads near Fremont's Peak in the Wind River Mountains. This river, like the last, has its sources in Alpine lakes fed by everlasting snows. Thousands of these little lakes with deep, cold, emerald waters, are embosomed among the crags of the Rocky Mountains. These streams, born in the gloomy solitudes of the upper mountain region, have a strange and eventful history as they pass down through gorges, tumbling in cascades and cataracts until they reach the hot, arid plains of the lower Colorado, where the waters that were so clear above, empty muddy floods into the Gulf of California.

Green River is larger than the Grand, and is the proper continuation of the Colorado. Including this river, the whole length of the stream is about two thousand miles. The region of country drained by the Colorado and its tributaries is about eight hundred miles in length, and varies from three hundred to five hundred in width, containing about three hundred thousand square miles, —an area larger than all of New England and the Middle States, with Maryland and Virginia added.

There are two distinct portions of the basin of the Colorado. The upper two-thirds of the basin rises from four to eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. This higher region is set on the east, north and west, with ranges of snow-clad mountains attain-

ing an altitude above the sea, varying from eight thousand to fourteen thousand feet.

The lower third is but little above the level of the sea, but here and there ranges of eruptive mountains rise to an altitude of from two to six thousand feet. This part of the valley is bounded on the north by a line of cliffs which forms a bold, often vertical step, hundreds or thousands of feet to the table-lands above.

Very little water falls within the basin, but, all winter long, snows fall on its mountain-crested rim, filling the gorges, half burying the forests, and covering the crags and peaks with a mantle woven by the winds from the waves of the sea. When the summer sun comes, these snows melt and tumble down the mountain-sides in millions of cascades. Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks; ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form a hundred rivers beset with cataracts; a hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado, which rolls a mad, turbid stream into the Gulf of California.

Consider the action of one of these streams, its source in the mountains where the snows fall, its course through the arid plains. Now, if at the river's flood storms were falling on the plains, the channel of the stream would be cut but little faster than the adjacent country would be washed, and the general level would thus be preserved; but, under the conditions here mentioned, the river deepens its bed, as there is much erosion, and but little lateral degradation. So all of these streams cut deeper and still deeper year by year, until their banks are towering cliffs of solid rock. These deep, narrow gorges are called cañons. For more than a thousand miles along its course the Colorado has cut for itself such cañons. The Rio Virgen, Kanab, Paria, Escalante, Dirty Devil, San Rafael, Price and Uinta, on the west; the Grand, Yampa, San Juan, and Little Colorado on the east—have also cut for themselves such narrow, winding gorges or deep cañons. Every river entering these has cut another cañon; every lateral creek has cut a cañon; every brook runs in a cañon; every rill born of a shower, and born again of a shower, and living only during these showers, has cut for itself a cañon; so that the whole upper portion of the basin of the Colorado is traversed by a labyrinth of these deep gorges.

About the basin are mountains; within the basin are cañon gorges; the stretches of land from cañon brink to cañon brink are of naked rock or drifting sands, with here and there lines of volcanic cones, and with black scoria and ashes scattered about. These cañon gorges and desert wastes have prevented the traveler from penetrating the country, so that, until the Colorado River Exploring Expedition was organized, it was almost unknown; yet, enough had been seen to foment rumor, and many wonderful stories have been told in the hunter's cabin and explorer's camp. Stories were related of parties having entered the gorge in boats and having been carried down with fearful velocity into whirlpools, where all were overwhelmed in the abyss of waters; others of underground passages for the great river into which boats had passed, never to be seen again. It was currently believed that the river was lost under the rocks for several hundred miles. There were other accounts of great falls whose roaring music could be heard on the distant mountain summits. There were stories current of parties wandering on the brink of the cañon vainly endeavoring to reach the stream below, and perishing with thirst at last, in sight and sound of its tantalizing waters.

The Indians, too, have woven the mysteries of the cañons into the myths of their religion. Long ago there was a great and wise chief who mourned the death of his wife and would not be comforted until Tah-vwoats, one of the Indian gods, came to him and told him that she was in a happier land, and offered to take him there that he might see for himself, if, upon his return, he would cease to mourn. The great chief promised. Then Tah-vwoats made a trail through the mountains that lie between that beautiful land, the balmy region in the Great West, and this, the desert home of the poor Nu-ma. This trail was the cañon gorge of the Colorado. Through it he led him; and when they had returned, the deity exacted from the chief a promise that he would tell no one of the joys of that land, lest, through discontent with the circumstances of this world, the people should desire to go to Heaven. Then he rolled a river into the gorge, a raging stream that should engulf any who might attempt to enter thereby. More than once have I been warned by the Indians not to enter this cañon; they considered it disobedience to the gods and contempt for their authority, and believed that it would surely bring their wrath upon me.

For two years previous to the exploration I had been making some geological studies

among the heads of the cañons running into the Colorado from the east, and a desire to explore the Grand Cañon itself grew upon me. Early in the spring of 1869 a small party was organized for this enterprise. Boats were built in Chicago and transported by rail to the point where the Union Pacific Railroad crosses Green River. With these we were to descend the Green into the Colorado, and the Colorado down to the foot of the Grand Cañon.

On the 24th of May the good people of Green River City turned out to see us start. We raised our little flag, pushed the boats from shore, and the swift current carried us down.

Our boats were four in number—three built of oak, stanch and strong, double-ribbed, with double stern and stern-posts, and further strengthened by bulk-heads, dividing each into three compartments. Two of these, the fore and aft, were decked, forming water-tight cabins. The little vessels were twenty-one feet long, and were capable of carrying about four thousand pounds each, and, without the cargoes, could be transported by four men. The fourth boat was made of pine, very light, but sixteen feet in length, with a sharp cut-water, and every way built for fast rowing, and divided into compartments as the others.

We took with us rations deemed sufficient to last ten months, expecting to stop over for the winter at some point about midway down the stream. We also took tools for repairing boats and building cabins. For scientific work we had sextants, chronometers, barometers, thermometers, compasses, and other instruments.

The flour was divided into three equal parts, the meat and other articles of our rations, in the same way. Each of the larger boats had an axe, hammer, saw, auger, and other tools, so that all were loaded alike.

We distributed the cargoes in this way, that we might not be entirely destitute of some important article should any one of the boats be lost. In the small boat we packed a part of the scientific instruments, three guns, and three small bundles of clothing, only. In this boat I proceeded in advance to explore the channel.

J. C. Sumner and William H. Dunn were my boatmen in the "Emma Dean." Then followed "Kitty Clyde's Sister," manned by W. H. Powell and G. Y. Bradley. Next, the "No Name," with O. G. Howland, Seneca Howland, and Frank Goodman; and last came the "Maid of the Cañon," with W. R. Hawkins and Andrew Hall.

Sumner was a soldier during the late war, and before and since that time has been a great traveler in the wilds of the Mississippi Valley and the Rocky Mountains as an amateur hunter. He was a fair-haired, delicate-looking man, but a veteran in experience, and had performed the feat of crossing the Rocky Mountains in midwinter on snow-shoes. He spent the winter of 1866–7 in Middle Park, Colorado, for the purpose of making some natural history collections for me, and succeeded in killing three grizzlies, two mountain lions, and a large number of elk, deer, sheep, wolves, beavers, and many other animals. When Bayard Taylor traveled through the parks of Colorado, Sumner was his guide, and he speaks in glowing terms of Mr. Taylor's genial qualities in camp, but he was mortally offended when the great traveler requested him to act as door-keeper at Breckenridge to receive the admission fees from those who attended his lectures.

Dunn had been a hunter, trapper, and mule-packer in Colorado for many years. He dressed in buckskin with a dark oleaginous luster, doubtless due to the fact that he had lived on fat venison and killed many beavers since he first donned his uniform years ago. His raven hair fell down to his back, for he had a sublime contempt for shears and razors.

Captain Powell was an officer of artillery during the late war and was captured on the 22d day of July, 1864, at Atlanta, and served a ten months' term in prison at Charleston, where he was placed with other officers under fire. He was silent, moody, and sarcastic, though sometimes he enlivened the camp at night with a song. He was never surprised at anything, his coolness never deserted him, and he would choke the belching throat of a volcano if he thought the spitfire meant anything but fun. We called him "Old Shady."

Bradley, a lieutenant during the late war, and since orderly-sergeant in the regular army, was, a few weeks previous to our start, discharged, by order of the Secretary of War, that he might go on this trip. He was scrupulously careful, and a little mishap worked him into a passion, but when labor was needed, he had a ready hand and powerful arm, and in danger, rapid judgment and unerring skill. A great difficulty or peril changed the petulant spirit into a brave, generous soul.

O. G. Howland was a printer by trade, editor by profession, and hunter by choice.

When busily employed he usually put his cap in his pocket, and his thin hair and long beard streamed in the wind, giving him a wild look, much like that of King Lear in an illustrated copy of Shakespeare which tumbled around the camp.

Seneca Howland was a quiet, pensive young man, and a great favorite with all.

Goodman was a stranger to us—a stout, willing Englishman, with florid face, and more florid anticipations of a glorious trip.

Billy Hawkins, the cook, was a soldier in the Union army during the war, and, when discharged at its close, went West, and since then had been engaged as teamster on the plains or hunter in the mountains. He was an athlete and a jovial good fellow, who hardly seemed to know his own strength.

Hall was a Scotch boy, nineteen years old, with what seemed to us a "second-hand head," which doubtless came down to him from some knight who wore it during the Border Wars. It looked a very old head indeed, with deep-set blue eyes and beaked nose. Young as he was, Hall had had experience in hunting, trapping, and fighting Indians, and he made the most of it, for he could tell a good story, and was never encumbered by unnecessary scruples in giving to his narratives those embellishments which help to make a story complete. He was always ready for work or play, and was a good hand at either.

Our boats were heavily loaded, and only with the utmost care was it possible to float on the rough river without shipping water. Our way for nearly fifty miles was through the Green River Bad Lands, a region of desolation. The rocks are sandstones and shales, gray and buff, red and brown, blue and black strata in many alternations, lying nearly horizontal, and almost without soil or vegetation; but they are all very soft and friable, and are strangely carved by the rains and streams. The fantastic rain-sculpture imitates architectural forms, and suggests rude and weird statuary. Standing on some high point, you can look off in every direction over a vast landscape, with salient rocks and cliffs glittering in the evening sun. At such a time dark shadows are settling in the valleys and gulches, and the heights are made higher, and the depths deeper, by the glamour and witchery of light and shade. Away to the south the Uinta Mountains stretch in a long line—high peaks piercing the sky, and snow fields glittering like lakes of molten silver, and pine forests in somber green, and rosy clouds playing around the borders of huge black masses; and heights and depths, and clouds and mountains, and snow fields, and forests, and rocklands are blended into one grand view.

The journey to the foot of the mountains was made with no more important incident than the breaking of an oar in some ugly rapid, or the killing of a mountain sheep on a cliff that overhangs the river.

The general course of the Green here is to the south. The Uinta Mountains have an east and west direction, and stand directly athwart the course of the stream; yet it glides along quietly as if a mountain range were no formidable obstruction to its progress. It enters the range by a flaring, brilliant red gorge, that may be seen from the north-west a score of miles away. The great mass of the mountain ridge through which the gorge is cut is composed of bright vermilion rocks, but they are surmounted by broad bands of mottled buff and gray, and these bands come down with a gentle curve to the water's edge on the nearer slope. This is the head of the first cañon which we were to explore, an introductory one to a series made by the river through this range. We named it "Flaming Gorge." The cliffs or walls on either side we found to be about twelve hundred feet high.

You must not think of this mountain range as a line of peaks standing on a plain, but as a broad platform many miles wide, from which the mountains have been carved by the waters. You must conceive, too, that this plateau is cut by gulches and cañons in many directions, and that beautiful valleys are scattered about at various altitudes. The first series of cañons we explored constitutes a river-channel through such a range of mountains. The cañon is cut nearly half way through the range, then turns to the east, and is cut along the central line or axis, gradually crossing it to the south. Keeping this direction for nearly fifty miles, it then turns abruptly into a south-west course, and goes diagonally through the southern slope of the range. Here and there the walls are broken by lateral cañons, the channels of little streams entering the river. Where the river has the general easterly course above mentioned, the western part only runs in a cañon, while the eastern half of its course is through a broad valley called, in honor of an old-time trapper, "Brown's Park," and long known as a favorite winter resort for mountain men and Indians.

On the 30th of May we started down the mysterious cañons, with some anxiety. The

old mountaineers had told us it could not be run; we had heard the Indians say: "Water heap catch 'em!" But all were eager for the trial. Entering Flaming Gorge, we quickly ran through it on a swift current, and emerged into a little park. Half a mile below, the river wheeled sharply to the left, and we turned into another cañon cut into the mountain. We entered the narrow passage; on either side the walls rapidly increased in altitude; on the left were overhanging ledges and cliffs five hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred feet high; on the right the rocks were broken and ragged; the water filled the channel from cliff to cliff. Then the river turned abruptly around a point to the right, and the water plunged swiftly down among the great rocks. And here we had our first experience with cañon rapids. I stood up on the deck of my boat to seek a way between the wave-beaten rocks. All untried as we were with such waters, the moments were filled with intense anxiety. Soon our boats reached the swift current; a stroke or two, now on this side, now on that, and we threaded the narrow passage with exhilarating velocity, mounting the high waves whose foaming crests dashed over us, and plunging into the troughs until we reached the quiet water below. And then came a feeling of great relief; our first rapid was run. Another mile and we came out into the valley again.

THE START FROM GREEN RIVER STATION.

The course of this cañon is remarkable. Where the river turns to the left, above, it penetrates the mountain to its very heart, then wheels back upon itself, and runs out into the valley from which it started, but half a mile below the point at which it entered, so that the cañon is in the shape of

an elongated letter U, with the apex in the center of the mountain.

Soon we left the valley and entered another short cañon, very narrow at first, but widening below as the walls increased in altitude. The river was broad, deep, and quiet, and its waters mirrored towering rocks. Kingfishers were playing about the stream, and so we adopted as the name, "Kingfisher Cañon."

At the foot of this cañon the river turned to the east, past a point which was rounded to the shape of a dome; on its sides little cells had been carved by the action of the water, and in these pits, which cover the face of the dome, hundreds of swallows had built their nests; and as they flitted about the rock they looked like swarms of bees, giving to the whole the appearance of a colossal bee-hive, of the old-time form; and so we named it "Bee-Hive Point."

One evening when we camped near this point, I went out into a vast amphitheater, rising in a succession of terraces to a height of eighteen hundred or two thousand feet. Each step of this amphitheater was built of red sandstone, with a face of naked, red rock and glacis clothed with verdure; so that the amphitheater was surrounded by bands of red and green. The evening sun lit up the rocks and the cedars, and its many-colored beams danced on the waves of the river. The landscape reveled in sunshine.

Below Bee-Hive Point we came to dangerous rapids, where we toiled along for some days, making portage or letting our boats down the stream with lines. Now and then we had an exciting ride; the river rolled down at a wonderful rate, and where there were no rocks in the way, we made almost railroad speed. Here and there the water rushed into a narrow gorge, the rocks on the sides rolled it into the center in great waves, and the boats went bounding over these like things of life. Sometimes the waves would break and their waters roll over the boats, which made much bailing necessary, and obliged us to stop occasion-

INQUIRING THE WAY.

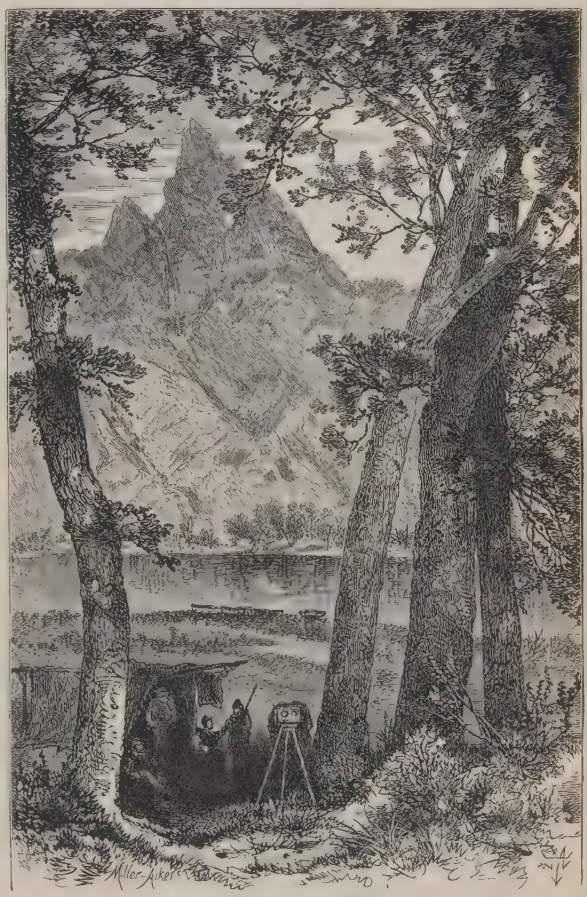
ally for that purpose. At one time we made a run of twelve miles in an hour, including stoppages.

The spring before, I had a conversation with an old Indian, who told me about one of his tribe attempting to run this cañon: "The rocks," he said, holding his hands above his head, his arms vertical, and looking between them to the heavens, "the rocks h-e-a-p, h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-woogh, h-oo-woogh; water-pony (boat) h-e-a-p buck; water catch 'em! no see 'em Injun any more! no see 'em squaw any more! no see 'em pappoose any more!" Those who have seen these wild Indian ponies rearing alternately before and behind, or "bucking," as it is called in the vernacular, will appreciate his description.

One day we came to calm water, but a threatening roar was heard in the distance below. Slowly approaching the point from which the sound issued, we came near the falls and tied up just above them on the left. Here we were compelled to make a portage; so we unloaded the boats, fastened a long line to the bow, and one to the stern of the little boat, and moored her close to the brink of the fall. Then the bow-line was taken below and made fast, the stern-line was held by five or six men, and the boat let down as long as they could hold her against the rushing waters; then, letting go one end of the line, it ran through the ring, the boat leaped over the fall, and was caught by the lower rope. In this way the boats were passed beyond the fall. Then we built a trail among the rocks, along which we carried our stores, rations and clothing, and the portage was completed after a day's labor. On a high rock, by which our trail passed, we found the inscription: "Ashley 18–5;" the third figure was obscure, some of the party reading the date 1835, some 1855.

James Baker, an old-time mountaineer, once told me about a party of men starting down the river, and Ashley was named as one of them. The story runs that the boat was swamped and some of the party drowned in one of the cañons below.

The word "Ashley" was a warning to us, and we resolved on great caution. We named the cataract "Ashley Falls." The river is very narrow at that point, the right wall vertical for two or three hundred feet,



THE CAMP AT FLAMING GORGE.

and the left towering to a great height with a vast pile of broken rock lying between the foot of the cliff and the water. Some of the rocks broken from the ledge above have tumbled into the channel and caused this fall. One great cubical block, thirty or forty feet high, stands in the middle of the stream, and the waters, parting to either side, plunge down about twelve feet and are broken again by smaller rocks into a rapid below. Immediately below the falls the water occupies the entire channel, there being no talus at the foot of the cliffs.

Near the foot of this cañon there is a little park, which is simply the widening of the cañon into a little valley; this we called "Red Cañon Park." Reaching this on the third of June, we spread our rations, cloth-

ing, etc., on the ground to dry, and several of the party went out for a hunt. I took a walk of five or six miles up to a pine-grove park, its grassy carpet bedecked with crimson flowers set in groups on the stems of pear-shaped cactus plants; patches of painted cup were seen here and there with yellow blossoms protruding through scarlet bracts; little blue-eyed flowers were peeping through the grass, and the air was filled with fragrance from the white blossoms of a spiræa; a mountain brook ran through the midst, ponded below by beaver dams. This quiet place formed a great contrast to the one I had just left.

The next day we ran down to Brown's Park and found a quiet river through this valley until we reached the Gate of Lodore, the entrance to the Cañon of Lodore.

On the 7th of June three of us climbed to the summit of the cliff on the left and found its altitude above camp to be 2,086 feet. The rocks are split with fissures, deep and narrow, sometimes a hundred feet or more to the bottom. Lofty pines find root in such fissures as are filled with loose earth and decayed vegetation. On a rock we found a pool of clear cold water caught from a shower which had fallen the evening before. After drinking of this we walked to

THE GATE OF LODORE.

the brink of the cañon and looked down to the water below. The cañon walls are buttressed on a grand scale, and deep alcoves are excavated; rocky crags crown the cliffs, and the river rolls below. At noon we returned to camp. The sun shone in splendor on the vermilion walls, shaded into green and gray where the rocks were lichened over; the river filled the channel from wall to wall, and the cañon opened like a beautiful door-way to a region of glory. But at evening, when the sun was going down and the shadows were setting in the cañon, the vermilion gleams and roseate hues, blended with tints of green and gray, slowly changed to somber brown above, and black shadows crept over them below. Then it seemed the shadowy portal to a region of gloom. Through this gate-way we were to enter on our voyage the next day.

Entering the cañon, we found, until noon, a succession of rapids, over which our boats had to be taken by lines. Here I must explain our method of proceeding at such places. The "Emma Dean" went in advance, and the other boats followed in obedience to signals. When we approached a rapid, or what on other rivers would be called a fall, I stood on deck to examine it while the oarsmen "backed water," and we drifted on as slowly as possible. If I could see a clear chute between the rocks, away we went; but if the channel was beset entirely across, we signaled the other boats to pull to land, and I walked along the shore for closer examination. If this revealed no clear channel, our hard work began; we dropped the boats to the very head of the dangerous place, and let them over by lines or made a portage; frequently carrying both cargoes and boats over the rocks, or perhaps only the cargoes, if it was safe to let the boats down. The waves caused by such a river differ much from the waves of the sea. The water of an ocean wave merely rises and falls, the form only passes on, and form chases form unceasingly. A body floating on such waves merely rises and sinks—does not progress unless impelled by the wind or some other power; but here the water of the wave passes on, while the form remains. The waters plunge down ten or twelve feet at the foot of a fall, then spring up again in a great wave, then down and up, down and up, in a series of billows that gradually disappear in the more quiet stream below. But these waves are always there, and you can stand above and count them. A boat riding such waves leaps and plunges along with great velocity. Now, the difficulty in riding over these falls, when the rocks are out of the way, is in the first wave at the foot. This will gather sometimes for a moment, heaping up higher and higher until it breaks back. If the boat strikes it the instant after it breaks, she cuts through it, and the breaker dashes its spray over the boat, and would wash us overboard did we not cling tight. If the boat, in going over the falls, chances to get caught in some side current, and is turned from its course so as to strike the wave "broadside on" and the wave breaks over us in the same instant, the boat is capsized. Still we must cling to her, for she cannot sink, the water-tight compartments acting as buoys. And so we go, dragged through the waves until still water is reached. We then right the boat and climb aboard. We had several such experiences that day. And so, from day to day, we toiled on through the Cañon of Lodore.

One night we were camped on the right bank, on a little shelving rock between the river and the foot of the cliff. With night comes gloom into these great depths. After supper we sat by our fire made of drift-wood caught by the rocks, and told stories of wild life. It was late before we spread our blankets on the beach. Lying down, we looked up through the cañon and saw that only a little of the blue heaven appeared overhead—a crescent of blue sky with but two or three constellations peering down upon us. I did not sleep for some time, as the excitement of the day had not worn off. Soon I saw a bright star that appeared to rest on the very verge of the cliffs overhead on the east. Slowly it seemed to float from its resting-place on the rocks over the cañon. At first it appeared like a jewel set on the brink of the cliff, but as it moved out from the rock I almost wondered that it did not fall. In fact it did seem to descend in a gentle curve, as though the bright sky, in which the stars were set, was spread across the cañon, resting on either wall, and swayed down by its own weight. The star appeared to be in the cañon, so high were the walls. I soon discovered that it was the bright star Vega, so it occurred to us to designate that part of the wall as "The Cliff of the Harp."

Very slowly we made our way through this cañon, often climbing on the rocks at the edge of the water for a few hundred yards, to examine the channel before running it. One afternoon we came to a place where it was necessary to make a portage.

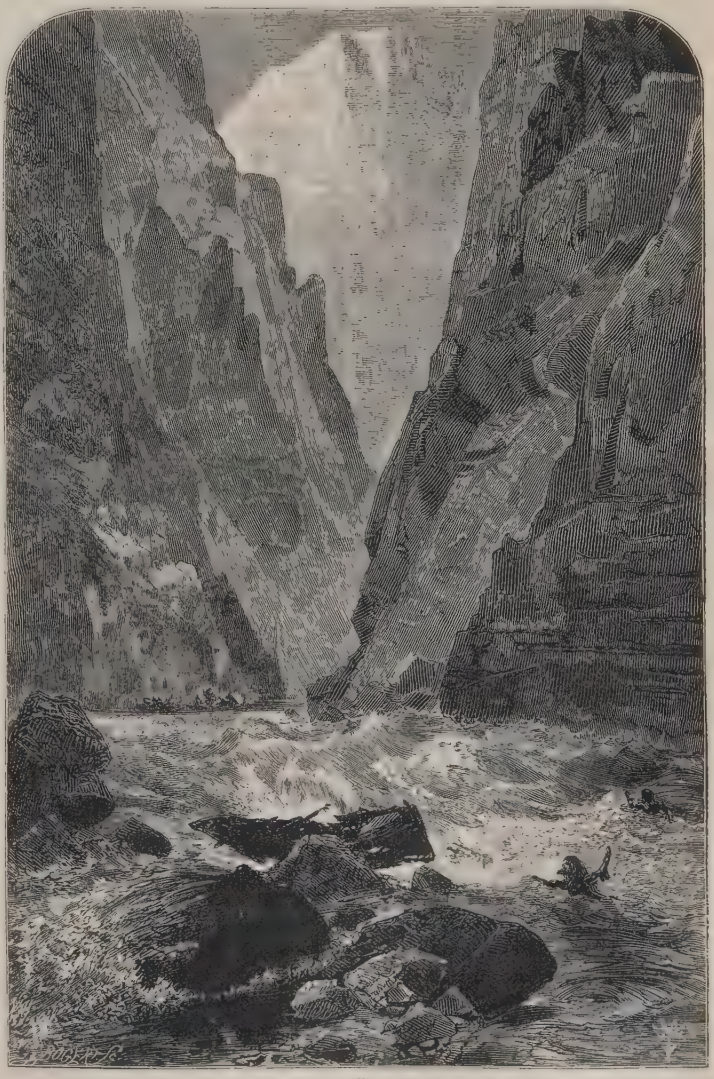
SIDE CAÑON OF LODORE.

The little boat was landed, and the others signaled to come up. Where these rapids, or broken falls, occur, usually the channel is suddenly narrowed by rocks which have tumbled down from the cliffs, or have been washed in by lateral streams. Immediately above the narrow rocky channel on one or both sides, there is often a bay of quiet water, in which it was easy to land. Sometimes the water descends with a smooth, unruffled surface from the broad, quiet spread above, into the narrow, angry channel below, by a semicircular sag. Great care was taken not to pass over the brink into this deceptive pit, but above it we could row with safety. At this point I walked along the bank to examine the ground, leaving one of the men with a flag to guide the other boats to the landing place. I soon saw one of the boats make shore all right, and felt no more concerned; but a minute after, I heard a shout, and, looking around, saw one of the boats shoot down the center of the sag. It was the "No Name," with Captain Howland, his brother, Seneca Howland, and Frank Goodman. I felt that its going over was inevitable, and ran to save the third boat. A few minutes more and she turned the point and headed for the shore. Then I started down stream and scrambled along to look for the boat that had gone over. The first fall was not great, only ten or twelve feet, and we often had run such; but below, the river tumbled down again for forty or fifty feet in a channel filled with dangerous rocks that broke the waves into whirlpools and beat them into foam. I passed around a great crag just in time to see the boat strike a rock, and, rebounding from the shock, careen and fill the open compartment with water. Two of the men lost their oars. Then she swung around and was carried down at a rapid rate, broadside on, for a few yards, and, striking amidships on another rock with great force, was broken quite in two, and the men were thrown into the river. The larger part of the boat still floated buoyantly; this they soon seized, and drifted down the river past the rocks for a few hundred yards to a second rapid filled with huge bowlders. Here the boat struck again, was dashed to pieces, and the men and fragments were carried beyond my sight. Running along, I turned a bend and saw a man's head above the water, dashed about by the waves in a whirlpool below a great rock. It was Frank Goodman clinging to the rock for his life. Then I saw Howland trying to go to his aid from an island on which he had been washed. Soon he came near enough to reach Frank with a pole, which he ex-

tended toward him. The latter let go the rock, grasped the pole, and was pulled ashore. Seneca Howland was washed farther down the island, and was caught by some rocks, and, though somewhat bruised, managed to get ashore in safety.

And now the three men were on an island with a swift, dangerous river on either side and a fall below. The "Emma Dean" was soon brought down, and Sumner, starting above, as far as possible, pushed out. Right skillfully he plied his oars, and a few strokes set him on the island at the proper point. Then they all pulled the boat up stream, until they stood in water up to their necks. One sat on a rock and held the boat until the others were ready to pull, then he gave the boat a push, clung to it with his hands and climbed in as they pulled for the mainland, which they reached in safety. We were as glad to shake hands with them as if they had returned from a voyage around the world, and had been wrecked on a distant coast. We named the scene of this incident "Disaster Falls."

The next day, making a portage in the remaining boats, we discovered, a little below, some fragments of an old boat, an old dutch bake-oven, some tin plates and other articles, doubtless the relics of Ashley's party, whom I have before mentioned. The story runs that some of his companions were drowned — how many, I have now forgotten; but Ashley himself and one other survived the wreck, climbed the cañon wall and found their way across the Wasatch Mountains to Salt Lake, living chiefly on berries, as they wandered through an unknown and rugged country. When they arrived at Salt Lake, they were almost destitute of clothing and nearly starved. The Mormon people gave them food and clothing and employed them to work on the foundation of the Temple until they had earned sufficient to enable them to leave the country. Of their subsequent history I have no knowledge. It is possible that they returned to the scene of the disaster, as a little creek entering below the cañon is known as Ashley's Fork, and it is reported that he built a cabin and trapped on this stream for one or two win-



THE WRECK AT "DISASTER FALLS."

ters; but this may have been before the disaster.

Below, we found rocks, rapids, falls, and made our portages. At many places the Cañon of Lodore has deep, dark alcoves set between massive buttresses. In these alcoves grow beautiful mosses and delicate ferns, while springs burst out from the farther recesses and wind in silver threads over floors of sand. At one place we found three she was set free, a wave turned her broadside down the stream, with the stem, to which the line was attached, from shore and a little up. They hauled in the line to bring the boat in, but the power of the current, striking obliquely against her, shot her out into the middle of the stream. The men had their hands burned by the friction of the passing line as the boat broke away and sped with great velocity down the

FIRE IN CAMP.

cataracts in quick succession where we were compelled to make three difficult portages, and we named the place "Triplet Falls."

In many places we made portages of our rations and let the boats down with lines. This we found to be no easy task, for where such a body of water, rolling down an inclined plane, is broken into eddies and cross-currents by rocks projecting from the cliffs and piles of bowlders in the channel, it requires excessive labor and much care to prevent the little vessels from being dashed against the rocks or breaking away. Sometimes we were compelled to hold the boat against a rock above a chute until a second line attached to the stem was carried to some point below, and, when all was ready, the first line was detached and the boat given to the current. Then she would shoot down and the men below would swing her into some eddy. One day at such a place we were letting down the last boat, and, as stream. We gave up "The Maid of the Cañon" as lost; but she drifted some distance and swung into an eddy, in which she spun about until we arrived with the small boat and rescued her.

At one place we had to make a portage of more than half a mile past a wild confusion of waves and rocks, which we called "Hell's Half Mile."

One day we stopped for a late dinner at the mouth of a brook on the right. This little stream comes down from a distant mountain in a deep side cañon. We set out to explore it, but were soon cut off from farther progress up the gorge by a high rock over which the brook ran in a smooth sheet; the rock was not quite vertical, and the water did not plunge over in a fall. Then we climbed up to the left for an hour, until we were a thousand feet above the river, and six hundred above the brook. Just before us the cañon divided, one little

stream coming down on the right and another on the left, and we could look away up either of these cañons through an ascending vista to cliffs, and crags, and towers, a mile back, and two thousand feet overhead.

To the right were a dozen gleaming cascades; pines and firs stood on the rocks, and aspens overhung the brooks. The rocks below were red and brown set in deep shadows, but above they were buff and vermilion. The light above, made more brilliant by the bright-tinted rocks, and the shadows below, made more gloomy by the somber hues of the brown walls, increased the apparent depth of the cañons, and it seemed a long way up to the world of sunshine and open sky, and a long way down to the cañon floor. Never before had I received such an impression of the vast height of these cañon walls; not even at the Cliff of the Harp, when the very heavens seemed to rest on their summits.

Late the same afternoon we made a short run to the mouth of another little brook coming down from the left into an alcove filled with luxuriant vegetation. Here camp was made with a group of cedars on one side, and a dense mass of box-elders and dead willows on the other. I went out to explore the alcove, and while away a whirlwind came on, scattering the fire among the dead willows and cedar spray. Soon there was a conflagration. The men rushed for the boats, leaving behind all that they could not readily seize at the instant, and even then they had their clothing burned and hair singed, and Bradley had his ears scorched. The cook filled his arms with the mess-kit, and jumping into a boat stumbled and fell, and away went our cooking utensils into the river. Our plates were gone, our spoons were gone, our knives and forks were gone. "Water catch 'em; h-e-a-p catch 'em!" When on the boats, the men were compelled to cut loose, as the flames, running out on the overhanging willows, scorched them. Loose on the stream they must go down, for the water was too swift to make headway against it, and just below was a rapid filled with rocks. On they drifted, no channel explored, no signal to guide them. Just at this juncture I chanced to see them, but had not discovered the fire, and the strange movements of the men filled me with astonishment. Down the rocks I clambered and ran to the bank. When I arrived they had landed. Then we all went back to the late camp to see if anything left behind could be saved. Some of the clothing and bedding that had been taken out of the boats, a few tin cups, a basin and a camp kettle, were all that was left.

THE RESCUE.

The next day we ran down to the mouth of the Yampa River. The journey from the Gate of Lodore was marked by disasters and toils. At the junction of the Yampa and Green we found a beautiful park, inclosed on every side by towering walls of gray sandstone, smooth and vertical. There are three river entrances into this park—one

down the Green, one down the Yampa, and one up the Green; there is a fourth entrance by a side cañon that comes in from the south. Elsewhere this park is unapproachable. The way through the Cañon of Lodore is a difficult and dangerous one. The course of the Yampa for forty miles above its mouth is through another cañon; it also is difficult and dangerous. Green River runs through a cañon below Echo Park, beset with rocks and interrupted by falls. So it may be said that the park has but one practicable entrance, that by a side cañon so narrow in many places that a horseman could scarcely ride through it; yet we found a trail down this side cañon, and evidences that the Indians had camped in this beautiful park; in fact, it had been described to me the year before. The park itself is a beautiful natural garden, with grasses and flowering plants, shrubs, and trees—just large enough for a farm.

Here we encamped for two or three days, for the purpose of repairing boats, drying rations, and to make the observations necessary to determine the latitude and longitude of the junction of the two rivers.

Opposite our camp the wall was high and vertical. The river running to the south for a mile and a-half, turns back upon itself, and the two stretches of river, the first south, the second north, are separated by a wall in many places but ten to twenty feet wide and eight hundred feet high, and, on the east, everywhere vertical or overhanging. I wished to climb this wall for the purpose of measuring its altitude, so one day Bradley and I took the little boat and pulled up stream as far as possible, in order to reach a place where the wall was so broken that it seemed practicable to climb it. We landed on a little talus of rocks at the foot of the wall, but found that we must go still farther up the river; so we scrambled on until we reached a place where the river sweeps against the wall. Here we found a shelf along which we could pass, and then were ready for the climb. We started up a gulch, then passed to the left, on a bench along the wall; then up again, over broken rocks; then we reached more benches, along which we worked until we found more broken rocks and crevices; by which we climbed still up, until we had ascended six or eight hundred feet. Here we were met by a sheer precipice.

Looking about, we found a place where it seemed possible to climb. I went ahead, Bradley handed the barometer to me, and followed; so we proceeded stage by stage until we were nearly to the summit. Here, by making a spring, I gained a foothold in a little crevice and grasped an angle of the rock overhead. I found I could get up no

ECHO PARK.

farther, and could not step back, for I dared not let go with my hand, and could not reach foothold below without; so I called to Bradley for help. He found a way by which he could get to the top of the rock over my head, but could not reach me. He looked around for some stick or limb of a tree, but found none. Then he suggested that he had better help me with the barometer case, but I feared I could not hold on to it. The moment was critical. I was standing on my toes, and my muscles began to tremble. It was sixty or eighty feet to the foot of the precipice. If I lost my hold I should fall to the bottom, and then perhaps roll over the bench and still farther down the cliff. At that instant it occurred to Bradley to take off his drawers, which he did, and swung them down to me. I hugged close to the rock, let go with my hand, seized the dangling legs, and, with his assistance, was enabled to gain the top.

Then we walked out on a peninsular rock, made the necessary observations for determining its altitude above camp, and returned, finding an easy way down.

On the 21st of June we left Echo Park; our boats floated along the long peninsular rock until we turned abruptly to the southwest and entered another cañon. The walls

were high and vertical, the cañon narrow, and the river filled the whole space below, so that there was no landing-place at the foot of the cliff.

The Green is greatly increased by the Yampa, and we now had a much larger river. All this volume of water, confined as it was in a narrow channel, and rushing with great velocity, was set eddying and spinning into whirlpools by projecting rocks and short curves, and the waters waltzed their way through the cañon. The cañon was much narrower than any we had seen. With difficulty we managed our boats. They spun about from side to side; we knew not where we were going, and found it impossible to keep them headed down the stream. At first this caused us great alarm, but we soon found there was but little danger, and that we really were making progress on our way. It was the merry mood of the river to dance through this deep, dark gorge, and right gayly did we join in the sport. But our revel was interrupted by a cataract. We succeeded in landing against the wall, and after three or four hours' labor passed the difficult point.

In like manner, spinning in eddies, making portages, and riding with exciting velocity along portions of the river where the fall was great but the rocks were few, we made our way through Whirlpool Cañon, and camped, on the 23d of June, on an island in a beautiful little park.

The next day Bradley and I started early to climb the mountain to the east; we found its summit to be nearly three thousand feet above camp, and it required some labor to scale it; but from its top—what a view! The walls were set with crags, and peaks, and buttressed towers, and overhanging domes. Turning to the right, the park was below us, with its island groves reflected by the deep, quiet waters. Rich meadows stretched out on either hand to the verge of a sloping plain that came down from the distant mountains. In strange contrast to the meadows are the plains of blue and lilac-colored, buff and pink, brown and vermilion rocks, with all these colors clear and bright. A dozen little streams (dry during the greater part of the year) ran down through the half circle of exposed formations, radiating from the island center to the rim of the basin. Each creek had its system of side streams, and each side stream its system of laterals, and again these were divided so that this outstretched slope of rock was elaborately embossed. Beds of different colored formations ran in parallel bands on either side; the perspective, modified by the undulations, gave the bands a waved appearance and the high colors gleamed in the midday sun with the luster of satin. We were tempted to call this "Ribbon Park."

Away beyond these beds were the Uinta and Wasatch Mountains with their pine forests and snow fields, and naked peaks.

Then we turned to the right and looked up Whirlpool Cañon, a deep gorge with a river in the bottom—a gloomy chasm where mad waves roared; but at that distance and altitude the river was but a rippling brook, and the chasm a narrow cleft. The top of the mountain on which we stood was a broad grassy table, and a herd of deer was feeding in the distance. Walking over to the southeast, we looked down into the valley of White River, and beyond that saw the far distant Rocky Mountains in mellow haze, through which came the glint of snow fields.

On the morning of the 25th of June we entered Split Mountain Cañon, and camped that night near the mouth of a cave at the foot of a great rapid. The waves of the rapid dashed in nearly to the farther end of the cave. We could pass along a little shelf at the side until we reached the back part. Swallows had built their nests in the ceiling, and they wheeled in, chattering and scolding at our intrusion, but their clamor was almost drowned by the noise of the waters. Looking out of the cave, we could see far up the river, with a line of crags standing sentinel on either side, and Mt. Hawkins in the distance.

The next day we ran out of Split Mountain Cañon. At the lower end of this gorge the water was very swift, and we ran with great speed wheeling around a rock now and then with a timely stroke or two of the oars. At one point the river turned from left to right in a direction at right angles to the cañon in a long chute and rolled up and struck the right wall where its waters were heaped up in great billows that tumbled back in breakers. We glided into this chute before we could see the danger, and it was too late to stop. Two or three hard strokes were given on the right, and we paused for a moment, expecting to be dashed against the rock; the bow of the boat leaped high on a great wave; the rebounding waters hurled us back, and the peril was past. The next moment the other boats were hurriedly signaled to land on the left. Accomplishing this, the men walked along the shore,

holding the boats near the bank and letting them drift around. We started again and the river soon debouched into a beautiful valley. Gliding down its length for ten miles, we camped under a grand old cotton-wood.

Our way then for several days was on a gently flowing river beset with many islands. Groves were seen on either side—natural meadows, where herds of antelope were feeding. Here and there we had views of the distant mountains on the right.

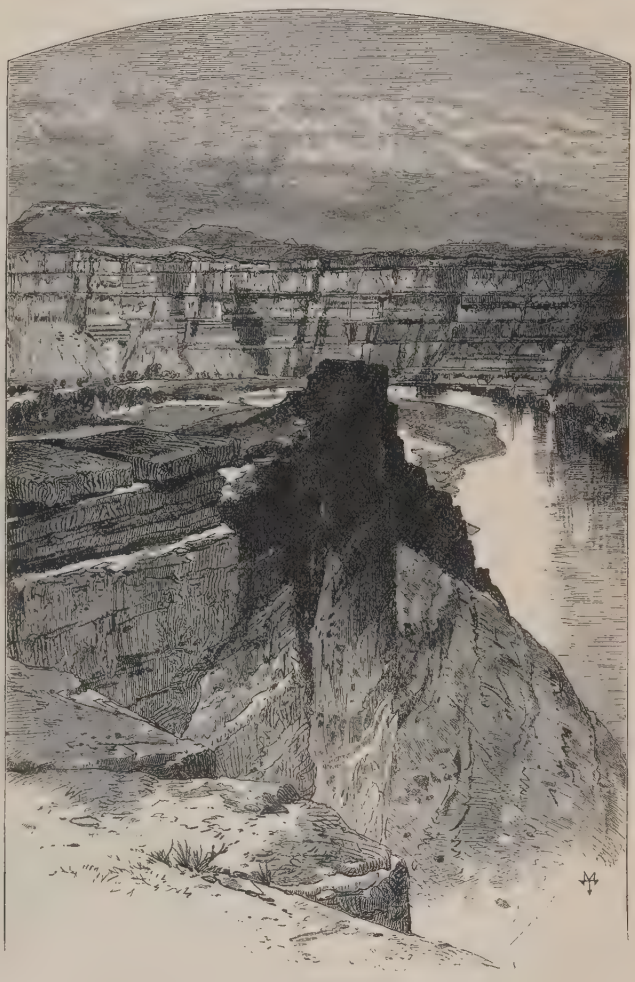
We stopped two or three days at the mouth of the Uinta, and some of us went up the river to the Uinta Indian Agency, forty miles to the north-west, and spent the Fourth of July. Here we parted company with Frank Goodman, one of the men who was on the "No Name" when she was wrecked.

Moving down the river on the 7th of June, we left the valley country and entered the Cañon of Desolation. At first its waters were quiet, and the walls were low, but the cut edges of the rock were often found to be vertical, sometimes terraced, and in many places the steps of the terraces were sloping. In these great curves vast amphitheaters were formed, now in vertical rocks, now in steps. The salient of rock within the curve is usually broken down in a steep slope, and

SWALLOW CAVE.

we stopped occasionally to climb out at such a place. Steadily, too, the walls increased in altitude, and, after a run of a day or two, the waters became more rapid. At last we were in a cañon with ragged, broken walls, with many lateral gulches or cañons entering on either side; the river became rough, and occasionally it was necessary to use lines in passing rocky places.

One day in running a rapid we broke an oar and lost another, and finding no timber in the immediate vicinity, of which new oars could be made, we ran on, hoping to be more successful soon, either in finding drift-wood or discovering some place where we could climb out to the summit of the plateau, which, we could see, was covered with a forest of pines. So our little pioneer boat, the "Emma Dean," was running with but one pair of oars. In this way we came near a rapid. Standing on the boat it seemed to me that we could run it, but coming nearer we found it was dangerous; but we were in waters so swift that, with one pair of oars, we could not reach shore. Vainly Sumner pulled with all his power; still down we drifted. Seeing that running the fall was inevitable, I shouted to Sumner to turn bow down, and signaled the other boats to land. The next moment we shot by a big rock; a reflex wave rolled over our little boat and filled her, another wave tossed the boat over, and I was thrown some distance into the water. I soon found that swimming was very easy, and that I could not sink; it was only necessary to ply strokes sufficient to keep my head above water, but now and then a breaker rolled over me, when I closed my mouth and was carried through it. The boat was drifting ahead of me twenty or thirty feet, and when the great waves were passed I overtook her and found Sumner and Dunn clinging to her. As soon as we reached quiet water we all swam to one side and turned her over; in doing this, Dunn lost his hold and went under; when he came up, he was caught by Sumner and pulled to the boat. In the meantime we had drifted down stream some distance, and saw another rapid below. How bad it might be we could not tell, so we swam toward shore, pulling our boat along with all the vigor possible. But we were carried down much faster than we gained upon the shore. At last we reached a huge pile of drift-wood. Our rolls of blankets, two guns and a barometer were in the open compartment of the boat when she went over, and these were thrown out; the guns and barometer were lost, but I succeeded in catching one of the rolls of blankets as it drifted by when we were swimming to shore; the other two were lost. A huge fire was built on the bank, our clothing spread to dry, and then from the



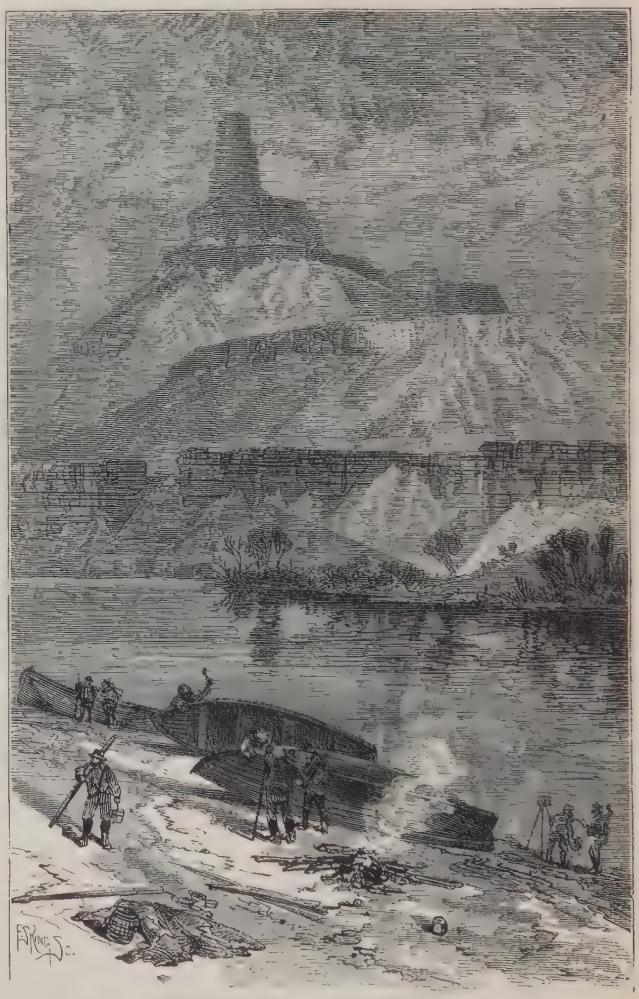
SUMNER'S AMPHITHEATER.

drift logs we selected one from which we could make new oars, and the remainder of the day was spent in sawing them out.

But I may not stop to tell all our adventures and mishaps—of rapids and falls, of dangerous rocks, of towering walls, and of wild, magnificent scenery. I may not describe the climb to the summit of the plateau, our hunt among the forests, nor tell about the meadow-bordered lakes above. At last we left the Cañon of Desolation and entered Gray Cañon.

Through this gorge the river is swift, and there were many rapids; when they were comparatively smooth I stood on deck, keeping careful watch ahead, and we glided along, mile after mile, plying strokes now on the right, then on the left, just sufficient to guide our boats past the rocks into smooth water, until we emerged from the cañon below.

The plateau through which Gray Cañon is cut terminates abruptly on the south in a bold escarpment known as the Book Cliffs. The river below the cliffs runs, for a time, through a valley. Extensive sand plains reach back from the immediate river valley as far as we could see, on either side. These naked, drifting sands gleamed brilliantly in the midday sun of July. The heat reflected from the glaring surface produced a curious motion of the atmosphere; little currents were made, and the whole seemed shifting and unstable. One moment, as we looked out over the landscape, the atmosphere seemed to be trembling and moving about, giving the impression of an unstable land; plains, and hills and cliffs, and distant mountains seemed vaguely to be floating about in a trembling, wave-rocked sea, and patches of landscape would seem to float away and be lost, and then reappear. Just opposite our camp there were buttes, composed of rock, that were outliers of cliffs to the left. Below, they were composed of shales and marls of light blue and slate colors, and above, the rocks were buff and gray and then red. The buttes are buttressed below where the azure rocks were seen, and terraced above through the buff and gray and red beds. A long line of cliffs, or rock escarpment, separates the table-lands through which Gray Cañon is cut, from the lower plain. The eye can trace these azure beds and cliffs on either side of the river in a long line extending across its course until they fade away in the perspective. These cliffs are many miles in length, and hundreds of feet in height, and all these buttes, great mountain masses of rock, seen through the shifting atmosphere, seem dancing and softly moving about.



REPAIRING BOATS AT GUNNISON'S BUTTE.

(To be continued.)

SAINT AND SINNER.

A CERTAIN holy anchorite
Who for himself a cave had made,
Comfortless, in the waste Thebaid,
Where, like a wild beast in his den,
He passed a long life far from men,
Untroubled by the hateful sight
Of woman—this old man austere
Fasted, and scourged himself, and prayed,
Renouncing all the world holds dear;
His sole thought being, day and night,
How to find favor in God's eyes,
And thereby enter Paradise.

He led this life three score and ten
Starved years, puffed up with sanctity;
"Who more a saint?" he thought, and then
Prayed God to show him what saint he
Should emulate to holier be;
Thinking, no doubt, like many now,
Who kneel self-righteously, and pray,
That God would stoop from Heaven, and say:
"There is none holier than thou."

That night God's Angel came to him
(The sun at noonday would be dim
By the great light that filled the place),
And said: "If thou in sanctity,
And in the growth of heavenly grace,
Would'st all surpass, thou must do more
Than fast, and scourge thyself, and pray.
Thou must be like, or strive to be,
A certain man; a poet he,
For he upon a pipe doth play,
And sing and beg from door to door."

He heard in great astonishment,
Arose, and took his staff, and went
Wandering the neighboring country round
To find this poet; whom, when found
(He sat a-piping in the sun,
And sang what songs came in his head),
He questioned earnestly, and said:
"I pray thee, brother, tell me now
What good and great work thou hast done?
What path that holy men have trod,
What fast, what penance, or what vow
Makes thee acceptable to God?"

Ashamed to be so questioned, he
Hung down his head as he replied:
"Oh, father! do not scoff at me;
I know no good work I have done,
And, as for praying, well-a-day,
I so unworthy am to pray,
That, sinner, I have never tried—
I go from door to door and play
(You caught me piping in the sun),
Cheering the simple people there,
Who something for my hunger spare."

The holy man insisted: "Nay,
But in the midst of thy ill life
(For it is ill, as thou dost say),
Perhaps some good work thou hast done."
The singer then: "I know of none."

Within the hermit's mind a strife
Now rose—the Angel—who could tell
Whether it were from Heaven or Hell?
"How hast thou," to the poet then,
"Become the beggar that thou art?
Hast thou thy worldly substance spent
In riotous living—women, wine,
Like most that idle craft of thine
Who follow Hellward—sinful men?"

To whom the other, pained at heart,
But not a whit ashamed: "It went
Another way. 'Twas thus: I found
A poor, pale woman, running round
Hither and thither, sick, distraught
(It pains me to recall it yet);
Her husband, children had been sold
In slavery to pay a debt.
But she was comely to behold;
So certain sons of Belial sought
Her ruin, whom may God condemn!
Her, weeping, to my hut I brought,
And there protected her from them.
I gave her all that I possessed;
Went with her to the city where
Her wretched husband had been sold,
And her young children; found them there
And brought them back. You guess the rest,
For they are happy as of old.
But what of that? In Heaven's name
What man would not have done the same?"

The hermit, smitten to the heart
At the sad tale of that poor wife,
Wept bitterly, saying: "For my part,
I have not done, in all my life,
I thought so holy, so much good.
And thou art so misunderstood,
And yet thou makest no complaint;
And men, because I fast and pray,
While thou upon thy pipe dost play,
They call thee Sinner, and me Saint!"

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"HARRY, MY BOY," SAID JIM, "YOUR PA AND ME WAS OLD FRIENDS."

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TELLS ABOUT SEVENOAKS, AND HOW MISS BUTTERWORTH PASSED ONE OF HER EVENINGS.

EVERYBODY has seen Sevenoaks, or a hundred towns so much like it in most particulars, that a description of any one of them would present it to the imagination—a town strung upon a stream like beads upon a thread, or charms upon a chain. Sevenoaks was richer in chain than charms, for its abundant water-power was only partially used. It plunged, and roared, and played, and sparkled, because it had not half enough to do. It leaped down three or four cataracts in passing through the village; and, as it started from living springs far northward among the woods and mountains, it never failed in its supplies.

Few of the people of Sevenoaks—thoughtless workers, mainly—either knew or cared whence it came, or whither it went. They knew it as "The Branch;" but Sevenoaks was so far from the trunk, down to which it sent its sap, and from which it received no direct return, that no significance was attached to its name. But it roared all day, and roared all night, summer and winter alike, and the sound became a part of the atmosphere. Resonance was one of the qualities of the oxygen which the people breathed, so that if, at any midnight moment, the roar had been suddenly hushed, they would have waked with a start and a sense of suffocation, and leaped from their beds.

Among the charms that dangled from this liquid chain—depending from the vest of a landscape which ended in a ruffle of woods toward the north, overtopped by the head of a mountain—was a huge factory that had been added to from time to time, as necessity demanded, until it had become an imposing and not uncomely pile. Below this were two or three dilapidated saw-mills, a grist-mill in daily use, and a fulling-mill—a remnant of the old times when homespun went its pilgrimage to town—to be fulled, colored, and dressed—from all the sparsely settled country around.

On a little plateau by the side of The Branch was a row of stores and dram-shops and butchers' establishments. Each had a sort of square, false front, pierced by two staring windows and a door, that reminded one of a lion *couchant*—very large in the face and very thin in the flank. Then there were crowded in near the mill, little rows of one-story houses, occupied entirely by operatives, and owned by the owner of the mill. All the inhabitants, not directly connected with the mill, were as far away from it as they could go. Their houses were set back upon either acclivity, rising from the gorge that the stream had worn, and dotted the hill-sides in every direction. There was a clumsy town-hall, there were three or four churches, there was a high school and a low tavern. It was, on the whole, a village of importance, but the great mill was somehow its soul and center. A fair farming and grazing country stretched back from it eastward and westward, and Sevenoaks was its only home market.

It is not proposed, in this history, to tell where Sevenoaks was, and is to-day. It may have been, or may be, in Maine, or New Hampshire, or Vermont, or New York. It was in the northern part of one of these States, and not far from the border of a wilderness, almost as deep and silent as any that can be found beyond the western limit of settlement and civilization. The red man had left it forever, but the bear, the deer, and the moose remained. The streams and lakes were full of trout; otter and sable still attracted the trapper, and here and there a lumberman lingered alone in his cabin, enamored of the solitude and the wild pursuits to which a hardly gentler industry had introduced him. Such lumber as could be drifted down the streams had long been cut and driven out, and the woods were left to the hunter and his prey, and to the incursions of sportsmen and seekers for health, to whom the rude residents became guides, cooks, and servants of all work, for the sake of occasional society, and that ever-serviceable consideration—money.

There were two establishments in Sevenoaks which stood so far away from the stream that they could hardly be described as attached to it. Northward, on the top of the bleakest hill in the region, stood the Sevenoaks poor-house. In dimensions and population, it was utterly out of proportion to the size of the town, for the people of Sevenoaks seemed to degenerate into paupers with wonderful facility. There was one man in the town who was known to be getting rich, while all the rest grew poor. Even the keepers of the dram-shops, though they seemed to do a thriving business, did not thrive. A great deal of work was done, but people were paid very little for it. If a man tried to leave the town for the purpose of improving his condition, there was always some mortgage on his property, or some impossibility of selling what he had for money, or his absolute dependence on each day's labor for each day's bread, that stood in the way. One by one—sick, disabled, discouraged, dead-beaten—they drifted into the poor-house, which, as the years went on, grew into a shabby double pile of buildings, between which ran a county road.

This establishment was a county as well as a town institution, and theoretically one group of its buildings was devoted to the reception of county paupers, while the other was assigned to the poor of Sevenoaks. Practically, the keeper of both mingled his boarders indiscriminately, to suit his personal convenience.

The hill, as it climbed somewhat abruptly from the western bank of the stream—it did this in the grand leisure of the old geologic centuries—apparently got out of breath and sat down when its task was half done. Where it sat, it left a beautiful plateau of five or six acres, and from this it rose, and went on climbing, until it reached the summit of its effort, and descended the other side. On the brow of this plateau stood seven huge oaks which the chopper's axe, for some reason or another, had spared; and the locality, in all the early years of settlement, was known by the name of "The Seven Oaks." They formed a notable landmark, and, at last, the old designation having been worn by usage, the town was incorporated with the name of Sevenoaks, in a single word.

On this plateau, the owner of the mill,

Mr. Robert Belcher—himself an exceptional product of the village—had built his residence—a large, white, pretentious dwelling, surrounded and embellished by all the appointments of wealth. The house was a huge cube, ornamented at its corners and cornices with all possible flowers of a rude architecture, reminding one of an elephant, that, in a fit of incontinent playfulness, had indulged in antics characteristic of its clumsy bulk and brawn. Outside were ample stables, a green-house, a Chinese pagoda that was called "the summer-house," an exquisite garden and trees, among which latter were carefully cherished the seven ancient oaks that had given the town its name.

Robert Belcher was not a gentleman. He supposed himself to be one, but it was a mistake. Gentlemen of wealth usually built a fine house; so Mr. Belcher built one. Gentlemen kept horses, a groom and a coachman; Mr. Belcher did the same. Gentlemen of wealth built green-houses for themselves and kept a gardener; Mr. Belcher could do no less. He had no gentlemanly tastes to be sure, but he could buy or hire these for money; so he bought and hired them; and when Robert Belcher walked through his stables and jested with his men, or into his green-house and about his grounds, he rubbed his heavy hands together, and fancied that the costly things by which he had surrounded himself were the insignia of a gentleman.

From his windows he could look down upon the village, all of which he either owned or controlled. He owned the great mill; he owned the water-privilege; he owned many of the dwellings, and held mortgages on many others; he owned the churches for all purposes practical to himself; he owned the ministers—if not, then this was another mistake that he had made. So long as it was true that they could not live without him, he was content with his title. He patronized the church, and the church was too weak to decline his ostentatious courtesy. He humiliated every man who came into his presence seeking a subscription for a religious or charitable purpose, but his subscription was always sought, and as regularly obtained. Humbly to seek his assistance for any high purpose was a concession to his power, and to grant the assistance sought was to establish an obligation. He was willing to pay for personal influence and personal glory, and he often paid right royally.

Of course, Mr. Belcher's residence had a library; all gentlemen have libraries. Mr. Belcher's did not contain many books, but it contained a great deal of room for them. Here he spent his evenings, kept his papers in a huge safe built into the wall, smoked, looked down on the twinkling village and his huge mill, counted his gains and constructed his schemes. Of Mrs. Belcher and the little Belchers, he saw but little. He fed and dressed them well, as he did his horses. All gentlemen feed and dress their dependents well. He was proud of his family as he saw them riding in their carriage. They looked gay and comfortable, and were, as he thought, the objects of envy among the humbler folk of the town, all of which reflected pleasantly upon himself.

On a late April evening, of a late spring in 18—, he was sitting in his library, buried in a huge easy chair, thinking, smoking, scheming. The shutters were closed, the lamps were lighted, and a hickory fire was blazing upon the hearth. Around the rich man were spread the luxuries which his wealth had bought—the velvet carpet, the elegant chairs, the heavy library table, covered with costly appointments, pictures in broad gold frames, and one article of furniture that he had not been accustomed to see in a gentleman's library—an article that sprang out of his own personal wants. This was an elegant pier-glass, into whose depths he was accustomed to gaze in self-admiration. He was flashily dressed in a heavy coat, buff waistcoat, and drab trousers. A gold chain of fabulous weight hung around his neck and held his Jurgensen repeater.

He rose and walked his room, and rubbed his hands, as was his habit; then paused before his mirror, admired his robust figure and large face, brushed his hair back from his big brow, and walked on again. Finally, he paused before his glass, and indulged in another habit peculiar to himself.

"Robert Belcher," said he, addressing the image in the mirror, "you are a brick! Yes, sir, you are a brick! You, Robert Belcher, sir, are an almighty smart man. You've done it. You started small, but you've ended large. You've outwitted the whole of 'em. Look at me, sir! Dare you tell me, sir, that I am not master of the situation? Ah! you hesitate; it is well! They all come to me, every man of 'em. They knuckle to me. It is 'Mr. Belcher, will you be so good?' and 'Mr. Belcher, I hope you are very well,' and 'Mr. Belcher, I want you to do better by me.' Ha! ha! ha! ha!

My name is Norval. It isn't? Say that again and I'll throttle you! Yes, sir! I'll shake your rascally head off your shoulders! Down, down in the dust, and beg my pardon! It is well; go! Get you gone, sir, and remember not to beard the lion in his den!"

Exactly what this performance meant, it would be difficult to say. Mr. Belcher, in his visits to the city, had frequented theaters and admired the villains of the plays he had seen represented. He had noticed figures upon the boards that reminded him of his own. His addresses to his mirror afforded him an opportunity to exercise his gifts of speech and action, and, at the same time, to give form to his self-gratulations. They amused him; they ministered to his preposterous vanity. He had no companions in the town, and the habit gave him a sense of society, and helped to pass away his evenings. At the close of his effort he sat down and lit another cigar. Growing drowsy, he laid it down on a little stand at his side, and settled back in his chair for a nap. He had hardly shut his eyes when there came a rap upon his door.

"Come in!"

"Please, sir," said a scared-looking maid, opening the door just wide enough to make room for her face.

"Well?" in a voice so sharp and harsh that the girl cringed.

"Please, sir, Miss Butterworth is at the door, and would like to see you."

Now, Miss Butterworth was the one person in all Sevenoaks who was not afraid of Robert Belcher. She had been at the public school with him when they were children; she had known every circumstance of his history; she was not dependent on him in any way, and she carried in her head an honest and fearless tongue. She was an itinerant tailoress, and having worked, first and last, in nearly every family in the town, she knew the circumstances of them all, and knew too well the connection of Robert Belcher with their troubles and reverses. In Mr. Belcher's present condition of self-complacency and somnolency, she was not a welcome visitor. Belligerent as he had been toward his own image in the mirror, he shrank from meeting Keziah Butterworth, for he knew instinctively that she had come with some burden of complaint.

"Come in," said Mr. Belcher to his servant, "and shut the door behind you."

The girl came in, shut the door, and waited, leaning against it.

"Go," said her master in a low tone, "and tell Mrs. Belcher that I am busy, and that she must choke her off. I can't see her to-night. I can't see her."

The girl retired, and soon afterward Mrs. Belcher came, and reported that she could do nothing with Miss Butterworth—that Miss Butterworth was determined to see him before she left the house.

"Bring her in; I'll make short work with her."

As soon as Mrs. Belcher retired, her husband hurried to the mirror, brushed his hair back fiercely, and then sat down to a pile of papers that he always kept conveniently upon his library table.

"Come in," said Mr. Belcher, in his blandest tone, when Miss Butterworth was conducted to his room.

"Ah! Keziah?" said Mr. Belcher, looking up with a smile, as if an unexpected old friend had intruded upon him.

"My name is Butterworth, and it's got a handle to it," said that bumptious lady, quickly.

"Well, but, Keziah, you know we used to ——"

"My name is Butterworth, I tell you, and it's got a handle to it."

"Well, Miss Butterworth—happy to see you—hope you are well—take a chair."

"Humph," exclaimed Miss Butterworth, dropping down upon the edge of a large chair, whose back felt no pressure from hers during the interview. The expression of Mr. Belcher's happiness in seeing her, and his kind suggestion concerning her health, had overspread Miss Butterworth's countenance with a derisive smile, and though she was evidently moved to tell him that he lied, she had reasons for restraining her tongue.

They formed a curious study, as they sat there together, during the first embarrassing moments. The man had spent his life in schemes for absorbing the products of the labor of others. He was cunning, brutal, vain, showy, and essentially vulgar, from his head to his feet, in every fiber of body and soul. The woman had earned with her own busy hands every dollar of money she had ever possessed. She would not have wronged a dog for her own personal advantage. Her black eyes, lean and spirited face, her prematurely whitening locks, as they were exposed by the backward fall of her old-fashioned quilted hood, presented a physiognomy at once piquant and prepossessing.

Robert Belcher knew that the woman before him was fearless and incorruptible

He knew that she despised him—that bullying and brow-beating would have no influence with her, that his ready badinage would not avail, and that coaxing and soft words would be equally useless. In her presence, he was shorn of all his weapons; and he never felt so defenseless and ill at ease in his life.

As Miss Butterworth did not seem inclined to begin conversation, Mr. Belcher hem'd and haw'd with affected nonchalance, and said:

"Ah!—to—what am I indebted for this visit, Miss—ah—Butterworth?"

"I'm thinking!" she replied sharply, looking into the fire, and pressing her lips together.

There was nothing to be said to this, so Mr. Belcher looked doggedly at her, and waited.

"I'm thinking of a man, and-he-was-a-man-every-inch-of-him, if there ever was one, and a gentleman too, if-I-know-what-a-gentleman-is, who came to this town ten years ago, from-nobody-knows-where; with a wife that was an angel, if-there-is-any-such-thing-as-an-angel."

Here Miss Butterworth paused. She had laid her foundation, and proceeded at her leisure.

"He knew more than any man in Sevenoaks, but he didn't know how to take care of himself," she went on. "He was the most ingenious creature God ever made, I do think, and his name was Paul Benedict."

Mr. Belcher grew pale and fidgeted in his chair.

"And his name was Paul Benedict. He invented something, and then he took it to Robert Belcher, and he put it into his mill, and-paid-him-just-as-little-for-it-as-he-could. And then he invented something more, and-that-went-into-the-mill; and then something more, and the patent was sold to Mr. Belcher for a song, and the man grew poorer and poorer, while-Mr.-Belcher-grew-richer-and-richer-all-the-time. And then he invented a gun, and then his little wife died, and what with the expenses of doctors and funerals and such things, and the money it took to get his patent, which-I-begged-him-for-conscience'-sake-to-keep-out-of-Robert-Belcher's-hands, he almost starved with his little boy, and had to go to Robert Belcher for money."

"And got it," said Mr. Belcher.

"How much, now? A hundred little dollars for what was worth a hundred thousand, unless-everybody-lies. The whole went in a day, and then he went crazy."

"Well, you know I sent him to the asylum," responded Mr. Belcher.

"I know you did—yes, I know you did; and you tried to get him well enough to sign a paper, which the doctor never would let him sign, and which wouldn't have been worth a straw if he had signed it. The-idea-of-getting-a-crazy-man-to-sign-a-paper!"

"Well, but I wanted some security for the money I had advanced," said Mr. Belcher.

"No; you wanted legal possession of a property which would have made him rich; that's what it was, and you didn't get it, and you never will get it. He can't be cured, and he's been sent back, and is up at Tom Buffum's now, and I've seen him to-day."

Miss Butterworth expected that this intelligence would stun Mr. Belcher, but it did not.

The gratification of the man with the news was unmistakable. Paul Benedict had no relations or friends that he knew of. All his dealings with him had been without witnesses. The only person living besides Robert Belcher, who knew exactly what had passed between his victim and himself, was hopelessly insane. The difference, to him, between obtaining possession of a valuable invention of a sane or an insane man, was the difference between paying money and paying none. In what way, and with what profit, Mr. Belcher was availing himself of Paul Benedict's last invention, no one in Sevenoaks knew; but all the town knew that he was getting rich, apparently much faster than he ever was before, and that, in a distant town, there was a manufactory of what was known as "The Belcher Rifle."

Mr. Belcher concluded that he was still "master of the situation." Benedict's testimony could not be taken in a court of justice. The town itself was in his hands, so that it would institute no suit on Benedict's behalf, now that he had come upon it for support; for the Tom Buffum to whom Miss Butterworth had alluded was the keeper of the poor-house, and was one of his own creatures.

Miss Butterworth had sufficient sagacity to comprehend the reasons of Mr. Belcher's change of look and manner, and saw that her evening's mission would prove fruitless; but her true woman's heart would not permit her to relinquish her project.

"Is poor Benedict comfortable?" he inquired, in his old, off-hand way.

"Comfortable—yes, in the way that pigs are."

"Pigs are very comfortable, I believe, as a general thing," said Mr. Belcher.

"Bob Belcher," said Miss Butterworth, the tears springing to her eyes in spite of herself, and forgetting all the proprieties she had determined to observe, "you are a brute. You know you are a brute. He is in a little cell, no larger than—than—a pig-pen. There isn't a bit of furniture in it. He sleeps on the straw, and in the straw, and under the straw, and his victuals are poked at him as if he were a beast. He is a poor, patient, emaciated wretch, and he sits on the floor all day, and weaves the most beautiful things out of the straw he sits on, and Tom Buffum's girls have got them in the house for ornaments. And he talks about his rifle, and explains it, and explains it, and explains it, when anybody will listen to him, and his clothes are all in rags, and that little boy of his that they have in the house, and treat no better than if he were a dog, knows he is there, and goes and looks at him, and calls to him, and cries about him whenever he dares. And you sit here, in your great house, with your carpets and chairs, that half smother you, and your looking-glasses and your fine clothes, and don't start to your feet when I tell you this. I tell you if God doesn't damn everybody who is responsible for this wickedness, then there is no such thing as a God."

Miss Butterworth was angry, and had grown more and more angry with every word. She had brooded over the matter all the afternoon, and her pent-up indignation had overflowed beyond control. She felt that she had spoken truth which Robert Belcher ought to hear and to heed, yet she knew that she had lost her hold upon him. Mr. Belcher listened with the greatest coolness, while a half smile overspread his face.

"Don't you think I'm a pretty good-natured man to sit here," said he, "and hear myself abused in this way, without getting angry?"

"No, I think you are a bad-natured man. I think you are the hardest-hearted and worst man I ever saw. What in God's name has Paul Benedict done, that he should be treated in this way? There are a dozen there just like him, or worse. Is it a crime to lose one's reason? I wish you could spend one night in Paul Benedict's room."

"Thank you. I prefer my present quarters."

"Yes, you look around on your present quarters, as you call 'em, and think you'll always have 'em; you won't. Mark my words; you won't. Some time you'll overreach yourself, and cheat yourself out of 'em. See if you don't."

"It takes a smart man to cheat himself, Miss Butterworth," responded Mr. Belcher, rubbing his hands.

"There is just where you're mistaken. It takes a fool."

Mr. Belcher laughed outright. Then, in a patronizing way, he said: "Miss Butterworth, I have given you considerable time, and perhaps you'll be kind enough to state your business. I'm a practical man, and I really don't see anything that particularly concerns me in all this talk. Of course, I'm sorry for Benedict and the rest of 'em, but Sevenoaks isn't a very rich town, and it cannot afford to board its paupers at the hotel, or to give them many luxuries."

Miss Butterworth was calm again. She knew that she had done her cause no good, but was determined to finish her errand.

"Mr. Belcher, I'm a woman."

"I know it, Keziah."

"And my name is Butterworth."

"I know it."

"You do? Well, then, here is what I came to say to you. The town-meeting comes to-morrow, and the town's poor are to be sold at auction, and to pass into Tom Buffum's hands again, unless you prevent it. I can't make a speech, and I can't vote. I never wanted to until now. You can do both, and if you don't reform this business, and set Tom Buffum at doing something else, and treat God's poor more like human beings, I shall get out of Sevenoaks before it sinks; for sink it will if there is any hole big enough to put it in."

"Well, I'll think of it," said Mr. Belcher deliberately.

"Tell me you'll do it."

"I'm not used to doing things in a hurry. Mr. Buffum is a friend of mine, and I've always regarded him as a very good man for the place. Of course, if there's anything wrong it ought to be righted, but I think you've exaggerated."

"No, you don't mean to do anything. I see it. Good-night," and she had swept out of the door before he could say another word or rise from his chair.

She went down the hill into the village. The earth was stiffening with the frost that lingered late in that latitude, and there were patches of ice across which she picked her way. There was a great moon overhead, but just then all beautiful things, and all

things that tended to lift her thoughts upward, seemed a mockery. She reached the quiet home of Rev. Solomon Snow.

"Who knows but he can be spurred up to do something?" she said to herself.

There was only one way to ascertain—so she knocked at the door, and was received so kindly by Mr. Snow and Mrs. Snow and the three Misses Snow, that she sat down and unburdened herself—first, of course, as regarded Mr. Robert Belcher, and second, as concerned the Benedicts, father and son.

The position of Mr. Belcher was one which inspired the minister with caution, but the atmosphere was freer in his house than in that of the proprietor. The vocal engine whose wheels had slipped upon the track with many a whirr, as she started her train in the great house on the hill, found a down grade, and went off easily. Mr. Snow sat in his arm-chair, his elbows resting on either support, the thumb and every finger of each hand touching its twin at the point, and forming a kind of gateway in front of his heart, which seemed to shut out or let in conviction at his will. Mrs. Snow and the girls, whose admiration of Miss Butterworth for having dared to invade Mr. Belcher's library was unbounded, dropped their work, and listened with eager attention. Mr. Snow opened the gate occasionally to let in a statement, but for the most part kept it closed. The judicial attitude, the imperturbable spectacles, the long, pale face and white cravat did not prevent Miss Butterworth from "freeing her mind;" and when she finished the task, a good deal had been made of the case of the insane paupers of Sevenoaks, and there was very little left of Mr. Robert Belcher and Mr. Thomas Buffum.

At the close of her account of what she had seen at the poor-house, and what had passed between her and the great proprietor, Mr. Snow cast his eyes up to the ceiling, pursed his lips, and somewhere in the profundities of his nature, or in some celestial laboratory, unseen by any eyes but his own, prepared his judgments.

"Cases of this kind," said he, at last, to his excited visitor, whose eyes glowed like coals as she looked into his impassive face, "are to be treated with great prudence. We are obliged to take things as they air. Personally (with a rising inflection and a benevolent smile), I should rejoice to see the insane poor clothed and in their right mind."

"Let us clothe 'em, then, anyway," interjected Miss Butterworth impatiently. "And, as for being in their right mind, that's more than can be said of those that have the care of 'em."

"Personally—Miss Butterworth, excuse me—I should rejoice to see them clothed and in their right mind, but the age of miracles is past. We have to deal with the facts of to-day—with things as they air. It is possible, nay, for aught I know, it may be highly probable, that in other towns pauperism may fare better than it does with us. It is to be remembered that Sevenoaks is itself poor, and its poverty becomes one of the factors of the problem which you have propounded to us. The town of Buxton, our neighbor over here, pays taxes, let us say, of seven mills on the dollar; we pay seven mills on the dollar. Buxton is rich; we are poor. Buxton has few paupers; we have many. Consequently, Buxton may maintain its paupers in what may almost be regarded as a state of affluence. It may go as far as feather-beds and winter fires for the aged; nay, it may advance to some economical form of tooth-brushes, and still demand no more sacrifice from its people than is constantly demanded of us to maintain our poor in a humbler way. Then there are certain prudential considerations—certain, I might almost say moral considerations—which are to be taken into account. It will never do, in a town like ours, to make pauperism attractive—to make our pauper establishments comfortable asylums for idleness. It must, in some way, be made to seem a hardship to go to the poor-house."

"Well, Sevenoaks has taken care of that with a vengeance," burst out Miss Butterworth.

"Excuse me, Miss Butterworth; let me repeat, that it must be made to seem a hardship to go to the poor-house. Let us say that we have accomplished this very desirable result. So far, so good. Give our system whatever credit may belong to it, and still let us frankly acknowledge that we have suffering left that ought to be alleviated. How much? In what way? Here we come into contact with another class of facts. Paupers have less of sickness and death among them than any other class in the community. There are paupers in our establishment that have been there for twenty-five years—a fact which, if it proves anything, proves that a large proportion of the wants of our present civilization are not only artificial in their origin, but harmful in their gratifications. Our poor are compelled to go back nearer to nature—to old mother

nature—and they certainly get a degree of compensation for it. It increases the expenses of the town, to be sure."

"Suppose we inquire of them," struck in Miss Butterworth again, "and find out whether they would not rather be treated better and die earlier."

"Paupers are hardly in a position to be consulted in that way," responded Mr. Snow, "and the alternative is one which, considering their moral condition, they would have no right to entertain."

Miss Butterworth had sat through this rather desultory disquisition with what patience she could command, breaking in upon it impulsively at various points, and seen that it was drifting nowhere—at least that it was not drifting toward her wishes. Then she took up the burden of talk, and carried it on in her very direct way.

"All you say is well enough, I suppose," she began, "but I don't stop to reason about it, and I don't wish to. Here is a lot of human beings that are treated like brutes—sold every year to the lowest bidder, to be kept. They go hungry, and naked, and cold. They are in the hands of a man who has no more blood in his heart than there is in a turnip, and we pretend to be Christians, and go to church, and coddle ourselves with comforts, and pay no more attention to them than we should if their souls had gone where their money went. I tell you it's a sin and a shame, and I know it. I feel it. And there's a gentleman among 'em, and his little boy, and they must be taken out of that place, or treated better in it. I've made up my mind to that, and if the men of Sevenoaks don't straighten matters on that horrible old hill, then they're just no men at all."

Mr. Snow smiled a calm, self-respectful smile, that said, as plainly as words could say: "Oh! I know women: they are amiably impulsive, but impracticable."

"Have you ever been there?" inquired Miss Butterworth, sharply.

"Yes, I've been there."

"And conscience forbid!" broke in Mrs. Snow, "that he should go again, and bring home what he brought home that time. It took me the longest time to get them out of the house!"

"Mrs. Snow! my dear! you forget that we have a stranger present."

"Well, I don't forget those strangers, anyway!"

The three Misses Snow tittered, and looked at one another, but were immediately solemnized by a glance from their father.

Mrs. Snow, having found her tongue—a characteristically lively and emphatic one—went on to say:—

"I think Miss Butterworth is right. It's a burning shame, and you ought to go to the meeting to-morrow, and put it down."

"Easily said, my dear," responded Mr. Snow, "but you forget that Mr. Belcher is Buffum's friend, and that it is impossible to carry any measure against him in Sevenoaks. I grant that it ought not to be so. I wish it were otherwise; but we must take things as they air."

"To take things as they air," was a cardinal aphorism in Mr. Snow's budget of wisdom. It was a good starting-point for any range of reasoning, and exceedingly useful to a man of limited intellect and no moral courage at all. The real truth of the case had dawned upon Miss Butterworth, and it had rankled in the breast of Mrs. Snow from the beginning of his pointless talk. He was afraid of offending Robert Belcher, for not only did his church need repairing, but his salary was in arrears, and the wolf that had chased so many up the long hill to what was popularly known as Tom Buffum's Boarding-House he had heard many a night, while his family was sleeping, howling with menace in the distance.

Mrs. Snow rebelled, in every part of her nature, against the power which had cowed her reverend companion. There is nothing that so goads a spirited woman to madness as the realization that any man controls her husband. He may be subservient to her—a cuckold even—but to be mated with a man whose soul is neither his own nor wholly hers, is to her the torment of torments.

"I wish Robert Belcher was hanged," said Mrs. Snow, spitefully.

"Amen! and my name is Butterworth," responded that lady, making sure that there should be no mistake as to the responsibility for the utterance.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed the three Misses Snow, in wonder.

"And drawn and quartered!" added Mrs. Snow, emphatically.

"Amen, again!" responded Miss Butterworth.

"Mrs. Snow! my dear! You forget that you are a Christian pastor's wife, and that there is a stranger present."

"No, that is just what I don't forget," said Mrs. Snow. "I see a Christian pastor afraid of a man of the world, who cares no more about Christianity than he does about a pair

of old shoes, and who patronizes it for the sake of shutting its mouth against him. It makes me angry, and makes me wish I were a man; and you ought to go to that meeting to-morrow, as a Christian pastor, and put down this shame and wickedness. You have influence, if you will use it. All the people want is a leader, and some one to tell them the truth."

"Yes, father, I'm sure you have a great deal of influence," said the elder Miss Snow.

"A great *deal* of influence," responded the next in years.

"Yes, indeed," echoed the youngest.

Mr. Snow established the bridge again by bringing his fingers together; whether to keep out the flattery that thus came like a subtle balm to his heart, or to keep in the self-complacency which had been engendered, was not apparent.

He smiled, looking benevolently out upon the group, and said: "Oh, you women are so hasty, so hasty, so hasty! I had not said that I would not interfere. Indeed, I had pretty much made up my mind to do so. But I wanted you in advance to see things as they air. It may be that something can be done, and it certainly will be a great satisfaction to me if I can be the humble instrument for the accomplishment of a reform."

"And you will go to the meeting? and you will speak?" said Miss Butterworth, eagerly.

"Yes!" and Mr. Snow looked straight into Miss Butterworth's tearful eyes, and smiled.

"The Lord add his blessing, and to his name be all the praise! Good night!" said Miss Butterworth, rising and making for the door.

"Dear," said Mrs. Snow, springing and catching her by the arm, "don't you think you ought to put on something more? It's very chilly to-night."

"Not a rag. I'm hot. I believe I should roast if I had on a feather more."

"Wouldn't you like Mr. Snow to go home with you? He can go just as well as not," insisted Mrs. Snow.

"Certainly, just as well as not," repeated the elder Miss Snow, followed by the second with: "as well as not," and by the third with: "and be glad to do it."

"No—no—no—no"—to each. "I can get along better without him, and I don't mean to give him a chance to take back what he has said."

Miss Butterworth ran down the steps, the whole family standing in the open door, with Mr. Snow, in his glasses, behind his good-natured, cackling flock, thoroughly glad that his protective services were deemed of so small value by the brave little tailoress.

Then Miss Butterworth could see the moon and the stars. Then she could see how beautiful the night was. Then she became conscious of the everlasting roar of the cataracts, and of the wreaths of mist that they sent up into the crisp evening air. To the fear of anything in Sevenoaks, in the day or in the night, she was a stranger; so, with a light heart, talking and humming to herself, she went by the silent mill, the noisy dram-shops, and, with her benevolent spirit full of hope and purpose, reached the house where, in a humble hired room she had garnered all her treasures, including the bed and the linen which she had prepared years before for an event that never took place.

"The Lord add his blessing, and to his name be all the praise," she said, as she extinguished the candle, laughing in spite of herself, to think how she had blurted out the prayer and the ascription in the face of Solomon Snow.

"Well, he's a broken reed—a broken reed—but I hope Mrs. Snow will tie something on to him—or starch him—or—something—to make him stand straight for once," and then she went to sleep, and dreamed of fighting with Robert Belcher all night.

CHAPTER II.

MR. BELCHER CARRIES HIS POINT AT THE TOWN-MEETING, AND THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO JIM FENTON.

THE abrupt departure of Miss Butterworth left Mr. Belcher piqued and surprised. Although he regarded himself as still "master of the situation"—to use his own pet phrase,—the visit of that spirited woman had in various ways humiliated him. To sit in his own library, with an intruding woman who not only was not afraid of him but despised him, to sit before her patiently and be called "Bob Belcher," and a brute, and not to have the privilege of kicking her out of doors, was the severest possible trial of his equanimity. She left him so suddenly that he had not had the opportunity to insult her, for he had fully intended to do this before she retired. He had determined, also, as a matter of course, that in regard to the public poor of Sevenoaks he would give all his influence toward maintaining the existing state of things. The idea of being influenced by a woman, particularly by a woman over whom he had no influence, to change his

policy with regard to anything, public or private, was one against which all the brute within him rebelled.

In this state of mind, angry with himself for having tolerated one who had so boldly and ruthlessly wounded his self-love, he had but one resort. He could not confess his humiliation to his wife; and there was no one in the world with whom he could hold conversation on the subject, except his old confidant who came into the mirror when wanted, and conveniently retired when the interview closed.

Rising from his chair, and approaching his mirror, as if he had been whipped, he stood a full minute regarding his disgraced and speechless image. "Are you Robert Belcher, Esquire, of Sevenoaks?" he inquired, at length. "Are you the person who has been insulted by a woman? Look at me, sir! Turn not away! Have you any constitutional objections to telling me how you feel? Are you, sir, the proprietor of this house? Are you the owner of yonder mill? Are you the distinguished person who carries Sevenoaks in his pocket? How are the mighty fallen! And you, sir, who have been insulted by a tailoress, can stand here, and look me in the face, and still pretend to be a man! You are a scoundrel, sir—a low, mean-spirited scoundrel, sir. You are nicely dressed, you seem to be a respectable gentleman, but you are a puppy. Dare to tell me you are not, and I will grind you under my foot, as I would grind a worm. Don't give me a word—not a word! I am not in a mood to bear it!"

Having vented his indignation and disgust, with the fiercest facial expression and the most menacing gesticulations, he became calm, and proceeded:

"Benedict at the poor-house, hopelessly insane! Tell me now, and, mark you, no lies here! Who developed his invention? Whose money was risked? What did it cost Benedict? Nothing. What did it cost Robert Belcher? More thousands than Benedict ever dreamed of. Have you done your duty, Robert Belcher? Ay, ay, sir! I believe you. Did you turn his head? No, sir. I believe you; it is well! I have spent money for him—first and last, a great deal of money for him; and any man or woman who disputes me is a liar—a base, malignant liar! Who is still master of the situation? Whose name is Norval? Whose are these Grampian Hills? Who intends to go to the town-meeting to-morrow, and have things fixed about as he wants them? Who will make Keziah Butterworth weep and howl with anguish? Let Robert Belcher alone! Alone! Far in azure depths of space (here Mr. Belcher extended both arms heavenward, and regarded his image admiringly), far—far away! Well, you're a pretty good-looking man, after all, and I'll let you off this time; but don't let me catch you playing baby to another woman! I think you'll be able to take care of yourself [nodding slowly.] By-by! Good night!"

Mr. Belcher retired from the glass with two or three profound bows, his face beaming with restored self-complacency, and, taking his chair, he resumed his cigar. At this moment, there arose in his memory a single sentence he had read in the warrant for the meeting of the morrow: "To see if the town will take any steps for the improvement of the condition of the poor, now supported at the public charge."

When he read this article of the warrant, posted in the public places of the village, it had not impressed him particularly. Now, he saw Miss Butterworth's hand in it. Evidently, Mr. Belcher was not the only man who had been honored by a call from that philanthropic woman. As he thought the matter over, he regretted that, for the sake of giving form and force to his spite against her, he should be obliged to relinquish the popularity he might have won by favoring a reformative measure. He saw something in it, also, that might be made to add to Tom Buffum's profits; but even this consideration weighed nothing against his desire for personal revenge, to be exhibited in the form of triumphant personal power.

He rose from his chair, walked his room, swinging his hands backward and forward, casting furtive glances into his mirror, and then rang his bell. He had arrived at a conclusion. He had fixed upon his scheme, and was ready for work.

"Tell Phipps to come here," he said to the maid who responded to the summons.

Phipps was his coachman, body-servant, table-waiter, pet, butt for his jests, tool, man of all occasions. He considered himself a part of Mr. Belcher's personal property. To be the object of his clumsy badinage, when visitors were present and his master was particularly amiable, was equivalent to an honorable public notice. He took Mr. Belcher's cast-off clothes, and had them reduced in their dimensions for his own wearing, and was thus always able to be nearly as well dressed and foppish as the man for whom they were originally made. He was as in-

solent to others as he was obsequious to his master—a flunky by nature and long education.

Phipps appeared.

"Well, Phipps, what are you here for?" inquired Mr. Belcher.

"I was told you wanted me, sir," looking doubtfully with his cunning eyes into Mr. Belcher's face, as if questioning his mood.

"How is your health? You look feeble. Overwhelmed by your tremendous duties? Been sitting up late along back? Eh? You rascal! Who's the happy woman?"

Phipps laughed, and twiddled his fingers.

"You're a precious fellow, and I've got to get rid of you. You are altogether too many for me. Where did you get that coat? It seems to me I've seen something like that before. Just tell me how you do it, man. I can't dress the way you do. Yes, Phipps, you're too many for me!"

Phipps smiled, aware that he was expected to make no reply.

"Phipps, do you expect to get up to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, you do! Very well! See that you do."

"Yes, sir."

"And Phipps—"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring the grays and the light wagon to the door to-morrow morning at seven o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"And Phipps, gather all the old clothes about the house that you can't use yourself, and tie 'em up in a bundle, and put 'em into the back of the wagon. Mum is the word, and if Mrs. Belcher asks you any questions, tell her I think of turning Sister of Charity."

Phipps snickered.

"And Phipps, make a basket of cold meat and goodies, and put in with the clothes."

"Yes, sir."

"And Phipps, remember seven o'clock, sharp, and no soldiering."

"Yes, sir."

"And Phipps, here is a cigar that cost twenty-five cents. Do it up in a paper, and lay it away. Keep it to remember me by."

This joke was too good to be passed over lightly, and so Phipps giggled, took the cigar, put it caressingly to his nose, and then slipped it into his pocket.

"Now make yourself scarce," said his master, and the man retired, entirely conscious that the person he served had some rascally scheme on foot, and heartily sympathetic with him in its execution.

Promptly at seven the next morning, the rakish pair of trotters stood before the door, with a basket and a large bundle in the back of the rakish little wagon. Almost at the same moment, the proprietor came out, buttoning his overcoat. Phipps leaped out, then followed his master into the wagon, who, taking the reins, drove off at a rattling pace up the long hill toward Tom Buffum's boarding-house. The road lay entirely outside of the village, so that the unusual drive was not observed.

Arriving at the poor-house, Mr. Belcher gave the reins to his servant, and, with a sharp rap upon the door with the butt of his whip, summoned to the latch the red-faced and stuffy keeper. What passed between them, Phipps did not hear, although he tried very hard to do so. At the close of a half hour's buzzing conversation, Tom Buffum took the bundle from the wagon, and pitched it into his doorway. Then, with the basket on his arm, he and Mr. Belcher made their way across the street to the dormitories and cells occupied by the paupers of both sexes and all ages and conditions. Even the hard-hearted proprietor saw that which wounded his blunted sensibilities; but he looked on with a bland face, and witnessed the greedy consumption of the stale dainties of his own table.

It was by accident that he was led out by a side passage, and there he caught glimpses of the cells to which Miss Butterworth had alluded, and inhaled an atmosphere which sickened him to paleness, and brought to his lips the exclamation: "For God's sake let's get out of this."

"Ay! ay!" came tremblingly from behind the bars of a cell, "let's get out of this."

Mr. Belcher pushed toward the light, but not so quickly that a pair of eyes, glaring from the straw, failed to recognize him.

"Robert Belcher! Oh, for God's sake! Robert Belcher!"

It was a call of wild distress—a whine, a howl, an objurgation, all combined. It was repeated as long as he could hear it. It sounded in his ears as he descended the hill. It came again and again to him as he was seated at his comfortable breakfast. It rang in the chambers of his consciousness for hours, and only a firm and despotic will expelled it at last. He knew the voice, and he never wished to hear it again.

What he had seen that morning, and what

he had done, where he had been, and why he had gone, were secrets to which his wife and children were not admitted. The relations between himself and his wife were not new in the world. He wished to retain her respect, so he never revealed to her his iniquities. She wished as far as possible to respect him, so she never made uncomfortable inquiries. He was bountiful to her. He had been bountiful to many others. She clothed and informed all his acts of beneficence with the motives which became them. If she was ever shocked by his vulgarity, he never knew it by any word of hers, in disapproval. If she had suspicions, she did not betray them. Her children were trained to respect their father, and among them she found the satisfactions of her life. He had long ceased to be her companion. As an associate, friend, lover, she had given him up, and, burying in her heart all her griefs and all her loneliness, had determined to make the best of her life, and to bring her children to believe that their father was a man of honor, of whom they had no reason to be ashamed. If she was proud, hers was an amiable pride, and to Mr. Belcher's credit let it be said that he honored her as much as he wished her to honor him.

For an hour after breakfast, Mr. Belcher was occupied in his library, with his agent, in the transaction of his daily business. Then, just as the church bell rang its preliminary summons for the assembling of the town-meeting, Phipps came to the door again with the rakish grays and the rakish wagon, and Mr. Belcher drove down the steep hill into the village, exchanging pleasant words with the farmers whom he encountered on the way, and stopping at various shops, to speak with those upon whom he depended for voting through whatever public schemes he found it desirable to favor.

The old town-hall was thronged for half-an-hour before the time designated in the warrant. Finally, the bell ceased to ring, at the exact moment when Mr. Belcher drove to the door and ascended the steps. There was a buzz all over the house when he entered, and he was surrounded at once.

"Have it just as you want it," shaking his head ostentatiously and motioning them away, "don't mind anything about me. I'm a passenger," he said aloud, and with a laugh, as the meeting was called to order and the warrant read, and a nomination for moderator demanded.

"Peter Vernol," shouted a dozen voices in unison.

Peter Vernol had represented the district in the Legislature, and was supposed to be familiar with parliamentary usage. He was one of Mr. Belcher's men, of course—as truly owned and controlled by him as Phipps himself.

Peter Vernol became moderator by acclamation. He was a young man, and, ascending the platform very red in the face, and looking out upon the assembled voters of Sevenoaks, he asked with a trembling voice:

"What is the further pleasure of the meeting?"

"I move you," said Mr. Belcher, rising, and throwing open his overcoat, "that the Rev. Solomon Snow, whom I am exceedingly glad to see present, open our deliberations with prayer."

The moderator, forgetting apparently that the motion had not been put, thereupon invited the reverend gentleman to the platform, from which, when his service had been completed, he with dignity retired—but with the painful consciousness that in some way Mr. Belcher had become aware of the philanthropic task he had undertaken. He knew he was beaten, at the very threshold of his enterprise—that his conversations of the morning among his neighbors had been reported, and that Paul Benedict and his fellow-sufferers would be none the better for him.

The business connected with the various articles of the warrant was transacted without notable discussion or difference. Mr. Belcher's ticket for town officers, which he took pains to show to those around him, was unanimously adopted. When it came to the question of schools, Mr. Belcher indulged in a few flights of oratory. He thought it impossible for a town like Sevenoaks to spend too much money for schools. He felt himself indebted to the public school for all that he was, and all that he had won. The glory of America, in his view—its preeminence above all the exhausted and decayed civilizations of the Old World—was to be found in popular education. It was the distinguishing feature of our new and abounding national life. Drop it, falter, recede, and the darkness that now hangs over England, and the thick darkness that envelops the degenerating hordes of the Continent, would settle down upon fair America, and blot her out forever from the list of the earth's teeming nations. He would pay good wages to teachers. He would improve school-houses, and he would do it as a matter of economy. It was, in his view, the

only safeguard against the encroachments of a destructive pauperism. "We are soon," said Mr. Belcher, "to consider whether we will take any steps for the improvement of the condition of the poor, now supported at the public charge. Here is our first step. Let us endow our children with such a degree of intelligence that pauperism shall be impossible. In this thing I go hand in hand with the clergy. On many points I do not agree with them, but on this matter of popular education, I will do them the honor to say that they have uniformly been in advance of the rest of us. I join hands with them here to-day, and, as any advance in our rate of taxation for schools will bear more heavily upon me than upon any other citizen—I do not say it boastingly, gentlemen—I pledge myself to support and stand by it."

Mr. Belcher's speech, delivered with majestic swellings of his broad chest, the ostentatious removal of his overcoat, and brilliant passages of oratorical action, but most imperfectly summarized in this report, was received with cheers. Mr. Snow himself feebly joined in the approval, although he knew it was intended to disarm him. His strength, his resolution, his courage, ebbed away with sickening rapidity; and he was not reassured by a glance toward the door, where he saw, sitting quite alone, Miss Butterworth herself, who had come in for the purpose partly of strengthening him, and partly of informing herself concerning the progress of a reform which had taken such strong hold upon her sympathies.

At length the article in the warrant which most interested that good lady was taken up, and Mr. Snow rose to speak upon it. He spoke of the reports he had heard concerning the bad treatment that the paupers, and especially those who were hopelessly insane, had received in the almshouse, enlarged upon the duties of humanity and Christianity, and expressed his conviction that the enlightened people of Sevenoaks should spend more money for the comfort of the unfortunate whom Heaven had thrown upon their charge, and particularly that they should institute a more searching and competent inspection of their pauper establishment.

As he took his seat, all eyes were turned upon Mr. Belcher, and that gentleman rose for a second exhibition of his characteristic eloquence.

"I do not forget," said Mr. Belcher, "that we have present here to-day an old and well-tried public servant. I see before me Mr. Thomas Buffum, who, for years, has had in charge the poor, not only of this town, but of this county. I do not forget that his task has been one of great delicacy, with the problem constantly before him how to maintain in comfort our most unfortunate class of population, and at the same time to reduce to its minimum the burden of our taxpayers. That he has solved this problem and served the public well, I most firmly believe. He has been for many years my trusted personal friend, and I cannot sit here and hear his administration questioned, and his integrity and humanity doubted, without entering my protest. [Cheers, during which Mr. Buffum grew very red in the face.] He has had a task before which the bravest of us would shrink. We, who sit in our peaceful homes, know little of the hardship to which this faithful public servant has been subjected. Pauperism is ungrateful. Pauperism is naturally filthy. Pauperism is noisy. It consists of humanity in its most repulsive forms, and if we have among us a man who can—who can—stand it, let us stand by him." [Tremendous cheers.]

Mr. Belcher paused until the wave of applause had subsided, and then went on:

"An open-hand, free competition: this has been my policy, in a business of whose prosperity you are the best judges. I say an open-hand and free competition in everything. How shall we dispose of our poor? Shall they be disposed of by private arrangement—sold out to favorites, of whose responsibility we know nothing? [Cries of no, no, no!] If anybody who is responsible—and now that he is attacked, mark you, I propose to stand behind and be responsible for Mr. Buffum myself—can do the work cheaper and better than Mr. Buffum, let him enter at once upon the task. But let the competition be free, nothing covered up. Let us have clean hands in this business, if nowhere else. If we cannot have impartial dealing, when the interests of humanity are concerned, we are unworthy of the trust we have assumed. I give the Rev. Mr. Snow credit for motives that are unimpeachable—unimpeachable, sir. I do not think him capable of intentional wrong, and I wish to ask him, here and now, whether, within a recent period, he has visited the pauper establishment of Sevenoaks."

Mr. Snow rose and acknowledged that it was a long time since he had entered Mr. Buffum's establishment.

"I thought so. He has listened to the

voice of rumor. Very well. I have to say that I have been there recently, and have walked through the establishment. I should do injustice to myself, and fail to hint to the reverend gentleman, and all those who sympathize with him, what I regard as one of their neglected duties, if I should omit to mention that I did not go empty-handed. [Loud cheers.] It is easy for those who neglect their own duties to suspect that others do the same. I know our paupers are not supported in luxury. We cannot afford to support them in luxury; but I wash my hands of all responsibility for inhumanity and inattention to their reasonable wants. The reverend gentleman himself knows, I think, whether any man ever came to me for assistance in behalf of any humane or religious object, and went away without aid. I cannot consent to be placed in a position that reflects upon my benevolence, and, least of all, by the reverend gentleman who has reflected upon that administration of public charity which has had, and still retains my approval. I therefore move that the usual sum be appropriated for the support of the poor, and that at the close of this meeting the care of the poor for the ensuing year be disposed of at public auction to the lowest bidder."

Mr. Snow was silent, for he knew that he was impotent.

Then there jumped up a little man with tumbled hair, weazened face, and the general look of a broken-down gentleman, who was recognized by the moderator as "Dr. Radcliffe."

"Mr. Moderator," said he, in a screaming voice, "as I am the medical attendant and inspector of our pauper establishment, it becomes proper for me, in seconding the motion of Mr. Belcher, as I heartily do, to say a few words and submit my report for the past year."

Dr. Radcliffe was armed with a large document, and the assembled voters of Sevenoaks were getting tired.

"I move," said Mr. Belcher, "that, as the hour is late, the reading of the report be dispensed with." The motion was seconded, and carried *nem. con.*

The Doctor was wounded in a sensitive spot, and was determined not to be put down.

"I may at least say," he went on, "that I have made some discoveries during the past year that ought to be in the possession of the scientific world. It takes less food to support a pauper than it does any other man, and I believe the reason is that he hasn't any mind. If I take two potatoes, one goes to the elaboration of mental processes, the other to the support of the physical economy. The pauper has only a physical economy, and he needs but one potato. Anemia is the normal condition of the pauper. He breathes comfortably an atmosphere which would give a healthy man asphyxia. Hearty food produces inflammatory diseases and a general condition of hypertrophy. The character of the diseases at the poor-house, during the past year, has been typhoid. I have suggested to Mr. Buffum better ventilation, a change from farinaceous to nitrogenous food as conducive to a better condition of the mucous surfaces and a more perfect oxydation of the vital fluids. Mr. Buffum ——"

"Oh, git out!" shouted a voice at the rear.

"Question! question!" called a dozen voices.

The moderator caught a wink and a nod from Mr. Belcher, and put the question, amid the protests of Dr. Radcliffe; and it was triumphantly carried.

And now, as the town-meeting drops out of this story, let us leave it, and leave Mr. Thomas Buffum at its close to underbid all contestants for the privilege of feeding the paupers of Sevenoaks for another year.

Miss Butterworth, while painfully witnessing the defeat of her hopes from the last seat in the hall, was conscious of the presence at her side of a very singular-looking personage, who evidently did not belong in Sevenoaks. He was a woodsman, who had been attracted to the hall by his desire to witness the proceedings. His clothes, originally of strong material, were patched; he held in his hand a fur cap without a visor, and a rifle leaned on the bench at his side. She had been attracted to him by his thoroughly good-natured face, his noble, muscular figure, and certain exclamations that escaped from his lips during the speeches. Finally, he turned to her, and with a smile so broad and full that it brought an answer to her own face, he said: "This 'ere breathin' is worse nor an old swamp. I'm goin', and good-bye to ye!"

Why this remark, personally addressed to her, did not offend her, coming as it did from a stranger, she did not know; but it certainly did not seem impudent. There was something so simple and strong and manly about him, as he had sat there by her side, contrasted with the baser and bet-

ter dressed men before her, that she took his address as an honorable courtesy.

When the woodsman went out upon the steps of the town hall, to get a breath, he found there such an assembly of boys as usually gathers in villages on the smallest public occasion. Squarely before the door stood Mr. Belcher's grays, and in Mr. Belcher's wagon sat Mr. Belcher's man, Phipps. Phipps was making the most of his position. He was proud of his horses, proud of his clothes, proud of the whip he was carelessly snapping, proud of belonging to Mr. Belcher. The boys were laughing at his funny remarks, envying him his proud eminence, and discussing the merits of the horses, and the various points of the attractive establishment.

As the stranger appeared, he looked down upon the boys with a broad smile, which attracted them at once, and quite diverted them from their flattering attentions to Phipps—a fact quickly perceived by the latter and as quickly revenged in a way peculiar to himself, and the man from whom he had learned it.

"This is the hippopotamus, gentlemen," said Phipps, "fresh from his native woods. He sleeps underneath the banyan-tree, and lives on the nuts of the hick-o-ree, and pursues his prey with his tail extended upward and one eye open, and has been known when excited by hunger to eat small boys, spitting out their boots with great violence. Keep out of his way, gentlemen, keep out of his way, and observe his wickedness at a distance."

Phipps's saucy speech was received with a great roar by the boys, who were surprised to notice that the animal himself was not only not disturbed, but very much amused by being shown up as a curiosity.

"Well, you're a new sort of a monkey, any way," said the woodsman, after the laugh had subsided. "I never hearn one talk afore."

"You never will again," retorted Phipps, "if you give me any more of your lip."

The woodsman walked quickly toward Phipps, as if he were about to pull him from his seat.

Phipps saw the motion, started the horses, and was out of his way in an instant.

The boys shouted in derision, but Phipps did not come back, and the stranger was the hero. They gathered around him, asking questions, all of which he good-naturedly answered. He seemed to be pleased with their society, as if he were only a big boy himself, and wanted to make the most of the limited time which his visit to the town afforded him.

While he was thus standing as the center of an inquisitive and admiring group, Miss Butterworth came out of the town hall. Her eyes were full of tears, and her eloquent face expressed vexation and distress. The stranger saw the look and the tears, and, leaving the boys, he approached her without the slightest awkwardness, and said:

"Has anybody teched ye, mum?"

"Oh, no, sir," Miss Butterworth answered.

"Has anybody spoke ha'sh to ye?"

"Oh, no, sir;" and Miss Butterworth pressed on, conscious that in that kind inquiry there breathed as genuine respect and sympathy as ever had reached her ears in the voice of a man.

"Because," said the man, still walking along at her side, "I'm spiling to do something for somebody, and I wouldn't mind thrashing anybody you'd p'int out."

"No, you can do nothing for me. Nobody can do anything in this town for anybody until Robert Belcher is dead," said Miss Butterworth.

"Well, I shouldn't like to kill him," responded the man, "unless it was an accident in the woods—a great ways off—for a turkey or a hedgehog—and the gun half-cocked."

The little tailoress smiled through her tears, though she felt very uneasy at being observed in company and conversation with the rough-looking stranger. He evidently divined the thoughts which possessed her, and said, as if only the mention of his name would make him an acquaintance:

"I'm Jim Fenton. I trap for a living up in Number Nine, and have jest brought in my skins."

"My name is Butterworth," she responded mechanically.

"I know'd it," he replied. "I asked the boys."

"Good-bye," he said. "Here's the store, and I must shoulder my sack and be off. I don't see women much, but I'm fond of 'em, and they're pretty apt to like me."

"Good-bye," said the woman. "I think you're the best man I've seen to-day," and then, as if she had said more than became a modest woman, she added, "and that isn't saying very much."

They parted, and Jim Fenton stood perfectly still in the street and looked at her, until she disappeared around a corner. "That's what I call a genuine creetur'," he muttered to himself at last, "a genuine creetur'."

Then Jim Fenton went into the store, where he had sold his skins and bought his supplies, and, after exchanging a few jokes with those who had observed his interview with Miss Butterworth, he shouldered his sack as he called it, and started for Number Nine. The sack was a contrivance of his own, with two pouches which depended, one before and one behind, from his broad shoulders. Taking his rifle in his hand, he bade the group that had gathered around him a hearty good-bye, and started on his way.

The afternoon was not a pleasant one. The air was raw, and, as the sun went toward its setting, the wind came on to blow from the north-west. This was just as he would have it. It gave him breath, and stimulated the vitality that was necessary to him in the performance of his long task. A tramp of forty miles was not play, even to him, and this long distance was to be accomplished before he could reach the boat that would bear him and his burden into the woods.

He crossed the Branch at its principal bridge, and took the same path up the hill that Robert Belcher had traveled in the morning. About half-way up the hill, as he was going on with the stride of a giant, he saw a little boy at the side of the road, who had evidently been weeping. He was thinly and very shabbily clad, and was shivering with cold. The great, healthy heart within Jim Fenton was touched in an instant.

"Well, bub," said he, tenderly, "how fare ye? How fare ye? Eh?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, sir," replied the lad.

"I guess not. You're as blue as a whetstone. You haven't got as much on you as a picked goose."

"I can't help it, sir," and the boy burst into tears.

"Well, well, I didn't mean to trouble you, boy. Here, take this money, and buy something to make you happy. Don't tell your dad you've got it. It's yourn."

The boy made a gesture of rejection, and said: "I don't wish to take it, sir."

"Now, that's good! Don't wish to take it! Why, what's your name? You're a new sort o' boy."

"My name is Harry Benedict."

"Harry Benedict? And what's your pa's name?"

"His name is Paul Benedict."

"Where is he now?"

"He is in the poor-house."

"And you, too?"

"Yes, sir," and the lad found expression for his distress in another flow of tears.

"Well, well, well, well! If that isn't the strangest thing I ever hearn of! Paul Benedict, of Sevenoaks, in Tom Buffum's Boardin'-house!"

"Yes, sir, and he's very crazy, too."

Jim Fenton set his rifle against a rock at the roadside, slowly lifted off his pack and placed it near the rifle, and then sat down on a stone and called the boy to him, folding him in his great warm arms to his warm breast.

"Harry, my boy," said Jim, "your pa and me was old friends. We have hunted together, fished together, eat together, and slept together many's the day and night. He was the best shot that ever come into the woods. I've seed him hit a deer at fifty rod many's the time, and he used to bring up the nicest tackle for fishin', every bit of it made with his own hands. He was the curisist creetur' I ever see in my life and the best, and I'd do more fur 'im nor fur any livin' live man. Oh, I tell ye, we used to have high old times. It was wuth livin' a year in the woods jest to have 'im with me for a fortnight. I never charged 'im a red cent fur nothin', and I've got some of his old tackle now that he give me. Him an' me was like brothers, and he used talk about religion, and tell me I ought to shift over, but I never could see 'zactly what I ought to shift over from, or shift over to; but I let 'im talk, 'cause he liked to. He used to go out behind the trees nights, and I hearn him sayin' somethin'—somethin' very low, as I am talkin' to you now. Well, he was prayin'; that's the fact about it, I s'pose, and you know I felt jest as safe when that man was round! I don't believe I could a' been drownded when he was in the woods any more'n if I'd a' been a mink. And Paul Benedict is in the poor-house! I vow I don't 'zactly see why the Lord let that man go up the spout; but perhaps it'll all come out right. Where's your ma, boy?"

Harry gave a great, shuddering gasp, and, answering him that she was dead, gave himself up to another fit of crying.

"Oh, now don't! now don't!" said Jim tenderly, pressing the distressed lad still closer to his heart. "Don't you do it; it don't do no good. It jest takes the spunk all out o' ye. Ma's have to die like other folks, or go to the poor-house. You wouldn't like to have your ma in the poor-house. She's all right. God Almighty's

bound to take care o' her. Now, you jest stop that sort o' thing. She's better off with him nor she would be with Tom Buffum—any amount better off. Doesn't Tom Buffum treat your pa well?"

"Oh, no, sir; he doesn't give him enough to eat, and he doesn't let him have things in his room, because he says he'll hurt himself, or break them all to pieces, and he doesn't give him good clothes, nor anything to cover himself up with when it's cold."

"Well, boy," said Jim, his great frame shaking with indignation, "do you want to know what I think of Tom Buffum?"

"Yes, sir."

"It won't do fur me to tell ye, 'cause I'm rough, but if there's anything awful bad—oh, bad as anything can be, in Skeezacks—I should say that Tom Buffum was an old Skeezacks."

Jim Fenton was feeling his way.

"I should say he was an infernal old Skeezacks. That isn't very bad, is it?"

"I don't know sir," replied the boy.

"Well, a d—d rascal; how's that?"

"My father never used such words," replied the boy.

"That's right, and I take it back. I oughtn't to have said it, but unless a feller has got some sort o' religion he has a mighty hard time namin' people in this world. What's that?"

Jim started with the sound in his ear of what seemed to be a cry of distress.

"That's one of the crazy people. They do it all the time."

Then Jim thought of the speeches he had heard in the town-meeting, and recalled the distress of Miss Butterworth, and the significance of all the scenes he had so recently witnessed.

"Look 'ere, boy; can you keep right 'ere," tapping him on his breast, "whatsomever I tell ye? can you keep your tongue still?—hope you'll die if you don't?"

There was something in these questions through which the intuitions of the lad saw help, both for his father and himself. Hope strung his little muscles in an instant, his attitude became alert, and he replied:

"I'll never say anything if they kill me."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to stay to the poor-house to-night, if they'll keep me, an' I guess they will; and I'm goin' to see your pa too, and somehow you and he must be got out of this place."

The boy threw his arms around Jim's neck, and kissed him passionately, again and again, without the power, apparently, to give any other expression to his emotions.

"Oh, God! don't, boy! That's a sort o' thing I can't stand. I ain't used to it."

Jim paused, as if to realize how sweet it was to hold the trusting child in his arms, and to be thus caressed, and then said: "You must be mighty careful, and do just as I bid ye. If I stay to the poor-house to-night, I shall want to see ye in the mornin', and I shall want to see ye alone. Now ye know there's a big stump by the side of the road, half-way up to the old schoolhouse."

Harry gave his assent.

"Well, I want you to be thar, ahead o' me, and then I'll tell you jest what I'm goin' to do, and jest what I want to have you do."

"Yes, sir."

"Now mind, you musn't know me when I'm about the house, and musn't tell anybody you've seed me, and I musn't know you. Now you leave all the rest to Jim Fenton, your father's old friend. Don't ye begin to feel a little better now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can kiss me again, if you want to. I didn't mean to choke you off. That was all in fun, you know."

Harry kissed him, and then Jim said: "Now make tracks for your old boardin'-house. I'll be along bumby."

The boy started upon a brisk run, and Jim still sat upon the stone watching him until he disappeared somewhere among the angles of the tumble-down buildings that constituted the establishment.

"Well, Jim Fenton," he said to himself, "you've been spilin' fur somethin' to do fur somebody. I guess you've got it, and not a very small job neither."

Then he shouldered his pack, took up his rifle, looked up at the cloudy and blustering sky, and pushed up the hill, still talking to himself, and saying: "A little boy of about his haighth and bigness ain't a bad thing to take."

(To be continued.)

cannot claim the indigenous origin asserted by the noble language of the Indian peninsula. The ideographic written character and the first models of poetical composition in Japan are derived from Corea, until lately a tributary both of China and Japan, and recently the scene of a slight encounter between native troops and a war-vessel of the United States. In A. D. 285 came from Corea the celebrated Onin, and introduced into Nipon the two famous works of Chinese origin—"Philosophical Discussions of Confucius," and the "One Thousand Characters," as well as the Chinese alphabetical system. Previous to his arrival Corea had been invaded and conquered by the Japanese Empress Zin-gou. The only verse left under his name is as follows:

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"THIS was the origin of poetry: to him "The goddess I-za-nami-no-mikoto cried all at once (in the poetical form):

'What joy to meet so beautiful a youth!'

"The god I-za-nagi-no-mikoto, to whom it was addressed, was displeased. 'I am the male,' said he. 'It is right for me to speak first. And, on the other hand, how should a woman speak at once? It is inexplicable.'

"So they resolved to wind around about a copper column. Then the two supernaturals met once more; this time it was I-za-nagi-no-mikoto, the male, who spoke first:

'What bliss to meet so lovely a girl!'

"These words were the beginning of poetry."

On the tables of Hachette, the Parisian most from common speech is most admired.

Still another style of composition is that directly issuing from Chinese sources. The Chinese monosyllabic character in which they are written being applied to polysyllabic or "agglutinate" Japanese, causes great confusion; so much so, that these songs called "Si" are said to be sung to music like prose writings. When the Chinese models first entered Japan they gave rise to numerous schools, among which great rivalries arose according as disciples adhered to the readings of this or that poetical professor.

In the "Ha-uta" category belong especially love-songs, an example of which is given later. The following love-song, by Hori-Kawa, a daughter of a high-priest, is from the "One Hundred Poets:"

"I know not whether his love will be lasting, but disorder reigns this morning in my thoughts even as in my dusky hair."

In the same collection is that of Sanu-Ki, court-lady, about A. D. 1160:

"The sleeve of my robe" (drenched with tears) "is like a rock of the deep sea which shows not even at the ebb. No man can see thereon a spot where it is dry."

Here the rock is typical of concentrated affection hidden from the world.

For modern popular use, listen to the following from the "Ha-uta," also by a woman:

"My desires are like to the white snow on Fouzi, the most celebrated of the high mountains in the three provinces, which ever accumulates and never elts. Well, and though I gain or gain not an evil ple bind[illegible], that, [illegible]en that our you peep in.

A frontispiece greets you which represents a conventional Japanese beauty, fan and all, gazing with small, languishing eyes from the yellow veranda which frames two sides of the picture. You are at the back door, but have before you the entrance to a collection, or, rather, selection from collections of Japanese verse, a species of literature to which the Japanese give the fanciful origin as above. The major part of the volume is Professor de Rosny's translations into French, with commentary.

As you turn the leaves of the Japanese portion backward, like a Hebrew Bible, what strikes you most vividly is the subtle feeling for artistic effect. The pages have delicate-tinted leaves and flowers scattered

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Then Jim thought of the speeches he had heard in the town-meeting, and recalled the distress of Miss Butterworth, and the significance of all the scenes he had so recently witnessed.

[illegible] of a print in which a silvered sickle of a moon shone through the most delicate gray fog clouds, as correctly edged as if by photograph, and melting into the very texture of the paper. Over this were faint lines of falling rain, and an inscription perfectly distinct, but as pale as the faintest wash of India ink. *If we admire this refinement, what are we to think of that which it addresses in Japan?*"

What he says, too, in regard to caricature, that the Japanese hand is light, that a few lines indicate, and that if we understand, so much the better; but if we do not, let it pass; it is not a puzzle that must, at all odds, be solved; all this is in the very spirit of their verses, for they hold that it is enough to present a mere indication to those who really have the power of enjoyment.

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"You can kiss me again, if you want to, and I didn't mean to choke you off. That was all in fun, you know."

Harry kissed him, and then Jim said: "Make tracks for your old home, and be along bumbye."

[illegible] of the [illegible] and peculiarly in the [illegible] according to the formula of [illegible] syllables, and may also point out the pun which lies between "leaves and tree." The great number of synonyms in Japanese makes such conceits abundant, but there is another Oriental language which even surpasses that of Nipon. In Sanskrit, that perfected tongue, verses have been composed which are probably the most perfect of their kind the world has ever seen. One example of such a literary *tour-de-force*, given by Dr. Yates, is as follows:

Samánayá samánayá samánayá samánayá
Samánayá samánayá samánayá samánayá.

These eight identicals being divided up at various points read as follows:

"O fellow-sufferer, cause me to be united to this peerless maiden, unequaled by any who possess accomplishments and beauty, who is affected by pride, and suffers no pain like mine."

Japanese writing and Japanese poetry

cannot claim the indigenous origin asserted by the noble language of the Indian peninsula. The ideographic written character and the first models of poetical composition in Japan are derived from Corea, until lately a tributary both of China and Japan, and recently the scene of a slight encounter between native troops and a war-vessel of the United States. In A. D. 285 came from Corea the celebrated Onin, and introduced into Nipon the two famous works of Chinese origin—"Philosophical Discussions of Confucius," and the "One Thousand Characters," as well as the Chinese alphabetical system. Previous to his arrival Corea had been invaded and conquered by the Japanese Empress Zin-gou. The only verse left under his name is as follows:

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"In the harbor of Naniwa the flowers of the trees which ought to bloom after winter, now that the spring is come, they blossom, the flowers of the trees."

Judging from those we comprehend more fully, it is impossible to say that the words are not poetical to Japanese, for we cannot tell what depths of suggestion they may contain. The poet tries to give only just enough to point the reader to the direction his thoughts should take, and leaves to him the supreme pleasure of discovery. What fearless reader of Emerson has not gained a subtle delight from wringing the essence of thought from his obscure simplicity?

So far, most of the examples given have been national distichs in the form called "Uta," containing only native words without foreign admixture, the written character, however, being the Chinese. Popular poems or songs also exist under the name "Ha-uta," which educated men profess to consider vulgar. These allow of no Chinese characters, but are written in a later invention of Japan, and accept many foreign words into the text, following a tendency which has made the singular tongue, called pidgin-English, the vehicle of communication between natives and foreigners. All writings that have the respect of the Japanese literary class must affect the antique; whatever differs most from common speech is most admired.

Still another style of composition is that directly issuing from Chinese sources. The Chinese monosyllabic character in which they are written being applied to polysyllabic or "agglutinate" Japanese, causes great confusion; so much so, that these songs called "Si" are said to be sung to music like prose writings. When the Chinese models first entered Japan they gave rise to numerous schools, among which great rivalries arose according as disciples adhered to the readings of this or that poetical professor.

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Here the rock is typical of concentrated affection hidden from the world.

For modern popular use, listen to the following from the "Ha-uta," also by a woman:

"My desires are like to the white snow on Fouzi, the most celebrated of the high mountains in the three provinces, which ever accumulates and never melts. Well, and though I gain or gain not an evil repute, I shall be proud that such a report spreads abroad. The opinion holds among men that our love is inexplicable. What then? I have even come to think of giving myself entirely to him."

Whatever may be thought of the morality of this, it cannot be denied the merit of true passion. Certain of these popular songs are beautiful of themselves:

"The boat of the moon moves on the lake of mists. The gaff of sycamore-wood floats on the banks of red clouds. Above the tower she glitters on the pure path."

This reminds one of Emerson's "horizon walls."

A love-song, very popular in Japan, sung to a slightly monotonous, but irregular air, and one of a strange flavor, is the following. One can readily imagine learning to appre-

ciate Japanese airs along with some of the delicate odd dishes of the national kitchen:

"Kiu-siu dai-itsi-no mume
Konya kimiga tame-ni liraku
Hàna-no sin-gi-wo siran-to hosseba
San-kô tsuki-wo funde kitare."

"The first plum-blossom of the isle of Kinsiu this night shall ope, my lord, for you. Should you long to know all the charms of this flower, come singing to the moon at the hour of the third watch."

An allusion to the moon always stands for love.

The next is a fine conceit attributed to a gay lady of Nagasaki:

"Parted, and far from thee, I gaze upon the heavenly vault. How delightful were it for me could but the moon turn to a mirror—"

in order, it is needless to say, that she might espy her lover's face therein. This is from a collection called "Zak-ka," or "Various," which contains some of the most charming songs, according to our tastes, although by the conservative scholars of Nipon they may not be rated high. One in particular is not only the refinement of sensuous enjoyment, but in its common use points to an early superstition such as lingers with us in Hallowe'en performances. The Japanese write this verse upon a slip of paper and "dream on it," as girls dream on pieces of wedding-cake, the dream always coming true. It is called the "Sound of the Ship."

"How delicious is the sound of the vessel rising on the wave; at such times as it wakes us from slumber prolonged during a long night!"

A singularity attaching to this distich makes it all the more formal and in the spirit of an incantation. Like our proper name Hannah, the whole verse reads forward or backward with the same sound and the same meaning. Only as in Japanese one begins to read in the right hand upper corner and goes down one perpendicular line after another, taking each perpendicular in turn from right to left, so the reverse reading is from the left hand lower corner up each line and toward the right. De Rosny suggests a similarity with the style of writing called *boustrephédon*, which is still to be seen on antique Greek coins and inscriptions, and is said to have been the form used in the laws of Solon. But as, according to the Greek descriptive word, the pen in this style returned at the end of a line from the right to the left, thus alternately reversing the motion, like oxen plowing to and fro across a field, the parallel is not of the best. Like many of De Rosny's, it is what Germans are fond of calling a little sought out (*gesucht*). The hieroglyphs of Egypt furnish better examples of mere variety in direction.

One more little poem will close the examples from this "Collection of Flowers." Its history—for each would seem to have a pedigree accurately determined and commented upon—is interesting, as the answer of the mistress of Prince Yori-tsune, when she was summoned before his enraged sovereign and brother. Yori-tomo, the celebrated prince who wrested the power from the Mikado in the twelfth century and gave it to his heirs in the taikunate, demanded news of his rebellious brother. His beloved sent him this verse:

"Longingly I ponder upon the foot-prints of the man who has penetrated into the mountains of Miyo-simo, crushing a path for himself through the deep snow, which he thrusts aside with his feet."

Yori-tsune never returned. He reached the mainland, and is believed by the Japanese to have reappeared in the person of Gengis Khan.

Finally, it may not be unacceptable to present the preface to a recent edition of the "Man-yo-siou," or "Ten Thousand Words," the oldest and most obscure collection of verses, upon which many commentaries have been written:

"On a certain day the head of the publishing house, Tohe-ki-dô, asked me to undertake the revision of this work. This proposition was delightful to me, an old slave [*i. e.* of literature], and I looked upon my library as the friend of a thousand years. I therefore took the wretched brush which I use, and added [to text and commentary] the readings and punctuations wanting, in the hope that it would be of some use to students.

"If men of learning of the various lands who read my modest work shall appreciate with indulgence my efforts, if they will correct my errors, and finally, if they experience the full measure of the Beautiful and Good [School of Confucius,] it will be the eternal delight of my life.

"Written in the Hovel of Brambles [this to express humility], in the 14th year of the imperial era *tem-po* [1843] in autumn.

"NAN-RYÔ KYÔ-SYA."

Poetry like the Japanese, without rhyme or the division of syllables into long and short, is so far removed from our own that a comparison with the chants of North American Indians will not seem out of place. It is in the perfection of its allusive subtlety, however, that the Japanese meets with the other extreme of literature among

the Indians. For the Indians possessed a rudimentary literature in the pictures painted by their jossakeeds on magic rods. Thus the first of a series of such rude pictures, being that of a wolf, for instance, a certain sentence was chanted by the medicine-man, and the chorus taken up by the initiated present. This sentence was always the same, and the sequence in the chants was invariable. The wolf then represented a complex idea, involving besides the immediate action for which it stood, further ideas of a mystical or magical nature; it was a fetich. So in one of the poems given above, the rock stands for a whole page of meaning, besides being used in the text to bear out another metaphor. It is not only a simile for a tear-drenched garment, it carries with it the thought of hidden love. If, by its subjection to certain rules, the Japanese poetical thought becomes poetry, it is fair to say that the Indian chant is poetry, by virtue of being sung, although destitute of rhythm or rhyme.

In this connection it is interesting to note the gradations in written language, from the pictured wolf which stood for a sentence, to the picture in combination with others to represent a word, like the figures of Mexican inscriptions. Both Chinese and Egyptian hieroglyphs of antiquity furnish the next step, wherein the picture gains a certain value in sound, to which it is assisted and held by conventional defining marks. These, melting together, finally produce arbitrary characters like those of China. The Japanese, inheriting such cumbersome writing, have modified it in the direction of simplicity, but we must look to the Phœnicians before we find realized what was hinted at in the later writing of Egypt. With the bull's head, said to be the picture whence comes the letter A, we reach the handy ancestors of our own alphabet.

A NEW SOLUTION OF AN OLD PUZZLE.

It is the object of this article to suggest the scientific explanation of the facts of Spiritualism, and to enter into an examen, by the way, of the conditions under which they are produced; and, in order to shorten the discussion, let me remark initially that three classes of phenomena must be eliminated from the problem. They are: First, those acoustic, optical, and phantasmagoric effects, and those apparent miracles, associated with the necromancy, magic, sorcery, sacred art, and thaumaturgy of the ancients; secondly, those confessedly referable to electrical disturbances; thirdly, those due to the operation of magnetism. M. Salverte's exhaustive treatise on magic, "Des Sciences Occultes," will supply the reader with the means of determining what phenomena in Spiritualism repeat the ancient mysteries and miracles; and for the second and third classes, consult M. Jussieu's report on Mesmerism to the Academy of Sciences, Paris.

Deducting these, the new Kabbala presents two important series of phenomena, the one physical, the other psychical—the first ranging from simple table-tipping and rappings to phantom hands writing messages with pencils, and phantoms walking up and down and playing musical instruments; the second running the gamut of morbid psychical states, from somnambulism to clairvoyance and self-induced trance. A subclass, consisting of luminous appearances, appears to form the connecting link between feats with solid bodies and the phantasmal.

Sergeant Cox, the originator of the psychic force hypothesis—the world-soul of the ancients converted into modern terms—has a very simple explanation of these phenomena. His theory may be compressed into a few sentences: "That the material universe is encompassed with spirit pervading it everywhere, not individuated but in aggregation, as the atmosphere enwraps the earth. That this spirit substance penetrates all matter and molds it to all shapes. That in organic beings it becomes a distinct individuality, and operates through the vital force that moves organic structures. That this spirit possesses the germ, grows with it to maturity, and is released from it with the cessation of organic life. That the portion of spirit that becomes a man is born with him, grows with him, and is himself—in a condition in which he is perceptible to the senses, and therefore a material being. That the spirit thus matured is not again absorbed

into the vast protoplasma of spirit; but that as a psychic organism, when the coil of the body is shuffled off, it becomes a conscious denizen of the subsensible universe that encompasses and pervades the universe of matter."

Beautiful as this theory is, it is unfortunately purely hypothetical, and differs from the general tenets of professed Spiritualists, only as the metaphysical aspects of theology differ from the dogmatic. Again, it is unscientific because necessarily unverifiable.

It is essential, on the other hand, in distinction from this dream of a psychic universe transfusing that of matter, that a scientific explanation should answer three conditions. It must put order of law, of sequence, and of relation, into the facts, Protean as they are; it must lie within the circle of verifiable hypothesis; as the presence of the medium is the moving cause of the phenomena, it must dissect the medium himself for the physiological basis of the molecular disturbances he induces. When an explanation fails to satisfy these fundamental conditions, from the scientific stand-point it is null.

My own observations have covered a period of eighteen years. I was a boy of sixteen when, in the winter of 1856–7, the first wave of Spiritualism swept over the little town of Stafford, Conn., now one of its New England centers. Mr. Howe, whose *séances* form the basis of Prof. Crookes's notes, was then a local celebrity, and journeyed from town to town. I remember him as a tall, awkward, reddish-haired stripling of twenty, with the heavy and lost expression that physicians associate with the advanced stages of epilepsy. When, in 1864, I came to New York city, it devolved upon me, as the representative of a daily newspaper, to study the phenomena at Metropolitan Hall, in Sixth avenue, at Dodworth Hall, on Broadway, and at all *séances* where admission was attainable. The first result of this practice was naturally a somewhat critical familiarity, not only with the *personnels* of the mediums themselves, but with the mental aura of trance, clairvoyance, and the kindred sensorial phenomena, and also with its physiological exponents. Secondly, after carefully sifting the fictitious from the real, and finding myself in possession of a large residuum of the apparently preternatural, I was reluctantly driven to dismiss one current explanation after another as inadequate to the facts, and either to suspend opinion or to cast about for a solution not set down in the books, but thoroughly scientific in its terms and adequate to the facts, because a rigid induction from them; and if during these years I have given more attention to the physiological and psychical aspects of the subject than to the more startling and spectacular phenomena of phantom hands and accordeon-playing apparitions, it has been because of a crescent conviction that the solution of the riddle depended upon minute observation of the former, not upon attempts *seriatim* to elucidate the latter.

Regarding Swedenborg, in whose special case Dr. Maudsley diagnoses epilepsy, as really the parent of modern Spiritualism, particularly in its psychical aspects, and descending thence to the literature of Mesmerism and the study of its phenomena, the student finds himself in possession of a mass of facts, physical and psychical, minutely coincident with those now relegated to spiritual agencies. If his aptitude for scientific investigation overbalances the speculative tendency, his first step will be to supply himself with a good microscope and to address himself to the study of cerebral anatomy, until he can dissect a brain and unravel the intricacies of nervous organization, thus enabling himself to verify the vast discoveries of medical psychology, from Esquirol to its living masters. In conjunction with these studies, conducted at the dissecting table, the literature of medical psychology will engage his attention, leading spontaneously to a careful comparison of the series of psychical phenomena incident to Spiritualism, with the more pronounced series included under the various types of insanity. Having pursued the investigation thus far, it will probably occur to him that a curious parallelism exists between the two series, and he will long mightily to dissect the brain of a pronounced trance-medium, by way of determining its pathological condition.

I have thus briefly indicated my own course of studies, pursued somewhat fitfully for the last six years, by way of preface to the following conclusions, which I shall state first and discuss afterward:

1st. That the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, inclusive of table-tipping, rappings, motion of solid bodies without visible cause, writing with phantom hands, and so on through the list, are referable to a nerve-aura, occasionally unconscious in its operations (as in the instance of Mary Carrick), but generally controlled by the will of the medium, and that they presume no intervention of spiritual forces.

2d. That its psychical phenomena—trance, clairvoyance, and prevision—have their physiological basis in nervous perversion, and, like somnambulism and cataleptic trance, are the psychological exponents of nervous disorder.

3d. That the two series are related as the primary and secondary stages of the same malady. That is to say, the former is incident to neurosis, and the latter to the cerebral disturbances that ultimately follow.

4th. That this malady belongs to the group of which epilepsy is the type, its trances and sensorial impressions being constantly convertible with those of the epileptic aura.

A few general observations must precede. It is now known, for example, that the initiates of the ancient mysteries, from the Egyptian to the Roman period, were selected with a special view to the phenomena presented by modern Spiritualism, and that the mysteries were based upon the two series. Again, let it be observed that the relation between clairvoyance and the physical phenomena is constant, the two forms generally coexisting, and being invariably convertible.

First, what is aura? This question will be best elucidated by a description of the series of experiments that resulted in the discovery of odic force *(od)*, and as the description progresses, the reader will be able to discern an intimate relation between the facts of molecular physics and the luminous appearances described by Professor Crookes, particularly the self-luminous crystalline body. These experiments were mainly conducted with persons subject to cataleptic attacks, by whose agency it was first ascertained that from the poles of an open magnet were constantly shot two luminous tongues of flame, visible to persons of exceedingly sensitive nerves. The luminous tufts emitted from the poles of a magnet, capable of lifting ninety pounds, were described as somewhat less than a foot in lenth and iridescent. To test whether these phenomena were real, the experimenter prepared a very sensitive plate in the same manner as for the camera, and placed it facing the poles of an open magnet in a box impervious to light. At the expiration of sixty-four hours the plate was removed and subjected to the action of mercurial vapor. It had been distinctly affected, while a similar plate, under the same conditions, less the magnet, was unaffected. The operator now extended his experiments and ascertained that the points of crystals emitted flames visible to cataleptics and described as resembling tulip blossoms. On the other hand, amorphous bodies presented no similar optical phenomena.

But the more important aspect of the experiments was this: That amorphous bodies, as well as magnets and crystals, radiated a subtile aura capable of acting upon the nerves of cataleptics, so as to produce spasms, at considerable distances, and susceptible of transmission through conducting media. Thus, when a large magnet was placed six paces from the feet of an invalid lady, and the arm removed, she fell into tetanic convulsions and became unconscious. When, again, the arm was replaced, she recovered consciousness. Another lady, also cataleptic, instantly detected the proximity of an open magnet that had been secretly introduced into an adjacent room. It was, in like manner, ascertained that certain bodies attracted the hands of cataleptics even in the unconsciousness of the fit, and that certain bodies were, under similar conditions, hurled from the hand with dangerous momentum. These substances, it was afterward observed, began to act upon the hand at varying distances; and, by subsequent experiment, it appeared that this aura could be propagated through minute iron rods, from three to one hundred and thirty-two feet, still producing its effect. The conclusion from these facts is, that all inorganic bodies emit an aura that acts, at varying distances, upon the nerves of sensitive persons, and particularly upon those of persons subject to epileptiform attacks. To this prolific source, no doubt, in many cases physicians may trace the peripheral incitations that precede and produce the fit.

A single experiment, instituted by Dr. Leger, of London, and verified by M. Philips, of Paris, will serve to illustrate the exceeding subtlety of this aura, and the conditions under which it produces motion. Taking a copper disk of the necessary diameter as the base, erect from its center a tube of the same metal, and from this tube extend a horizontal arm, from which drop a fiber of linen furnished with an *olive de cire*, thus producing a very delicate pendulum. Introduce this structure into a carafe set firmly in a wooden socket, thus insulating it, excluding all sources of oscillation, and securing complete impunity from atmospheric currents. Having attended to these conditions, rest the point of the index finger of the right hand on the surface of the disk,

and hold a bit of sulphur in the palm of the left hand. There is no response for a few minutes, but an imponderable motor has begun to creep along the copper conductor. By successive waves it envelops the tube and passes along the arm to the point of suspension, descends the slender fiber of linen, and invades the pendulum, which stirs feebly, then oscillates, and finally falls into a rotary motion, describing a circle that enlarges little by little until it attains a certain volume, and is then repeated with constant precision. Observe that the rotary motion is from left to right. Next, still keeping your finger on the disk, replace the sulphur with an equal volume of silver, and the motion of the pendulum gradually ceases as the aura of the sulphur is exhausted. But presently mastered by a new motor, it commences to trace an enlarging circle from right to left. Finally, try the experiment with a piece of soap, and the resultant motion is rectilinear from north-east to south-west. The conclusion from these experiments, which would have been attended with the same results had the sulphur, silver, or soap been placed in a *bocal de porcelaine* resting upon the palm of the hand, is very obvious: the auras of different bodies are susceptible not only of transmission, but of translation into forms of motion peculiar to themselves.

The subject of nerve-aura is more difficult to elucidate, because less susceptible of experiment. That it is capable of transmission through conducting media is proved by the facts of Mesmerism. That it is more or less subject to the will of the organism from whence it emanates, is equally indisputable. When, in 1784, the celebrated Jussieu, of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, reported upon the phenomena of Mesmerism in a document the masterly analysis of which has been too seldom emulated by scientific men, he paved the way for the discovery of this subtile agent. The term nerve-aura, as related to visible nerve-matter, is thus appropriated, as in the instance of sulphur or silver, to an emanating atmosphere possessing the molecular properties, motor and sensory, that pertain to nerve-matter itself, though in lessened intensity. How sensory impressions and motor impulses are propagated in nervous matter, or its aura, is a question upon which there is little coincidence of opinion among scientific men. Most likely, however, by waves of molecular vibration. At least, in the present state of the facts, no occasion exists for applying the term psychic to this element, or for describing it more specifically than the medical style (nerve-aura) describes it; except by way of giving comfort to the hobby of a set of philosophers.

Again, all organic structures have their special forms of nerve-aura. The evidences that support this position are so various and indisputable that it is fully conceded by scientific men. Certain species of serpents, for example, are capable of fascinating birds and animals of different species; nor is it disputed now that the agent of this phenomenon is a nervous atmosphere emitted at will. The observations of Dr. Good, Professor Silliman, Dr. Barrow, the South American traveler, and M. Vaillant and Mr. Bruce, the African travelers, are conclusive on this point. A careful collation of the facts, *pro et contra*, was printed in Hardwicke's "Science Gossip," volume for 1873. *Vice versa*, Mr. Bruce states, from personal observation, that the negroes of Sennaar are so armed by nature that they handle scorpions and vipers with impunity, while Lindekranz, the Swedish savant, affirms that the Laplanders and natives of Dalarne subdue dogs in the same manner. The mysterious mastery of horses, incident to men like Rarey, constitutes another illustration of the potency of this subsensible agent. Once, again, those strange disturbances of the equilibrium of objects within their sphere, observed to occur in nervous maladies, illustrate its activity. The force of this point will appear by and by.

My own observations of Spiritualism have convinced me of three things: First, that its phenomena are invariably associated with mental and nervous perversion, and generally with morbid moral impulses of the type that accompanies epilepsy; secondly, that mediums are, as a rule, persons of defective physical organization; thirdly, that the *séances* rapidly exhaust the nervous energy of the operator. I have notes of one instance in which the medium died of exhaustion consequent upon his most celebrated feat. Again, so far as I have observed at *séances* given by trance-mediums, those prodomata of the epileptic attack, sudden cadaverous pallor and a kind of fading of the eye, accompanied with dilation of the pupil, invariably precede and announce the supervention of the trance; and another fact conclusively established is, that although the trance supervenes at the will of the medium, it must always be preceded by a stage of incubation more or less prolonged, dur-

ing which nervous hebetude is distinctly present, and the intellectual faculties are torpid. Miss Fox has been known to fall fainting on a sofa in the midst of a *séance* and Mr. Home's health is broken at scarcely forty.

These observations have now covered cases enough to permit the affirmation that clairvoyance and its peripheral nerve-atmosphere are determinately the results of the reflex excitability incident to epilepsy; and I know from actual observation that epileptic convulsions may be replaced by artificially induced clairvoyance, at least in some instances. I have, also, personally observed that epileptics, pending the stage of incubation, always appear to be enveloped in a highly excited and sensitive nerve-atmosphere, which, sometimes accompanied with sullenness, sometimes with sensory exaltation, is one of the precursors of the attack. Indeed, this excited aura, often of considerable periphery, is, so far as my studies have extended, invariably indicative that a nervous crisis is at hand; and, on comparing notes with physicians, I find that medical men have noticed the same phenomenon, not only as incident to epilepsy, but as the exponent of the stage of incubation in periodical mania generally. Let it be remembered also, as a universal law, that the emission of aura is in ratio to the excitation of the body whence emitted.

Now, if the conclusions involved in the foregoing paragraphs are valid, the reader will expect to find them supported by the special facts, physical and psychical, that appeal for explanation; and, without troubling myself to refer to authorities, in the following record of cases, I shall instance only those that are well authenticated.

Case I. This is curiously analogous to the case of Angélique Cottin, described by Robert Dale Owen, under the title of the "Electric Girl of La Perrière."

Mary Carrick came to this country in May, 1867, at the age of eighteen. Had been subject to fits of somnambulism, but was supposed to have recovered from that tendency. She had lived in a New England family about six weeks, when, on the third day of July, the bells communicating with the street door and the upper rooms commenced to ring without visible cause. They were hung eleven feet high, and were observed never to ring except when Mary was present. A few days after, a tempest of distinct raps invaded the walls, doors, and windows of the room. These occurrences came more and more frequently from day to day. It was soon noticed that they followed the servant from room to room, and were often heard in her bedroom at night, long after she was sound asleep.

Three weeks later supervened a series of phenomena still more startling. Tables lifted and flew, crockery was shivered, iron utensils were hurled about like feathers in the wind. August 5, as the servant was washing, a low table supporting two large tubs of water, suddenly moved. The next day, as she was ironing, the table was repeatedly lifted, and, having put down her flat-iron for an instant, that utensil was hurled from the table. On the same day, as she was about to set the tea-tray on a large soapstone slab weighing forty-eight pounds, the slab suddenly lifted and upset the tray, scattering the dishes. This phenomenon was frequently repeated afterward, even when the girl was at the sink, an interval of several feet intervening. August 25, as she was in the act of wringing out a dish-cloth, this slab was suddenly lifted, and fell back sundered through the middle. A few minutes later, one-half of the fractured stone was hurled to the floor and shattered in fragments.

August 27, she was sent away for two days, and the manifestations ceased. August 29, she returned, and they commenced again within two hours after she entered the house.

On the night of September 12, she was suddenly taken with violent hysteriform paroxysms, and lay for three hours in an unconscious state. The fit returned on the night of the fifteenth, and again on the night of the seventeenth. September 18, she was sent to the asylum, no phenomena having occurred since the supervention of the fit. November 28, commenced a series of attacks of somnambulism, that continued for five consecutive nights, and were succeeded by hysteriform fits. She was again sent to the asylum. She would sing in her sleep for hours together. Contemporary with these attacks of somnambulism supervened the condition known as clairvoyance, her utterances in one attack of which were verified.

Three points are evident from the study of this striking case: First, that the most marvelous of the physical phenomena occurred when the girl was engaged in heavy work, calling for considerable effort, and involving a corresponding emphasis of volition and nervous energy; secondly, that they were the precursors of the psychical phenomena, and ceased when the latter com-

menced; thirdly, that both series were the results of well-marked nervous disorder.

Case II. Charles Matthews, comedian, born June 28, 1776, the seventh son of the seventh son. Of consumptive tendency, and subject from boyhood to epileptiform attacks, during which, after a slight convulsion, he became unconscious. One night, in the summer of 1802, a few months after the demission of his first wife, who died in May, he had gone to bed after a hard evening's work at the theater, finding himself too weary to sit up and read one hour, as was his usual habit. But after he was in bed—as often happens when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed hour—he discovered that to shut his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, as all the family were asleep; but the room was not absolutely dark, although too dark to admit of reading. He still tried to drop to sleep, but sleep eluded him. After lying for some minutes in this restless state, a sudden rustling induced him to turn his head on the pillow, and there stood his late wife, in her habit as she lived. Smiling softly the while, she bent forward as if to take his hand. This was all he could ever tell—for in shrinking from menaced contact with the ghost, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, from whence, the jar having alarmed his landlord, he was picked up in a fit. On his recovery from the paroxysm, he related the cause of the accident, but the following day he was too ill to leave his room.

There would be nothing remarkable in this case, were it not for the following circumstance. At the same moment, Miss Jackson, afterward Mrs. Matthews, whose lodgings were squares from those of the great comedian, was the subject of the same vision, and was taken up in the same situation. The same sleepless effect had supervened, and the same cause of terror had occasioned her to make a spring for the bell-rope, which gave way, and she fell to the floor. Her impressions of the visitation (as she always persisted in calling it), were identical with those of Mr. Matthews.

Assuming that the sensorial impressions in the case of Miss Jackson were actually identical with those of Mr. Matthews, which appear to have been the precursors of an epileptiform attack, and that the former were reproductions of the latter, the reader is supplied with an authentic instance of nerve-aura acting at considerable distances, even to the extent of impressing the precursory illusions of the fit upon the imagination of a second person.

Case III. Related by the late Dr. Patterson, of Virginia. A lady subject to cataleptic attacks was taken sick; and her physician, who lived three leagues away, was summoned, and pronounced her in a state of catalepsy. After prescribing, he stated that he should call again on the evening of the next day, and started for home. The evening came, and with it a tempest of rain and wind, with inky darkness. The members of the family were sitting in the room where the cataleptic lay, listening to the storm, when one of them happened to observe: "The doctor won't be here to-night." "Yes, he will," replied the invalid; "he is coming now; I see him riding through the rain." This was passed as a mere reverie of delirium; and nearly an hour had elapsed, the beat of the storm unabated, when again one of the group remarked, regretfully: "The doctor certainly will not come to-night." "Yes, he will," again answered the sufferer; "he is almost here now; there, he is tying his horse; he is coming toward the door." A series of raps followed, the door was opened, and in walked the doctor.

Case IV. This strangely dramatic instance rests upon the authority of La Harpe. The predictions it details were minutely verified in the course of the revolution that convulsed France in 1789. M. Cazotte, the author of that strange novel, "Le Diable Amoureux," was an amiable and original man, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the Illuminati.

It was just at the dawn of the year 1788—as La Harpe, who was present, tells the story—that a numerous and diversified company, including courtiers, lawyers, academicians, and ladies, were dining with a member of the Academy. There had been a magnificent dinner; and the guests were gossiping over the wines of Malvoisin and Constantia. Impious tales were read, and libertinism was complimented, not one of the great ladies present blushing behind her fan, or blushing at all. Then came a tempest of jests against religion, one quoting a tirade from "La Pucelle," another reciting the philosophic couplet of Diderot:

> "Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre,
> Serrez leçon du dernier roi."

One only of the assembled revelers sat apart, and gently dissented from their splendid enthusiasm. This was M. Cazotte, who, finally, in reply to a brilliantly worded anticipation

of the age of reason, said: "Gentlemen, be satisfied, you will all live to see this wonderful revolution. You know that I have an inclination to prophesy, and, I repeat, you will see it."

"One need not be a conjuror to see that," was the rejoinder, buzzed as a body.

"Be it so," said Cazotte; "but perhaps one must be a little more than conjuror to know what I am about to tell you."

"Ah," sneered Condorcet, in that insolent and semi-suppressed way of his, "let me listen to the sainted Cazotte—a philosopher is never sorry to encounter a prophet."

"You, Monsieur de Condorcet,—you will die on the floor of a dungeon, and of poison to escape impending execution—of poison that the happiness of the age of reason will compel you to carry about your person."

The company start. But it is presently recollected that the good Cazotte has attacks of dreaming, and they break into ripples of laughter. "Monsieur Cazotte, your story is not so agreeable as your 'Diable Amoreux;' but what devil has put into your head this prison, this poison, these executioners? What business have these with the reign of reason?"

"Exactly what I am going to tell you," rejoins Cazotte. "It is in the name of philosophy—of humanity—of liberty. It is under the reign of reason that you will thus end your careers. There will be no other temples in all France than temples of reason. You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azir, will cause yourself to be bled six times in a single day during a paroxysm of the gout, in order to make your end more certain, and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolai, you will perish on the scaffold; you, Monsieur Bailly, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malesherbes, on the scaffold."

"But are the Turks or the Tartars to come?" they query in a body. "Not at all," replies Cazotte. "They will all be philosophers, talking the self-same phrases that you have been talking for the last hour. They will repeat your maxims. They will quote Diderot and 'La Pucelle.'"

"You see the man is mad," they whisper among themselves. Then they conclude that he is joking, and instance that his jokes always partake of the marvelous. And the reader of the impious tales, who, by the way, has been told that he shall open his veins with twenty-two cuts of a razor, remarks that the joke is dismal, and wants to know when all this will happen. "Within the next six years," replies Cazotte.

"Astonishing miracles these, Monsieur Cazotte," says La Harpe, "but you have not included me in your list." "You will be there nevertheless," answers Cazotte, "and as an equally astonishing miracle, you will have abandoned reason for revelation."

"But the ladies," observed Madame de Grammont, "they count for nothing, of course, in these revolutions." "Your sex, ladies, will not avail," said Cazotte; "you, Madame de Grammont, and many other ladies with you, will be conducted to the scaffold in a cart, your hands tied behind your backs." "I had hoped," said Madame de Grammont, "at least to have a carriage hung in black." "Not so, madame; higher ladies than yourself will be trundled to the scaffold in the same way, their hands tied behind them." "Higher ladies! what, princesses of the blood?" cried Madame. "Higher still," rejoined Cazotte quietly. A shudder shook the whole assembly, for, as the reader of tales had observed, the joke was dismal.

Madame de Grammont took no notice of the reply, and contented herself with remarking to the company in general: "You see he will not even leave me a confessor." "No, madame," replied the after-dinner dreamer, "you will not have one, nor will the rest. The last to whom this favor will be permitted will be —" and he stopped long enough to be prompted—"will be the King of France."

The master of the house rose hastily, and all the company rose with him. "My dear Cazotte," he said, "this joke has lasted too long." Cazotte answered not a word, and was preparing to leave, when Madame de Grammont playfully reminded him that he had omitted his own doom. And for answer he told the story of the Jew who walked round Jerusalem seven days in succession.

Case V. Henry Zschokke, an eminent author and statesman, writes thus in his autobiography: "It has occasionally happened to me in my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their conversation, that their former lives, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene, have passed like dreams, yet distinctly, before me. At these times I am generally so absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that I cease to see his face distinctly or to hear his voice. For a long time I regarded these visions as delusions of fancy, and the more so as they presented me with even the dress and emotions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories.

"One day, however, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn in company with two young students. There was a numerous company at the table at supper, and as some of the guests made very merry with the peculiarities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, and Lavater's physiognomy, one of my companions, wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man, who sat facing me at the table and had permitted himself exceeding license. This man's life was at that moment presented to my mind, and I turned and asked him whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his personal history, I knowing as little of him, personally, as he did of me. He promised, if I was right, to admit it frankly. I then recounted to him what my vision had presented to me, making the whole company acquainted with his private history—his school-days, his boyish follies, and, lastly, with a liberty he had once taken with the strong box of his principal, describing an uninhabited room with whitened walls, in which, to the right of a brown door, on the table stood a black money-box. A dead silence pervaded the company during the whole progress of the narrative, broken only by occasional queries on my part, and replies on his. The startled young man confirmed my story in every particular, even to the circumstance of taking the money, which I had scarcely anticipated."

Case VI. Pierre Cazot, aged twenty, of epileptic mother, and for ten years subject to epileptic paroxysms that generally recurred daily, entered one of the hospitals of Paris in August, 1827. As Mesmerism was just then in the blush of its popularity, Cazot was operated upon by the then celebrated M. Foissac, fell into a Mesmeric sleep at the third sitting, and presented all the phenomena of somnambulism at the tenth, which occurred on the tenth day after his admission at nine o'clock in the morning. It was while in this Mesmeric state that he predicted the hour and minute of his next attack, which recurred at exactly four the same afternoon. On the morning of August 24, a commission of scientific men present, he was again experimented upon by M. Fouquier, and, in answer to questions put by members of the commission, predicted that his next fit would supervene at twenty minutes before three on Monday afternoon, August 27, and that he should not have another attack till the morning of September 7, at ten minutes before six. Owing to circumstances that prevented the attendance of the commission, the first attack was dissipated by Mesmerism at the hands of M. Foissac; but the second was witnessed by the commission, and supervened at exactly ten minutes before six.

At ten o'clock at night, September 10, the committee met at the house of M. Itard. Cazot was punctual to the hour, but M. Foissac did not appear until half-past eleven. The former was in the library when the latter dropped in very quietly; was secreted in a little reception-room twelve feet from Cazot, and began the experiment. Three minutes afterward Cazot said: "I think M. Foissac is here, for I feel oppressed and feeble," and at the expiration of eight minutes he was fast asleep. Again questioned, he replied that his next paroxysm would occur three weeks from that day, October 1, at ten minutes before twelve, and the prediction was verified to the minute.

The commission met again in the library of M. Bourdais at half-past twelve, October 6, M. Foissac having been secreted in the anteroom, ten feet from the sofa, where Cazot was sitting in conversation with members of the committee. At twenty-three minutes before one M. Foissac commenced the experiment; in four minutes the eyelids of the invalid were observed to droop, and in nine minutes he was asleep. Questioned by M. Itard, he replied that his next fit would supervene on the afternoon of November 3, at five minutes past four, and that the fit would recur at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of December 9. The first prediction was verified to the minute, the second varied fifteen minutes. February 11, Cazot fixed the supervention of his next attack at five minutes of twelve, April 22, which was verified within five minutes. As his convulsions were terrible, M. Foissac interposed with Mesmerism, and in the somnambulist state that supervened, he predicted that, commencing with June 23, he should have three days of madness. But two days afterward he was terribly wounded in attempting to stop a runaway horse, and died in the Hospital Beaujon, after twenty days of suffering.

It should be stated, in anticipation of the first solution that will naturally occur to the reader, that Cazot was in no instance aware of the predictions he had uttered in the Mesmeric state, nor that investigations extra to the study of his malady were actually in progress.

Case VII. Emma L., height five feet two,

complexion sallow, of defective physical organization, and incapable of protracted effort, had, when the observations commenced, been addicted to the habit of using sulphuric ether as a stimulant until a very minute quantity sufficed to produce anæsthesia. The experiments covered an interval of two years, during which, under the repeated application of Mesmerism, she became first cataleptic, then *clairvoyante*, at the will of the operator, and lastly subject to the phenomenon of spontaneous trance. For some months after she exhibited very distinct lucidity in respect to objects in the same or distant rooms, her vision appeared to be limited to a circle of very moderate periphery. Eventually, however, far-off clairvoyance supervened, and was subjected to repeated tests to establish its validity. During its first supervention Emma described minutely the dress, *personnels*, occupation at the moment, and particular surroundings of relatives of the operator, resident in a distant city. These phenomena verified, the experiment was repeated, always with careful verification, until the authenticity of the clairvoyance at large distances was scientifically demonstrated. After these remote excursions, it was observed that Emma invariably exhibited symptoms of excessive physical prostration, panting, and suffering from spasmodic action of the heart.

On a subsequent occasion the operator directed Emma's attention to Jupiter, but the physical symptoms were so dangerous that he recalled the fiat before she alighted on that remote planet. On this occasion she had a distinct impression of having journeyed far beyond the land where the little folks lived, and spoke of passing them as she returned.

And now was rapidly developed the phenomenon of spontaneous trance, during which she habitually talked of the scenery and transparent denizens of the spirit-world. Her first ecstasy occurred without forewarning, and lasted less than fifteen minutes. This was nearly two years after the first experiment. As weeks went by, trances supervened more frequently, and lasted longer, until the final limit was ten hours. Of most of these attacks—for so I must term them—she had a distinct prevision in preceding somnambulist states induced by Mesmerism, and in one instance she predicted the supervention of a trance nearly two months before it occurred. Although she knew nothing of her predictions in her ordinary states of consciousness, and, in order to test their validity, was never informed when her trances were to occur, they were invariably verified to the instant. The ecstasy supervened without pain, but was marked by the cerebral precursor of confusion of ideas.

Her first trance of four hours' duration occurred two months and a-half from the date when the phenomenon was initially developed, and was accompanied with an elevation of the perceptions that caused her to talk of the spirit-world as if she had actually passed into it across the bridge of dissolution. She saw persons in the room like far-off shadows; her eyes were upturned, but her limbs flexible. Her next trance continued six hours, and was marked by well-developed cataleptic rigidity. In these trances, she invariably represented man as a spiritual being, arising from the shell of the body at death, a perfect organic though psychical structure, with a distinct cognition of his fellow-spirits and of the scenery of spirit spheres; the sexes retaining their special individuality and living together in angelic union. Two thus united appeared to the distant perception as one. These spiritual spheres, with their spiritual inhabitants, she represented as transfusing the material and as exercising a potential agency in the affairs of man. All that was necessary to have a sensational cognition of them, was a quickening of the interior consciousness; and in the higher moods of trance she seemed to herself to be one of them, while, in the less pronounced, her relations to the spirit-world were more shadowy.

One result of these trances was a curious modification of the ordinary forms of expression, by which she always described herself as going away, and spoke of the dead as having left their shells and gone away.

There were also, it should be added, certain cerebral exponents that accompanied the ecstasy. In the Mesmeric state, she always represented the fibers of her brain as falling forward. On the other hand, in her fits of lucidity she described the hemispheres of the brain as separating at the top, and insisted that its interior was visible to her consciousness.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE next day, the 7th of May, Smith and Spilett climbed Prospect Heights, while Harbert and Pencroff ascended by the river, to renew their store of wood.

The engineer and the reporter soon reached the little beach on which the dugong had been stranded. Already flocks of birds had attacked the mass of flesh, and had to be driven away with stones, for Cyrus wished to keep the fat for the use of the colony. As to the animal's flesh, it would furnish excellent food.

At this moment Cyrus Smith had other thoughts. He was much interested in the incident of the day before. He wished to penetrate the mystery of the submarine combat.

At the beach, on which lay the body of the dugong, the water was tolerably shallow, but from this point the bottom of the lake sloped gradually, and it was probable that the depth was considerable in the center. The lake might be considered as a large center basin, which was filled by the water from Red Creek.

"Well, Cyrus," said the reporter, "there seems to be nothing suspicious in this water."

"No," replied the engineer, "and I really do not know how to account for the incident of yesterday."

"I acknowledge," returned Spilett, "that the wound given to this creature is, at least, very strange, and I cannot explain, either, how Top was so vigorously cast up out of the water. One could have thought that a powerful arm hurled him up, and that the same arm with a dagger killed the dugong!"

"Yes," replied the engineer, who had become thoughtful; "there is something there that I cannot understand."

It will be remembered that the engineer had not as yet been able to discover the place where the surplus water escaped, but he knew it must exist somewhere. He was much surprised to see a strong current at this place. By throwing in some bits of wood, he found that it set toward the southern angle. He followed the current, and arrived at the south point of the lake.

There was there a sort of depression in the water, as if it were suddenly lost in some fissure in the ground.

Smith listened, placing his ear to the level of the lake, and distinctly heard the noise of a subterranean fall.

"There," said he, rising, "is the discharge of the water; there, doubtless, by a passage in the granite cliff, it joins the sea, through cavities which we can use to our profit."

The engineer cut a long branch, stripped it of its leaves, and, plunging it into the angle between the two banks, found that there was a large hole only one foot beneath the surface of the water. This hole was the opening so long looked for in vain, and the force of the current was such that the branch was torn from the engineer's hands and disappeared.

"There is no doubt about it now," repeated Smith. "There is the outlet, and I will lay it open to view!"

"How?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"By lowering the level of the water of the lake three feet."

"And how will you lower the level?"

"By opening another outlet larger than this."

"At what place?"

"At the part of the bank nearest the coast."

"But it is a mass of granite!"

"Well," replied Smith, "I will blow up the granite, and the water, escaping, will subside, so as to lay bare this opening."

"And make a waterfall, by falling on the beach," added the reporter.

"A fall that we can make use of," replied Cyrus. "Come."

When Smith and the reporter entered the Chimneys, they found Harbert and Pencroff unloading their raft of wood.

"The woodmen have just finished, Captain," said the sailor, laughing, "and when you want masons—"

"Masons, no, but chemists," replied the engineer.

"Yes," added the reporter, "we are going to blow up the island."

"Blow up the island!" cried Pencroff.

"Part of it, at least," replied Spilett.

"Listen to me, my friends," said the engineer.

According to him, a cavity, more or less considerable, must exist in the mass of granite which supported Prospect Heights, and he intended to penetrate into it. To do

this, the opening through which the water rushed must first be cleared, and the level lowered by making a larger outlet. Therefore an explosive substance must be manufactured, which could make a deep trench in some other part of the shore. This was what Smith was going to attempt with the minerals which nature placed at his disposal.

After many days of work, in which he was assisted by his companions, the engineer had nearly accomplished his purpose, and by a last operation he would procure the desired substance.

Taking some nitric acid, he mixed it with glycerine, which had been previously concentrated by evaporation subjected to the water-bath, and he obtained, without even employing a refrigerant mixture, several pints of an oily yellow mixture.

This last operation Cyrus Smith had made alone, in a retired place, at a distance from the Chimneys, for he feared the danger of an explosion, and when he showed a bottle of this liquid to his friends, he contented himself with saying:

"Here is nitro-glycerine!"

The next day, the 21st of May, at daybreak, the miners went to the point which formed the eastern shore of Lake Grant, and was only five hundred feet from the coast. At this place, the plateau inclined downward from the waters, which were only restrained by their granite case. Therefore, if this case were broken, the water would escape by the opening and form a stream, which, flowing over the inclined surface of the plateau, would rush down upon the beach. Consequently, the level of the lake would be greatly lowered, and the opening where the water escaped would be exposed, which was their final aim.

The hole was made on the point of the shore, slanting, so that it should meet a much lower level than that of the water of the lake. In this way the explosive force, by scattering the rock, would open a large place for the water to rush out.

The work took some time, for the engineer, wishing to produce a great effect, intended to devote not less than seven quarts of nitro-glycerine to the operation. But Pencroff, relieved by Neb, did so well, that toward four o'clock in the evening the mine was finished.

Now the question of setting fire to the explosive substance was raised. Generally, nitro-glycerine is ignited by cartridges of fulminate, which in bursting cause the explosion. A shock is therefore needed, for, simply lighted, this substance would burn without exploding.

Smith would certainly have been able to make a cartridge. But he knew that nitro-glycerine would explode by a shock. He resolved to employ this means, and try another way, if this did not succeed.

He thought of suspending a mass of iron, weighing several pounds, by means of a fiber, to an upright just above the mine. Another long fiber, previously impregnated with sulphur, was attached to the middle of the first by one end, while the other lay on the ground several feet distant from the mine. The second fiber being set on fire, it would burn till it reached the first. This, catching fire in its turn, would break, and the mass of iron would fall on the nitro-glycerine. This apparatus being then arranged, the engineer, after having sent his companions to a distance, filled the hole, so that the nitro-glycerine was on a level with the opening; then he threw a few drops of it on the surface of the rock, above which the mass of iron was already suspended.

This done, Smith lit the end of the sulphured fiber, and, leaving the place, returned with his companions to the Chimneys.

About twenty-five minutes afterward a most tremendous explosion was heard. The island appeared to tremble to its very foundation. Stones were projected into the air as if by the eruption of a volcano. The settlers, although they were more than two miles from the mine, were thrown on the ground.

They rose, climbed the plateau, and ran toward the place where the bank of the lake must have been shattered by the explosion.

A cheer went up! A large rent was seen in the granite! A rapid stream of water rushed foaming across the plateau, and dashed down a height of three hundred feet upon the beach!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE nitro-glycerine had, indeed, acted powerfully. The opening which it had made was so large that the volume of water which escaped through this new outlet was, at least, treble that which before passed through the old one. The result was, that a short time after the operation, the level of the lake lowered two feet, or more.

The settlers went to the Chimneys to obtain pickaxes, iron-tipped spears, string made of fibers, flint and steel; they then returned

to the plateau. Having arrived at Prospect Heights, they went immediately toward that point of the lake near which was the old opening, now uncovered. This outlet had now become practicable, since the water no longer rushed through it.

In the side of the lake, and now above the surface of the water, appeared the long-looked-for opening. A narrow ridge, left bare by the retreat of the water, allowed them to approach it. This orifice was nearly twenty feet in width, but scarcely two in height. Neb and Pencroff, taking their pick-axes, soon made it high enough.

The engineer then approached, and found that the sides of the opening, in its upper part at least, had not a slope of more than from thirty to thirty-five degrees.

Torches of resinous branches were lighted with flint and steel, and, Smith leading, the settlers ventured into the dark passage, which the overplus of the lake had formerly filled. The diameter of the passage increased as the explorers proceeded, so that they very soon were able to stand upright. The granite, worn by the water for an infinite time, was very slippery, and falls were to be dreaded. But the settlers were all attached to each other by a cord, and projections of the granite, forming regular steps, made the descent less perilous. Drops, still hanging from the rocks, shone here and there under the light of the torches. The engineer examined the black granite. There was not a stratum, not a break in it. The mass was compact, and of an extremely close grain. Pluto, and not Neptune, had bored it with his own hand, and on the wall traces of an eruptive work could be distinguished, which all the washing of the water had not been able totally to efface.

After having descended about a hundred feet, following a winding road, Smith stopped and his companions came up with him. The place where they had halted was wider, so as to form a cavern of moderate dimensions. Drops of water fell from the vault, but they were simply the last traces left by the torrent which had so long thundered through this cavity. The air was pure, though slightly damp, but producing no mephitic exhalation.

"Well, my dear Cyrus," said Spilett, "here is a very secure retreat, well hidden in the depths, but it is uninhabitable."

"Why uninhabitable?" asked the sailor.

"Because it is too small and too dark."

"Couldn't we enlarge it, hollow it out, make openings to let in light and air?" replied Pencroff, who now thought nothing impossible.

"Let us go on with our exploration," said Smith.

"Where is Top?" asked Neb, interrupting his master.

They searched the cavern, but the dog was not there.

The settlers had gone some fifty feet farther, when their attention was attracted by distant sounds which came up from the depths.

"That is Top barking!" cried Harbert.

"We have our iron-tipped spears," said Cyrus Smith. "Keep on your guard, and forward!"

The passage ended in a vast and magnificent cavern. Top was running backward and forward, barking furiously. There was nothing there, not an animal, not a human being; and yet Top continued to bark. Neither caresses nor threats could make him be silent.

"There must be a place somewhere, by which the waters of the lake reached the sea," said the engineer.

"Of course," replied Pencroff, "and we must take care not to tumble into a hole."

"Go, Top, go!" cried Smith.

The dog, excited by his master's words, ran toward the extremity of the cavern, and began barking with redoubled vigor.

They followed him, and, by the light of the torches, perceived the mouth of a perpendicular well in the granite. It was by this that the water escaped.

The torches were held over the opening; nothing could be seen. Smith took a lighted branch and threw it into the abyss. The blazing resin lighted up the interior of the well, but yet nothing appeared. The flame then went out with a slight hiss, which showed that it had reached the water, that is to say, the level of the sea. Calculating the time employed in its fall, they found that the floor of the cavern must be situated ninety feet above the sea-level.

"Here is our dwelling," said Smith.

"But it has been occupied by some creature," replied Gideon Spilett, whose curiosity was not yet satisfied.

"Well, the creature, amphibious or otherwise, has made off through this opening," replied the engineer, "and left the place for us."

The wishes of the settlers were for the most part satisfied. They had now, at their disposal, a vast cavern, which it would certainly be easy to divide into rooms, by means

of brick partitions, or to use, if not as a house, at least as a spacious apartment.

Two great difficulties yet remained: first, that of lighting this excavation in the midst of solid rock; secondly, that of rendering the means of access more easy. Smith, during the descent, had roughly calculated the obliquity, and consequently the length of the passage, and was therefore led to believe that the outer wall could not be very thick. If light could be thus obtained, so could a means of access.

Smith made known his ideas to his companions.

"Then, Captain, let us set to work," replied Pencroff. "I have my pickaxe, and I shall soon make my way through this wall. Where shall I strike?"

"Here," replied the engineer, showing the sturdy sailor a considerable recess in the side, which would much diminish the thickness.

Pencroff attacked the granite, and for half an hour, by the light of the torches, he made the splinters fly around him. Neb relieved him; then Spilett took Neb's place.

This work had lasted two hours, and they began to fear that at this spot the wall would not yield to the pickaxe, when at a last blow, given by Gideon Spilett, the implement, passing through the rock, fell outside.

At this point the wall only measured three feet in thickness.

Smith applied his eye to the aperture, which overlooked the ground from a height of eighty feet. Before him extended the sea-coast, the islet, and beyond, the open sea.

Floods of light entered by this hole, inundating the splendid cavern and producing a magic effect. On its left side it did not measure more than thirty feet in height and breadth, but on the right it was enormous, and its vaulted roof rose to a height of more than eighty feet. In some places granite pillars, irregularly disposed, supported the arches as those in the nave of a cathedral.

A NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPLOSION.

The settlers were lost in admiration.

"When we have lighted the interior of this place," exclaimed Smith, "and have arranged our rooms and storehouses in the left part, we shall still have this splendid cavern, which we will make our study and our museum."

"And we will call it ——?" asked Harbert.

"Granite House," replied Smith; a name which his companions saluted with a cheer.

The torches were now almost consumed,

and as they were obliged to return by the passage to reach the summit of the plateau, it was decided to put off the work necessary for the arrangement of their new dwelling till the next day.

Before departing, Cyrus Smith leaned once more over the dark well, which descended perpendicularly to the level of the sea. He listened attentively. No noise was heard, not even that of the water, which the undulations of the surge must sometimes agitate in its depths. A flaming branch was again thrown in. The sides of the well were lighted up for an instant, but, as at the first time, nothing suspicious was seen.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next day, the 22d of May, the arrangement of their new dwelling was commenced. Their former dwelling was not, however, to be entirely abandoned, for the engineer intended to make a manufactory of it for important works. Cyrus Smith's first care was to find out the position of the front of Granite House from the outside. The pickaxe was easily discovered, and the hole could be seen in a perpendicular line above the spot where it stuck in the sand. It was the engineer's intention to divide the right portion of the cavern into several rooms, preceded by an entrance passage, and to light it by means of five windows and a door, pierced in the front. Pencroff was much pleased with the five windows, but he could not understand the use of the door, since the passage offered a natural staircase, through which it would always be easy to enter Granite House.

"If it is easy for us to reach our dwelling by this passage," replied Smith, "it will be equally easy for others besides us. I mean, on the contrary, to block up that opening; and, if it is necessary, to completely hide the entrance, by making a dam, and thus causing the water of the lake to rise."

"And how shall we get in?" asked the sailor.

"By an outside rope ladder, which, once drawn up, will render access to our dwelling impossible."

"But why so many precautions?" asked Pencroff. "As yet we have seen no dangerous animals. As to our island being inhabited by natives, I don't believe it!"

"Are you quite sure of that, Pencroff?" asked the engineer, looking at the sailor.

"Of course we shall not be quite sure, till we have explored it in every direction," replied Pencroff.

"Yes," said Smith, "for we only know a small portion of it as yet. But at any rate, though we have no enemies in the interior, they may come from the exterior, for parts of the Pacific are very dangerous."

The front of Granite House was then to be lighted by five windows and a door, besides a large bay-window and some smaller oval ones. This façade, situated at a height of eighty feet from the ground, was exposed to the east, and the rising sun saluted it with his first rays. It was found to be just at that part of the cliff which was between the projection at the mouth of the Mercy, and a perpendicular line traced above the heap of rocks which formed the Chimneys. Thus the winds from the north-east would only strike it obliquely, for it was protected by the projection. Besides, until the window-frames were made, the engineer meant to close the openings with thick shutters, which would prevent either wind or rain from entering, and which could be concealed if necessary.

By means of nitro-glycerine the rock was broken open at the places chosen by the engineer. Then, with the pickaxe and spade, the windows and doors were properly shaped, the jagged edges were smoothed off, and a few days after the beginning of the work, Granite House was abundantly lighted by the rising sun. Following the plan proposed by Cyrus Smith, the space was to be divided into five compartments looking out on the sea; to the right an entry with a door, which would meet the ladder; then a kitchen, thirty feet long; a dining-room measuring forty feet; a sleeping-room of equal size; and lastly, a "visitors' room," petitioned for by Pencroff, and which was next to the great hall. There would be also a corridor and a storehouse. Besides, the colonists had still at their disposal the little grotto above the great cavern, which was like the garret of the new dwelling.

This plan settled, it had only to be put into execution. The miners became brick-makers again, then the bricks were brought to the foot of Granite House. Till then Smith and his companions had only entered the cavern by the long passage. This mode of communication obliged them first to climb Prospect Heights, making a detour by the river's bank, then descending two hundred feet through the passage, and having to climb the same distance when they wished to return to the plateau.

A ladder was therefore manufactured with extreme care, and its uprights, formed of the twisted fibers of "curry-jonc," had the strength of a thick cable. The rounds were made of a sort of red cedar, with light, strong branches. Other ropes were made with the vegetable fibers, and a sort of crane with a tackle was fixed at the door. In this way bricks could easily be raised into Granite House. The frame-work of the partitions was soon raised, very roughly at first, and in a short time the cave was divided into rooms and storehouses.

The ladder was finally fixed on the 28th of May. Smith had been able, fortunately, to divide it into two parts, profiting by an overhanging of the cliff which made a projection forty feet above the ground. This projection, carefully leveled by the pickaxe, made a sort of platform, to which they fixed the first ladder; in this way the swinging of the rope was diminished one-half. A rope was the means of raising it to the level of Granite House. As to the second ladder, it was secured as well at its lower part, which rested on the projection, as at its upper end, which was fastened to the door. In short, the ascent had been made much easier. Besides, Cyrus Smith hoped sometime to establish a hydraulic apparatus, which would avoid all fatigue and loss of time.

The settlers soon became habituated to the use of this ladder. But the poor dog, with his four paws, was not formed for this sort of exercise. But Pencroff was such a zealous master, that Top ended by properly performing his ascents, and soon mounted the ladder as readily as his brethren in the circus. However, more than once, Pencroff hoisted him on his back, which Top never complained of.

Every day the reporter and Harbert, who had been voted purveyors to the colony, devoted some hours to the chase.

Harbert discovered toward the south-west point of the lagoon a natural warren, a slightly damp meadow, where he gathered several shoots of the basil, rosemary, balm, betony, etc., which possess different medicinal properties, some pectoral, astringent, febrifuge, others anti-spasmodic, or anti-rheumatic. American rabbits were also found here in numbers.

On the 31st of May the partitions were finished. A chimney was established in the first room, which served as a kitchen. The pipe destined to conduct the smoke outside gave some trouble to these amateur bricklayers. It appeared simplest to Smith to make it of brick clay; as creating an outlet for it to the upper plateau was not to be thought of, a hole was pierced in the granite above the window of the kitchen, and the pipe met it like that of an iron stove. Perhaps the winds, which blew directly against the façade, would make the chimney smoke, but these winds were rare.

When these interior arrangements were finished, the engineer occupied himself in blocking up the outlet by the lake, so as to prevent any access by that way. Masses of rock were rolled to the entrance and strongly cemented together. Cyrus Smith did not yet realize his plan of drowning this opening under the waters of the lake by restoring them to their former level by means of a dam. He contented himself with hiding the obstruction with grass and shrubs, which were planted in the interstices of the rocks, and which next spring would sprout thickly. However, he used the waterfall so as to lead a small stream of fresh water to the new dwelling.

At last all was finished, and it was time, for the cold season was near. Thick shutters closed the windows of the façade until the engineer had time to make glass.

Gideon Spilett had very artistically arranged on the rocky projections around the windows plants of different kinds, as well as long streaming grass, so that the openings were picturesquely framed in green.

CHAPTER XX.

THE winter season set in with the month of June, which corresponds to the month of December in the northern hemisphere. The tenants of Granite House could appreciate the advantages of a dwelling which sheltered them from the inclement weather. The Chimneys would have been quite insufficient to protect them against the rigor of winter, and it was to be feared that the high tides would make another irruption.

During the whole of the month of June the time was employed in different occupations, including both hunting and fishing, the larder being in this way abundantly supplied. Pencroff, as soon as he had leisure, began to set some traps, from which he expected great results. He soon made some snares with creepers, by the aid of which the warren furnished its quota of rabbits every day. Neb employed nearly all his time in salting or smoking meat, which insured a constant supply of provisions.

The question of clothes was now seriously discussed, the settlers having no other garments than those which they wore when the balloon threw them on the island.

"Well, we are free to roast ourselves at Granite House!" said Pencroff. "There is plenty of fuel and no reason for sparing it."

"Besides," added Gideon Spilett, "Lincoln Island is not situated in a very high latitude, and probably the winters here are not severe. Did you not say, Cyrus, that this thirty-fifth parallel corresponded to that of Spain in the other hemisphere?"

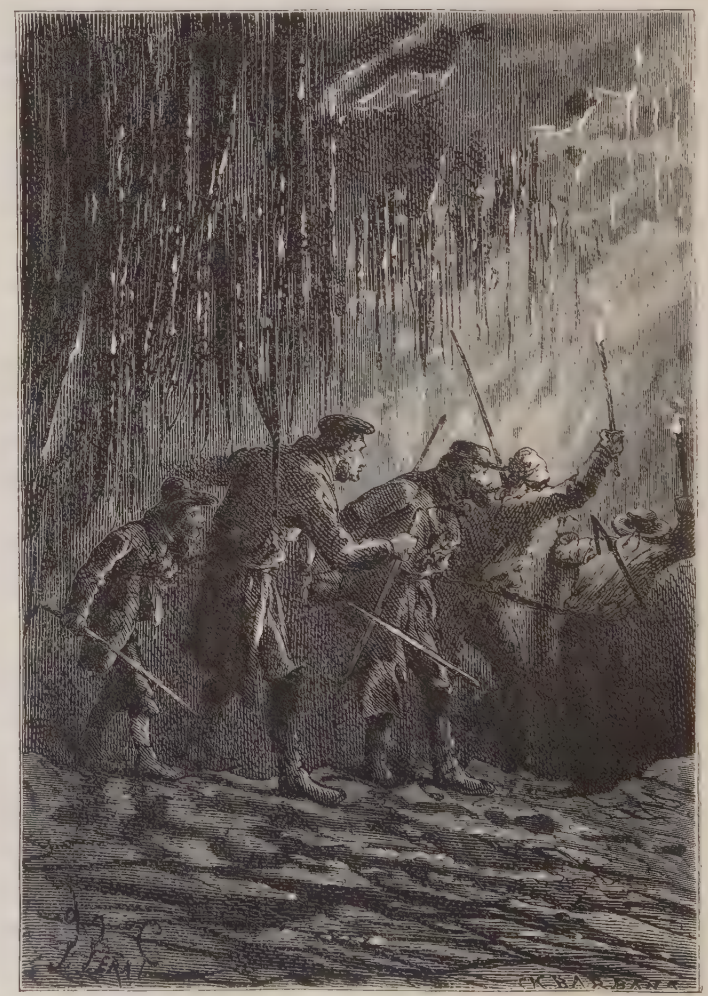
"Doubtless," replied the engineer; "but some winters in Spain are very cold! No want of snow and ice. However, this is an island, and I hope that the temperature will be more moderate."

It was now the 4th of June and Whit Sunday, and they all agreed to observe this fast. All work was suspended, and prayers were offered to Heaven. But these prayers were now thanksgivings. The next day, the 5th of June, in rather uncertain weather, they set out for the islet. They had to profit by the low tide to cross the channel, and it was agreed that they would construct, for this purpose, as well as they could, a boat which would render communication so much easier, and would also permit them to ascend the Mercy, which, at the time of their grand exploration of the southwest of the island, was put off till the first fine day.

Seals were numerous, and the hunters, armed with their iron-tipped spears, easily killed half-a-dozen. Neb and Pencroff skinned them, and only brought back to Granite House their fat and skin, the latter being intended for the manufacture of boots.

The result of this hunt was nearly three hundred pounds of fat, all to be employed in the fabrication of candles, which operation was extremely simple.

During this month there was no want of work in the interior of the new dwelling. The joiners had plenty to do. They improved their tools, which were very rude, and added others also. Among the numerous articles made were scissors, and the settlers were at last able to cut their hair, and also to shave, or at least trim their beards—that is, those who had beards.



EXPLORING THE CAVERN.

The manufacture of a hand-saw cost infinite trouble, but at last an instrument was obtained which, when vigorously handled, was of invaluable assistance in their work.

They then made tables, seats, cupboards, to furnish the principal rooms, and bedsteads, of which all the bedding consisted of grass mattresses. The kitchen, with its brick stove, and its shelves, on which rested the cooking utensils, looked very well. The waterfall created by the explosion rendered the construction of two bridges necessary, one on Prospect Heights, the other on the shore. Now the plateau and the shore were transversely divided by a water-course, which had to be crossed to reach the northern part of the island. To avoid it the colonists had been obliged to make a considerable detour, by climbing up to the source of Red Creek. The simplest thing was to establish on the tableau, and on the shore, two bridges from twenty to twenty-five feet in length. All the carpenter's work that was needed was to clear some trees of their branches. As soon as the bridges were established, Neb and Pencroff took advantage of them to go to the oyster-bed, which had been discovered near the downs. They dragged with them a sort of rough cart, which replaced the former inconvenient hurdle, and brought back some thousands of oysters, which soon increased among the rocks and formed a bed at the mouth of the Mercy.

The settlers had still one privation. There was no want of meat, nor of vegetable products; those ligneous roots which they had found, when subjected to fermentation, gave them an acid drink, which was preferable to cold water; they also made sugar, without cane or beet-roots, by collecting the liquor which distills from the "acer saccharinum," a sort of maple-tree, which flourishes in all the temperate zones, and of which the island possessed a great number; they made a very agreeable tea by employing the herbs brought from the warren; lastly, they had an abundance of salt, the only mineral which is used in food; and yet they had no bread!

One day, when it was raining in torrents, they were assembled in the great hall in Granite House, when Harbert cried out all at once:

"Look here, Captain—a grain of corn!"

And he showed his companions a single grain, which, from a hole in his pocket, had got into the lining of his waistcoat. The presence of this grain was explained by the fact that Harbert, when at Richmond, used to feed some pigeons, of which Pencroff had made him a present.

"A grain of corn?" said the engineer, quickly.

"Yes, Captain; but one, only one!"

"Well, my boy," said Pencroff, laughing, "we're getting on capitally, upon my word! What shall we make with one grain of corn?"

"We will make bread of it," replied Cyrus Smith.

This was the 20th of June.

The weather having cleared, the settlers climbed the height above Granite House. There, on the plateau, they chose a spot, well sheltered from the wind, and exposed to all the heat of the midday sun. The place was cleared, carefully weeded, and searched for insects and worms; then a bed of good earth, improved with a little lime, was made; it was surrounded by a railing, and the grain was buried in the damp earth.

CHAPTER XXI.

TOWARD the end of the month of June, after incessant rain, the weather became decidedly colder, and on the 29th a Fahrenheit thermometer would certainly have announced only twenty degrees above zero. The next day, the 30th of June, the day which corresponds to the 31st of December in the northern year, was Friday. Neb remarked that the year finished on a bad day, but Pencroff replied that naturally the next would begin on a good one, which was better.

At any rate it commenced by very severe cold. Ice accumulated at the mouth of the Mercy, and it was not long before the whole expanse of the lake was frozen.

During this period of cold, Cyrus Smith had great cause to congratulate himself on having brought to Granite House the little stream of water from Lake Grant. Taken below the frozen surface, and conducted through the passage, it remained unfrozen, and fell into an interior reservoir which had been hollowed out at the back part of the store-room, while the overflow ran through the well to the sea.

About this time, the weather being extremely dry, the colonists, clothed as warmly as possible, resolved to devote a day to the exploration of that part of the island between the Mercy and Claw Cape. It was a wide extent of marshy land, and they would probably find good sport, for water-birds ought to swarm there.

They calculated that it would be about eight or nine miles to go there, and as much to return, so that the whole of the day would be occupied. As an unknown part of the

island was about to be explored, the whole colony took part in the expedition. On the 5th of July, at six o'clock in the morning, when day had scarcely broken, armed with spears, snares, bows and arrows, and provided with provisions, they all left Granite House, preceded by Top. Their shortest way was to cross the Mercy on the ice, which then covered it. But, as the engineer observed, that could not take the place of a regular bridge. So the construction of a regular bridge was noted in the list of future works.

It was the first time that the settlers had set foot on the right bank of the Mercy, and ventured into the midst of those gigantic and superb coniferæ now sprinkled over with snow. But they had not gone half a mile when, from a thicket, a whole family of quadrupeds, which had made a home there, disturbed by Top, rushed forth into the open country.

They were foxes of a very large size, and uttered a sort of barking, at which Top seemed to be very much astonished, for he stopped short in the chase. By their barking, these foxes, with reddish-gray hair, and black tails terminating in a white tuft, had betrayed their origin. So Harbert was able, without hesitating, to give them their real name of "Arctic foxes."

When the sailor found that the foxes were not classed in the genus eatable, they were nothing to him.

After having rounded the point, they saw a long beach, washed by the open sea. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. The sky was very clear, but, warmed by their walk, neither Smith nor his companions felt the sharpness of the atmosphere too severely. Besides, there was no wind, which made it much more endurable. A brilliant sun was just issuing from the ocean, but its heat was not perceptible. The sea was as tranquil and blue as that of a Mediterranean gulf when the sky is clear. Claw Cape tapered away nearly four miles to the south-east. To the left the edge of the marsh was abruptly ended by a little point. Certainly, in this part of Union Bay, which nothing sheltered from the open sea, not even a sandbank, ships beaten by the east winds would have found no shelter. They perceived by the tranquillity of the sea, in which no shallows troubled the waters; by its uniform color, which was stained by no yellow shades; by the absence of even a reef—that the coast was steep, and that the ocean there covered a deep abyss. Behind, in the west, but at a distance of four miles, rose the first trees of the Forests of the Far West.

While eating, they looked around them. This part of Lincoln Island was very sterile and contrasted strongly with the western part. This led the reporter to observe that if chance had thrown them at first on this shore, they would have had but a deplorable idea of their future domain.

"I believe that we should not have been able to reach it," replied the engineer, "for the sea is deep, and there is not a rock on which we could have taken refuge. Before Granite House, at least, there were sandbanks and an islet, which multiplied our chances of safety. Here's nothing but the depths."

"It is very singular," remarked Spilett, "that this comparatively small island should present such varied ground. This diversity of aspect logically only belongs to continents of a certain extent. One would really say that the western part of Lincoln Island, so rich and so fertile, is washed by the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and that its shores to the north and to the south-east extend over a sort of Arctic sea."

"You are right," replied Smith; "I have also observed this. I think the form and also the nature of this island strange. It is a summary of all the aspects which a continent presents, and I should not be surprised if it had formerly been one."

"What! a continent in the middle of the Pacific?" cried Pencroff.

"Why not?" replied Cyrus Smith. "Why should not Australia, New Ireland, Australasia, united to the archipelagoes of the Pacific, have once formed a sixth part of the world, as important as Europe, Asia, Africa, or the two Americas?"

"And would Lincoln Island have been a part of that continent?" asked Pencroff.

"It is probable," replied Smith, "and that would sufficiently explain the variety of productions which are seen on its surface."

"And the great number of animals which still inhabit it," added Harbert.

"Then, some fine day," said Pencroff, who did not appear to be entirely convinced, "the rest of this ancient continent may disappear in its turn, and there will be nothing between America and Asia."

"Yes," replied Smith, "there will be new continents which millions and millions of animalculæ are building at this moment."

"And what are these masons?" asked Pencroff.

"Coral insects," replied Smith. "By constant work they made the island of Cler-

mont-Tonnerre, and numerous other coral islands in the Pacific Ocean. Forty-seven millions of these insects are needed to weigh a grain, and yet, with the sea-salt they absorb, the solid elements of water which they assimilate, these animalculæ produce limestone, and this limestone forms enormous submarine erections, which in hardness and solidity equal granite. Formerly, at the first periods of creation, nature, employing fire, heaved up the land, but now she intrusts to these microscopic creatures the task of replacing this agent, the dynamic power of which in the interior of the globe has evidently diminished—which is proved by the number of volcanoes on the surface of the earth now actually extinct. And I believe that, centuries succeeding to centuries, and insects to insects, this Pacific may one day be changed into a vast continent, which new generations will inhabit and civilize in their turn."

Breakfast was finished, the exploration was continued, and the settlers arrived at the border of the marshy region. It was a marsh, the extent of which, to the rounded coast which terminated the island at the south-east, was about twenty square miles. The soil was formed of clayey flint-earth, mingled with vegetable matter, such as the remains of rushes, reeds, grass, etc. Here and there beds of grass, thick as a carpet, covered it. In many places icy pools sparkled in the sun. Neither the rain nor a river, increased by a sudden freshet, could supply these ponds. They therefore naturally concluded that the marsh was fed by the infiltrations of the soil, and it was really so. It was also to be feared that during the heat miasmas would arise which might produce fevers.

Above the aquatic plants on the surface of the stagnant water, fluttered numbers of birds. One shot from a gun would certainly have brought down dozens of them, they were so close together. The explorers were, however, obliged to content themselves with bows and arrows. The result was less, but the silent arrow had the advantage of not frightening the birds, while the noise of fire-arms would have dispersed them to all parts of the marsh. The hunters were satisfied, for this time, with a dozen ducks, which had white bodies with a band of cinnamon, a green head, wings black, white and red, and a flattened beak. Harbert called them tadorns. Top helped in the capture of these birds, whose name was given to this marshy part of the island.

About five o'clock in the evening Cyrus Smith and his companions retraced their steps to their dwelling by traversing Tadorns' Fens, and crossing the Mercy on the ice-bridge.

CHAPTER XXII.

About the middle of August there was no want of wood, cut up into planks, in the store-room, and little by little they completed their furnishing, constructing the most solid tables and chairs.

Then the carpenters became basket-makers, and they did not succeed badly in this new manufacture. At the point of the lake which projected to the north, they had discovered an osier-bed in which grew a large number of purple osiers. The osier branches had been cut down before with this end in view, and proved very useful.

During the last week of the month of August the weather moderated again. The temperature fell a little, and the tempest abated. The colonists sallied out directly. There was certainly two feet of snow on the shore, but they were able to walk without much difficulty on the hardened surface.

Spilett, Pencroff, and Harbert did not miss this opportunity of going to visit their traps. They did not find them easily, under the snow with which they were covered. No animal had fallen into them, and yet the footprints in the neighborhood were very numerous—among others, certain very clear marks of claws. Harbert did not hesitate to affirm that some animal of the feline species had passed there, which justified the engineer's opinion that dangerous beasts existed in Lincoln Island. These animals, doubtless, generally lived in the Forests of the Far West, but, pressed by hunger, they had ventured as far as Prospect Heights.

"They are tigers," said Harbert.

The snow soon disappeared, quickly dissolving under the influence of the rising temperature. Rain fell, and the sheet of white soon vanished. Notwithstanding the bad weather, the settlers renewed their stores of different things, stone-pine almonds, rhizomes, syrup from the maple-tree, for the vegetable part; rabbits from the warren, agouties and kangaroos for the animal part. This necessitated several excursions into the forest, and they found that a great number of trees had been blown down by the last hurricane. Pencroff and Neb renewed their store of wood, and also pushed with the cart as far as the vein of coal, and brought back several tons of fuel. They saw, in passing,

that the pottery kiln had been severely damaged by the wind.

A visit was also paid to the Chimneys. The sea had left unquestionable traces of its ravages. Sweeping over the islet, it had furiously assailed the passages, which were half filled up with sand, while thick beds of sea-weed covered the rocks. While Neb, Harbert, and Pencroff hunted or collected wood, Smith and Spilett busied themselves in putting the Chimneys to rights.

THE ROPE LADDER AT GRANITE HOUSE.

About the 25th, after another change from snow to rain, the wind shifted to the south-east, and the cold became, suddenly, very severe.

One day Cyrus Smith announced to his companions that they were going to turn into refiners.

To crystallize the liquid drawn from the maple, only an extremely easy operation is required. Placed on the fire in large earthen pots, it was simply subjected to evaporation, and soon a scum arose to its surface. As soon as this began to thicken, Neb carefully removed it with a wooden spatula.

After boiling for several hours on a hot fire, it was transformed into a thick syrup. This syrup was poured into clay molds, previously hardened in the kitchen stove, and to which they had given various shapes. The next day this syrup had become cold, and formed cakes and tablets. This was sugar, of rather a reddish color, but nearly transparent, and of a delicious taste.

The one who was most impatient of this imprisonment, after Pencroff, perhaps, was Top. Smith often remarked that when he approached the dark well which communicated with the sea, near the orifice opening at the back of the store-room, Top uttered singular growlings. He ran round and round this hole, which had been covered with a wooden lid. Sometimes even he tried to put his paws under the lid, as if he wished to raise it. He then yelped in a peculiar way, which showed at once anger and uneasiness.

On the 24th of October (they had been on the island about seven months) Pencroff went out to look after the traps, and in one he found three animals which would form a welcome addition to their larder—a female peccary and two young ones.

At five o'clock dinner was served in the dining-room of Granite House. The kangaroo stew, which smoked on the table, was found to be excellent; the peccaries followed next, which Pencroff insisted on dishing out himself, serving each guest with a bountiful portion. These "sucking pigs" were

really delicious, and Pencroff was devouring his own portion with great glee, when all of a sudden a cry and an oath broke from his lips.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Cyrus Smith.

"I have broken a tooth; that's what's the matter," growled the sailor.

"Ah, then you find pebbles in your peccaries!" remarked Gideon Spilett.

"You had better believe it," replied Pencroff, drawing from his lips the object which had cost him a tooth.

It was not a pebble; it was a leaden pellet.

(To be continued.)

MOUNT TABOR.

On Tabor's height a glory came,
And, shrined in clouds of lambent flame,
The awe-struck, hushed disciples saw
Christ and the prophets of the law;
Moses, whose grand and awful face
Of Sinai's thunder bore the trace,
And wise Elias, in his eyes
The shade of Israel's prophecies,
Stood in that vast mysterious light
Than Syrian noons more purely bright,
One on each hand—and high between
Shone forth the godlike Nazarene.

They bowed their heads in holy fright,
No mortal eyes could bear the sight,
And when they looked again, behold!
The fiery clouds had backward rolled,
And borne aloft, in grandeur lonely,
Nothing was left, "save Jesus only."

Resplendent type of things to be!
We read its mystery to-day
With clearer eyes than even they,
The fisher saints of Galilee.
We see the Christ stand out between
The ancient law and faith serene,
Spirit and letter—but above
Spirit and letter both was Love.
Led by the hand of Jacob's God
Through wastes of eld a path was trod
By which the savage world could move
Upward through law and faith to love.
And there in Tabor's harmless flame
The crowning revelation came.
The old world knelt in homage due,
The prophets near in reverence drew,
Law ceased its mission to fulfill
And Love was lord on Tabor's hill.

So now, while creeds perplex the mind
And wranglings load the weary wind,
When all the air is filled with words
And texts that ring like clashing swords,
Still, as for refuge, we may turn
Where Tabor's shrining glories burn—
The soul of antique Israel gone—
And nothing left but Christ alone.

SOME OLD LETTERS.

THE personal peculiarities that would repel or annoy us in the living only amuse us in our friend of the past, and make him a reality. What matters it to us as we read that a certain great musician was slovenly in his personal habits? We can afford, behind our screen of distance, to overlook these minor matters as "the peculiarity of genius." Even Dante, casting stones at the street boys who reviled him, does not wake in us that sense of injustice which is aroused by the slightest failing on the part of our contemporaneous great man.

Some such thought as this came into my mind while I was looking over the letters of a friend, who in her very early youth was fortunate enough to be an humble member of that brilliant galaxy of wits, artists, poets, statesmen, that, with the aristocracy, made the society of London in the years 1832, 1833 and 1834. What, through her extreme youth, is lacking in depth and analysis, seems to me to be quite made up to us by the exquisite freshness that meets, quite unabashed, the greatest as the least, and describes them with utter frankness and the penetration of an untouched nature.

Not uninteresting is the account this very young matron gives of the traveling from Portsmouth (where they "dined at half-past four upon hare and fish and old port wine") to London "in one of the London coaches. It was a small, neat carriage, lined with cloth, stuffed and cushioned, holding four persons within; two seats behind, outside, and two seats in front. The horses, with short tails and manes, were neatly groomed and beautifully harnessed. As we drove up to the post-houses to change, the driver threw down his reins, and four horses, with blankets over them, stood ready, a groom at the head of each, and in two minutes we were off again. A man called a guard stands on a step at the side of the coach to take care of the luggage."

Not uncharacteristic is the mention of a little woman in the coach, "a kind of vulgar belle," who "eyed" the writer and her companion "through her glass," and was introduced as Mrs. Z. "She was of a very low family; married a merchant, who died; then married Z., Under-Secretary of the Minister of State, which raised her a little more, and they are now fastened on to the lower end of fashionable life, struggling to know and proud of a bow from a nobleman. An old bore of a lord got in, and the conversation was better than a novel. They mentioned no one who had not a title. They grieved over 'poor dear Duke of D——'s' ill-health, he was 'so agreeable, so *charming*.' (X. told me he was half an idiot.) Then spoke of 'dear Lord H.,' who is an unprincipled person" [supposed to be the original of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne."] "The little cottages, thatched and small, with vines and flowers growing around them, and even at this season [November] roses, in full bloom, trained over the doors and windows, in which stood square boxes filled with plants—the English call them 'bow-pots.' The hedges, too, are beautiful, and the roads like a carpet or floor. The most charming of all the towns where we stopped to change horses were Gaudelming and Guildford. We entered London through Brentford, Hammersmith and Kensington, and, after passing Hyde Park corner, through Piccadilly. Here we came to 'White Horse Cellar,' a sort of dépôt for coaches, where we were obliged to leave the coach and choose a hack amid utter confusion, in which X. lost his portmanteau. And such a hack! We have no such things in America as these English hacks—straw in the bottom and doors that won't shut! They seem to be broken-down private carriages, with wretched horses and ragged coachmen." But even in such faded glory as this our travelers were glad to leave "White Horse Cellar," where "lazy, loaferish men stood about with hands in pockets," and where "the walls, within and without, were plastered with a confusion of cards, setting forth the hours of the arrival and departure of coaches."

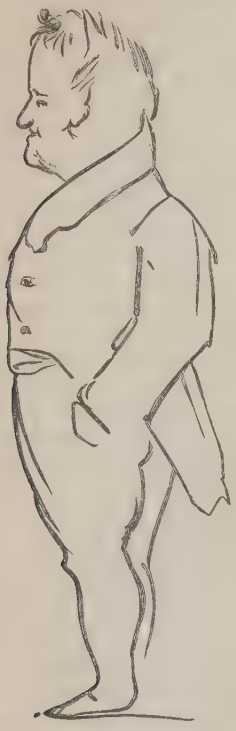
Once in London, we are introduced to all sorts of interesting people—Robert Ferguson (afterward physician to Queen Victoria), Leslie, the artist, and his wife and children; young Jekyll, whose grandfather is spoken of by Pope:

> "A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
> Who never changed his principle or wig;"

whose father was a renowned wit of the time to which we are introduced, and who himself is thus described; "he would be a vagabond, if he were not a gentleman to his finger-ends."

Here we find a letter missing, and must

supply by the same letter-writer's reminiscences, an account of a tea at Leslie's, where our young friend met for the first time Landseer and Peter Powell, that hanger-on



PETER POWELL.

and lover of the art in which he himself failed. He was at this time a clerk in the War Office, but a great radical, "trying," as some have said of him, "to saw off the branch on which he sat." A great mimic, comic in appearance and brilliant in mind, he was the welcome guest and pet of the artists. On this evening at Leslie's he amused the company by performing the part of a goose going up stairs. Landseer is described as flashy in dress. The Leslies lived with the utmost simplicity. Charles Leslie's charming manners and sweet voice, and humorous and benevolent face, made his friends his lovers.

"Christopher Hughes sent us a basket of game from the country, where he is shooting at Mr. Coke's place, who is the greatest agriculturist in England [Hughes was afterward made Earl of Leicester. Having twice refused to be raised to the peerage, he consented, after his marriage, for his children's sake]. Hughes is the United States Chargé d'Affaires in Sweden."

The first mention of Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, is under date of November 15th, 1832: "Had a delightful visit from Rogers. He is very like that profile drawn from life by Mr. Newton which X. gave you. He is a short man, with very gentle, quiet manners, and apparently exceedingly simple. He was very complimentary, and hoped that he should have part of the pleasure of making me at home in England. Vercellini, the great singer, came to see us, and is to choose our piano for us. Ferguson brought me a beautiful little silver coffee-pot. I shall make it the pattern of my set.

"X. went to Holland House, while I remained at home. Lady H. was lying down, and he did not send his name up. She is too much of an invalid to go out except to ride in her own grounds; but he saw Miss Fox, Lord Holland's sister—a delightful old lady. Holland House is an old building of the time of James, and was once the residence of Addison, after his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, and a very unhappy life he led there. It has all the beauty of forest and country about it, and yet is within two miles of London. Lockhart called to see us at five. He is a very dark person, with strongly marked features, elegant manners, and speaks with a strong Scotch accent. Mrs. Lockhart, of course, does not go out yet." The pilot-boat which came out to meet the ship which brought our travelers to England, was the bearer of the news of the death of Sir Walter Scott, the father of Mrs. Lockhart.

"On Sunday we went to see Rogers, but he was out of town. We went in, however, to look at his house, which is really beautiful. It was almost too full of exquisite *bijouterie*. There is a cabinet painted by Stothard, for which Mr. Rogers gave eight hundred guineas. 'The Canterbury Pilgrims' was painted upon it. There were antiques, vases, and pictures—none but the old masters. On his library table he has a camel's hair table-cloth of different colors. Thursday afternoon the Marchioness of Wellesley [sister-in-law to the Duke of Wellington] and Miss Cayton [afterward Marchioness of Strafford; the Caytons were three Baltimore ladies, the youngest married Lord Harvey and was afterward Duchess of Leeds] called upon me, and were very civil. When we came here I found a note from Lady Wellesley, saying that the Queen [Adelaide, wife of William the Fourth] had lent her her private box for Drury Lane, and that if we would go with her she would call for us a little after seven. We went, and

took Jekyll, who dined with us. It is very little better than our stage, though the house is very beautiful and the gas-lights [quite new then] give it great brilliancy. The Queen's box is on a level with the pit, has a parlor behind it lighted with a coal fire, and the box has cushioned chairs and ottomans. Hackett played 'Solomon Swap;' but it is thought very extravagant, and is not well received. He performed Mons. Jensen very well."

"Tell B. to write to me. We wish he could be in England a year to study with the homeopaths. There is a Doctor Quinn here performing great cures. Jekyll is very much interested in the science and study. The President of the Academy congratulated the *Academy*, not X., upon his [X's] election. He has already had several calls in his profession, which he has been obliged to refuse. Our dinner at the Boddingtons' went off very well. It was a round table. [The guests were Mr. Sharpe, Stuart Newton, the painter; Macaulay, Col. Webster, Mr. Kennedy, Lord Ossulston; a famous beauty, Mrs. Webster; Christopher Hughes; Mrs. Kennedy; Mr. Boddington, his son. Mr. B. was a banker.] Mr. Sharpe is 'Conversation Sharpe;' he was a hatter, but is everywhere sought after on account of his intellect and conversation. He is self-educated, and reads, and has read everything. He handed me in to dinner. Macaulay is the young man who is making such a noise in the world,—an M.P.,—makes famous speeches, and is thought by the Whigs the cleverest man in England. I think he talks too much for so young a man, and he impressed me as a conceited person.

"Rogers sent a little volume of charming engravings to me as a present—illustrations of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

"Friday evening Lady Holland sent her son, Col. Webster, to call upon us. She is too ill to go out herself. Col. Webster was the person who first carried the news to Lord Wellington of the approach of the Prussians in the battle of Waterloo, at a ball given by Lady Charlotte Greville. * * * We went to see old Jekyll, which you would have enjoyed intensely. He is seventy-seven; was the intimate friend of Fox and Pitt, and of George the Fourth, who, he said, 'was the best bad man he ever knew.' He was dressed in blue, with bright buttons buttoned up to his chin, his hair powdered, and his hands entirely misshapen, or, rather, shrunken from the gout; he was looking as delicate and neat as possible. He was seated in a large arm-chair, with books and writing materials, and pictures about him, and antique jars and vases. He has an intimate friend living next door to him. They never meet more than once a year, but correspond twenty times a day and always in Latin. When I went in he held up both hands to welcome me. I drew a chair up to his side and spoke distinctly (for he is deaf), though not loud, as I was requested. He told me Joe had told him I was ugly and stupid, and he saw it was true. He asked if there was 'the same law about beating a wife in America as here;' that he 'understood that we had increased the number of stripes from fifteen to seventeen,' which was dangerous; that the tri-colored flag was not necessary here, that they were satisfied with black and blue, and that the *Union* flag was not much in vogue. [A hit at connubial life in London society.] He is a renowned wit, and the brightest old man I ever knew. He said Mirabeau told him that Diderot used to hide himself in his bookseller's store to see who bought his books, and that a person came in and asked if he could buy the prints without the lettered part. He asked if I would let him come and see me [he couldn't walk out], and said that he had learned more of America and American women than he ever knew before. He claimed to be an American himself, for his great-grandfather was a Collector of Customs in Boston.

"Friday we went to the Tunnos' country seat, Taplow Lodge, in Buckinghamshire, some twenty or thirty miles from London, where we met many people of distinction. It was a rainy, disagreeable day, and we arrived about four. We were received in a large hall with an immense fire, and the butler took from us our cloaks and shawls. We were then shown through a library with a large fire, into the drawing-room beyond, where Mrs. and Miss Tunno received us. They were exceedingly kind. Mrs. Tunno is an old lady, the widow of a rich merchant, with five unmarried daughters, and a married son. They are all nice people, but Miss Tunno, X's friend, is *delightful*. [These are relatives of the Sartoris who married President Grant's daughter.] Soon after we came, Mr. and Mrs. Marjoribanks and their daughter arrived. Mr. M. is a capital character, a true-hearted, high-minded Scotchman, a great bank director, one of the heads of the India House, a sort of king among merchants—no subserviency to nobility, but an

independent, honest fellow; respects rank with worth, but thinks nothing of it without."

"We had a call from Lord Grenville, and from Sir John and Lady Herschel, who were delightful people. They called especially to see *us*. Sir John is the most scientific man of the day, looks like a born gentleman, and his manners are as simple and plain as possible. Lady H. is a delicate, lady-like little person, with light hair and blue eyes. They urged us to come and see them at Stough, their country seat, about twenty miles from London, and said they should call and see us as soon as they came to town. Sir John said he wished to hear all about America. They lunched with us."

"Sunday we walked up to the Regent's Park, and called upon Lady Wellesley. She was more agreeable than usual. She is always lady-like and elegant, but never very strong.

"Oh! that we had never known your tea. It is out—and you cannot get good in England. None is allowed to come into the country but through the India House; but if you will ask everybody that you hear is coming, to bring us a small bundle, directed to the Colonel,—they can bring it on shore in their pockets, and we can then have a supply, little by little. All tea here is old, for they sell the old before the new, of course.

SAMUEL ROGERS—FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY GILBERT STUART NEWTON.

"Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Hallam called to see us. Hallam [author of "The Middle Ages"] is stouter and grayer than I expected to see him. He has a fine face, and gives one the impression of a very true person. We talked of poor Lord Dudley's insanity. He was a great friend of X's, who dined with him the night before he (X.) left for America. Lord Dudley left his guests at the dinner table, and walked with X. to his door, bidding him good-bye there. It was indeed good-bye, for six months later he was insane. X. says he had only shown this tendency before by thinking aloud. Once meeting Lord Alvanley, the wit, he shook hands with him, and still holding his hand, looked him in the face and said: 'I suppose Alvanley expects me to ask him to dine, but I shall not do it.' To which Alvanley answered meditatively, 'I suppose Dudley thinks I'd like to dine with him, but if he asks me I shall decline.' Alvanley was a great dandy—*is* indeed—for when X. and I met him the other day, in spite of his years and his gouty foot, wrapped in flannels, he seemed to try to deserve Julia Macdonald's description of him—'a dear, delightful dandy.' I asked X., much to his amusement, if the gentleman who had just parted from us was Lord Alvanley's father. 'No! It's Alvanley himself,' said X., laughingly.

"Sunday, December 9th:—Last night at half-past nine we went to a party at Hallam's. There were only a few persons present, for nobody is in town; but it was a very choice little circle. There was Mrs. Marset, an old lady who has written a good many books on chemistry; Mrs. Tighe, who has been famous for giving some of the pleasantest parties in London—a very agreeable person, an Irish lady, and the mother of Lady J. Stewart; Lady Davy, the wife of Sir Humphrey; Morier, author of 'Hajji Baba' [his brother was the American Minister succeeding Jackson], a delightful person; Mr. Hays and Sir Robert Inglis, who are in the Ministry, and an old Mr. Wishaw, an old whig; Miss Hallam, a maiden lady, and a Mr. and Mrs. Pulter—young people. I told Hallam that I had seen him before, for you had a profile of him in his works in America—with which he seemed much pleased. He asked me 'if we had much internal navigation in America.' Young Arthur Hallam is good-looking and engaging. I talked a long time with him of America and various things.

"We went yesterday to see old Lord Essex, who is ill, and expressed a strong desire to see me, and as he is seventy-five, and cannot move with his lame leg, I went to see him. He has a beautiful house in Belgrave square and lives alone, for his wife and he have separated with mutual consent. She lives at the other end of the town. He prides himself upon having furnished his house better than any house in London. He is an epicurean, and gleans pleasure from every thing—has charming pictures. In the room where he received us hangs Stuart Newton's painting of 'Boniface,' an illustration of Sir Walter Scott's 'Abbot.' The figure is about three feet in height, glowing with somber color. Lord Essex thinks it wonderfully like Sydney Smith, and Sydney Smith thinks it so like Lord Essex. Lord Essex has for his convenience a little round book-case on castors, like a column of books, that his servant can roll up to the side of his chair. He is very fond of driving, and Miss Paton, the singer, a very sweet, ladylike woman, drives about with him everywhere.' [Lord E., after the death of Lady Essex, married Miss Paton]. We want you, if you can and will, to send us those Gobelin tapestry things which you have. Everything antique and old-fashioned is the rage here, and they ask the most enormous prices for things of that sort.

"January 6th, 1833:—Saturday we dined with Phillips, a member of the Royal Academy. He has a very agreeable wife and two rather pretty daughters, who asked me whether I had ever heard of 'The Heart of Midlothian,' and then said: 'So Scott has found his way to America!' The ignorance about America has amazed me. I have answered all questions most meekly, with a little quizzing, but X. says he hopes I shall tell the next persons that perhaps they are not aware that America has conquered them in arms, excelled them in navigation, and vies with them in literature and romance; that many of the first painters they have had in England have been Americans (as is West, who is the President of the Royal Academy), and that Mrs. Baring, Mrs. Mansfield, and Lady Wellesley, at the head of the fashionable world here, are all Americans.

"We called at Rogers's door to inquire after him. He has lately lost his only brother, and there has come out in 'Fraser's Magazine,' an outrageous piece of abuse about him by Lord Byron. An able person, however, has taken it up in the 'Times,' pronouncing an eulogy upon

Rogers, and abusing Byron as he deserves. Byron gave this satire, which is a kind of doggerel rhyme, to Lady Blessington, an exceedingly profligate and beautiful woman here, who gave it to her son-in-law, Count d'Orsay, who is quite as bad, and he sold it for an immense sum of money to 'Fraser.' It has been talked of unceasingly of late.

"The cranberries you sent we have given up. We found that if we paid the duties on them they would cost us fifteen dollars, and if the Colonel took them away with him it would cost us as much to have them entered as exports. The laws of the custom-house seem to tell in a most ridiculous manner here, in a way that cannot be intended, and it seems hardly worth while to send anything. Buckwheat, which I asked you to send, we shall be obliged to pay the whole value upon. The wine we got with hardly any difficulty, and the papers and pamphlets free also, but the letters they took out and sent to the post-office, though they were not sealed. They show no civility to any one. Lord Durham, the Prime Minister's son-in-law, brought some tea from Russia, and it was all taken from him and sold at public auction. They would not even allow him to pay the duties. The King is allowed to have it, but no other member of the royal family.

"January 19th, 1833:—I have had a great number of pleasant visitors—Dr. Somerville, the husband of that lady whom Mr. F—— told you of, a sort of female Dr. B——, and, withal, perfectly retiring and domestic. She has lately published a review of Laplace's 'Mécanique Céleste.' She is now in Paris with her daughter, but she promises herself the pleasure, Dr. Somerville said, of making my acquaintance as soon as she returns.

"Yesterday old Mr. Welles and Landseer dined with us. Mr. W. is a very wealthy man, owns half the London Docks, and once commanded an East-Indiaman. He had a brother, Admiral Welles, quite a famous officer. Old Mr. Welles is very shy, and refused to dine with Mr. Marjoribanks to meet us, but came and dined with *us* willingly. I sang to him, and he said he was thankful to hear anything but Italian. This morning he has been here to see us. He is going out of town immediately, and says he shall send me a barrel of apples next week from Redleaf, his place at Tunbridge Wells.

"Tuesday we went to see Mrs. Lockhart, who came to see me very soon after my arrival, though in deep mourning. She is a clever little woman. She has quite a broad Scotch accent, and is very pleasing and affable. She has two nice children—one a fine-looking boy, called Walter Scott Lockhart.

"Miss Scott, who is with them, is as dark as thunder (Mrs. Lockhart is fair and delicate), and looks like a Frenchwoman. She is very large, and is languid in her manner, but I should think a person of great feeling and sensibility. She was much overcome at meeting X., whom she has not seen since he was at Abbotsford. Mrs. Lockhart is more a woman of the world and more pleasing."

Farther on we find an interesting account of a route at Landsdowne House, with other curious descriptions, which will appear in a second installment of "Old Letters."

SONNET.

As strong, as deep, as wide as is the sea,
Though by the wind made restless as the wind,
By billows fretted and by rocks confined,
So strong, so deep, so wide my love for thee.
And as the sea; though oft huge waves arise,
So oft that calms can never quite assuage,
So huge that ocean's whole self seems to rage;
Yet tranquil, deep, beneath the tempest lies:
So my great love for thee lies tranquil, deep,
Forever; though above it passions fierce,
Ambition, hatred, jealousy; like waves
That seem from earth's core to the sky to leap,
But ocean's depths can never really pierce;
Hide its great calm, while all the surface raves.

HEREDITARY FOES.

ANGÉLIQUE AND THE SWANS.

ANGÉLIQUE was standing by the little basin just outside the paved court, feeding the swans, and laughing to see them first dodge and then dive for the bread crumbs with which she pelted them. The cloudless summer sun threw shifting gleams on the smooth white curves of the birds' necks, on the broken ripples in the water where they swam round and round, on the tiny fountain in the center with an uncertain rainbow hovering about it, on the ruffled hair of Angélique, who had come out with uncovered head, careless as usual of her complexion; warm, flying lusters everywhere chased the shadows back and forth, and for very lightness of heart the girl laughed again and clapped her hands.

But presently she was interrupted by the voice of old André behind her. M. le Général was in the *salon*, and had already twice demanded Mademoiselle.

Angélique turned round in a surprise that was almost apprehension. Her father was not wont to be visible to the outer world much before the midday breakfast, and it was scarcely more than ten yet! She flung all the rest of the crumbs in a heap together into the water, and ran over the court and through the quadrangle, expecting, she hardly knew what, but something very remarkable indeed.

But when she reached the *salon* she found its occupant sitting quietly enough, except for an occasional subdued growl over an Opposition article in the journal he was reading. There was a letter lying on the table at his elbow, but if that had had anything to do with this unusual summons, at least it could not contain any very alarming news.

The morning embrace submitted to, the Général held his daughter off at arm's length, then drew her close again, repeating this manœuver, and all the while surveying her intently, as if he were now beholding her for the first time in his life, and engaged in making an exact estimate of his new acquaintance. Angélique began to color under this cool inspection.

"Yes," said the Général at length, the critically puckered eyebrows relaxing into a smile. "Do you know, Angélique, you are grown into a young woman!"

Angélique's bewilderment increased. Had her father risen two hours earlier than common in order to tell her that? But she only answered, "Yes, papa," dutifully, and waited for what should follow.

"Into a fine young woman," amended the Général, taking snuff with a satisfied air. "It is time you should see the world. How say you? Would you like to see the world, Angélique?"

But this was a question Angélique could not answer all in a breath. The world would be a very wonderful sight, but would it involve giving up *her* world, the little domain in which she was, or, what was just as good, fancied herself to be, princess-regnant? So she said doubtfully,

"Here, papa?"

"God forbid!" cried the Général, in a heat. "A parcel of monkeys moving and chattering about *me*—" Then, more coolly: "Silly girl! What world is there to see here outside of M. de Martigny? I must do him the justice to say he plays an admirable game of chess, but I suppose that would hardly compensate in *your* eyes for the fact that he is fifty-five and wears a wig? No, child; the fact is, your Aunt Mathilde—" here he laid his hand on the letter beside him—"offers you an opportunity to—to see the world, in short, as I just said,—and it is high time."

Angélique did not say much, but went away from the interview with her father with her head full of the dreams that stand to seventeen instead of thoughts. Aunt Mathilde herself, indeed, was a kind of dream to her. Within her recollection she had never seen this aunt, whose married life had been mostly spent either out of France or in its gayest cities. Beyond a fête champêtre or some similar festivity, to which, however, its members still brought their town atmosphere, the only idea which the country conveyed to this lady was of insufferable boredom and stagnation. So that, had Angélique but known all, it was a very magnanimous act which her aunt was meditating for her sake.

And yet, perhaps, had she known quite all, she had no cause for overwhelming gratitude. Madame La Tourelle was her brother's own sister. The same interest which the Général had taken in his field-strategy she found in that social campaign which, bloodless though it is, may involve as many risks and complications as the iron game. Fortune had not always used her according to her deserts of blood and breeding. She had known ups and downs, but had invariably managed to fall on her feet. The diplomatic posts assigned to her husband had hardly been of the desired importance, but she, at any rate, had made the most of them. At home or abroad, embarrassed or in plenty, she had been the leader of her "circle," whatever its grade. M. La Tourelle himself had been rather a poor stick, needing all his wife's buoyancy to float him; but he was dead long since, and, with a certain income and no encumbrance, she was far enough from thinking of retiring from the field where she had won so many triumphs. Only, as with the passing years her personal claims waned, she employed herself in marshaling to the front younger and fresher combatants. It was said that Madame La Tourelle had made more matches than any other woman in France. Just now, however—which brings us back to Angélique—occurred a pause in the game. Not that this Generalissima had been checkmated; on the contrary, she had swept the board, and stopped momentarily for want of new moves and material of war. Whereupon she called to mind that, buried alive somewhere in a moldering old Castle of Dullness, she had a niece who was young, and ought to be pretty. This remembrance came like an inspiration, for she already had in view the suitable *parti*, whom she had hitherto been hesitating how to dispose of; her military mind glanced rapidly over all the bearings of the case, and Angélique was "wooed and married and a'" before ever the arbiter of her destiny had set eyes on her.

This letter, which had accomplished the

feat of rousing the old Général two hours earlier than usual, had been, by some chance, so much delayed that its winter was likely to follow very closely upon it. Angélique had not, therefore, too much time in which to dream dreams over her preparations. These were, to be sure, wholly superfluous, for old Lucette, the real mistress of the household, on this as on every other occasion, made and executed her plans with a smiling and respectful disregard of "Ma'm'selle;" still, as titular sovereign, there were certain ceremonies which it behooved Ma'm'selle herself to attend to; or, at any rate, it pleased her to think so. Besides, her father had suggested special care in her toilette; so Angélique hesitated considerably over her wardrobe, which was mostly furnished with relics of ancient splendor in which the girl—save for her unpowdered hair—looked as if she had stepped out of one of the old pictures on the wall.

There was powder in the Général's hair, however. Through all the freaks of fashion he had sturdily held to the costume of his own *beaux jours*. It did not, indeed, matter much in the solitude of such a life, only that father and daughter, as they stood together awaiting their guest, made a picture odd enough to any eyes more modern than those of old André, the superannuated soldier-valet, and the other domestics, most of whom had grown gray in their present service.

So, indeed, thought Mme. La Tourelle, who arrived just as that martinet, the Général, had made up his mind that his sister was going to be too late for dinner. She merely gave a passing glance at his old-fashioned figure, where all was in keeping; but when, with a shy grace, Angélique came forward into the light that glittered on the dew and bloom of her young face and the gloss of her hair, and her swan-smooth shoulders rising white out of the stiff old brocade that glittered, too, in waves and patches of moonlight luster—"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the fine lady, stopping short, and, in her turn, holding off the blushing girl while she surveyed her with a queer little smile. "She would be ravishing so—for a masquerade!"

Angélique was by no means pleased with the compliment, for she had not dressed herself for a masquerade; but there was no reply to be made, and she regarded her aunt in silence, with a mixture of wonder, admiration, and a kind of shrinking timidity.

That lady found herself even more oppressed than she had expected by the monotony of the Général's life. She wondered that it had not long since sent him to the family burial-place, where, for that matter, one might as well be, as leading such a dead-alive existence—and to think of her gay brother, the wild young officer she remembered, coming to that! But the most vivacious spirits have sometimes the making of the most obstinate recluses, and there had not been wanting reasons, either, why the Général should welcome the quiet in which long habit had now unalterably confirmed him. As is often the case with men who marry late in life, he had been dotingly fond of his young wife, and her death, not long after the marriage, had seemed to suddenly age and stiffen him. He might possibly have had more chance of recovery had he not already suffered from a blow of another sort, the loss of an inheritance on which he had confidently reckoned. That he did suffer so keenly was not from avarice; the pecuniary loss was to him, perhaps, the least; he was wounded in his sense of consequence, in his pride of landed proprietor, one of the strongest instincts of his nationality; and, mortified and resentful, was relieved to withdraw himself from an ungrateful world. Here, in his retirement, the order of the day was executed with military precision. After a punctilious toilette at the hands of his ancient military attendant, André, to descend in time for the noonday breakfast, then to ride, or else to potter about the grounds, vexing the secret soul of the outwardly complaisant old gardener with impracticable suggestions, then back to the *salon* to mutter strange campaign oaths over the journals—for the Général was a fierce fireside politician—till dinner-time, after which came M. de Martigny, and interminable rounds of chess or cards, or backgammon. This was the routine, regular as the day, which the old Général never thought of finding dull. Neither did Angélique, who, to be sure, was not old; but then, on the other hand, she was seventeen, and does not that mean a world and life of one's own? Still, it was not surprising that an outsider should be bored by this semi-existence, and bored Mme. La Tourelle was to that extent, that she carried off her niece with the haste of a hawk pouncing down on some brooding and bewildered dove.

Angélique, leaving home for the first time, was divided between a quite unnecessary solicitude for her father deprived of his only child, and a fever of longing for the unknown

future before her. She was singularly innocent for her age, and though it could hardly be that a girl—and she a French girl—should not have some vague thoughts of an "establishment" mingling with her dreams, still that made but a very small part of that great, strange world which, in long summer days and winter nights, she had built up from her imagination, and which she was now about to behold in all the gayety and splendor of reality. Of course it proved utterly unlike her anticipations. It was splendid and gay, indeed, but there the remembrance ended. The beautiful body lacked the soul of her visions, and she felt an undefined sense of loss and wrong as each day unveiled some fresh illusion. Still, considering herself only a passing spectator of the pageant, she amused herself very well with the rush and glitter, so much new dream-material to carry back to her dear country solitude. Besides, seventeen has no ineradicable distaste for admiration, which her childlike loveliness won her in abundance. Her aunt's house was a lively one, much frequented by young men, that shy game which Mme. La Tourelle so remarkably well understood the art of attracting, that it almost seemed as if she possessed some sort of human bird-lime. Not only did the best *partis* come to her, but they came, in spite of her fatal match-making reputation, in a confiding kind of way, which was one of the most masterly results of her strategy. Had Angélique been more versed in the arts of the fowler, she might have perceived which of these victims was intended for herself. This was a certain Rancy, a connection of the late M. La Tourelle, a young man more burdened with money than with birth. Angélique's case being the exact opposite, it struck Madame, the aunt, to make these two balance each other. Angélique had no objection, not having any suspicion. Young Rancy was, perhaps, more quicksighted, but, if so, he walked into the snare with his eyes open, and the affair went on smoothly, till an unexpected complication arose with the entrance, one evening, of a new guest.

M. Edouard d'Arsenaye was at least as wealthy as M. Rancy, and much better born. Personally a stranger to Mme. La Tourelle, he was perfectly well known to her by report, and as his eyes fixed themselves on her niece with undisguised admiration, hers fixed themselves on him kindly, with a sudden bold inspiration. No matter now about that good Rancy, he was always to the fore, to be easily enough provided for at her leisure; *here* was the husband for Angélique! There were certain reasons which, while rendering the match delicate of accomplishment, would also make it a very triumph of skill, and to its furtherance all her energies were henceforth to be directed. And when that disciplined warrior was fairly in arms, the enemy would do well either to yield or to run away; he had little chance of holding his own against her.

M. d'Arsenaye did not, at any rate, run away. On the contrary, he advanced with a persistency which sometimes made Angélique color, and often caused Rancy to pull his mustache distractedly, and almost lose the ethereal thread of polite small-talk in wondering what was being said over opposite. Oddly enough, it was not till the appearance of the rival that Angélique discovered what was the language M. Rancy's black eyes had all along been speaking to her; but now the fluctuations of hope, vexation and despair were evident enough. The young man could not quite understand his own ill-luck. He was, as never before, overwhelmed with kind attentions from his hostess, and yet, somehow, in spite of them, all those opportunities which had once been his, now fell to the detested intruder. That those kind attentions themselves had anything to do with such a result, he never suspected, his late ally's tactics being too deep for him; he only had an uncomfortable general feeling of being very badly used by fortune.

Finally, there came a day when the Generalissima rested upon her weapons and looked down on a battle won. She regarded Angélique with a meaning smile, which made the girl color without really knowing why.

"Ah, the sly rogue!" said Madame, tapping the crimson cheek, "making mischief among hearts with that innocent baby-face! —fie, for shame!"

Angélique's shy eyes gave her aunt a momentary questioning look, at which that lady laughed. "She does not guess what I mean—not she!" She went on teasingly—"There, there, child, take this fan and cool your cheeks and I will look somewhere else while I talk to you. It is not every country-bred demoiselle," she continued, more seriously, "who could boast of two offers for her hand on the same day!—but I must own you have shown yourself capable of profiting by the advantages of my connection, and I am perfectly content with you, Angélique, perfectly," concluded Madame, magnanimously. "M. Rancy," she resumed, after a

meditative pause, "I confess, was the one I had thought of for you at first. He lacks birth, it is true, but then he has other advantages which render him eligible, not to mention his being a connection of my husband's family—but no one, I hope, has ever accused me of selfishness! Of course there is no longer any question of him now."

Angélique bit her lip; how could her aunt be sure of that!

"It is with M. d'Arsenaye we have to occupy ourselves," resumed Madame. "Birth equal to your own, fortune larger than M. Rancy's—it is really a stroke of luck, particularly under the circumstances! You do not know who he is, I suppose?"

"Who he is?" repeated Angélique, bewildered. Did her aunt mean then that he was a prince in disguise after the fashion of the fairy world?

"Ah, I fancied not. To think of the fortune coming into our family after all, and in such a way! No, your father, I flatter myself, will not complain of my management!"

The color had quite left Angélique's cheeks by this. Well as she knew her father's grievance, which she espoused heart and soul, it had never occurred to her to connect that M. d'Arsenaye with this. How should it have been possible to meet such a man in her aunt's house? And she, her aunt, had known who he was, yet had continued to receive him as a friend, and now was coolly arranging to marry him to her—*her*, the daughter of the man he had wronged! And then she pictured to herself her father's wrath at the mere idea of such a sort of traffic.

"M. d'Arsenaye, I presume, does not know who I am, or he would never insult me with the proposal," she said, her breath coming quick.

"Insult you! what in heaven's name do you mean, child?" cried Mme. La Tourelle, the complacent smile suddenly effaced from her lips. "On the contrary, he knowe perfectly; why not?"

"Because we—we are hereditary foes—"

"Hereditary fiddlesticks!" interrupted Madame, who was much too fine a lady in public to afford always to pick her words in private, especially when in a little passion, as she was now with her niece's folly. "Old St. Lys chose to leave his money to this young man instead of your father; you marry him and bring it comfortably into the family: *voila tout!*"

"We wish neither him nor his money—"

"Rather, perhaps, M. Rancy's, plebeian though it is," said her aunt, sarcastically.

Angélique dropped her eyes and voice together.

"Suppose I care more for M. Rancy?"

Madame sat up extremely rigid.

"I am unable to suppose an unaffianced demoiselle caring more for one man than for another."

Angélique blushed furiously, but otherwise held her ground, raising her eyes steadily to her aunt, who presently shifted the attack.

"You ungrateful girl, would you fly in the face of Providence and lose your family this splendid estate—"

"Which ought to have been Papa's all along—"

"But it is not Papa's, little parrot, and Papa's daughter may consider herself remarkably fortunate to get the chance of it herself! But I waste time talking to you. I shall write to your father to-day—as a matter of form, merely—and give orders at once about your trousseau."

"It will be quite useless, Madame," said Angélique, with an effort steadying the indignant tremor in her voice. "Papa will never consent."

"Permit me, Mademoiselle, to know something of my brother—which he was a good while before he had the honor to be your father! I repeat that your trousseau will be commenced from this very day."

Angélique had no idea of yielding to her aunt's priority argument, and two letters on the same subject, but from a different point of view, arrived to disturb the Général's combinations over the tric-trac board. Both writers awaited the reply with perfect confidence, so it was a wholly unexpected blow for Angélique to find that Madame's boast had been no vain one. The Général's response was true to the spirit, if not the letter, of his sister's words. He treated the poor child's high-flown scruples and sentiments as so much "fiddlestick" nonsense, and desired her without hesitation to accept the hereditary foe, for whom he seemed already to entertain a paternal regard.

Angélique sat like one stupefied, reading over and over this astounding fiat. But though it rudely reversed the faith and feelings of a lifetime, she never for an instant dreamed of rebelling against it. She should marry M. d'Arsenaye, of course, since such was her father's will: marry him and make him a dutiful wife—but nothing more. They could dispose of her as they saw fit, she re-

flected with a proud resignation, but her heart at least was her own, and never should it know one thrill of warmth for the man she had been taught to look upon as an enemy—with which sensible conclusion she prepared herself to receive M. d'Arsenaye as a lover, a character which became him so admirably that, only for this same resolution, Angélique's heart would have beat a little quicker now and then; but to avert any such danger—and as a preparation, doubtless, for her future rôle of dutiful wife—she persisted in mentally dwelling on the supposed virtues of poor M. Rancy, who had been sacrificed to mere worldly motives. His money might be plebeian, perhaps, but at least it was fairly gained.

Without doubt; and so, for that matter, was M. d'Arsenaye's, could the prejudiced little simpleton only have opened her eyes to the truth. This was precisely as her aunt had stated it. Old M. St. Lys had chosen to leave his fortune to his grand-nephew, instead of to his second-cousin, a thing which he had a perfect right to do, as everybody allowed, except the Général, who, by dint of long fancying that it would come to him, had grown to believe that it ought to come to him, and that any other disposition of it would be a crying injustice. In this faith Angélique had been educated, and, being yet young and undisciplined to the voice of interest, she could not slip out of it at a moment's notice. In her eyes all such tergiversation was a departure from the straight and simple way of honor. She was ill at ease in her *fiancé's* presence, and relieved when the time came for her to leave it and return home, whither M. d'Arsenaye was to follow only after the lapse of some few weeks.

To Angélique it was as if a lifetime had passed since she stepped over her own threshold; while to the Général it might have been but yesterday that she went and came. He was fond of his daughter, certainly, but blood runs differently in youth and age, and the Général's day for fervid emotions was past. Had he not been perfectly comfortable during her absence? Had M. Martigny ever failed at the card-table, or the cook at the dinner-hour? It was, then, with great composure that he returned the convulsive greeting of Angélique as she flew into his arms. He supposed she had been well, remarked that her "air" was much improved by contact with the world, and only warmed into something like enthusiasm when, rubbing his hands gleefully, he congratulated her on having restored its rights to her family. And the girl, seeing her father's satisfaction, began to be content too, and to ignore the unworthy means that had procured this pleasure.

Angélique was a pure woman. Her reason might argue never so finely, it was the voice of her heart to which she listened. With the feminine capacity for separating the sin from the sinner, in all the heat of her recent wrath she had never dreamed of blaming her father or of loving him one whit the less for his perplexing course. It was blindness, over-care for her, what not! She could find plenty of excuses for him; and now, a daily witness of his gratification at what had been done, the blackness of the deed itself gradually faded, and, had the hereditary foe presented himself then, he might perhaps have been received with some better welcome than that cold courtesy which had at times rather disconcerted him.

But it was ordered that his coming should be preceded by intelligence that did not serve to make it more acceptable. Once more the Général roused himself to an early toilette and summoned Angélique to an audience; once more there was an open letter beside him; but this time there were signs of storm in the working brows, and it was in no measured tones that he directed his daughter to consider all connection between herself and M. Edouard d'Arsenaye at an end, and to dismiss him at once and wholly from her thoughts.

Angélique, as well she might be, was overwhelmed by this sudden chop of the wind, and did not recover her tongue or her wits before her father had imperatively dismissed her from his presence. She went to her own room, to puzzle her head with wondering what wickedness of the hereditary foe's could have come to light, unconscious that the subject of her thoughts was meanwhile in the house, having a not particularly agreeable interview with the Général. This she only learned later, a few curt words from her father giving her to understand that M. Edouard d'Arsenaye, having lost his money, "like a fool," had that morning very properly been sent about his business. She listened in silence, which her father took for acquiescence, but which really meant revolt. As soon as he had finished his little speech, with an air that said the thing was done with, he took up the journal, but Angélique's words caused him to lay it down again directly in sheer amazement. She had left her seat, and was standing with her hands

clasped, very tightly, one over the other, on the carved back of his chair.

"But, Papa—" she began, stopped a moment, and then went on steadily: "rich or poor, our word is pledged to M. d'Arsenaye, and the family honor is much more than any money."

He turned his face round full on her. He could look very formidable still, this old Général with the hoary lion head where the keen eyes blazed fiercely under the bent gray brows, and he glared at his daughter now, as, in his days of command, he might have glared at some subordinate who hesitated at an order. Perhaps it was her father's blood that enabled her to support her father's look; at any rate, she did support and even return it unfalteringly. May be this spirit pleased the old soldier, for, when he spoke, it was in a tone much less grim than the look had warranted.

"You little rebel!" said he. "Am I, at my age, to be taught the principles of honor by a baby? Go to your embroidery, child, and leave such things to me."

"But I have often heard you say, Papa," persisted Angélique, gravely, "that every man must be judge of his own honor."

"Every *man*, yes; but not women and children, whose only duty is obedience. Rest tranquil, Mademoiselle de Narannes,—" how oddly the likeness between brother and sister came out here!—"the family honor will be perfectly safe in my hands!"

Angélique would have spoken again, but her father waved his hand imperiously, and she could only accept the dismissal. She went away slowly, but by no means in that tranquillity which the Général's sarcasm had advised. Her very blood tingled at thought of this thing that was being done. To accept an enemy's alliance for his money's sake, and then reject it the moment that was gone!—it was a double treachery, and, for some reason or other, Angélique could not so readily find her father's excuses for the last as for the first. And then tears came to drown out the fire in her eyes, as she reflected that M. d'Arsenaye would identify her with the whole, would think her all that was ungenerous and unwomanly. But she vowed to herself she would not so be made an accomplice; he should know that she, at least, had a sense of the honor and justice due even to a foe.

All this was very fine, but it might have been much more easy to resolve than to accomplish, had not chance stood her friend. M. d'Arsenaye's intention had been to depart at once, but, hoping that a second trial might possibly soften the flinty-hearted old father, he concluded to remain a few hours longer, and, not being aware of the Général's clock-work regularity, he sought speech of him at an hour when that warrior was taking his customary after-breakfast amble. The young man turned away dejectedly; fortune was against him, he thought, in his blindness, at just the moment when Angélique from her window caught sight of him pausing by the swan basin, to cast back a long lingering look, that sought, doubtless, the very glance now secretly resting on him. Not a moment was to be lost; and yet Angélique's first incomprehensible proceeding was to start back and stand still, with her hands pressed tightly on her bosom, and her eyes dilating as though they had discerned some fearful sight instead of the opportunity she had so earnestly desired. But the next instant she broke through the kind of spell that held her, and flew down the stairs and over the court like a bird, so swift, so light, that the young man, standing now with head abstractedly bent, was unconscious of her approach until she spoke.

"M. Edouard—" said she, and then broke off as he turned with a start. She had never called him by that name before, nor ever, throughout their short engagement, encouraged any but the most ceremonious relations; so now, as he looked at her, besides the accustomed devotion there was in his eyes a separate and unmistakable expression of astonishment. He did not know it himself probably, but she did, and it made her task none the easier. But Angélique had a way of standing fire even when most frightened; therefore, though she blushed unbearably, and felt her heart in some curious way beating at once in her throat and her ears, she went on with outward composure.

"You do not seem very gay, Monsieur."

"I have little enough reason to be so, Mademoiselle," answered the young man, bitterly.

"But why?—ah, because of your loss, is it not?"

"You do know it, then?" he said, his lip curling a little. "But of course—yes, Mademoiselle, for that reason."

"Monsieur confesses to caring so very much for money?"

"Hardly for money, but for what money gains and loses," he answered, with an intonation at once scornful and passionate, "yes."

"And what is that, then?"

The young man bit his lip as he looked at her.

"I knew you were cold, Mlle. Angélique, but I had not thought you a coquette," he said. "Still, if it diverts you to hear—it is, of course, yourself."

Angélique's dropped eyes fell upon the basin, where the swans were swimming round and round among the scattered red leaves blown into the water, just as placidly as they had swam under the green boughs beneath the summer sunshine. Mechanically her gaze followed the moving circles; she said to herself that when they had reached such or such a point she would speak. For they were not easy words she had to say; more than one ripple had widened and lost itself in new curves, before, afraid of the lengthening silence, she said abruptly without lifting her eyes:

"But why should you lose me, then?"

It was out at last, and then there followed possibly a quarter of a minute's silence, which seemed to her more horribly endless than the preceding, before a voice spoke her name and a hand touched hers, took and held it firmly. The blood rushed to her face, she felt as if her very hand must be blushing, and made a quick effort to free it.

"Do not hold me, I beg, Monsieur," she said, so coldly, that the young man involuntarily released her. "If you please, let me finish what I have felt bound to say to you. As we were hereditary foes—"

"Hereditary foes!" he repeated. "I do not understand—"

"Yes. You inherited the fortune that should have been my father's," calmly explained Angélique. "I have been taught from childhood to regard you as an enemy, and our betrothal seemed to me very wrong. But my—my family thought it would make all just again, and—and reconcile the rival claims," concluded Angélique, trying to put the best appearance possible on her relatives' mercenary motives. But M. d'Arsenaye rudely swept away the flimsy disguise.

"That is," said he, "I owed your acceptance of me simply to the accident of my fortune? I am infinitely obliged to you, Mlle. de Narannes!"

"No, but to—to—because they bade me," murmured Angélique, her head drooping lower and lower in shame. "And—and I meant to obey you—"

"Indeed! you would accept my whole heart, and give me in return a little cold obedience, so long as it did not clash with that due to your own family! Then you would no doubt dutifully have abandoned me—what do I say?"—he checked himself with a bitter laugh"—"it is what you have already done!"

Angélique ventured a glance at him. He was new to her in this character—the flashing eyes, the mastering passion. Hitherto he had always accepted the position she accorded him, but now he had forgotten to consider her, in his anger. Yes, he was angry, very angry, there could be no doubt. Angélique was frightened at him; frightened too at herself. What could it mean, this strange feeling of which she began to be conscious for the hereditary foe? Her head was growing dizzy, she spoke hastily, swallowing down her emotion in a kind of breathless sob:

"No, Monsieur, it is not what I have done. I gave my word at another's bidding, it is true, but I do not retract it so. I have the honor of my name to uphold, and I keep my word."

"If that is all, Mademoiselle, I release you," answered d'Arsenaye, to her surprise no whit appeased. "I have my own poor honor to consider, and I will not accept a sacrifice—which I have it no longer in my power to recompense," he added, in a meaning intonation.

Oh, why was he so cruelly, obstinately blind? Why would he not understand and help her? She looked up in his face, tried to speak, and burst into tears. It was just as well. No words could have served her just then like those tears. They quenched every spark of anger in Edouard d'Arsenaye's heart. He caught her hand and bent toward her—by which movement he brought himself face to face with the Général, pacing slowly up the avenue and glaring at them between the leafless branches.

Angélique in silence awaited the tempest, but, to her amazement, none came. It was, perhaps, in rather a grim tone that the Général expressed his regrets at having missed his visitors; but he did express them, and furthermore solicited the pleasure of a private interview—for which the old soldier doubtless had his reasons, and excellent ones, too. In fact, having, during his constitutional, intercepted the letter-carrier, he had perused a hasty note from his sister, warning him that the operators whose speculations had so involved M. d'Arsenaye were now reported as likely to right themselves, and that great caution would be well in the playing of the cards just at present. So the end of it was that the young man was invited to

remain to dinner, under a sort of protest as it were—which did not prevent his saying to Angélique, as he spoke of his return to town on the morrow:

"And if my fortune comes back may I come too? or will you hate me again then as you did before?"

"I—don't know," answered Angélique, looking down because she did know and did not wish that he should know too.

"It does not matter," said he. "I warn you, Mademoiselle, that this time I shall take things into my own hands—Mademoiselle among them."

"What, against my will?" said Angélique, still earnestly considering the pattern of the parquet.

"Why not? You can scarcely look for quarter; we are hereditary foes, you know."

Perceiving that she was being mocked at, Angélique tried to frown, and laughed instead, but blushed a little, too, because, in spite of his smile, M. Edouard's eyes were so very earnest. "He would carry me off if they drove him to it! there is no escape for me now," she said, with singular resignation, to her reflection, as she removed her hair before the shadowy toilette-glass that night.

Fortunately, no such desperate step proved necessary. The days came and went, restoring to M. d'Arsenaye the jeopardized inheritance, and with it the forfeited bride. The days came and went. Autumn clouds sometimes covered the sky above the swan's basin, rain-drops made their little plashing circles among the floating red leaves: but Angélique's skies were always bright, and her heart sung as it had sung under the summer sunshine. Not because of the splendors of the trousseau preparing in Paris; not for the freedom and dignity to be conferred by an "establishment" of her own, but, strange to say, at the prospect that, before the first snows fell, she would have become part of the name and life of the man she had detested with a fervent and righteous indignation—her hereditary foe.

MY NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH.

A TRUE STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE year was 1856—the month December—the place Tamaqua. I was a young man then, and a strong one. I did a good deal of traveling through the State of Pennsylvania, going from county town to county town from the beginning of the year to the close. It was pleasant business enough, for there was less railroading to be done then than now, and more staging, and not infrequently long rides on canal-boats in the summer time. I was not often hurried on my trips, and took my own time. My exact business at the county seats consisted of hunting up titles to obscure, wild lands, paying taxes upon them, and getting them in good condition for immediate sale.

In consequence of the nature of this business, I knew a good deal about the topography of Pennsylvania, and a good deal that, at the time, was worth knowing about its roads and its inns. All of the latter were bad, but some were better than others. One of the worst of them was at Tamaqua, and possibly it is there yet, though when I last slept under its roof it was in altogether such a lamentable condition of decay, and its roof was such a very leaky roof indeed, that I doubt not it long ago disappeared out of the sight of men, and possibly out of their memories also—Tamaqua having achieved a railroad since, and, of course, grown as only railroad towns do grow.

I arrived there in that December of 1856, on a Monday afternoon, which was quite as cold and disagreeable a Monday afternoon as I remember ever to have known, though, when compared with the Tuesday that followed, it might be considered rather warm than otherwise. I was half frozen when I got there, and I was not quite thawed out when I left, for I had yielded to a burning curiosity to visit a coal mine, and I fancy that Tamaqua is nothing but a coal mine, with a thousand mouths that every morning swallow so many thousand miners and disgorge them every night. It was then, and I think it is now, a very black and sooty place, with a canal in front of it, a hill behind it, and the huge mine I have spoken of under it. It was not only black and sooty

itself, but its people were similarly black and sooty; and so were its horses, or rather its mules, for it seemed to have few of the former and a great many of the latter. Even its dogs and cats partook of the general sootiness, and were evidently greatly depressed by it. I was very cold when I went down into the mine,—which had its shaft just behind the hotel,—and I was colder still when I came out of it. I went to bed cold, and I got up cold, so cold indeed that I thought I would never be warm any more. When I went down into the frozen breakfast-room, I looked out of the window, and saw that the ground was covered deep with snow, and that it was still snowing as if it meant to exhaust the whole winter's supply in five minutes or so, being very greatly pressed to do it immediately. I drank my cold, black coffee, and ate my cold, tough beefsteak in gloomy silence, thinking more than I had done for a long time before of home, of its pleasant cheer and warmth, and of the loving boys and girls in it who were even then, no doubt, expecting my speedy coming, for this was already the morning of Tuesday, and Thursday would be Christmas Day. In that home I was St. Nicholas himself, for it 'was I that brought home in the night the brave tree with its spreading green branches; it was I that planted it firmly in the middle of the wide parlor; it was I that found the infinite variety of toys, cakes, bon-bons, and glittering baubles which covered it; it was I that placed the ever-beautiful image of the Christ-Child on the topmost bough; I that lighted the many-colored tapers, and I that, at the auspicious moment, suddenly threw open the folding-doors and let in the children to behold the glory of that wondrous Christmas miracle.

In my frequent journeyings through the State, I had seen many places which I wanted to get away from quickly, but I never saw another that I wanted to turn my back upon so much as Tamaqua. It was not in any manner a pleasant place, and besides, if those nephews and nieces of mine were to have a Christmas tree at all in this year, 1856, I thought, I must go home as fast as I could travel. I had come to Tamaqua in a stage, and I must go away from it in a stage,—not to Philadelphia, exactly, but to the next railroad town, and that was distant, I knew not how far.

I arose shivering from the dreary breakfast, and hunted up the landlord of the inn. He was easily found, and was no better or warmer-looking a man than his accommodations promised him to be. I paid his extravagant charges, and then informed him that I wished to reach as quickly as possible the nearest railroad station, and to take the first train for the East.

"The nearest station is at Ilium; Ilium is twenty-two miles distant; you cannot get there before night, if at all. I think you won't get there at all."

All this was spoken reflectively, and with deliberation.

"If I can get there by ten o'clock to-night, can I make the Eastern Express?"

"You can, but I doubt if you can get there at all."

"Why?" I asked.

He was not a man to waste words. He only said:

"The stage won't go—on account of storm."

"Are you sure of that?" I ventured to ask.

"Quite sure," and he closed his lips with a snap, as if he knew all about it.

"Who owns the stage?"

"I do," he replied. "And I won't let it go because the road lies over that mountain yonder; it runs close to the edges of precipices several hundred feet high, it is rough and slippery, the snow is deep now, and getting deeper every minute, and I don't believe any horse could pull through it."

I thought of the little children waiting for me yonder; of their bitter disappointment if I did not come. Then I said: "I am very anxious to go, and I am willing to pay well for being taken."

The landlord, leaning over the bar, asked:

"How much?"

I told him what I was willing to pay.

"I'll go get the stage ready," he said. After all, it was only the higher price he had been waiting for.

In five minutes the stage was at the door. It was an ordinary box wagon on good strong springs, having a cotton cover, open in front. The horse was a half-starved, jaded-looking beast. I took all this in as I stood on the porch waiting for the driver. Getting impatient at last, I asked:

"Where is the driver?"

The landlord, without speaking, pointed to an ill-clad boy standing at the horse's head. I looked closely at him. He might be, I thought, fifteen years old, or he might be not more than ten. His eyes were clear blue, and he, hearing my question, turned them full upon mine, a frank, boyish smile rebuking the distrust my words implied, and

lighting up every feature of his delicate face. His complexion was like that of a girl, his mouth small and tender, his hair yellow, his figure slight and sinuous.

I looked at him, standing there shivering with the cold, out through the driving storm, along the snow-covered mountain road we were to travel together, and asked: "Are you not afraid to go?"

The landlord interrupted:

"It don't matter if he is afraid. He belongs to me. He *shall* go."

"No," I said; "he shall not go, if he is not quite willing."

"I am not at all afraid," the boy replied, "and I am quite willing to go. I have gone, often and often, through worse storms than this."

There was an earnest, manly grace even in the way he shook the gathered flakes from his tattered cap, and in his voice there was such a hearty, cheery ring, that from that moment I trusted and loved the boy.

I jumped into the stage, took the back seat, drew my great frieze coat close about my legs, and we drove off from among the gaping, sooty crowd of miners into the lonely mountain road; into the cruelest storm of wind and snow that I ever saw.

The boy sat on the front seat, waiting to be spoken to, looking straight ahead.

When we were quite clear of the straggling huts of the miners on the outermost limits of the town, I asked him his name.

"They call me Lewis Shively," he said.

"How old are you, Lewis?" was my next question.

"Fourteen, next April, sir!"

"Do you live at home, with your father and mother?"

"That man yonder is all the father or mother I have, and his stable loft is the only home I have had since he took me from the poor-house. That was better than the stable though, for they taught me something there."

There were no complaining chords in the tones in which these bitter words were said, and while he was speaking he was drawing the long whip gently across the horse's back, brushing off the snow that had fallen on it.

"Have you been driving on this road long?" I inquired.

"Going on three years. It will be three years in March."

"Is it cold out there? Colder than in here, I mean?"

"I think it is," he replied; "the wind and snow cut so, but I don't mind, sir! We get used to rough weather up in these hills."

"I wish you would come in here; my coat will cover us both."

"No, I can't," he said. "I must watch the road now. We have to go pretty close to the precipices, sometimes."

"How close?" I asked.

"Within a few inches. I can't see now five yards ahead, the snow falls so heavily."

"Do you think it safe, then, to go on?"

"Quite safe, sir! and I don't mind the cold." But his teeth chattered as he said it, and the ruddy glow was all gone from his cheeks.

I did not talk more then. There were, I discovered, wide cracks in the bottom of the stage, through which the wind poured mercilessly. I was chilled through to the heart in less than an hour after starting. I do not know how far we had gone, or how long we had been upon the road, when I heard the boy's voice, cheery and bright, asking:

"How are you now, sir? Feeling pretty comfortable, sir?"

I nodded my head, and crept closer into the corner. But he was wiser than I, and would not let me have the sleep I coveted.

"You are in a hurry to get home," he said, for want of something better to say with which to rouse me.

"Yes," I replied. "I want to be at home on Christmas Eve."

"The best days I ever knew were Christmases —, a good while ago."

He said it as if he were ever and ever so old, and what was saddest of all, as if he were done with Christmas forever. I told him of the tree that I was to get, and how Christmas Day was kept in the great cities. He was most interested in the tree, making me tell him again and again about it. But after awhile, as if he were tired of it, he said.

"I never saw a tree like that. I know about Christmas, though. About the Star and the Shepherds, and the Christ-Child, you spoke of—that they laid in a Manger."

"Then you know all that any one in this world need ever care to know," I said.

It may have been an hour, or two hours, but it seemed but a minute after this that the boy shook me roughly by the shoulder.

"We are to get out here," he said.

I was very stiff in all my joints, but I could get up and climb out of the stage, and no more. If I was cold I did not know it; my limbs were numb, yet otherwise I was com-

fortable enough. I crawled out and followed the boy into a miserable-looking shanty by the road-side, in front of which we had stopped. There was a rough bar running across the room, there was a thick, black-haired, brawny looking man behind it, and there were two or three kegs of liquor behind him. There was an iron stove in the middle of the room, a bench along the wall, and that was all. The boy asked for some brandy, drank a glass of it after handing one to me, which I drank, and felt so much better for drinking that I called for another and got it; but the boy refused to take the glass I offered him. "I have had enough," he said.

We were going out, when the landlord opened the door before us. Looking out into the storm, he asked incredulously:

"Are you going on?"

"Yes!" said the boy, "I was told to drive this gentleman to Ilium to-night, and I'm going to do it."

"If you get there at all, it will be night sure enough," the landlord said.

"I will get there all the same," was the boy's reply.

"Let us stop here to-night," I said; "we can go on in the morning."

"I would rather take you on, sir! There's no danger. I can't put my horse up here, and my master would kill me if anything happened to him."

That decided me to go on. Besides, I did not care to talk. I was beginning to feel cold again standing in the wind, so we got into the stage. It was not snowing any faster then than before, simply because it could not. But the roads were heavier, and when we tried to start, the jaded horse balked and struggled through the drift, for the stage had frozen fast where it stopped.

It was three o'clock now, the light in the west growing dimmer and dimmer—the gloom of the mountains and the bare woods coming nearer to us, making their meaning felt in our souls, filling mine with an awful dread of the snow-covered road beyond. Ten miles to go yet, the night coming quickly on, the cold growing more intense, the road rougher, more precipitous, the horse evidently giving out! But the boy took up the lines, the bright, frank smile upon his face, the cheery word upon his tongue. "Good-bye," he said, to the man in the door-way.

The man stood for an instant in the door-way looking after us. "Good-bye," he said.

We went on along the road that from the beginning of time it was ordained we were to go. I crept back into my corner.

"Do not go to sleep," the pleasant voice warned me from the front.

"Thank you," I replied, cheered and warmed by its hearty glow. "I will not go to sleep."

Then followed a long silence, in which I had views of the falling snow, the white hills above us, the white hills still below us, in which I heard sounds from creaking, crooning branches, from the wind sweeping savagely past us. Then unconquerable drowsiness, fast coming darkness—then night.

I felt a hand on my face, then on my shoulder, shaking me roughly; a sweet, cheering voice in my ears, calling me back to life.

"If you go to sleep now, you won't wake up again," it said.

I woke with a sudden start, for an instant, to a full consciousness of time and place. I was not cold, only sleepy. "I am quite awake," I replied. "Have we far to go?"

"Five miles," and the voice was still the same cheery voice that I had heard from the first. He spoke to me often after that; then I saw him as in a dream, fixing a blanket that he had taken from the horse's back, to the hickory bows overhead, to keep the snow from driving in upon me, for I was covered with it to my knees. As God is my judge I did not then clearly know what he was doing, or I would have stopped him. I did not feel cold, though I knew afterward that I was then freezing, and I did not think *he* was cold. I did not think at all. I was far past that. I had begun a longer journey than I had started upon.

In that longer journey I dreamed of home, of the wondrous Christmas miracle, the lighted tree; of the glad faces of children, whose voices I heard. I heard one of them repeat two or three times, with startling distinctness, "We are lost." I was conscious that the child who said it had thrown herself into my arms, and was lying there a dull, heavy weight. But aside from that cry it was all bright and pleasant—this real, terrible journey through the snow, over the rough, dangerous mountain road, in that far off December. The dream lasted a long while, through all that night, and the day following, and the night following that.

When I awoke from it I was in a large room, which I had never seen before. There were piles of the softest blankets upon me, there was a great wood fire blazing on the

hearth, and I had never felt so warm and comfortable in all my life. There were two strangers in the room, a man and a woman, whose faces were kindly ones, but sorely troubled. When I stirred, and they saw I recognized them, they came and stood by my bed.

"Where am I?" I asked of them.

"At Ilium, in the house of the Methodist minister."

"How long have I been here?"

"Since night before last. You came in the stage, and the horse stopped before our door," the man said.

"What day is this?"

"It is Christmas day," the woman replied, taking my hand in hers.

"I have been ill, then?"

"Yes!"

"There was a boy brought me here. Where is he?"

"He is here too." The voice that said it was husky with tears, and the hand that held mine shook.

"Has he been ill, too."

"Yes!"

"Is he better now?"

"He was never so well. He will never be ill again."

I looked into the face of the woman who said this, and I saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

I disengaged the hand she held, and turned my face to the wall.

The woman laid her hand upon my arm.

"You must not feel like that. It is better so. He had only one friend, and he is with Him this beautiful Christmas morning. He had no home here. It is Christmas day, and he is at home there."

I took in mine the comforting hand that lay upon my arm.

"I would like to see him," I said. "He gave his life for me."

They took me down afterward to what had been the family sitting-room. There were warm, red curtains at the windows; a bright, glowing carpet on the floor; there were bunches of holly and laurel scattered here and there, and over all was the atmosphere of home.

They left me at the door. I went in and stood by the side of the couch on which they had laid him. The eyes of tender blue were closed forever, the yellow hair was parted over the boyish brows, and still about the brave, sweet mouth the bright smile played as it did at that first moment of our meeting, when my implied doubt of him called it there. He lay before me dead, in all the glow and promise of his youth.

But the smile, which triumphed above death's ruin, rebuked me, and as I stooped to kiss the lips of the beautiful boy, I knew, as well as man could know, that he was not dead; that He who had given more life to the Dead Girl and the Widow's Son had given it also to him; and that he had only gone farther upon his journey than I,—into a sweeter, fuller, more gracious life than he had ever known. And I also knew that I should see him again if I but made my own life as brave, unselfish, and true as his had been.

BAZAINE'S PRISON.

Sainte Marguerite and Saint Honorat, forming the Lerins Islands, are situated in the Gulf of Napoule, opposite Cannes, in one of the most picturesque positions possible. Cannes, but twenty-five years ago a small fishing village, is now, thanks to its situation, its climate, and its resources, the winter-resort *par excellence*, and yearly meeting-place of the *crème de la crème* of European aristocracy. Nature seems to have lavished her richest gifts upon this favored spot, where the myrtle and orange bloom at Christmas, and roses and violets cover the fields all winter. A chain of the Esterelles mountains encloses the western shores of the Gulf of Napoule, ending at a point parallel with the island of Ste. Marguerite, called Cape St. Tropez. Ranges of hills which shelter Cannes from the north and east, terminate with the peninsula of La Croisette, immediately opposite the fortress of Ste. Marguerite. These hills become higher and higher as they recede from the sea and approach the lofty Alps, in the background. Bazaine, beholding this glorious scene from his prison window, would find confinement within its iron bars and ponderous walls doubly oppressive, when the world without

smiled upon him in such beauty. Ste. Marguerite is divided from the point of La Croisette by a channel of the sea, the current of which is too strong to allow any prisoners to escape to land by swimming. St. Honorat is south of Ste. Marguerite, and the smaller of the two. These Lerins islands were known to the Greeks and Romans. There was a city of Lerins which already in the time of Pliny was a thing of the past—ruins only remaining. But the spot was afterward renowned for the monastery and theological school founded by St. Honorat, or Honoratius, on the smaller island, in 405, A. D. Montalembert, in his "Monks of the West," calls this the Metropolis of learning. It was known as the "Isle of Saints," and for more than a thousand years lost little of its importance and nothing of its fame. From its sacred walls many bishops were sent to the Church and saints to the calendar, among them St. Vincent of Lerins, author of the "Commonitorium Peregrini," commonly called the "Golden Book;" St. Hilary, bishop of Arles, who devoted himself to healing the wounds caused by the barbarians; St. Loup, whose heroic virtue saved his episcopal city of Troyes, from the fury of Attila; St. Patrick, who drove the snakes out of Ireland; St. Augustine, and others—so that the breath of Christianity exhaling from this holy island was wafted to England, France, Ireland, Italy, and other lands.

The courage of the Monks of Lerins was great, and there was need that it should be so, for the island was open on all sides to the attacks of Corsairs who infested the Mediterranean. In the year 725, five hundred holy men were butchered by the scimitars of the Saracens, who, attracted by the fertility of Provence, made constant incursions thither, and even made settlements on its coasts. In the tenth century they were finally expelled, after the memorable combat of Fraxcinet, by William I. of Provence. One of the most prominent objects of the town of Cannes to-day is a fine Moorish tower, still remaining almost intact. During the middle ages the great families of Provence had their sepulchers at Lerins, and a pilgrimage to the Monastery was for several centuries held in devotion. On landing on the island, the pilgrims walked around it and visited the seven chapels, before entering the one dedicated to St. Honorat. On returning, each one of the pious band carried a branch of the celebrated palm upon which, as legend tells us, St. Honorat climbed to pray for delivery from the reptiles infesting the island. The sea, in answer to this prayer, spreading itself over the island, swept them all into its bosom. By the donations of the nobles of Provence the Monastery became rich and powerful, and its jurisdiction extended over a large territory. In the course of time this accumulation of wealth undermined the piety of the monks, encouraging them in luxurious living and idleness. A general decay followed, until in 1788, when the secular priesthood was established in France, the number of monks was reduced to four. In 1793 the revolutionary government declared the island and monastery national property. The desecration of the once sacred spot continued during the succeeding wars, and the island came actually into the possession of a celebrated Parisian actress, Mlle. Alzéary Roquefort. Afterward, a wealthy English gentleman, Thomas Robinson Woolfield, Esq., a Protestant, who wished to save it from further desecration, bought it. This roused the French Catholics from their lethargy, and on application by the Bishop of Fréjus, who declared that St. Honorat could not lawfully become English property, it was restored to France. The ruins of the monastery still remain. Rare flowers, luxuriant vines, and groves of beautiful umbrella pines make it a delightful resort for pleasure-seekers. The curious can here eat the celebrated classic dish of Provence, the *Bouille-à-baisse*, which is composed of a dozen different kinds of fish, oil, tomatoes, onions, wall-flower, thyme, laurel, saffron, and the inevitable garlic. Tradition weaves a fanciful story around St. Honorat, on his coming to the island, in the following fashion:

"Feeling that the odor of sanctity was the element to which he was born, he fled from the fascinations of a beautiful lady, named Marguerite, and she, learning of his retreat, followed him thither. This greatly perplexed the future saint, but, finally, he built for her a dwelling on one extremity of the island, on the spot where the fortress now stands, and a hut for himself at the other extremity. It is presumed they met too often for the anchorite's peace, the presence of Marguerite disturbing his meditations and devotions so much that he felt himself drifting from his great purpose. He therefore prayed to the Virgin and all the saints to deliver his soul from temptation, and lo! one morning, after having spent most of the night in prayer, he awoke at daybreak to find the sea calmly rolling between him and Marguerite—the one island had become

two! When Marguerite discovered that the cold waters separated her from her beloved Honoratius, her distress and dismay were unbounded. She came wailing to the shore, and lifted up her voice in such heart-rending lamentations, that St. Honoratius swam across to console her. On departing, he promised that he would visit her whenever the peaches were in bloom. But the days were long; it seemed to her as though the sun would never set; weeks were like years, and months eternal. No marvel that she felt sad on this lone island, with nothing near but the tantalizing sea, which seemed to be ever laughing wickedly and dancing in glee at what it had done. So Marguerite also prayed earnestly and fervently for a shortening of the term of separation, and behold! the peach-trees bloomed every month. Seeing this, St. Honorat felt it was the will of Heaven that he should keep his promise."

Marguerite afterward founded a convent, and the island is now known by her name. Until the seventeenth century, history makes little mention of the Island of Ste. Marguerite apart from that of St. Honorat. Up to that period it belonged to the Monks of Lerins. In 1615, in consequence of an arrangement between them and the Duc de Joinville, brother of the Duc de Guise, they ceded Ste. Marguerite to that prince. From that time it has belonged to the French Government, and served as a fortress and State prison. Cardinal Richelieu caused seven towers to be built as a defense against the Spaniards.

In 1707 it repulsed the attacks of the Duke of Savoy, and in 1744 those of the Germans. During the reign of Louis Philippe, as many as 600 Arabs were prisoners there, and during the Italian war in 1859 several hundred Austrians. Before Bazaine, whose escape is of such recent date, the prisoner of greatest note who languished behind its walls was "The Man in the Iron Mask," of whom so much has been written and so little known. Mr. Marius Topin, to his own satisfaction, at least, thinks he has set this question at rest by bringing much useless argument forward to prove that the prisoner was the Mantuan minister Ercole Mattioli, "who had incurred the vengeance of Louis XIV. by defeating and betraying his designs upon Montferrat." But it is scarcely probable that in those days, when the life of a man was so easily disposed of, such unheard-of precautions should have been taken for the ambassador of a small prince. Popular tradition affirms that the Iron Mask was twin-brother to Louis XIV. This idea arose from an anonymous publication which appeared in France during the reign of Louis XIII., without date, name of place, or printer. It was therein stated that Louis XIV. was born at St. Germain en Laye, on the 5th of September, 1638, about noon, and the illustrious prisoner on the same day, while Louis XIII. was at supper. The King and Cardinal Richelieu, fearing that the pretensions of a twin-brother might one day be employed to renew those civil wars with which France had been so often afflicted, concealed his birth, and sent him away to be brought up privately. This opinion was confirmed in a work called "Mémoires du Maréchal Duc de Richelieu," written by the Abbé Soulavie, in which it is distinctly stated as follows: "The birth of the prisoner took place in the evening of the 5th of September, 1638, in the presence of the Chancellor, the Bishop of Meaux, the author of the MS., a midwife named Peronète and a Sieur Honorat. This circumstance greatly disturbed the king's mind; he observed that the Salic law had made no provision for such a case, and by the advice of Cardinal Richelieu, it was resolved to conceal his birth, but to preserve his life, in case, by the death of his brother, it should be necessary to disclose it—a declaration was drawn up, signed and sworn to by all present, in which every circumstance was mentioned, and several marks on his body described. This document, being sealed by the Chancellor with the royal seal, was delivered to the king and all took an oath never to speak on the subject, not even in private. The child was delivered to the care of Madame Peronète, to be under the direction of Cardinal Richelieu, at whose death the charge devolved on Cardinal Mazarin. Mazarin appointed the author of the MS. governor of the child, and intrusted to him the care of his education. As the prisoner grew up, he became impatient to discover his birth, and often importuned his governor on the subject. His curiosity had been roused, by observing that messengers from the court frequently arrived, and a box, containing letters from the queen and the cardinal, having one day been inadvertently left out, he opened it and saw enough to guess at the secret. From that time he became thoughtful and melancholy. He was handsome, and having captivated the affections of a young housekeeper, he procured through her a portrait of the king. It might have served for either of the brothers;

and the discovery put him into so violent a passion, that he immediately went to the governor with the portrait in his hand, saying, 'Voilà mon frère et voilà qui je suis,' showing at the same time a letter of the Cardinal Mazarin that he had taken out of the box. Upon this discovery his governor immediately sent an express to court, to communicate what had happened, and to desire new instructions. On this, both the prisoner and governor were arrested, and the prince, concealed by an iron mask, became a prisoner for life."

Local tradition in the neighborhood of Cannes relates the following remarkable story:

During the seventeen years' confinement of this strange prisoner at Sainte Marguerite, St. Mars, who brought him to the fortress, was replaced by a Monsieur de Bonpart, as governor. The daughter of the latter, just emerging from childhood to womanhood, grew up with this mystery around her. She had seen the graceful figure of the masked prisoner promenading at night upon the terrace and at worship in the chapel, where he was forbidden to speak or uncover his face, the soldiers in attendance having their pieces always pointed toward him, if he should attempt to do either. She discovered that her father always treated him with the greatest respect, serving him bareheaded and standing. His table-service was of massive silver, his dress of the richest velvet, he wore the finest linen and most costly lace. She had heard her father accidentally speak of him as "the Prince." No wonder that his sad fate occupied her thoughts by day and his noble figure haunted her dreams by night. She, too, was very young and beautiful and their eyes occasionally met in chapel. He sang beautifully, and was a very skillful performer on the guitar. It is said she climbed the rocks under the castle terrace and sang sweet songs to the poor captive. Thus a romantic love sprang up between them, and as it gained strength, the young girl dared to purloin the keys from her father and so obtained access to the prisoner. When the governor discovered his child's treachery, he was struck with the greatest dismay. His oath was binding upon him to put immediately to death any one who had spoken to the prisoner. But she confessed her love for him and pleaded piteously for her young life. The captive also, to whom the governor was much attached, joined his prayers to hers and implored that they might be made man and wife, and then the secret would be safe. The governor was not stern enough to immolate his child, and perhaps a gleam of ambition may have flashed across his mind, as, in the event of the death of Louis XIV. the prisoner would be acknowledged and his daughter sit on the throne of France. However, their nuptials were performed by the priest of the castle in the dead of night, and all were sworn to secrecy. From this union two children were born. A whisper of this reaching the ears of the Minister, the Marquis of Louvois, the prisoner was immediately removed to the Bastile for safer keeping; and the mother, the priest, and governor disappeared. The children were sent to Corsica, to be brought up in obscurity under the name of their grandfather, Bonpart, which was corrupted into Buonaparte. And thus, says the legend, Providence avenged the wrongs of the twin-brother of Louis XIV. and restored the oldest branch of the Bourbon line to the throne of France.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

National Politics.

WE are cursed with personal politics. Men, and not measures, have been uppermost in the political discussions of the past season. Whether General Grant is to have a third term of office, whether this man is to go to the Senate, and that man to the House, whether "rings" shall rule, whether cliques of office-holders, or outside intriguers, who seek their places, shall prevail; whether "Butlerism" or "anti-Butlerism" shall dominate—these have been the questions above all others,—questions of not the faintest vital significance, except to the men whose personal and political fortunes are bound up in them. In these questions of personal politics, the great masses of the people have not the slightest interest. They do not care whether General Grant has a third term, or a thirty-third term. They do not care whether this or that man represents them, or whether one set of men or another live upon the salaries and spoils of public office, so long as their work is well done, and the great political, industrial, and financial interests of the country are fairly and prosperously managed.

We have to-day, in this country, all the ordinary conditions of prosperity and wealth. The granaries of the land are filled to overflowing. The earth has yielded bountifully her products; the means of intercommunication by rivers and railways are all that can be desired; we are at peace with other nations;

we have unparalleled mineral resources; we grow among ourselves the products of all climes; and, in financial circles, there is little debt and no undue stretch of the credit system; yet we are not prosperous. The farmer gets no adequate return for his labor while wheat sells at the Western centers for eighty cents a bushel; manufacturers are shut out, or working on half time; building has been greatly checked or almost entirely stopped in the cities; laborers by thousands are out of work and lying idle; the goods of the merchants lie unmoved upon their shelves, and the "business" of the country is stagnant. What does this mean? It means, simply, that the legislation of the past has been unwise. It means, simply, that the men who have managed our national affairs have not understood their business. It means that the affairs of the nation are in the hands of small men who are not up to the emergency. In short, to come at once at the root of the matter, it means that the richest nation will, in time, starve to death on a diet of paper lies. This is the long and the short of it. Our financial system is rotten at the core. We can sometimes cross a gulf by "suspension," or temporary repudiation, but we cannot circumnavigate the globe with it. This latter we have undertaken to do, and the craft is going to pieces. We believe that all sensible men, who have no personal politics to push, have arrived at the conclusion that there is to be no permanent revival of business until our monetary system has been placed upon the gold basis. If Gen. Grant, standing by his declared policy of a speedy return to specie payments, can rally influence enough to carry this policy into enactment, then the people want him for a third term; otherwise they want somebody else who can do what he has failed to do.

"If one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it." This declaration of the Bible was never better illustrated than in the result to the nation of the condition of things at the South. The civil war has retired into history, but through all the weary years that have followed it, the South has failed to get upon its legs again. It has been cursed by carpet-baggers, who, yoked to the negro element, have pitted themselves against the resident intelligence, and kept those States in a constant broil. Taxation has been murderous, and corruption the rule; and no matter how sound our financial policy may become, it will not cure all our ills until the South is at peace, her industry thoroughly and beneficently reorganized, the mercenary scoundrels, who have fattened on her troubles, expelled by force of public opinion, and the political elements of the section reconciled to each other. So long as there exists in the South a well-recognized and powerful class of men, whose interest it is to keep up the dissensions between the two races, there can be no peace. The President that the people want is one who can devise and execute a policy that will harmonize the South, and restore to health and soundness that vast section of our common country which is now diseased, and which seriously affects the remainder. If General Grant's policy in the past and present tends to this restoration,—and he has had a long and fair trial,—then the people want him for a third term; otherwise, they do not want him. And if the men who seek for places in the National Legislature are men who appreciate the situation, and are determined that the South shall have peace and prosperity, we want them; otherwise we do not want them. A sound financial policy, fair dealing among all classes, and toward all sections—these are all that are needed to restore to our nation its prosperity. Who will give us these?

The country is suffering for lack of true statesmanship. The men in political life most talked of to-day are politicians and partisans—men entirely unable to grasp the principles of good government, and intent only on pushing their schemes for personal aggrandizement and party supremacy. These are not the men to give what we need, and what we must have before the country can arrive at a peaceful prosperity. Our laws are party measures, or party compromises; our policy is a medley of make-shifts and expedients; our wisdom shows itself in results to be folly, and our statesmanship is chicanery. If a third term of office could, by any possibility, mean a term of direct drift toward a sound financial basis, toward the uprooting of corruption in high places, toward the destruction of political rings, toward the substitution of statesmen for demagogues in the National Legislature, toward the harmony of the political elements in the South, and the banishment of its manifold causes of confusion and complaint, then the people are ready for a third term of Grant, or of any man in place under him. What the people want is the thing. The man is not of the slightest consequence to anybody, but himself and his dependents and friends.

Room at the Top.

To the young men annually making their entrance upon active life, with great ambitions, conscious capacities and high hopes, the prospect is, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, most perplexing. They see every avenue to prosperity thronged with their superiors in experience, in social advantages, and in the possession of all the elements and conditions of success. Every post is occupied, every office filled, every path crowded. Where shall they find room? It is related of Mr. Webster that when a young lawyer suggested to him that the profession to which he had devoted himself was overcrowded, the great man replied: "Young man, there is always room enough at the top." Never was a wiser or more suggestive word said. There undoubtedly is always room enough where excellence lives. Mr. Webster was not troubled for lack of room. Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun were never crowded. Mr. Evarts, Mr. Cushing, and Mr. O'Conor have plenty of space around them. Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Hall, Mr. Phillips Brooks would never know, in their personal experience, that it was hard to obtain a desirable ministerial charge. The profession is not crowded where they are. Dr. Brown-Sequard, Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Hammond, are not troubled for space for their elbows. When Nélaton died in Paris, he died like Moses on a mountain. When Von Graefe died in Berlin, he had no neighbor at his altitude.

It is well, first, that all young men remember that nothing will do them so much injury as quick and easy success, and that nothing will do them so much good as a struggle which teaches them exactly what there is in them, educates them gradually to its use, instructs them in personal economy, drills them into a patient and persistent habit of work, and keeps them at the foot of the ladder until they become strong enough to hold every step they are enabled to gain. The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wed-

ding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter. The old die, or voluntarily retire for rest. The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments.

The young men will say that only a few can reach the top. That is true, but it is also true that the further from the bottom one goes, the more scattering the neighborhood. One can fancy, for illustration, that every profession and every calling is pyramidal in its living constituency, and that while only one man is at the top, there are several tiers of men below him who have plenty of elbow room, and that it is only at the base that men are so thick that they pick the meat out of one another's teeth to keep them from starving. If a man has no power to get out of the rabble at the bottom, then he is self-convicted of having chosen a calling or profession to whose duties he has no adaptation.

The grand mistake that young men make, during the first ten years of their business and professional life, is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget, or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years, in the natural course of things, they will be absorbingly busy. There will then be no time for reading, culture, and study. If they do not become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practical details of their profession during those years; if they do not store their minds with useful knowledge; if they do not pursue habits of reading and observation, and social intercourse, which result in culture, the question whether they will ever rise to occupy a place where there is room enough for them will be decided in the negative. The young physicians and young lawyers who sit idly in their offices, and smoke and lounge away the time "waiting for something to turn up," are by that course fastening themselves for life to the lower stratum, where their struggle for a bare livelihood is to be perpetual. The first ten years are golden years, that should be filled with systematic reading and observation. Everything that tends to professional and personal excellence should be an object of daily pursuit. To such men the doors of success open of themselves at last. Work seeks the best hands, as naturally as water runs down hill; and it never seeks the hands of a trifler, or of one whose only recommendation for work is that he needs it. Young men do not know very much any way, and the time always comes to those who become worthy, when they look back with wonder upon their early good opinion of their acquirements and themselves.

There is another point that ought not to be overlooked in the treatment of this subject. Young men look about them and see a great measure of worldly success awarded to men without principle. They see the trickster crowned with public honors, they see the swindler rolling in wealth, they see the sharp man, the overreaching man, the unprincipled man, the liar, the demagogue, the time-server, the trimmer, the scoundrel who cunningly manages, though constantly disobeying moral law and trampling upon social courtesy, to keep himself out of the clutches of the legal police, carrying off the prizes of wealth and place. All this is a demoralizing puzzle and a fearful temptation; and multitudes of young men are not strong enough to stand before it. They ought to understand that in this wicked world there is a great deal of room where there is integrity. Great trusts may be sought by scoundrels, but great trusts never seek them; and perfect integrity is at a premium even among scoundrels. There are some trusts that they will never confer on each other. There are occasions when they need the services of true men, and they do not find them in shoals and in the mud, but alone and in pure water.

In the realm of eminent acquirements and eminent integrity there is always room enough. Let no young man of industry and perfect honesty despair because his profession or calling is crowded. Let him always remember that there is room enough at the top, and that the question whether he is ever to reach the top, or rise above the crowd at the base of the pyramid, will be decided by the way in which he improves the first ten years of his active life in securing to himself a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a sound moral and intellectual culture.

Ritualism.

A GOOD deal has been learned by the people at large about the root and growth of Ritualism in the Episcopal Church through the debates of the late Episcopal Convention in this city. There is an opinion among the Low Church clergymen, somewhat widely spread, and, privately at least, fully expressed, that there are Jesuit priests in the Church who are, and have for some time been, engaged in an attempt to lead their flocks through an elaborate Ritualism over into the Catholic Church. It is a grave charge to make, and a poisonous suspicion to entertain. The drift of Ritualism toward Catholicism is, however, evident to all outside of the Church as well as within. It is not strange that it should be regarded with serious apprehension, and it is pleasant to Christians of all Protestant sects to witness the strength of the protest against it.

We have been particularly interested in the expressions of thought and feeling upon the subject that have appeared in communications to the newspapers. An intelligent letter from a layman presents an inquiry into the causes of the entrance of Ritualism into the Church, and finds, at least to the writer's own satisfaction, that by uncovering every and tracing every fiber, "its life, its nourishment, its support, is derived from the Protestant dogma of the priesthood." He adds: "Destroy this and your upas-tree dies, and your apostolic and spiritual church will flourish." He finds the Episcopal priesthood clothed with many of the prerogatives of the Romish priesthood. The candidate for priesthood, in his ordination, hears from the Bishop the words: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest; whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." The writer then goes on to say: "Expunge, then, from your liturgy the name of priest; abolish the office, and with it the assumptions of the priesthood, and you will destroy the very stronghold of Ritualism. Abolish it, and the exotic will have no soil in which to grow." Let us quote still further: "Both the name and office of a priest are unscriptural. There is now only one priest—'the great High Priest, who is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God.' There is now no intercessor but He. 'No more sacrifice remaineth for sin;' it was made in the body of His flesh once for all. Abolish the name and office of priest from your liturgy, and the minister of the gospel will be to the people of his

charge what, and only what, he was ordained to be —their servant and instructor."

The form of this address leads us to suppose that our "layman" is an outsider, belonging to another Protestant sect; but we have another communication at hand from an insider, who defends his Ritualism. In the Nicene Creed, he says, the church expresses its belief in one baptism for the remission of sins; and, therefore, he believes that in that sacrament sins are really remitted. The Prayer-Book thanks God that the baptized child is "regenerate." He, therefore, speaking for the Ritualists under the pronoun "we," believes in "baptismal regeneration." He believes that the priest has power to remit sins. He believes that when St. Paul said, "We have an altar," he spoke the truth and no lie; and that when Christ, in instituting the Eucharist, said: "This is my body;" * * * "This is my blood," he meant it literally, and that "we do really receive in the Blessed Sacrament the body and blood of Christ."

The question, then, whether the root of Ritualism exists in the accepted dogmas of the church is of supreme importance. If it can be shown that Ritualism is a natural outgrowth of the dogmas of the priesthood, "baptismal regeneration," "the real presence," etc., then either the dogmas are without any legitimate foundation in scripture, or Ritualism is a matter, not of reprehension, but of toleration or development. If the root is good, the tree is good. If the tree is bad, the root is bad; and if the fibers of the latter can be traced directly back to the former, it will take something more than a "canon" directed against Ritualism to eradicate it. So long as the root remains, it will constantly send up its sprouts, and pruning will not only increase them, but develop abnormal growths.

Every Christian sect lugs along its bundle of lumber and its budget of mistakes, and it becomes no one of them to be harshly critical of its sisters. We have, for many years, had a tenderly friendly feeling for the Episcopal Church. There is nothing that can harm it, in which we should rejoice. Its liturgy, which brings into active participation in public worship all the people, and its recognition of the real church membership of its baptized children, stand as a perpetual memorial of its superiority in these respects to the prevalent Protestant sects among which it has its life. Other sects are beginning to reach toward it, and to grasp at the high policy and the fruitful truth of which it is the exemplar, but it holds to doctrines and cherishes tendencies that are a grief to some and an offense to others. Ritualism is no more the natural outgrowth of its doctrine of the priesthood than is that notion of exclusiveness which arrogates to the church the title of *The* Church. The failure on the part of the Church to recognize any ordination to pastoral functions but its own as valid and legitimate, the talk about the "apostolic succession,"—all this is a grief and an offense to the great body of the Protestant clergy and the Protestant Church who are carrying on, conscientiously and efficiently, the Christian work of the nation.

The great non-Episcopal sects of the country cannot fail to remember an attempt at exclusiveness, made in the time of the Master, when his disciples blamed some who were found working in His name, because they followed not with them. They cannot fail to remember the rebuke administered to them on that occasion by Him who spoke with authority. Neither can they fail to see that the modern form of exclusiveness has its root in that same doctrine of the priesthood from which Ritualism so naturally springs. They look on and see how Catholicism has run into Ritualism in just the extreme degree in which it entertains this same doctrine, and they find that Church exclusive in the same degree—to the degree of declaring them heretics for whom there is no salvation.

It is impossible for them, therefore, to regard with indifference this great discussion. They see Ritualism and exclusiveness alike flowing logically and legitimately from a common fountain, and any discussion of the nature of that fountain involves, with them, the question of Christian brotherhood and good neighborhood. To them Ritualism is simply childish nonsense—a sort of imitation of a temple service which never had any meaning in it except in its educating power upon a rude and brutal people who had no idea of God. The question of equality and Christian good fellowship is one that touches them more nearly and more vitally.

THE OLD CABINET.

In his "Myths of the Rhine" Saintine makes light of grand Odin himself, and all the gods. You have to consider well, now and then, in order to find out whether or not he is joking. It is not unlike Warner's trick; you hardly know whether or not this is the place to smile; whether you are smiling at some one else or at yourself. After Saintine (in the book lately published here) comes Doré, and makes a screaming farce of it all.

It is so easy to make the sublime ridiculous, that one of the wonders of art is the keeping all taint of the ridiculous from the sublime. In the sublimest of all written Comedies, how near the poet walks, at times, by the perilous edge of the ludicrous, as well as by the equally perilous edge of the apparently commonplace and trivial, and yet without shadow of derogation! The grand and stately flow of Dante's story carries along with it all human incidents, the little and light as well as the imposing. Instead of the great suffering from contact with the small, the latter takes on dignity from the august companionship.

If you have "The Poetical Works of John Milton," printed for Thomas Tegg, 73 Cheapside, MDCCCXLI, you will be kind enough to turn to page 449, and cast your eye upon the picture opposite. Didst ever behold such impossible vistas, waves, lightnings, clouds? Look at that strange creature tossing its limbs in the hollow just under the wrecked ship, and at that curious manikin standing with outstretched arms in a circle of light on top of the tower on the cliff! Then tell me why it is that, with all its absurd details, the picture itself is not absurd—that Turner's design is, indeed, not unworthy of its association with the poet's lament?

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?"

There was no storm, by the way, for, as Milton expressly says:

"The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd;
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine."

Young Edward King (the Lycidas of the Monody), in fact, went to sea "in a very crazy vessel," which struck on a sunken rock, not far from the English coast.

NOWHERE do we see the sublime and the ridiculous brought nearer together than on the stage. It is a test that the little actor cannot stand, and one for which the great actor is always ready. In America, where often we see but one good actor on the stage at a time, the ordeal is indeed hard. If anything could have made Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies ridiculous, it was the crowd of ridiculous persons who surrounded her on the stage at Booth's theater—only two or three of those who had anything to say performing without buffoonery or vulgarity.

I happened to see Salvini play Hamlet one Saturday night at a manufacturing town in a neighboring State. It was neither an elegant nor well-appointed theater; it was the night the "hands" appear in full force in the gallery. The so-called fashionable portion of the audience numbered perhaps fifty souls; the company were evidently bored and out of sorts, and played, most of them, in a spiritless, dragging fashion. But the gallery made up in good humor and liveliness whatever was lacking of those qualities on the part of the actors themselves. When the ghost of Hamlet's father rose majestic from the under-world and caught his mosquito-net in the trap-door, they cheered him through all his frantic efforts to jerk himself loose; they manifested their sympathy with Hamlet's psychological difficulties by the groans with which they accompanied the immortal soliloquy; though cloaked under a foreign idiom, they saw the point of all Ophelia's jokes in the famous mad scene; and when, in the final act, the festal goblet was brought upon the stage, they called clamorously but good-naturedly upon the king to "set up the crowd." A citizen of the place apologized for this eccentric behavior, on the ground that they had supposed Salvini to be an Irish actor; but when they found that he was a Dutchman—well, then they went in for a good time.

As for Hamlet himself, how gracious, how impressive, how memorable!

THOSE persons for whom the sublime is impaired by any suggestion of the ridiculous, belong to that unfortunate part of mankind who are unable to see things in their true proportions. From this class come the professors of Half Truths, and those marplots and misery-makers who misapply the fortunate "art of putting things." That Lucinda's eye is of a delicate azure all the world knows. On her fond complacency enters Belinda with the discovery of a slight tinge of unlovely green in the eye of Lucinda. In vain you say that, seen rightly, the suspicion of viridian gives a sharper and more winning luster.

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."

The world is full enough of illusion, perplexity, and darkness. There is hardly any evil thing that can be said that has not enough of truth in it to make it seem, in our less buoyant moments, to be after all the pervading, the reigning verity. There is a famous critic who always uses the word "woman" as a synonym for the word "idiot." There have been famous moralists with whom Christianity appeared to stand for Superstition.

POOR Mérimée, did he know that they would be proclaimed upon the housetops, these letters of his to the Unknown, down to the very "last letter, written two hours before his death?" Where does that brief, pathetic foot-note come from, by the way? Who prepared these confidences for the press? Was it the painter, from whom the publisher received the manuscript—or, was it the Unknown herself? That they should be printed in a book,—was that, indeed, a part of the cynicism—gentle, and half expressed—with which they were written? "Remember to distrust," was the motto of this sensitive, unhappy child of the Second Empire. It is not difficult to discern the sources of Mérimée's literary malady.

But there is a pessimism of style which is as unpleasant as the moral pessimism is unhealthy. So charming a writer as Prof. Masson, in his book, just published,—"Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Other Essays,"—furnishes some notable examples of this. Speaking of Shelley, he says: "Again, in his 'Invocation to the West Wind,' in which, expressly imploring it to be *his* spirit, he dedicates himself, as it were, to the meteorological forever:

"'O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
* * * * * * *
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is!
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou *me*, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened Earth

The trumphet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?'"

But perhaps Masson is not the only master-critic somewhat marred by too much wit. That he is a master-critic, no one need be told who has read these bright and entertaining and often profound essays.

WHEN the art of putting things crookedly is professed by a person who writes histories—what a pestilent thing is that! Here is a whole generation of men engaged in enterprises of little and great moment. Some of them fighting their neighbors, other some digging canals, building monuments, making pictures or devoting themselves with more or less intelligence and sincerity to a cause which represents to them the greatest good. They die, and are laid with their fathers. Then along comes Monsieur Penman, who chooses to write about them, upon what knowledge, with what discernment, prejudice and crook-

edness, may please the gods; a certain vigor and picturesqueness of speech wins the world to read him—and forthwith and for all time, that generation is made visible to mankind only by means of the colored lights this one man's puny hands can hold up. Your own historical ancestor having been, as you devoutly believe, stupidly or maliciously maligned, what recourse have you—except to compile a pamphlet full of tiresome documents, which will find no acceptance whatever in the public schools!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

In Memoriam—A Christmas Suggestion.

THE custom of giving memorial windows to churches has become common among us of late years, and there is something true and beautiful in the idea which will prevent its falling into disuse. There is such a hungry feeling in all our hearts to keep a place in the world for our dead—to make them in some degree real and dear to others as they are to us. It seems a natural and right thing to do to blend their shadowy memories with the softened light that comes to us on God's day, or with the faces of saint and martyr rising before us as we kneel in prayer. The feeling is so strong and so universal that any extravagance in its expression is readily forgiven. Fashionable funerals and gaudy monuments have called out savage sarcasm from the press lately, and even remonstrance from the pulpit; but we are not sure that the blame belongs to the mourners to whom it is given, or to the "snobbish all-prevalent American love of display," which, it is alleged, finds here its last and most offensive utterance. The poor Irish widow who spends the money which would have kept her children for the winter, in "a dacent funeral for Pathrick,"—hacks, and burning candles, and white gloves,—does it, we would fain believe, not from a stagy love of excitement, but with the fond, foolish hope that somehow Patrick knows and is pleased; and the dweller on Murray Hill whose dead is snatched when the last breath is yet on its lips, to be barred from her by forms and ceremonies—to be heaped with floral offerings and borne to the grave amid pompous drapery and the glitter and show of liveried equipages, yields to custom only that she may not seem to the public to slight the memory which she would be glad all the world should honor. Human nature is just as loyal, and just as tender in a brown-stone front as in an Irish cabin, and much more apt to feel pomp an insult, and the sorrow of an undertaker a mockery of its real grief. But human nature is weak and off guard on such a day, and the undertaker is as ready and watchful as death itself.

One of the most pathetic memorials of a dead child we have ever seen was in a stately mansion belonging to one of the Brahmin class, as Holmes calls it, of New England. It was the chamber of the daughter, who was dead; an only child, who had been very fair and more beloved than even only children are. The chamber, full of light and luxury and beauty, was made ready for her coming every morning. There were her old school-books, there was the soft white bed, the dainty dresses in the wardrobe, the little slippers by the fire; and there, day after day, sat the mother waiting, waiting. The dreariness, the hopeless hope, the pity of it all, was something never to be forgotten.

Last week we chanced to pass through a hospital sustained expressly for poor children. The wards were sunny and cheerful; the fresh morning wind from a broad, bright river blew in at the open windows; inside there were patient, motherly nurses; without, green grass and waving trees, scarlet and golden with the early frosts. The children, brought out of miserable homes in filthy tenement houses, lay clean and sweet each in his little cosy bed, or sat up on the pillow in a white night-slip, hugging, as we noticed, a doll or toy. It seemed to us that here Christ's charity lingered among men in its simplest, most direct form. It seemed as if here the old German legend might be true, and that on Christmas morning, if the Christ-child did come back to earth with the form and face his loving mother knew, it would be to these poor babies he would come, to leave his blessing on them and those who had cared for them.

At the head of each bed was a card bearing the name of the person by whose charity it was kept, year after year ready, for a helpless little inmate. But upon one—in the sunniest corner—there was no name, only the words: "In memory of my baby." "An unknown lady," the matron said, "who had lost her only child." Instead of carved altar-piece, or stately monument, or stained memorial window, she had this little bed, and the poor baby in it was saved from want and death. Over it was a picture of the Christ-child smiling, with his hands outstretched.

The little story of this memorial offering seems to us to belong to this Christmas season, when all the Christian world is giving gifts. There are so many ways to make our own children about the hearth happy and glad—so many people to tell us how to do it. But many of us have hidden away the memory of a little face that is not here, that never will be here again, to which even in heaven we would fain bring back for a moment the old home smile.

There are the sick children suffering in their filthy homes; there is room yet in the hospitals for other memorial beds; and we have faith or superstition enough to believe that when one of these little ones on earth is tenderly cared for, the child whom Christ holds in his arms above knows it, and is glad.

A Plea for "Handles."

THERE is a little catechism in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, in which the catechist, desiring to lead his "good child" up to the consideration of certain very high matters of doctrine and duty, begins (after the manner of catechists) with one or two simple inquiries extremely remote, and apparently irrelevant. By these the attention of the young victim is easily engaged, and any natural apprehension of difficulty or distress in the process to

which he is about to be subjected is disarmed. This is the innocent-looking way in which the document commences:

"*Question.*—What is your name?

"*Answer.*—N. or M." (But why this arbitrary "N. or M." instead of the obvious "A. or B." or the hardly less natural "Y. or Z.", is a question for the commentators and one into which, unwilling to be swerved from the practical purpose of this essay, we decline to enter.)

"*Question.*—Who gave you this name?

"*Answer.*—My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism; wherein I was ——"

But here we find ourselves at once on controverted ground and begin to be in instant danger of that strife of tongues which always rages over great matters and things too high for us, whereunto we cannot attain. We desire merely to notice the fact that the "good child," by the proper and serious consideration of his own Christian name, is lifted at once, as if by pulling at its own little boots, into regions of high ethical and doctrinal disquisition. Into these regions we forbear to follow him, designing only some humble preachment concerning one of the minor moralities which that same "N. or M." suggests.

It is gratifying that the little "N. or M." should be thus early taught to recognize a certain sanctity attaching to his Christian name. Even if there were no godfather or godmother to give it to him; even if it should come to him, in some uncanonical and unsacramental way, merely from his parents of natural generation, it should not take him long to understand that this name is for private and domestic and even religious uses, rather than for public and profane employment. When he leaves his home he leaves his "household name" behind him, to resume it when he is within those sacred precincts once more. Out in the world and among people of less intimate relationship he will presently discover, and not merely discover but demand, that those who have occasion to use his name take hold of it by some kind of a "handle."

Perhaps the use of this figurative term is hardly yet acknowledged as legitimate in the application which a subtle but vulgar sense of humor has given to it. It is, no doubt, an Americanism, belonging to the free and wild vocabulary of the untutored West. But the very circumstances of its origin declare its expressiveness and value. A handle to a man's name is a mark of advanced civilization, in a region where the leveling spirit of a fierce democracy has swept away conventional distinctions. Like "store-clothes" in a world of homespun, or "store-eat" in a land of perpetual "saxafrax," it suggests a higher sphere of being, it is eloquent, whether historically or prophetically, of a more complex and refined social order. It is even touching to notice how, as by a kind of instinct of self-preservation, a partly rude and barbarous society will cling to "handles" in its forms of address, sometimes exaggerating to a preposterous extent the just and proper use of them. It is said that there are frontier counties where any man who, at any time, has owned a law-book, is thereby entitled to be addressed as "Judge." And we all know how, on the merest and most filmy suspicion of military genius, or on the most faint and untrustworthy traditions of militia service, the title of General or Colonel, or any other rank not below a captaincy, is readily and without investigation conceded to any claimant, nay, even may be violently imposed upon one if he does not actively reject it. Few things are more pleasing than to notice the ready amiableness with which, in phases of society a little more cultivated, academic titles are gratuitously bestowed by a confiding populace on persons who might otherwise be subjected to a long and injurious delay before they received them. How often do we see Doctors of Divinity, whom only the grace of newspaper reporters has invested with that respectable degree; or Doctors of Medicine who have become such only in virtue of the invention of a vermifuge, or a liver pill, or a horse liniment, or a more or less seductive variety of bitters combining the delightful qualities of the inebriating cup with the serene safety of the beverage which total-abstinent zealots need not refuse. So it is quite marvelous to see the facility with which a man of humble origin and useful but lowly calling may move unchallenged among men as titular Professor. He has kept a school, it may be, or he has been an usher in a school which some one else has kept. But if, presently removing to some field of labor other than that in which he hitherto has taught or (as Mr. Artemus Ward might say) has ushed, he desires to be henceforward known as Professor Smithers (let us say), Professor he shall be by undisputed right. It is a convenient handle, and if one should analyze its meaning strictly, not without a fine etymological fitness. What he professes is a question of subordinate interest. That he does profess, whether there be more or less of performance following, is an obvious fact. And so we have, not only in school-rooms but also in concert-rooms, and hippodromes, and circuses, and prize-rings, Professors innumerable of more or less valuable sciences and arts.

The same tendency in respect to "handles" may be observed in the denomination of institutions as well as of private individuals. It was a vandal spirit which possessed that churl who, underneath the sign on which the words "SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES" declared the high intent and expectation of a frontier educational establishment (of attainments as yet unfulfilled and modest), scrawled, with felonious chalk or charcoal, the needless and derogatory comment "*allso a gals skule.*" If an institution of learning has nothing else, is it not, surely, something that it has a handle to its name? And if the handle be of disproportionate magnitude, a charity that thinketh no evil will choose to discover in that fact a sign of high aspiration and endeavor, and will hope, not wholly against hope, that the thing may some time grow to the portentous dimensions which its name requires. We vex our souls unduly, though not unnaturally, when we find that a "Conservatory of Music" is so much like what we used to call a singing school; or a "Temple and Emporium of Fashion," not greatly different from a dry-goods and fancy store; or a "Strictly honorable and equitably-conducted Gift Enterprise," to be really indistinguishable from an old-fashioned lottery; or a "Sample Room" to be that vulgar nuisance, a nasty grog-shop. These poetic orientalisms of speech are not to be too harshly judged; and we shall be more tolerant of them when we consider the evil of the opposite extreme, upon which it is the purpose of the present essay to invoke general public indignation.

For, sometimes we do get glimpses of an extraordinary state of society in which this opposite extreme prevails, and the total and demoralizing disregard of handles is painfully noticeable; a society which has returned to the simplicity of first principles and endeavors to carry the familiarities of the most sacred privacy into the noisy publicity of the outside world. It is not the scrupulous aus-

terity of the Quaker, whose conscience will not suffer him to call any man master or make use of any redundancy of formal and complimentary address, that we object to. There is dignity enough in the formal informality of his simple speech to save it from contempt or harm. George Fox waiting upon the Lord Protector and calling him by his Christian name, and speaking peace upon his house, according as motion and utterance were given, is at the furthest possible remove from the familiarities which we deprecate. He is a queer enough figure in his leather breeches, but he is certainly respectable. "Friend" is a very Christian kind of handle and good enough for almost any use. Unfortunately the modern sentimentalism which has discarded handles is of too slobbery and spurious a kind to run in such a simple mold. It delights in high, grandiloquent and ostentatious speech. Its tongue no man hath tamed or can tame. Its hair is long, its voice sonorous, its attitude self-conscious, melodramatic. Its joys are shouted out from housetops for all the world to hear, printed in leaded columns, well displayed, for all the world to read. Its griefs, engrossed in manuscript for readier communication, may pierce the hearts of individuals, of squads, of congregations, of, as it were, five hundred brethren at once, amid floods of easy tears and shudders of delightful dread. Its shames, like fevered and unquiet sleepers, cannot rest till they have tossed off all their decent covering and lie exposed in flagrant and obtrusive nakedness. And when, at last, through ways peculiar to themselves, the individuals who live and move in such an atmosphere of sentimental sham have reached the summit of their bad conspicuousness, are stalking up and down the columns of everybody's newspaper, are sitting down unbidden and unwelcome at everybody's breakfast table, are introduced to everybody's reluctant and protesting acquaintance, so that there is a woe upon us if we do not know them and a double woe upon us if we do, one thing is presently noticeable (when a little coolness of judicial criticism becomes possible), and that is that no mother's son (or daughter) of them all has left himself a handle to his name. "Leave handles hopelessly behind," they seem to say, all ye who enter into this new world of ours, of gush and sentiment! Henceforward let us be to one another, at first sight, familiar as household words. The coarse and brutal world, outside, may cling to outworn forms and cherish still its antiquated handles. As for us, we will be simple 'Ns' or 'Ms,' like the 'good child' in the catechism. When we have to do with one another, when we have to do with those outside us, even, let us overleap conventionalities, and grasp the untitled name, the unprotected personality."

Whereupon the world beholds, with wonder and disgust, how it is always Thomas, and Richard, and Henry, and never Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Robinson; how it is always John and never Mr. Smith; how, if there be women among the *dramatis personæ*, it is with a like disregard of conventional methods of address that they are known, whether they be maiden or matron, festive or demure, lofty or lowly, all being alike untitled. Sophronia, and Celia, and Sacharissa, greet and are greeted thus and only thus, not among themselves only, but among the miscellaneous Toms, and Dicks, and Harrys, of the other sex. Ingenious and pleasing "Ns and Ms" they surely are, even if nothing else. And if they do not perfectly resemble in all ways the "good child" of the Catechism, if sometimes we cannot resist the wish that the godfathers and godmothers, or parents of natural generation, armed with birch, or shingle, or slipper, or any fit insignia of authority and instruments of reproof, might resume jurisdiction for a while, and relegate them to the world of nurseries and dark closets and tingling cuticle—why, at least we may find in them examples of the latent peril lurking in the too familiar use of Christian names, and a justification of our serious and earnest "plea for handles."

Perhaps it was not the sublimest poetry, but it was the soundest common sense (and that is almost as valuable) which the devout and graceful Cowper uttered, when, in his somewhat didactic "De Amicitia," he wrote these stanzas:

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one has need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

"A similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practiced at first sight,
Must save it from declension."

What the poor man would think if he lived nowadays, when the personages, little and great, who figure in our newspapers, are all "Toms and Jacks," and when they thump the universal public on its much-enduring back with their familiar confidences; when the man of heaving heart and high Olympian soul, whom tempests drive to fling himself unbosomed on the world, figures in all the drama as simple—Timothy; when the heroic arbiter of destinies and reputations, who holds a waiting world in awe, by silence and by speech alike, is only—Fred; when the reporter, who purloins our manuscripts and thrusts them into print, untimely, is upbraided gently as—Aurelius; when the modest and retiring friend, whose life, diverted from the flowery walks of art, is made a burden by the cares of busy and laborious gossip, is dragged up and down the columns of an unsympathizing press as—Fred, again; when the stern servant of the law, who presently becomes involved in necessary conduct of such matters, is handled lightly with no handle at all, whether personal or official, as only—James; and when no considerations of age, sex, or previous conditions, can secure for the unhappy women, whom an adverse fortune has entangled in its web, any, the slightest, right or title to a 'handle;' but they, too, are merely Janes and Sarahs and Marias! Would all this seem like cause, or would it seem like consequence, to the serene, pure-minded moralist, whose stanzas we have quoted, as he looked out upon the evil times on which he had fallen?

It is enough to drive one backwards into the high-flown orientalisms of the most absurd and artificial ages to consider how such familiarity breeds necessary and immediate contempt. It is an evil that we have all seen under the sun. It is one way in which the odious self-conceit of a parasite expresses itself. A little man, who would be thought familiar with a great man, loves to speak of the great man in careless, easy, patronizing tones (behind his back), by his first name, as, for example, "I said to Abraham or to Ulysses," or, "Henry or Horace said to me," and the impression made upon the populace, not stopping to consider what an easy and transparent mockery this is, may sometimes be effectually false. Sometimes the great man may be so

lacking in dignity and proper self-assertion, that he suffers himself to be made the victim of such toadyism, and tolerates it to his own face without rebuke. To be sure, he commonly will pay a heavy penalty for it in the inevitable degradation which he suffers from such false familiarity. Such leveling always brings the great man down without lifting the small one up. Perhaps in those old Puritanic times, which it is customary to decry with such abhorrence nowadays, there was overmuch reverence paid to the minister of the parish as he walked stately and severe among the people of his flock. But, at the worst, that error was less mischievous than the opposite extreme of easy freedom, which would make it possible for his young parishioners to speak of him, and even to speak to him with an unhandled liberty of speech, and call him "Bill" or "Sammy." We should have grave doubts concerning our own possibility of usefulness, if such a style of intercourse prevailed in any congregations to which we were called to minister; or, if we were a Christian statesman (which is absurd) and found that we were known among the populace by our Christian name, however engaging might be such ease of manner on their part, and however encouraging to our hopes of victory at the ensuing caucus or convention, or election, there would be moments when we should surely sigh for "some vast wilderness," or for the dignified seclusion of some private sphere of duty. It is noteworthy how, when any really great man passes by death, or by an honorable retirement, out of the arena of politics into the history of statesmanship, though he may have been at one time "Abe" or "Bill," for campaign purposes, he is henceforward reverently and gravely handled with an orderly and decent manner of address. There is much virtue in a proper handle. There may be much vice where it is lacking.

So then we come to the conclusion of the whole matter. Such things as the conventional forms of courtesy, such conveniences as "handles," are not to be classed among the *adiaphora*, or things indifferent. They are part of the apparatus with which society defends itself against demoralization. They are not everywhere the same, of course: they differ in style, in size, in shape; but they are a constant sign of civilization and good morals. To us, in these days and in this land—to us, occidental and democratic though we be, they are as indispensable as in the Land of the White Elephant, for instance, where the king's title takes away our breath as we try to speak it in its full length and loftiness. The handles to our names are not so large, to be sure, but they are more equally distributed, and every man has one belonging to him; and Pat, the bog-trotter, who becomes Misther O'Flaherty by immigration hither, is consciously and visibly ennobled by his new dignity. Giving a man a title does not necessarily make him worthy of it, but it may help to do so; and a handle to his name may prove to be the means by which he shall be lifted to a higher level.

There are various natural ramifications of our subject which we must not stop to consider. Concerning its bearing upon some questions of moral and social reform we have left ourselves no room to speak, remarking only, as we pass, that as for us at least, wild horses shall not draw us to support the female suffrage movement till its champions are solemnly committed against all profane use of Christian names. So long as these reformers call themselves and are called "Ns, and Ms," and more especially if in the diminutive forms to which the feminine mind so easily inclines, we are to know them as Ennies or Emmies, we shall decline to be reformed to any degree worth mentioning. Let us have handles to our names, and use them, handles first and reforms afterward. Lillies and Rosies, Minnies and Hatties can never lead us in a civic reformation.

Two maxims of Confucius shall close our homily. "The master said, 'the superior man is affable but not adulatory; the mean is adulatory but not affable.'" And again, "The master said, 'the superior man has a dignified ease without pride; the mean man has pride without a dignified ease.'" The superior man, in occidental phrase, does not "slop over." The superior man respects his own and other people's handles. A shrewd, queer teacher was this same master. Probably no one has ever remarked more acutely the intimate connection between deportment and what he calls, in some high, ethical sense, "propriety"—between manners and morals (which are, after all, only a higher kind of manners). No affection, howsoever intimate, will suffer by the admixture with it of a decent reticence, by the expression of it through the manners of respectful courtesy. And in our more public conversation with our fellows we shall find a way of safety if we remember that there are among men these two distinct types which the Chinese morality recognizes as "the superior man" and "the mean man." If the man with whom we deal, and with whose name we are concerned (whether we are speaking of him or to him), be a "mean man," low and injurious and pitchy, he cannot harm us half so readily, we shall not be in so much danger of defilement, if we take him by his handle. Conversely, also, if he be (as possibly he may be) "a superior man," we shall not be half so likely to do harm to him if we take him by his handle. There is safety in handles. They keep names and characters out of the dirt; and we can hardly sacrifice them without sacrificing with them things more valuable than themselves, that we can ill afford to jeopardize.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Some Heliotype Reproductions.*

MANY a young student of art in our country will rise up and call Mr. Osgood blessed, for the cheap help he gives them in their search after knowledge by his reproductions of the work of the old masters, of which the latest installment is now upon our table. Nothing so useful in the way of popularizing a knowledge of art history has been done since the "Penny Magazine" was started. There has been plenty of material provided for the rich and the well-

* A Series of Studies, designed and engraved after five paintings by Raphael. With Historical and Critical Notes composed by M. T. B. Eméric-David, Member of the Institute of France. American Edition, reproduced by the Heliotype Process.

Engravings of Frescoes after Parmegiano and Correggio, by Paolo Toschi. Reproduced by the Heliotype Process from the "Gray Collection of Engravings," Harvard University. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

to-do, but comparatively nothing for those whose small means will not allow them to purchase even such photographs, lithographs, and etchings as to wealthy people seem cheap. Suppose a young man or woman in our country, not living in any one of the larger cities, takes up in an earnest spirit the study of the History and Development of Art; is drawn to the subject by some instinct, and wishes to understand something about it Or, suppose a teacher wishes to instruct a class in this field of human effort—let either of them take up Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or Rio, or Kügler, or Mrs. Jameson, or any other accessible book on the History of Painting in Italy—where is he to find illustrations that will enable him to learn for himself what was the character of the pictures he reads about; how the artists expressed their thoughts; what were their thoughts, and what was the relation of their thinking to the times in which they lived? Even the English editions of Kügler, Crowe, and Mrs. Jameson contain only a meager list of plates, and these are engraved in an uninteresting way in outline; and, apart from these, there is absolutely nothing in the way of illustration that is not costly and hard to get.

It is this want that Mr. Osgood has set himself to supply, and though, owing to the incomplete and heterogeneous character of our public and private collections, he has found it difficult to proceed with much system, yet in the end the result must be to lay the foundation for a pretty complete collection of popular aids to study, such as does not exist any where at present, and is not likely to exist for a long time anywhere but here. Whoever would give us a series of illustrations of the early Italian Masters would do us a great service. It would be easy, in default of something better, to reproduce Lasinio's outlines of celebrated frescos, or the Arundel Society's "Arena Chapel in Padua," showing us Giotto at his best, while many of the engravings in Rosini would be found very useful to give us a bowing acquaintance with smaller men. The present two publications consist of: First, a series of studies of heads out of five of Raphael's pictures, "The Visitation," "The Holy Family," finished by Giulio Romano, "The Holy Family called 'The Pearl,'" "The Madonna of the Fish," and "Lo Spasimo." A study in outline of each of the pictures is given, and with it the most important heads in the composition. There are, besides, several pages of notes by M. Eméric-David. The other series, that of Toschi's engravings after Parmegiano and Correggio, is more interesting than the other, because we get whole things instead of bits. The selections are well made, and will help a student to a notion of Correggio's style, though it needs enlarging, to take in other expressions of his genius. We cannot, however, learn to think well of Toschi's manner of engraving; but even here the publisher may fairly claim that he is teaching the student something. Still, in judging the enterprise of heliotype reproduction we must remember that all it can do in its present stage is to show us the thought of the master, his composition, his knowledge of form; but engraving, whether in line, etching, wood-cutting, or whatever style, always suffers—nothing is clear, nothing harmonious, nor deep. Therefore, of what is best in Toschi we get nothing; we must be content for the present to forego the attractions of engraving. But enough remains of which the heliotype is capable, and there is a whole world of instruction and pleasure with which in time, no doubt, Mr. Osgood will make us acquainted.

"German Universities."*

THIS pleasant, chatty work, accepted for what it purports to be ("A Narrative of Personal Experiences"), is a welcome addition to a species of literature which seems to be in a state of revival. There was a period when student-life in Germany was supposed to be about exhausted as a literary theme; the soil has therefore lain fallow for a season, but is now being worked by new laborers.

We feel a little inclined to object to the high-sounding title, "German Universities," because it would lead one to expect an exhaustive treatise on these institutions, of which all intelligent men are glad to know something, and few really know anything. A German university is a creation *sui generis*, and one which it is not easy for a foreigner to comprehend. It is still, however, very pleasant to have the personal experience of an intelligent and faithful observer as his contribution to that end, especially when he has given years of study and toil to its acquisition. The chief defect that we find in the book is the fact that it is a record of the past, the story being some ten or twelve years old. The Germans have made such wonderful progress in their civil and political life, as well as in science and literature, since that period, that any account of them then needs to be greatly modified to give us practical information concerning them as they now are. The institutions themselves have to a certain extent changed their base: Göttingen, where our author spent considerable time, has by the absorption of Hanover into Prussia become quite provincial, and sunk, we think, in general estimation and influence. The University of Berlin, which at that period was the largest and most attractive one in Germany, has actually suffered on account of the political preponderance of that great city as a result of the war, and the consolidation of political interests more in that center. Berlin ceases to be preeminently the "City of Intelligence," her University sinks in comparative influence, and her students are now deserting it for that of Leipsic, which at present numbers on its rolls more attendants than any other learned institution of the land. And then, again, the German nation is concentrating its power largely on the new University of Strasburg, as an exponent of its new life in a city that was once decidedly German, and which they propose to make so again by the highest means and influence which they can bring to bear.

Within the last few years nearly everything around German universities has changed its character. The peculiarities of German student-life are disappearing, many of the foolish customs so vividly depicted by our author are vanishing, and the institutions are merging from a mediæval inot a modern life. In short, they are becoming more practical, in accordance with the spirit of the age. And they are also becoming very much more expensive, so that any standard a few years old would be a deceptive one for the present hour.

We cheerfully give our author the credit of a great deal of good common sense as to the real value of the instruction imparted in these institutions. No earnest American can afford to lose his time in the vain endeavor to acquire the half of what is taught in a German university; indeed, he does not need it. The course is planned for a totally different line of life, and one which Germans

* German Universities: A Narrative of Personal Experience. By James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

themselves are rapidly modifying. The American student does well to choose, as did the author, just what he finds adapted to his wants, and to let the other go. A few years of such labor yields golden fruit; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the German university course, as a whole, can repay the trouble and time given to it by a youth who is to find his home and make his mark among us. On the whole, therefore, we recommend this "Narrative" as very pleasant and profitable reading for those who would gain an insight into the ordinary experience of an American at a German university a decade or more ago; but we are glad to believe that it contains the record of much that will not be experienced again, because of very desirable changes in the whole University system of the Fatherland.

"Life and Literature in the Fatherland."

THIS is the title of a very acceptable volume from the pen of Rev. Dr. Hurst, and the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co. The first impression made on our minds, as we run over its pages, is that it is not the production of one who has made a hasty visit to the Fatherland, and who assumes the rôle of teacher and adviser after a few months of skimming over the surface of matters.

Dr. Hurst made two extended visits to Germany, one as student, and another as teacher, and in this double capacity he has enjoyed opportunities to learn what very few foreigners know of that interesting country. He was for five years at the head of a missionary institute, first established in Bremen, and then removed to Frankfort-on-the-Main, which received its support from the Methodists of this country for the special purpose of training up young German students for the Methodist missions in Germany, with a view of making these self-supporting and self-supplying generally. After having performed a good work in this line abroad, Dr. Hurst was recalled to this country to take a position in the Drew Theological Seminary, of which he was soon made, and still is, the President.

Among many pleasant chapters concerning German life and letters, with glimpses of the late war, we find a thorough and instructive treatise on the schools of the land of schools. After a succinct account of educational legislation, and a few tables of desirable statistics, we are introduced to the first order of the German elementary schools, namely, the "Kindergarten." The discussion about these establishments, now becoming so popular in this country, is very timely. Dr. Hurst does not seem to consider the question of their perfection settled, and we judge from his remarks that he would advise us rather to adapt them to our own wants than to adopt them bodily. We notice, indeed, a very general reaction in regard to German schools of all classes, one in which our author clearly sympathizes. The advice of the book is to give to children these foreign advantages just so far as the modern languages are concerned, and that under the eye and in the home of the parents, as far as possible. As for young men and women, it is far better for them to lay a broad foundation here, even in the languages, and then go abroad solely to complete their studies and acquire such a finish as there alone can be obtained.

For the scholar, we have a very interesting account of the machinery of a German university, and the way of getting started in it, with some excellent hints as to the best way of making use of its privileges. The information is given, too, in a manner so plain and practical, that it is perfectly comprehensible to the novice. The principal universities of the Fatherland all receive enough attention to give us a very fair idea of them and their specialties, and also of the prominent men connected with them. Berlin, Leipsic, Heidelberg, Göttingen, Munich and Halle are ranked among the best, and the advice of this author is to choose Berlin. While it is not so marked as some for special advantages, its curriculum is so comprehensive, and most of its teachers are so distinguished, that, on the whole, he thinks it is the institution where Americans will be likely to find most satisfaction in their studies, while at the same time they can enjoy the special privileges of the capital.

"Idolatry."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S new book, published by J. R. Osgood & Co., defies comment and baffles analysis. Probably the truest, as well as the severest way of showing what the book really is and is not, is to give a résumé of its plot.

The opening is not conciliatory. One does not relish, in these days, being called "gentle reader," and invited, on entering the Tremont House, Boston, to "pause a moment to spit upon the black-and-white tessellated pavement." But admitting for the moment that we are "gentle," and that we have spat, we are then taken (through the keyhole, apparently) into Bedroom 27, where lies a man sleeping in bed. The man wears a diamond ring, larger than diamond rings are wont to be, surely; since on one of its twenty-seven facets is cut, in hieroglyph, the wonderful tale we are invited to read, which begins at the Pharaohs, and culminates in this man, Dr. Hiero Glyphic. By a series of semi-clairvoyant, supernatural, astrological processes, the Gentle Reader gazing on this ring is imbued with consciousness of events in Hiero Glyphic's past history, and the history of several other people who are to figure in the story.

This ingenious machinery occupies the place of a play-bill in a complicated play; without it, we honestly confess we should never have unraveled the succession of disconnected figures on the stage. But having been thus warned beforehand that a young Egyptian, Manetho, had been rescued from a crocodile (one wonders, by the way, as the tale progresses, whether it were not the crocodile that was rescued by mistake, and not the boy), and adopted by Dr. Hiero Glyphic. That Dr. H. G. has a sister, Helen, with whom the Egyptian falls in love, but who prefers to marry Thor, the Egyptian's rescuer. That the crocodile—we mean the Egyptian—having become a clergyman, marries them, Helen's serving-maid Salome, who is, by the way, the Egyptian's mistress, officiating as bridesmaid. That Helen returns to her brother's house eight months later pregnant with twins, and Manetho meeting her in the garden, is overcome with sudden passion, embraces her wildly, tears from her bosom the talismanic diamond ring he had given her, and so terrifies her that she dies in childbed before morning. That all these persons lived on the banks of the Hudson in a rural home of a ruddy Indian red, relieved by deep blue and black, paved by blocks of polished stone, bordered by hieroglyphs, fitted up with sarcophagi, garnished by mummies, and presided over by two great figures of Isis and Osiris; having, as we say, become imbued with these facts, the Gentle Reader is prepared to be introduced in the third chapter of the story—time, twenty years later than the birth of Helen's twins—to Mr.

Balder Helwyse, who is sleeping in Bedroom 29, Tremont House. In this, the third chapter, Mr. Balder Helwyse takes a bath, and the tale begins. In the fourth chapter he calls on Mr. MacGentle, an old Boston merchant, introduced into this story for a purpose not made evident till later. Mr. MacGentle takes Mr. Helwyse for Mr. Helwyse's own father, who had been dead some years, was his dear friend, and the husband of the deceased Helen. This mistake is cleared up in the fifth chapter, and Mr. MacGentle resolves to be a benefactor to Mr. Helwyse. In the sixth chapter Mr. Helwyse has a surreptitious banquet, with the Tremont House cook in the pantry. In the eighth (the seventh is occupied with an irrelevant quarrel between old MacGentle and his clerk), Mr. Helwyse sets out for New York on a Fall River steamboat. After dark on the deck he falls to talking aloud to himself, and is presently answered by a Mephistophelian voice out of the darkness. This dialogue lasts through the eighth and ninth chapters. In the tenth Mr. Helwyse's face having been suddenly lighted by a flash from a lantern, his interlocutor, who is no less than Manetho, the Egyptian, recognizes his fair hair and blue eyes, takes him for the hated Thor, his father, and tries to throw him overboard. Helwyse is the stronger and Manetho is thrown into the water. At that precise instant the steamboat runs down a schooner. In the morning the missing passenger was supposed to have fallen overboard in the tumult of the collision, and Mr. Balder Helwyse steps on the New York wharf, undisturbed by any body or any thing except the consciousness of having drowned a fellow-creature. He is a fellow of noble instincts, Mr. Balder Helwyse, and much given to curious self-analysis. He is conscious of an impulse to surrender himself as a murderer, but thinks better of it. Has his beard shaved off, and foots it out of the city as nimbly as he can, wearing on his finger a superb diamond ring which he had found on the deck near the spot where his late antagonist met his death. By the singular but beautiful fatality which runs like clock-work through this extraordinary tale, Mr. Helwyse's steps are guided up the Hudson River to a point opposite the rural Egyptian home which has been already dimly shadowed forth to our fancy by the magic ring. Gazing through a telescope which by the merest chance he happened to have with him, he sees a lovely girl walking on the heights. He looks at her (through a telescope, remember), till she blushed and stretched out her arms to him, and he resolved to find her or die. From the ferryman who ferries him over the river, he learns that this is the very spot of which he is in search—his uncle Hiero Glyphic's estate. He finds that the common notion in the country is that the owner of it is in league with the Devil, and that there is no known means of communication between this walled inclosure and the outside world. Undeterred, Mr. Helwyse approaches. He walks entirely around it; no gate is visible. At last a crested hoopoe flies toward him and lures him up into a birch-tree, by which he swings himself over the wall. Still lured by the hoopoe he enters the house, and meets on the threshold of the conservatory the young woman he had seen through the telescope. The bewildering succession and confusion of affairs after this crisis are almost impossible to describe. This young woman is Gnulemah, whom Manetho, believing her to be the daughter of his old enemy Thor, had stolen by the aid of Salome. In a fiendish and subtle scheme of revenge he has endeavored to make her the very embodiment of all evil. Nature and solitude have been too strong for him, and she is really the most exquisite and spiritual of beings, spite of her utter ignorance of all moral truths. Old Dr. Hiero is dead, made into a mummy and set up as a hall clock. Salome is the only servant. She is so disfigured by burns that Manetho does not recognize her as his old mistress. Of course Gnulemah falls in love instantly with Helwyse. On seeing the diamond ring on his finger she exclaims: "Hiero!" and tells him that he is Hiero returned in a new and glorious shape. Helwyse then perceives that he must have drowned his uncle, and is much horrified; but presently Manetho enters large as life, having been picked up by the schooner, and none the worse for his tumble into the sound. He explains that the real Hiero is mummied in the clock case; that he assumed the name as well as the money of the deceased, and that he bears no sort of ill-will to Mr. Helwyse for having thrown him overboard. Believing Helwyse to be Gnulemah's brother, he hurries their marriage by every means in his power, and gloats over this added and undreamed of ecstasy of his revenge. The marriage ceremony takes place in the Egyptian temple, among the sphinxes and mummies; incense smoked on the altar; the bridegroom wore a velveteen coat, with a dandelion in his button-hole; the bride wore a robe, a turban, and veil of creamy white, pendent pearls in her ears, and a chain of dandelion stems around her neck. Manetho and Salome wore the same costumes they had worn at the wedding of Helen twenty-four years before. Manetho's, which had belonged to an Egyptian ancestor of his, and was of rich damask, had suffered less by the lapse of time than Salome's, which had been of white satin and lace. On the wedding night Manetho, by mistake, locks himself into his secret chamber, and trying to escape by an aperture, falls, and injures himself fatally. Helwyse, Gnulemah, and Salome all gather around his dying bed, and just as Helwyse is trying to make the fiend understand that his scheme has failed—that Gnulemah is his own and Salome's daughter, and not Helwyse's sister at all—a storm bursts over the house; a flash of lightning kills Manetho and Salome, and strikes Gnulemah hopelessly blind.

To complete this travesty of life, this mad juggler's fantasy of tricks, the book closes by a scene in a Boston parlor, "a pleasant parlor of southern aspect looking through a deep bay-window over a spacious garden;" Balder Helwyse, with two children on his knee, pointing to an oil-painting over the piano, and asking his children whose portrait it is, and the children replying: "Grandpapa MacGentle, papa." This was the use of MacGentle. He gave the Helwyses a house and then he went to heaven. The door opens and poor blind Gnulemah, the mother of the children, enters, and is greeted by her husband with that sweetest, rarest thing in fiction, "a thrilling smile," and that is the end.

This is the skeleton. What matter how such be draped? There are here and there bits of gorgeous description, and a certain forcible way of saying things, which show that Mr. Hawthorne has power. Also there are occasional gleams of something which recalls the first Hawthorne's subtle analysis of motives and detection of impulses; but it is gone in a second, breaks into the broad caricature of a trifler, and only exasperates all the more for its having deluded us for an instant. As for the English in which the book is written, it is not too much to say that it is Mr. Hawthorne's own. It is hardly worth while to point out blemishes of style

in a writer whose notions of English grammar are so loose. The moral heinousness which some critics have found in this tale we are utterly unable to see, simply because all the characters seem to us so absolutely without human similitude or human interest. To be sure there is any amount of incoherent and moderately unintelligible discourse as to sin, its uses and beauties, and so on; but we should no more think of fearing it than we should think of fearing the moral effect of Nonsense Verses, giving an account of Free Love Discussions among the Jumblies, or Psychological Saturnalia in a Frog Pond.

"The Evangel."

DR. ABRAM COLES, a physician of Newark, N. J., has found time, in the intervals of an engrossing professional practice, to do some memorable literary work. Some, at least, of his thirteen translations of the "Dies Iræ," will prove, we do not doubt, among the lasting contributions of American scholarship to the literature of the English tongue. James Russell Lowell said, in "The Atlantic," that he thought that Dr. Coles had made "the most successful attempt at an English translation of the hymn" that he had ever seen. Encouraged by the many cordial and intelligent commendations of this attempt, the author has since translated the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," the "Stabat Mater Speciosa," and others of the old Latin hymns. Not the least valuable part of his work have been the interesting and scholarly essays accompanying the various volumes of translations, all written in a prose remarkable alike for grace and vigor,—and an added charm of antique *naïveté*.

Dr. Coles, a few years ago, read before the New Jersey Medical Association, of which he was then President, a poem entitled "The Microcosm." It was, in fact, a rhymed description of the structure and functions of the human body, with discussions of suggested topics. As an "occasion poem," it certainly was a success. It met its audience, so to speak, on their own ground. It dealt with subjects with which they were thoroughly familiar, and it treated them in a philosophico-poetical manner, which gave them dignity, and produced, doubtless, in the minds of the professional hearers, those excitations and sentiments which were intended by the author.

When, however, the address came to be printed in book form, and to make its demand for appreciation upon the literary critic and the general public, it was perfectly natural that those points in which it had passed the limitations of the poetic art should be at once recognized, and that certain incongruous features should cause many to lose sight of the really noble inspiring thought, and the recurrent strain of true and virile poetry.

The attempt to recast the New Testament narrative, especially in a poetic form, is one of extreme difficulty and danger. Yet poets have made the attempt from the days of Nonnus, the Greek, with his Homeric paraphrase of St. John's Gospel, to the days of Longfellow, and Dr. Coles; for this is the task assumed by the author of "The Microcosm" in his latest poem, "The Evangel."* It is, in fact, a versified harmony of the four Gospels (parenthetically including not a little of the Old Testament), accompanied by abundant notes of an explanatory and argumentative nature. It is from no want of the ability either to versify agreeably or to write genuine poetry, but from what seems to us a false conception of the demands and limitations of the undertaking, that the author permits himself so many lines devoid of beauty or interest. On the other hand, we find in "The Evangel," passages pure and melodious in language, and beautiful in imagination,—passages of such high thought and noble expression as to be worth, to our thinking, a cart-load of the thoughtless but pretty verse which has easy vogue to-day—recalling, indeed, the sturdy simplicity and fervor of the English religious poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As examples of the author's happier style, we make room for two brief quotations, the first from "The Nativity," and the second from "The Baptism:"

"LIFT up your heads, ye gates! swing wide,
Ye dazzling portals of the morn!
Forth let the Filial Godhead ride
On wings of Cherubim upborne!

Nor dare, thou flushed and flattered East!
The Sun of Righteousness to stay,
Now that the long dark night hath ceased,
And souls are hungry for the day.

On mountain tops bright heralds stand,
With beautiful and shining feet,
And publish over sea and land
The welcome tidings, glad and sweet.

He comes! The sky is all on fire—
We see the bannered pomp unfurled,
The advancing Splendor rushing higher
To flood and overflow the world."

"O JORDAN! from thy crystal source—the crests,
The top, the springy sides, the streaming breasts
Of dewy Hermon—look! for thou hast heard
The wind-borne tidings of that whispered word.
Come down from Lebanon! make haste and come
With many a sparkling leap from thy high home!
Pure as the snows in which thou hast thy source,
Flow clear, receive no soil in all thy course!
Steep is the way and facile for thy feet;
Fly swift, for that the moments too are fleet!
The good news telling as thou sweepst along,
Thy murmurous gladness breaking into song.
With arrowy speed through wondering Merom dart!
Let awed Gennesaret its waters part
For a straight passage! not once looking back
To see how rippling smiles pursue thy track.
Since thou must keep the channel cleft for thee
Far down below the level of the sea,
Hasten the more and compensate delay
By swifter whirlings on thy spiral way!
Nor let the thousand links of that long chain
Thy hurrying feet entangle or detain!
Nor the rough terror of the steep descent,
Nor the mild beauty of the banks prevent
Thy due arrival at the destined place,
Where John and Jesus wait a little space!
No moment lose, but time thy coming, so
That the van waters shall have passed below—
Defiled by muddy affluents let in,
And wastings of the leprosy of sin.
O happy river! conscious in each drop
From thy clear bottom to thy smiling top—
Deep calling unto deep, as rapids swift
To foaming cataracts their voice uplift
In eager proclamation, far to near
And near to far, loud shouting, God is here!
Thou, ever reverent, o'er many a steep,
With keeelings many, and prostrations deep,
Falling and falling, low and lower fall
And kiss his feet, who is the Lord of all!"

"Moonfolk."*

MRS. AUSTIN has written a very pleasant book for children, and one with a quaint sort of original-

* The book is published by D. Appleton & Co., and handsomely gotten up with a view to the holidays. It contains about twenty-five reproductions of well-known engravings by means of the Albertype process.

* "Moonfolk." By Jane S. Austin. New York: George P. Putnam's Sons.

ity in it that makes it taking even to older readers. One charm it has—there is nothing "goody" about it, nor any cheap sentiment. Rhoda is a bright, active, natural, little girl, not made out of the dough from which the children in Sunday-school books are made, who resemble one another—all alike stiff and thin—as the figures with currant eyes do, that the baker cuts out of ginger-bread with a form. Mrs. Austin's book recalls "Alice in Wonderland," or, rather, makes us think of it; but her book has not the dash and unexpectedness of that more classic tale. It is cleverly done, however, and sure to be a Christmas favorite with healthy children. The illustrations are both designed and engraved by Mr. Linton.

"What Might Have Been Expected."

WITHOUT pausing to inquire why Mr. Frank R. Stockton chose this quaint title for his little story, it must be said that the incidents of the tale are just what might have happened. The plot of the story, if we may give its groundwork so dignified a name, is the endeavor of some young folks to provide means for the maintenance of an old and highly-valued colored woman who had certain indistinct "claims" on the family. The trials, struggles and disappointments of these children, in the discharge of their self-imposed duty, form the motive of the book. Unfolding these, the author has developed two planes of thought: one for the boys and girls, who will sympathize with the young actors in the drama and wonder what they will do next, and one for the grown people, who will see the natural querulousness of the aged beneficiary, the selfishness of some of the older *dramatis personæ*, and the shiftlessness and simple-hearted unthrift of the ex-slaves. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Stockton has written a genial satire. We cannot expect that the young people will see the fine sarcasm of some of "Aunt Matilda's" sayings and doings, nor the shrewd management of the Mica Mine people in getting the Boy Telegraph Company to build a line for them; but these will appreciate the weight of Harry's business troubles, and will be much tickled with Kate's excessively girl-like conduct toward the rabbit that she might have killed and didn't.

This delightful story is full of just such fine and delicate touches as those to which we have referred. The turkey hunt, the sledding on bare ground, the difficulty about the girl-secretary, the combat between Harry and his willful brother-stockholder—are all pictures pervaded with a certain quiet humor that is very rare. It is of that sort of humor which is so subtle that you wonder why you are pleased. And, notwithstanding the title of the work, it has a certain element of unexpectedness that makes it most pleasant reading. This is in the style, rather than in the story. It is making so much out of a simple subject, that grown-up critics will pause to analyze the author's work, very much as the feminine critic sometimes pauses, with a fresh surprise on the palate, and wonder "how it was made."

But the boys and girls will read "What Might Have Been Expected" with unalloyed delight. It has not the feverish charm of stories of wild adventure; but it has the dew and freshness of the woods and of artless youth. The story has been published as a serial in "St. Nicholas;" and, in the form in which Messrs. Dodd & Mead present it to the book-buying world, it is highly acceptable.

A Plaster Cast from the Face of Milton.

MR. F. B. PATTERSON, of 32 Cedar street, New York, publishes a large photograph of a plaster bust of Milton, the face of which was evidently cast from the living features, the hair having been afterward modeled and added to the bust. The original is at Cambridge, Eng., and Mr. Patterson's photograph is a very good copy of the photograph given in Mr. Samuel Leigh Sotheby's quaint and curious volume of "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton." There have been two unsatisfactory engravings made of the bust, which certainly deserves to be better known. It greatly helps to the understanding of Milton, especially in his character of prose writer and politician. It is a massive and noble front, but the face of a man who could hit hard; reminding one, not a little, of the grim Protector himself.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Electrical Motor.

THE new thermo-electric battery of Clamond seems fully to answer the expectations at first formed. For galvano-plastic work, it has already been adopted in many of the large establishments of Paris. It is now proposed to combine it with the Gramme machine to form a motor for light work. Recent experiments have shown that the ordinary small Gramme machine, used for illustrating the principle only, can furnish, when driven by three Bunsen cells, a force of two kilogram meters. Now, since two Clamond elements yield the same amount of electricity as three Bunsen elements, and consume 300 liters of gas per hour, it follows that the above amount of power, abundantly sufficient to run a sewing machine, for example, can be furnished at an expense of 1,500 liters of gas for five hours' work at a cost here in Philadelphia, assuming gas to cost $2.25 a thousand feet, of nearly twelve cents.—["Journal of the Franklin Institute."]

Carnivorous Plants.

OF these curious plants Dr. Hooker gives the following list:

1st. The Dionæa, the leaves of which form two lobes which spring together and thus imprison insects which alight on them. It is a singular fact that in this movement electrical currents are generated which are of the same character as those generated in the contraction of muscular fiber.

2d. The Drosera, like the preceding, an inhabitant of the New World. It captures its prey by means of sensitive hairs or filaments by which its leaves are covered.

3d. Sarracenia, presenting eight species, all natives of the Eastern States of North America. They

entrap their prey by means of trumpet-shaped leaves or pitchers which contain a liquid possessed of a digestive power.

4th. Darlingtonia; has two kinds of pitchers, one in its early and another in its adult state. It is found in California at an elevation of 5,000 feet.

5th. Nepenthes, which are natives of the Eastern Archipelago, from Borneo to Ceylon; has pitchers appended to the tips of its leaves.

Water from Sea-Ice.

In a recent paper Dr. John Rae asks: Is the ice formed on salt water fresh? or, in other words, if ice formed on the sea is thawed, will the water obtained thereby be fresh?

In answer, the Doctor says: "For a number of years past I have spoken with many persons on the above subject, and seldom, if ever, have I found a single individual who did not say that the ice of the sea was fresh. Some of these gentlemen are known in the scientific world, and many of them supported their opinions by quoting the highest written authorities on the subject, chiefly Tyndall's 'Forms of Water,' p. 132, which tells us that even when water is saturated with salt, the crystallizing force studiously rejects the salt, and devotes itself to the congelation of the water alone. *Hence the ice of sea-water, when melted, produces fresh water.*

"Before entering upon this subject, let me say a word or two on the first part of the quotation given:

"If a saturated solution of salt is frozen, and the ice so formed is fresh, it is evident that the salt that has been 'rejected' must be deposited or precipitated in a crystalline or some other solid form, because the water, if any remains unfrozen, being already saturated, can hold in solution no more salt than it already contains, a fact which might be practically applied for obtaining salt in cold climates."

Returning to the first inquiry, the Doctor then says: "During several long journeys to the Arctic coast in the early spring, before any thaw had taken place, the only water to be obtained was by melting snow or ice. By experience I found that a kettleful of water could be obtained by thawing ice, with a much less expenditure of fuel, and in a shorter time, than was required to obtain a similar quantity of water by thawing snow. Now, as we had to carry our fuel with us, this saving of fuel and of time was an important consideration, and we always endeavored to get ice for this purpose. We had another inducement to test the sea-ice frequently as to its freshness or the reverse.

"I presume that almost every one knows that to eat snow when it is very cold tends to increase thirst, whereas a piece of ice in the mouth is refreshing and beneficial, however cold it may be; we were, consequently, always glad to get a bit of fresh ice whilst at the laborious work of hauling our heavy sledges; yet, with these strong inducements, we were never able to find sea-ice, *in situ*, either eatable when solid or drinkable when thawed, it being invariably much too salt. The only exception to this rule was when we found rough ice, which, from its wasted appearance and irregular form, had evidently been the formation of a previous winter. This old ice, if projecting a foot or two above the water-level, was almost invariably fresh, and, when thawed, gave excellent drinking water. It may be said that these pieces of fresh ice were fragments of glaciers or icebergs; but this could not be so, as they were found where neither glaciers nor icebergs are ever seen."

The true explanation, the Doctor thinks, is, that when the sea freezes, a very strong brine remains enclosed in the minute cells or pores of the ice. So long as the latter continues to float at the same level as the sea, this brine remains; but when the ice is raised a little above the sea-level, the brine, by its greater specific gravity, gradually drains off, the cells, by their intercommunications, affording channels of drainage.

Elevation of Bowlders by Ice.

In northern regions, where the tide rises six or eight feet, bowlders, or rocks of considerable size, are often raised from the sea-bed to the surface of the ice produced thereon. Of this Dr. J. Rae gives the following explanation:

"When the ice is forming in early winter it rests, when the tide is out, on any bowlders that may be at or near low-water mark. At first, while the ice is weak, the bowlders break through it; but when the ice becomes two or three feet thick, it freezes firmly to the bowlder, and when the tide rises, is strong enough to lift the bowlder with it. Thus fastened to the ice, the stone continues to rise and fall with the rise and fall of each tide, until, as the winter advances, it becomes completely enclosed in the ice. In the spring, by the double effect of thaw and evaporation, the upper surface of the ice, to the extent of three feet or more, is removed, and thus the bowlders, which, in autumn, were lying at the bottom of the sea, are now on the ice, while it is still strong and thick enough to travel with its load before favorable winds and currents to a great distance."

Migration of Birds.

During a long attack of illness at Helsingfors, in Finland, the Swedish poet, Runeberg, has occupied himself by observing the habits of birds, and especially regarding the habit of migration, concerning which he offers the ingenious explanation that it is the result of an intense longing for light. "When the days shorten in the north, the birds go south; but as soon as the long northern nights set in with their luminous long-drawn hours, the wanderers return to their old haunts. It is generally supposed that they move southward to get more abundant food; but why do they leave the rich southern feeding grounds to return northward? Simply because one thing is richer there, and that is light. The same instinct that makes plants turn toward the light and stretch their branches to reach it, also works in birds and compels them to fly after and follow it. The bird of passage is of noble birth; he bears a motto, and his motto is *Lux mea dux*."

Memoranda.

M. Cailletet and others have of late been presenting memoirs to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which the question of high temperatures is discussed. In these, among other facts, it is shown that though the combustion of a candle, or other source of light, is greatly increased in brilliancy by burning in an atmosphere of condensed air, there is a limit at which this ceases, and, the flame becoming smoky, the brilliancy declines. From these results, Deville concludes that instead of the sun having a temperature of several million degrees, its limit is probably about 2,000° C.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science held its meeting this year at Lille. By a singular accident the speech of the President was published by the papers the day before it was delivered before the Association.

In reply to the prediction that the proposed improvement of the climate of Algeria by the inundation of the *bassin du Chott* would abolish the hot wind that melts the ice of the Swiss mountains and cause that country to go back to the glacial epoch, M. Leverrier says that, from the beneficial action of the little thread of water in the Suez Canal upon the adjacent district where rain had fallen, it might be expected that the evaporation from a water surface 300 kilometers long and 50 wide would provide an abundant rainfall for a district which the ancients called the granary of Italy.

Mr. James McFarland recently read a paper before the Chemical Section of the "Glasgow Philosophical Society," detailing experiments made by him to ascertain the nature of the coloring material in wax tapers, especially the red and green. One series of experiments gave him the following results:

White—Perfectly harmless; little ash.

Yellow—Harmless; colored with chromate of lead; ash, metallic.

Blue—Harmless; colored with ultramarine.

Red—Highly poisonous, containing 1.93 per cent. of vermilion; the tapers very highly colored; slight ash.

Green—Poisonous; color due to arsenic; metallic ash; quantity of arsenic probably about 1 per cent.

It is stated in the "New England Farmer" that onion plants can be made to resist the attack of maggots by planting the seed as deep as it will bear. The root then makes a larger growth, and affords more food than its enemies can devour.

If paper is wet in ammonio-sulphate of copper, and then passed between cylinders and dried, it becomes so impermeable to water that it may even be boiled in that fluid without undergoing disintegration. If a number of sheets are rolled together they become adherent, and so any required thickness may be obtained.

M. Henri de Fontenay finds that the blue pigment used by the ancient Egyptians consists of 70 parts white sand, 25 of chalk, 15 oxide copper, and 6 dry carbonate soda.

In an article in the "Annales des Mines" M. Janoyer says: "Iron presents a single texture, and that is granular; the others are merely metamorphoses of this. The classification of irons should, therefore, be based on their weldability—into welded, non-welded, and imperfectly welded irons; the granular iron representing the perfectly welded, and the fibrous iron that which is non-welded.

M. Dufour, of Lausanne, finds that the phenomena of diffusion through porous cells are shown by the same gas when in different kinds of moisture.

In a pamphlet by Dr. Carter Blake it is stated that the lakes in the north-east of Iceland are surrounded by primrose-colored mountains of pure sulphur.

In Australia, inoculation of cattle is now regularly practiced for the prevention of pleuro-pneumonia.

ETCHINGS.

The Reason.

THE family at dinner sat,
A little girl among the rest;
She talked of this, she talked of that,
She seemed with endless talk possessed.

"The deuce and all is in her tongue,
I can't get in a single word;
They used to say, when I was young,
'Little folks should be seen, not heard.'"

Her father thus. Then to her: "Child,
Why do you talk so? Tell me, pray."
She thought, looked up, and gravely smiled,
"Because I have so much to say."

A Christmas Sleigh-ride.

IT was nearly twelve o'clock before the festivities of Christmas Eve came to an end. But at last the candles on the Christmas-tree burned out. The children were put to bed, and I started to walk home. It was a cold star-lighted night, and the ground was well covered with snow.

When I reached the outskirts of the town, I took to the middle of the road, for there the snow was beaten down more compactly than on the sidewalks.

I had not walked far before I heard behind me the jingle of sleigh-bells. Although it approached slowly, the sleigh soon overtook me, and as I stepped aside to let it pass, the driver pulled up.

"Will you ride?" said he. "It is a cold and cheerless night to walk."

"Do you care for company?" I said, a little surprised, when I recognized him, although the invitation was given in a very cordial tone.

"I shall be very glad, indeed, of it," said he.

So I stepped in and sat down by him, drawing part of his great fur robe over my knees.

"You are driving slowly to-night," said I, when we had gone a little way.

"Yes," he answered. "There is no need to hurry. I used to drive about like mad, but, year by year, my work grows less, and my trips shorter, and now I have time enough, and to spare, to do all that is left me to do."

"And why is it," I asked, after a pause, "that the demands upon you so steadily diminish, and your coming is looked for with less interest as the years roll on?"

"You have noticed that, have you?" said he.

"Oh, yes!" said I. "I could not help noticing it."

"Of course not," he said. "Every body knows it. It is not a thing that can be easily concealed. But there are a great many reasons for it. The world is changing."

"That's true," said I, a little warmly. "But I don't see why the world need lose its belief in you."

"The general spread of intelligence," said he, "is a great thing—for some people."

There was no denying this statement, so I said nothing.

"See what a load I have," he said directly, motioning with his head to the back part of the sleigh. "And I shall carry the greater part of it home with me. I can't get rid of it to-night, I'm sure."

"What are you carrying now?" I asked, with considerable curiosity.

"If you'll take the lines, I'll show you," he said. "But perhaps you are not used to driving reindeer?"

"No, I am not used to it, but I'll try," and so saying, I took the lines from his hands. I found no difficulty at all in managing the reindeer. They jogged along as gently as old farm-horses. Vixen gave a few signs of impatience when he perceived the change in drivers, but a word from his master quieted him instantly.

The old gentleman pulled a bag from behind the seat, and taking it on his lap proceeded to show me some of the contents.

"They seem to be old-fashioned toys," I remarked.

"Yes," he said with a sigh, "these new-fangled affairs are of no service to me. You couldn't get a paddle-wheel steamer, with a real engine, into a common stocking. You'd ruin the vessel or the stocking. And there's scarcely a girl in the land who wears a stocking large enough to hold a doll's trunk, furnished with silk-dresses, bonnets, and all the necessary underclothes. No, I have to confine myself to such things as bear a proper proportion to the feet and legs of children. There is one thing," said he, turning upon me his still jolly old countenance, "that has had more influence than any thing else in causing the general indifference with which I am now regarded."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"Furnace-heat," he said. "What sensible person, old or young, could expect a fellow with a bag on his back, to come down a flue and through an iron register? It would be absurd to try to make even a child believe that any thing of the sort is possible."

And then he put away his bag and took the lines again, with a look of resignation.

"It's all wrong," said I, "all wrong! The old way was the best."

"No doubt of it," said he, "but what can you expect? Every thing old is changing, changing, changing."

"How about old furniture?" I asked. "That seems popular enough."

"That's changing, too," he answered. "Coming down out of the garret into the parlor. As to people, in general, I scarcely know what to make of them. There will soon be no such thing as Christmas. Hereabouts it's losing ground every year, and New Year's Day is taking its place. The jolly old Christmas festivities are almost forgotten, and the young men are satisfied to trot around on New Year's Day and nibble cake and drink wine at a hundred different places, while the women sit and smile at a hundred different men—some friends and some strangers—till the day's done. What's all that to the grand old times we used to have? But, as I said before, what can you expect? There are men now, who go so far as to assert that matter contains within itself the promise and potency of every form of life! Would you expect the children of such persons to hang up their stockings?"

"No," I said. "I don't think I would."

"Of course not," said he, with considerable asperity for so jovial an old fellow; "it would be entirely out of keeping. Go 'long, there! Get up, Vixen! Why, I tell you, sir, there are not half-a-dozen houses in that town behind us that I could get into. If you do manage to squeeze down a chimney, you're pretty sure to land in a kitchen fire, or in a cellar furnace! I hate furnaces! They're the invention of the Devil, sir, and pure air and pure Christianity are dying out with the open fire-places. Go 'long, you Blixen! I expect the next thing will be that the children will leave off their stockings altogether."

I saw that he was getting excited, and I did not wish to say anything that would further irritate him, so I simply remarked that he seemed to be driving faster.

"Yes," said he, whipping his reindeer into a smart gallop, "I'm going to a fine old farm-house that stands down yonder in the valley. There the people know how to live. There are great open fire-places with grand old wood-fires in them—shining brass andirons, big back-logs and a merry crackling blaze. Hi there, Vixen! There the children have been playing wild rollicking games all this evening, and there they have hung their stockings by the big fire-place in the kitchen! Go 'long there, hi! hi!"

The old man was now in a glow of delight. He cracked his whip and shouted to his reindeer. The gallant creatures seemed to catch his enthusiasm, and they dashed over the snow at the top of their speed.

"Isn't this—rather—rapid?" said I, as I clung fast to the side of the sleigh.

"Oh, yes!" he shouted, "this is the right sort of driving. This is the way people go when they want to get there. Hi! hi! Away with you, you rascals! There's the house, right before us!"

"Are you going to drive—on top?" said I, almost breathless from the rapidity of the ride.

"Certainly!" he cried. "But you needn't be afraid. I just take that shed first, then up to the roof of the kitchen, and then, clip! and away to the top of the house!"

At this he rose, and stood up in the sleigh, cracking his whip and shouting to his steeds at the top of his voice.

The reindeer dashed forward like mad—they reached the shed, they bounded up, the runners struck the eaves with a bang, and out I shot into a snow-bank— F. R. S.

THE selfishness of benevolence is the subject of an amusing poem by Barham, the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," which was dispatched to the great man of the neighborhood, who hunted the March country, and who happened to lose his hare in Barham's cabbage-garden. Here it is:

Benevolence.

THE lark sings loud at early morn
These woodland scenes among;
The deep-toned pack and echoing horn
Their jovial notes prolong.

And see! poor puss, with shortened breath,
Splashed sides and wearied feet,
In terror views approaching death,
And crouches at my feet.

Her strength is gone, her spirits fail,
Nor farther can she fly;
The hounds snuff up the tainted gale,
And nearer sounds the cry.

Poor helpless wretch! methinks I view
Thee sink beneath their power;
Methinks I see the ruffian crew
Thy tender limbs devour.

Yet oh! in vain thy foes shall come;
To cheer thee, trembling elf,
These guardian arms shall bear thee home—
I'll eat thee up myself!

EXTREME credulity was formerly considered the certain mark of a fool, but, as Sterne writes, we have changed all that. "What a great man he is," says a valet of some self-important personage, in French comedy, "nothing pleases him." "What a wise man he is," is now the criticism of the unthinking, "he believes in nothing." Skepticism is the characteristic of the period, and the more mischief it accomplishes, the better pleased its votaries are. Opinions that have prevailed for centuries, and have received the sanction of the wisest and best, are especially obnoxious to them. Like death, they "love a shining mark," and are never so happy as when discharging their little arrows at the sun.

The tendency to skepticism is destructive, but not so much so as we might suppose; for with an inconsistency that marks all its movements it is often as constructive as destructive. Given a character which the world has agreed to consider ignoble and infamous, it delights to rehabilitate it. "The devil is not so black as he is painted" is its motto, and he is but a sorry advocate who cannot say a good word for him and his children. Take Nero, for example; he was much misunderstood and maligned. So was Judas Iscariot, so was Lucretia Borgia, and Henry the Eighth and other historical "black sheep," whom skepticism has busied itself of late with whitewashing. There appears at the first sight to be something generous in this attempt to reverse the judgment of mankind, but the closer one follows it the more cause he has to think it mere perverse ingenuity. It affects a judicial fairness toward malefactors, in order to turn it against benefactors when its destructive fit comes on. It is convulsed with this at present in a mild way, and its object is the majestic shape of Shakespeare. One of our great dailies recently attempted to revive the absurd notion that he was an intellectual impostor. "Shakespeare! Shakespeare! who wrote it?" inquires one of the servants in "High Life below Stairs." "Ben Jonson," is the reply of a more literate member of the company.

The authorship of Shakespeare, which was thrown out as a jest in Garrick's day, has been gravely discussed in ours, and by those who pretend to knowledge in regard to the man and his time. "We know all about Shakespeare," they say, "and it is inconceivable that he could have written the plays which have come down to us with his name attached to them." We might say that we know nothing about him, which is true in a certain sense; but as it is sometimes advisable to answer a fool according to his folly, we humor our Shakespearean fool by inquiring, "And who wrote Shakespeare's plays, then?" "Lord Bacon." "How do you make that out?" "Because Shakespeare could not have written them, being an ignorant and unlettered boor, while Bacon could, being confessedly the master intellect of his age." "What do you make of Ben Jonson's poem, then?" "Jonson was in the secret of Bacon's authorship, and wrote the poem as a blind." We are required to believe this as a preliminary, and in spite of all that we know about the character of Jonson, which, thanks to Drummond, is not at all a hazy one. That so vainglorious and irascible a poet as rare old Ben would have stooped to such a piece of trickery is inconceivable. But we must believe it before we can begin to disbelieve in Shakespeare, which is quite another thing to believing in the poetic and dramatic genius of Bacon. Fortunately for us and Shakespeare, we have specimens of Bacon's verse, which is worse than indifferent.

To admit the Baconian theory of Shakespeare, except as a piece of ingenious pleasantry, demands a brain so addled with theory as to be incapable of literary judgment, or a capacity for credulity not given to mere commonplace mortals. The man, Shakespeare, was not so unknown to his contemporaries as the Baconians would have us believe. They knew him as the author of "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece" (unless the Baconians claim these poems as the first heirs of the invention of the future Lord Chancellor), and he was known in his thirty-fourth year, as the author of sundry tragedies and comedies, as well as certain sugared sonnets that circulated among his private friends. How do they deal with these evidences of Shakespeare's literary standing among the writers of his period? They ignore them, when they can, and when they cannot, they make light of them, as mere hearsay accounts that prove nothing but the belief of those who uttered them. The history of Literature contains no assumption so absurd as this, which compels us to think that all Shakespeare's acquaintances were either fools or knaves. We refuse to think so. Ben Jonson knew what he was saying, when he declared,

"He was not of an age, but for all time,"

and the centuries have ratified his prophecy. We accept his testimony to the greatness of Shakespeare, as honorable alike to himself and his more fortunate rival. As for my Lord Verulam, he must rest content without the laurels of Shakespeare. He has his glory as he has his shame. The glory of writing "Novum Organum,"—the shame of taking bribes.

"The cause is tried, the verdict taken:
'Tis settled, Shakespeare is not Bacon."

His Favorite Books.

SAID Jack: "You read all books but mine,
But mine—you haven't read them half."
"I have them, though, upon my shelves,
Appropriately bound in calf."

"You haven't read my last one now;
Why not? It is not much to do."
"I've some regard left for myself,
But more regard, dear Jack, for you.

"I like some books of yours, though, Jack,
Better than any I have met."
"What books?" he asked in glad surprise.
"Those which you haven't written yet!"

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY, 1875. NO. 4.

FOR CUPID DEAD.

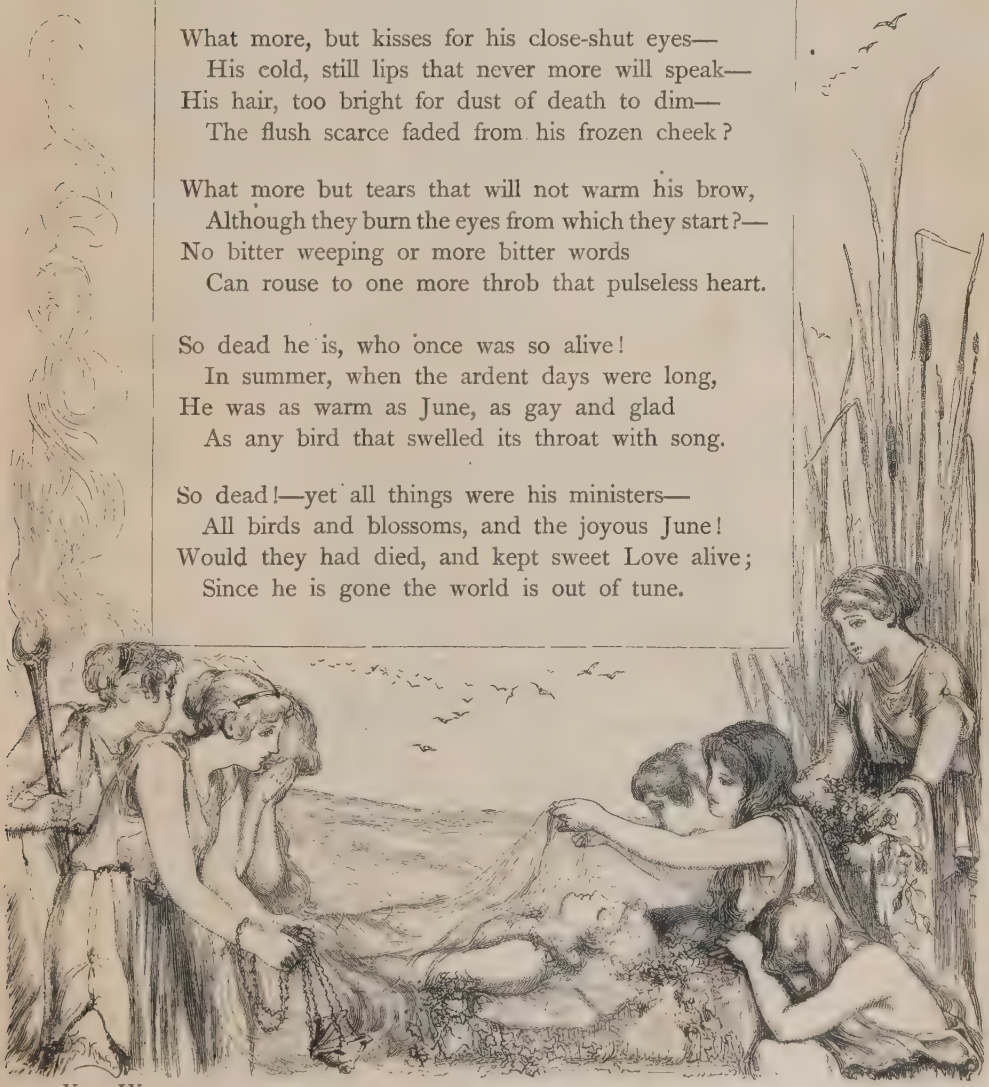
WHEN Love is dead, what more but funeral rites—
To lay his sweet corse lovingly to rest,
To cover him with rose and eglantine,
And all fair posies that he loved the best?

What more, but kisses for his close-shut eyes—
His cold, still lips that never more will speak—
His hair, too bright for dust of death to dim—
The flush scarce faded from his frozen cheek?

What more but tears that will not warm his brow,
Although they burn the eyes from which they start?—
No bitter weeping or more bitter words
Can rouse to one more throb that pulseless heart.

So dead he is, who once was so alive!
In summer, when the ardent days were long,
He was as warm as June, as gay and glad
As any bird that swelled its throat with song.

So dead!—yet all things were his ministers—
All birds and blossoms, and the joyous June!
Would they had died, and kept sweet Love alive;
Since he is gone the world is out of tune.



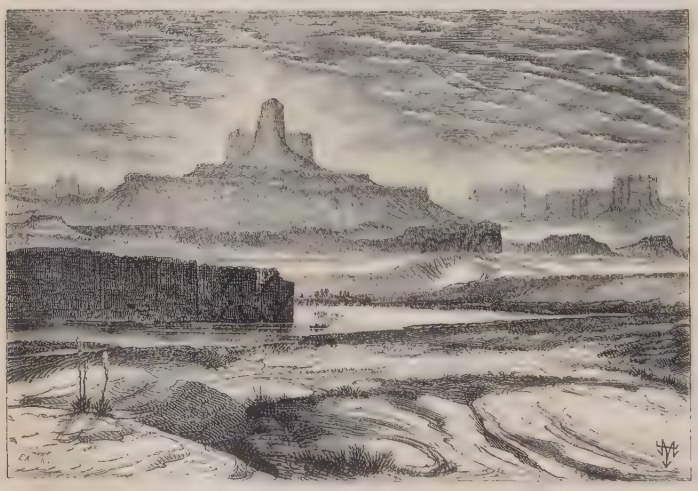
THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

(SECOND PAPER.)

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL.

AFTER passing the mouth of the San Rafael, we entered the mouth of another cañon. The walls of this were of orange-colored sandstone, very homogeneous, usually vertical, though not very high at first. Where the river swept around a curve, a vast hollow dome might be seen, with many caves and deep alcoves. The river sweeps in great curves and doubles upon itself many times. Sometimes we went by a great bend for several miles and came back within a stone's throw of points where we had been before. We called this "Labyrinth Cañon."

There was an exquisite charm in our ride down this beautiful gorge; it gradually grew deeper with every mile we traveled; the walls were symmetrically curved, grandly arched, and of a beautiful color. They were reflected in the quiet water in many places so as to almost deceive the eye. We were all in fine spirits, and the badinage of the men was echoed from wall to wall. Now and then a whistle, a shout, or the report of a pistol would reverberate among the cliffs,



TOOM-PIN WOO-NEAR TOO-WEAP.

and the cañon seemed filled with strange weird voices.

Labyrinth Cañon ends abruptly, as did the Cañon of Desolation and Gray Cañon, as the table or great geographical bench through which it is cut terminates on the south in a line of cliffs.

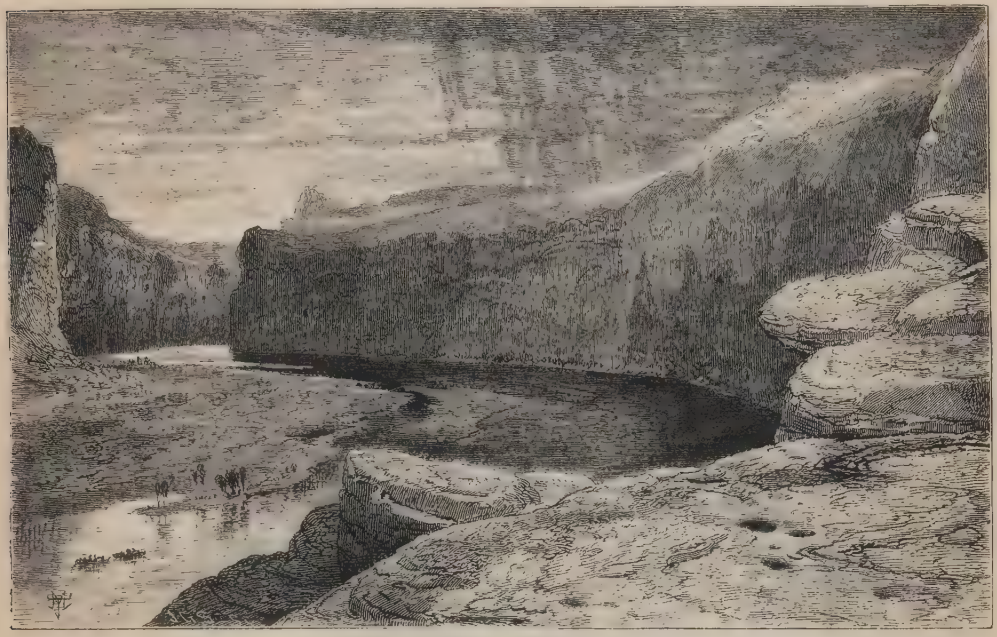
Let us understand these cañons. Leaving the Uinta Valley and going south by land, you climb gradually as you advance, so that on passing to the south a distance of forty miles, you are more than three thousand feet above the starting-point. The country then drops off suddenly by a bold, abrupt step of more than three thousand feet, which in many places is vertical for hundreds of feet. Through this inclined plateau the Cañon of Desolation is cut. To the north, of course, the walls are low; at the southern extremity of the plateau, they are more than three thousand feet high.

Through such another inclined terrace Gray Cañon is cut, except that it is narrower and lower, the azure cliffs which terminate this terrace being but two thousand feet high.

The Orange Cliffs, forming the southern escarpment of the great plateau through which Labyrinth Cañon is cut, are but thirteen hundred feet high. Thus there are three benches, or terraced steps, the escarpments or lines of cliffs, and three great cañons, forming the channel of the river across this terraced land. The northern escarpment we called the Brown Cliffs; the middle, the Book Cliffs; and the southern, the Orange Cliffs.

Climb the cliffs at the foot of Labyrinth Cañon and look over the plain below, and you see vast numbers of sharp, angular buttes, and pinnacles, and towers, and standing rocks, scattered about over scores of miles, and every butte, and pinnacle, and tower so regular and beautiful, that you can hardly cast aside the belief that they are works of Titanic art. It seems as if a thousand battles had been fought on the plains below, and on every field the giant heroes had built a monument, compared with which

the pillar on Bunker Hill is but a milestone. But no human hand has placed a block in all those wonderful structures; the rain-drops of unreckoned ages have cut them from the solid rock.



GLEN CAÑON.

Climb the Book Cliffs, and look off to the south over plains of orange and golden sands, and here and there you see massive towering buttes of gypsum. Sometimes the faces of these buttes are as white as the heart of the alabaster from which they are carved, while in others they are stained and mottled red and brown. These alabaster buttes are in the distance; nearer the foot of the cliffs are buttes of azure shades, capped with massive sandstones and limestones.

The summit of the high plateau, through which the Cañon of Desolation is cut, is fretted into pine-clad hills with nestling valleys and meadow-bordered lakes, for now we are in that upper region where the clouds yield their moisture to the soil. In these meadows herds of deer carry aloft with pride their branching antlers, and sweep the country with their sharp outlook, or test the air with their delicate nostrils for the faintest evidence of an approaching Indian hunter. Huge elk, with heads bowed by the weight of ragged horns, feed among the pines, or trot with headlong speed through the undergrowth, frightened at the report of the red man's rifle. Eagles sail down from distant mountain summits and make their homes upon the trees. Grouse feed on the pine-nuts, and birds and beasts have a home from which they rarely wander to the desert lands below. Among the buttes on the lower terraces rattlesnakes crawl, lizards glide over the rocks, tarantulas stagger about, and red ants build their playhouse mountains. Sometimes rabbits are seen, and wolves prowl in their quest. But the desert has no bird of sweet song, and no beast of noble mien.

Immediately on leaving Labyrinth Cañon, we entered another with quiet water, so we called it "Still-water Cañon." This cañon is cut through the region of standing rocks which I have before mentioned. The Indians call this "Toom-pin Woo-near Tooweap," the Land of Standing Rocks. It is a weird, grand region. The landscape everywhere away from the river is of rock, a pavement of rock with cliffs of rock, tables of rock, plateaus of rock, terraces of rock, crags of rock, buttes of rock, ten thousand strangely carved forms; rocks everywhere, and no vegetation, no soil, no sand. In long gentle curves the river winds about these rocks.

When speaking of them, we must not conceive of piles of bowlders or heaps of fragments, but a whole landscape of naked rock with giant forms carved on it, cathe-

dral-shaped buttes towering hundreds or thousands of feet, cliffs that cannot be scaled, and cañon walls that make the river shrink into insignificance, with vast hollow domes and tall pinnacles, and shafts set on the verge overhead, and all the rocks, tinted with buff, gray, red, brown, and chocolate, never lichened, never moss-covered, but bare, and sometimes even polished. Strange, indeed, is "Toom-pin Woo-near Too-weap."

REPAIRING BOATS AT THE MOUTH OF DIRTY DEVIL RIVER.

On the 17th of July we reached the junction of the Grand and Green, the head of the Colorado River.

Here we decided to go into camp for several days. The first day was spent in spreading our rations to dry, for we found them badly injured. The flour had been wet many times, and was now musty and full of hard lumps; so we made a sieve of mosquito bar and sifted it, losing more than two hundred pounds by the process. Our losses by the wrecking of the "No Name" and by various mishaps, together with the amount now thrown away, left us but little more than two months' supplies, and to make them last this long we must be fortunate enough to lose no more.

On the 19th of July Bradley and I climbed the left wall, below the junction of the streams. The path we selected was up a gulch. After climbing for an hour we found ourselves in a vast amphitheater, and our way cut off. We clambered around to the left for half an hour until we found that we could not go up in that direction. Then we tried the rocks around to the right, and discovered a narrow shelf nearly half a mile long. In some places this was so wide that we passed along with ease; in others it was so narrow and sloping that we were compelled to lie down and crawl. We could look over the brink of the shelf down eight hundred feet and see the river rolling and plunging among the rocks. The edge of the cliff, five hundred feet above, seemed to blend with the sky. We went on until we came to a point where the wall was again broken down, and up this we climbed. On the right there was a narrow mural point of rocks extending toward the river, two or three hundred feet high, and six or eight hundred feet long. As last we came back to where this set in, and found it cut off from the main wall by a great crevice. Into this we passed, and now a long, narrow rock was between us and the river. The rock itself was split longitudinally and transversely, and the rains on the surface above had run down through the crevices and gathered into channels below, and then run off into the river. The crevices were usually narrow above, and, by erosion of the streams, wider below, forming a net-work of caves, but each cave having a narrow, winding sky-light up through the rocks. We wandered among these cor-

ridors for an hour or two, but found no place where the rocks were broken down so that we could climb up. At last we determined to attempt a passage by a crevice, and selected one which we thought wide enough to admit of the passage of our bodies, and yet narrow enough to climb out by pressing our hands and feet against the walls; so we climbed as men would out of a well. Bradley went first; I handed him the barometer, then climbed over his head, and he handed the barometer to me; so we passed each other alternately, until we emerged from the fissure on the summit of the rock.

What a world of grandeur was spread before us! Below was the cañon through which the Colorado runs; we could trace its course for miles, and at points catch glimpses of the river. From the north-west came the Green in a narrow, winding gorge. From the north-east came the Grand through a cañon that seemed, from where we stood, bottomless. Away to the west were lines of cliffs and ledges of rock; not such ledges as you may see where the quarryman splits his blocks, but ledges from which the gods might quarry mountains; not cliffs where you may see the swallow build its nest, but where the soaring eagle is lost to view before he reaches the summit. Between us and the distant cliffs were the strangely carved and pinnacled rocks of the "Toom-pin Woo-near Too-weap." Away to the east a group of eruptive mountains were seen—the Sierra La Sal. Their slopes were covered with pine, and deep gulches were flanked with great crags, and snow-fields were seen near the summits; so the mountains were in uniform—green, gray, and silver. Wherever we looked there was a wilderness of rocks—deep gorges where the rivers are lost below cliffs, and towers, and pinnacles, and ten thousand strangely carved forms in every direction, and beyond them mountains blending with the clouds.

We started again on the 21st of July, and found the river rough with bad rapids in close succession. In running one of these the "Emma Dean" was swamped, and we were thrown into the river; but we clung to her, and in the first quiet water below she was righted and bailed out; but three of our oars were lost. The larger boats landed above the dangerous place and a portage was made. At night we camped on some rocks on the left bank under a cliff where we could scarcely find room to lie down.

And so progress was made from day to day with much labor, for we found many rapids and falls more difficult to master than any before. We named this "Cataract Cañon."

SIDE CAÑON IN GLEN CAÑON.

Midway down the cañon the more difficult cataracts were passed, the walls were found more regular, and the river, though swift, was rarely beset with rocks. The scenery was grand; there were many side

cañons which we explored from time to time, always finding new wonders. I must describe one of these little excursions. One day Bradley, Captain Powell and myself went up one of the side cañons, entering it through a very narrow passage, having to wade along the course of a little stream until a cascade interrupted our progress. Then we climbed to the right for a hundred feet until we reached a little shelf along which

MONUMENT IN GLEN CAÑON.

we passed walking with great care, for it was narrow, until we passed around the fall. Here the gorge widened into a spacious sky-roofed chamber. In the farther end was a beautiful grove of cotton-woods, and between us and the cotton-woods the little stream widened out into three clear lakelets with bottoms of smooth rock. Beyond the cotton-woods the brook tumbled in a series of white, shining cascades, from heights that seemed immeasurable. Turning around, we could look through the cleft by which we came on the river and see towering walls beyond.

Our way the rest of that day was through a gorge, grand beyond description. We seemed to be in the depths of the earth and yet could look down into waters that reflected a bottomless abyss.

We arrived early in the afternoon at the head of more rapids and falls, but wearied with past work we determined to rest, and so we went into camp, and the afternoon and evening were spent by the men in discussing the probabilities of successfully navigating the river below. The barometric records were examined to see what descent we had made since we left the mouth of the Grand, and what descent since we left the Pacific Railroad, and what fall there yet must be to the river ere we reached the end of the great cañon. The conclusion at which they arrived was about this: that there were great descents yet to be made, but if they were distributed in rapids and short falls as they had been heretofore, we should be able to overcome them. But perhaps we should come to a fall in these cañons which we could not pass, where the walls would rise from the water's edge so that we could not land, and where the water would be so swift that we could not return. Places like this had been found, except that the falls were not so great as to prevent our running them with safety. But how would it be in the future?

By the 26th of July, we found our boats once more in a bad condition; they had been beaten so much against the rocks that they were leaking badly, so we lay over a day for repairs. About ten o'clock, Bradley, Powell, Howland, Hall and myself started up a side cañon to the east for the purpose of climbing out to a pine forest above where we hoped to obtain some pitch for our boats. We soon came to a pool of water, then to a brook, which was lost in the sands below; passing up the brook the cañon narrowed, the walls closed in and were often overhanging. At last we found ourselves in a vast amphitheater with a pool of deep, clear, cold water on the bottom. At first our way seemed cut off, but we soon discovered a little shelf, along which we climbed, and, passing beyond the pool, walked a hundred yards or more, turned to the right and found ourselves in another amphitheater. There

NOONDAY REST IN MARBLE CAÑON.

was a winding cleft at the top reaching out to the country above, nearly two thousand feet overhead. The rounded, basin-shaped bottom was filled with water to the foot of the walls, and there was no shelf by which we could pass around to the foot; if we swam across, we met with a face of rock a hundred feet high, over which a little rill glided; and which it would be impossible to climb. We turned back and examined the walls on either side carefully, to discover, if possible, some other way of climbing out. In this search every man took his own course, and we were soon scattered. I almost abandoned the idea of getting out, and was engaged in searching for fossils, when I

discovered, on the north, a broken place up which it might be possible for me to climb. The way for a distance was up a slide of rocks, then up an irregular wall by

THE SPANISH BAYONET IN MARBLE CAÑON.

projecting points that formed steps and gave hand-hold, and then I reached a little shelf, along which I walked, and discovered a vertical fissure parallel to the face of the wall, and reaching to a higher shelf. This fissure was narrow, and I tried to climb up to the bench, which was about forty feet overhead, though I had a barometer on my back, which rather impeded my climbing. The walls of the fissure were of smooth limestone, offering neither foot- nor hand-hold; so I supported myself by pressing my back against one wall and my knees against the other, and in this way lifted my body, in a shuffling manner, a few inches at a time, until I had made perhaps twenty-five feet of the distance, when the crevice widened a little and I could not press my knees against the rocks in front with sufficient force to give me support in lifting my body. I tried to go back, but this I could not do without falling, so I struggled along, sidewise, farther into the crevice where it narrowed. By this time my muscles were exhausted and I could climb no longer, so I moved still a little farther into the crevice, where it was so narrow and wedging that I could lie in it, and there I rested. Five or ten minutes of this relief and up once more I pushed, till I reached the bench above. On this I could walk for a quarter of a mile, till I reached a place where the wall was again broken down so that I could climb up still farther. In an hour I reached the summit.

Hanging up my barometer to give it a few minutes to settle, I occupied myself in collecting resin from the piñon pines, which were found in great abundance. One of the principal objects of the climb was to get this resin for the purpose of smearing our boats, but I had with me no means of carrying it down. The day was very hot and my coat had been left in camp, so I had no linings to tear out, but it occurred to me to cut off the sleeve of my shirt and tie it up at one end, and in this little sack I collected about a gallon of pitch. After taking observations for altitude, I wandered back on the rocks for an hour or two, when, suddenly, I noticed that a storm was coming from the south. I sought a shelter in the rocks, but when the storm burst, it came down as a flood from the heavens,—not with gentle drops at first, slowly increasing in quantity, but as if suddenly poured from an immense basin. I was thoroughly drenched and almost washed away. It lasted not more than half-an-hour, when the clouds swept by to the north, and I was in the sunshine again.

In the meantime, I discovered a better way of getting down and started for camp, making the greatest haste possible. On reaching the bottom of the side cañon I found a thousand streams rolling down the cliffs on every side, carrying with them red sand, and these all united in the cañon below in one great stream of red mud. Traveling as fast as I could run, I soon reached the foot of the stream, for the rain did not reach the lower end of the cañon, and the water was running down a dry bed of sand; and although it came in waves several feet high and fifteen or twenty feet

in width, the sand soaked it up and it was lost. Wave followed wave and rolled along and was swallowed up, and still the floods came from above. I found I could travel faster than the stream, so I hastened on to camp and told the men there was a river coming down the cañon. We carried our camp equipage from the bank to where we thought it would be above the water, and then stood by to see the river roll on to join the Colorado.

Near the foot of Cataract Cañon the walls suddenly closed in, so that the gorge was narrower than we had before seen it. The water filled it from wall to wall, giving no landing-place at the foot of the cliffs; the river was very swift, the cañon very tortuous, so that we could see but a few hundred yards ahead. The walls towered overhead, often overhanging so as to almost shut out the light. I stood on deck watching with intense anxiety, lest the way should lead us into danger, but we glided along with no obstruction, no falls, no rapids, and in a mile and a half emerged from the narrow gorge into a more open and broken portion of the cañon. Now that it is past, it seems a very simple thing indeed to run through such a place; but the fear of what might be, made a deep impression upon all of us. Shortly after, we arrived at the foot of Cataract Cañon. Here a long cañon

HEAD OF THE GRAND CAÑON—THE JUNCTION OF THE LITTLE AND THE GREAT COLORADO.

valley comes down from the east, and the river turns sharply to the west in a continuation of the line of the lateral valley. In the bend on the right vast numbers of crags, and pinnacles, and tower-shaped rocks are seen. We called it "Mille Crag Bend."

On the 29th of July, we entered a cañon with low red walls. A short distance below its head we discovered the ruins of an old building on the left wall. There is a narrow plain between the river and the wall just here, and on the brink of a rock two hundred feet high this old house stood. Its walls were of stone laid in mortar with much regularity. It was probably built three stories high; the lower story was yet almost intact, the second much broken down, and scarcely anything was left of the third. Great quantities of flint chips were found on the rocks near by, and many arrow-heads, some perfect, others broken, and fragments of pottery were strewn about in great profusion. On the face of the cliff under the building, and along down the river for two or three hundred yards, there were many etchings. Two hours were given to the examination of these interesting ruins, when we ran down fifteen miles farther and discovered another group.

The principal building was situated on the summit of the hill. Parts of the walls were standing to the height of eight or ten feet, and the mortar still remained in some places. The house was in the shape of an L, with five rooms on the ground floor; one in the angle and two in each extension. In the space in the angle there was a deep excavation. From what we knew of the people in the province of Tusayan, who are doubtless of the same race as the former inhabitants of these ruins, we concluded that this was a "Kiva" or underground chamber in which their religious ceremonies were performed.

The sandstone through which this cañon is cut is red and homogeneous, being the same as that through which Labyrinth Cañon runs. The smooth naked rock stretches out on either side of the river for many miles, but curiously carved mounds and cones are scattered everywhere, and deep holes are worn out. Many of these pockets were filled with water, and in one of these holes or wells, twenty feet deep, I found a tree growing. The excavation was so narrow I could step from its brink to a limb of the tree, and descend to the bottom of the well down a growing ladder. Many of these pockets are pot holes, being found in the course of little rills or brooks that run only during the rains which occasionally fall in this region, and often a few harder rocks, which evidently assisted in their excavation, could be found in their bottoms. Others which are shallower are not so easily explained. Perhaps they are found where softer spots existed in the sandstone, places that yielded more readily to atmospheric degradation, and where the loose sands were carried away by the winds.

Just before sundown I attempted to climb a rounded eminence, from which I hoped to obtain a good outlook over the surrounding country. It was formed of smooth mounds piled one above another, and up these I climbed, winding here and there to find a practicable way, until near the summit, when they became too steep for me to proceed. I searched about for a few minutes for a more easy way; what was my surprise at finding a stairway, evidently cut in the rock by human hands! At one place, where there is a vertical wall ten or twelve feet high, I found an old rickety ladder. It may be that this was a watch-tower of that ancient people whose homes we had found in ruins. On many of the tributaries of the Colorado I had before examined their deserted dwellings. Those that showed evidences of being built during the latter part of their occupation of the country were usually placed on the most inaccessible cliffs. Sometimes the mouths of caves had been walled across, and there were many other evidences showing their anxiety to secure defensible positions.

Probably the nomadic tribes were sweeping down upon them and they resorted to these cliffs and cañons for safety. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this orange mound was used as a watch-tower.

I stood where a lost people had lived centuries ago, and looked over the same strange country. I gazed off to great mountains in the north-west, slowly covered by the night until they were lost, and then turned toward camp. It was no easy task to find my way down the wall in the darkness, and I clambered about until nearly midnight, before I arrived there.

We made good progress the next day, as the water, though smooth, was swift. Sometimes the cañon walls were vertical to the top, sometimes vertical below with a mound-covered slope above, and in other places the slope with its mounds came down to the water's edge. Farther down we found the orange sandstone cut in two by a group of

firm, calcareous strata, the lower bed underlaid by soft gypsiferous shales. Sometimes the upper, homogeneous bed was a smooth vertical wall, but usually it was carried into mounds with gently meandering valley lines. The lower bed, yielding to gravity as the softer shales below worked out into the river, broke into angular surfaces often having a columnar appearance. One could almost imagine that the walls had been carved with the purpose of representing giant architectural forms. In the deep recesses of the walls we found springs with mosses and ferns on the moistened sandstone.

RUNNING A RAPID.

Near our camp, below, there was a low, willow-covered strip of land along the wall on the east, and across this we walked to explore an alcove which was seen from the river. On entering we found a little grove of box-elder and cotton-wood trees, and, turning to the right, found ourselves in a vast chamber, carved out of the rocks. At the upper end there was a clear, deep pool of water bordered with verdure. Standing by the side of this and looking back, we could see the grove at the entrance. The chamber was more than two hundred feet high, five hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide. Through the ceiling and on through the rocks for a thousand feet above there was a narrow winding sky-light, and this was all carved out by a little stream which run during the few showers that fall now and then in that arid country. The waters, gathering rapidly on the bare rocks back of the cañon into a small channel, have carved a deep side cañon, through which they run until they fall into the farther end of this chamber. The rock at the ceiling is hard, the rock below very soft and friable, and having cut through the upper harder portion down into the lower and softer, these friable sandstones crumble and are washed out by the stream, and thus the chamber has been excavated.

Here we brought our camp, and when "Old Shady" sang us a song at night we were pleased to find this hollow in the rock filled with sweet sounds. It was doubtless made for an Academy of Music by a storm-born architect, so we named it "Music Temple."

Desirous of obtaining a view of the adjacent country, if possible, the men early the next morning rowed me across the river, and I passed along by the foot of the cliff

half a mile up stream, and then climbed first up broken ledges, then two or three hundred yards up a smooth, sloping rock, and then passed out on a narrow ridge. Still I found that I had not attained an altitude from which I could overlook the region

STANDING ROCKS ON POWELL'S PLATEAU.

outside of the cañon; so I descended into a little gulch, and climbed again to a higher ridge all the way along naked sandstone, and at last I reached a point of commanding view, where I could look several miles up the San Juan, and a long distance up the Colorado, and could see, away to the north-west, the Henry Mountains; to the north-east, the Sierra La Sal; to the south-east, unknown mountains, and to the south-west, the meanderings of the cañon. Then I returned to camp.

The features of this cañon are greatly diversified. Vertical walls are usually found to stand above great curves, and the river, sweeping around these bends, has undermined the cliffs in places; sometimes the rocks are overhanging. In other curves curious narrow glens are found. Into these we climbed by a rough stairway, perhaps several hundred feet, to where a spring burst out from under an overhanging cliff, and about the spring cotton-woods and willows stood, while along the curves of the brooklet oaks grew and other rich vegetation was seen, in marked contrast to the general appearance of naked rock. Other wonderful features are the many side cañons or gorges that we passed; sometimes we stopped to explore these for a short distance.

In some places these walls are much nearer each other above than below, so that they looked somewhat like caves or chambers in the rocks. Usually in going up such a gorge we found beautiful vegetation, and our way was often cut off by deep basins or pot holes. On the walls back, and many miles into the country, numbers of monument-shaped buttes were observed, carved walls, royal arches, glens, alcove gulches, mounds, and monuments. From which of these features should we select a name? We finally named this "Glen Cañon."

Past these towering monuments, past these billows of orange sandstone, past these oak-set glens, fern-decked alcoves and mural curves, we glided hour after hour, stopping now and then as our attention was arrested by some new wonder, until we reached a point which is historical. In the year 1776, Father Escalante, a Spanish priest, made an expedition from Santa Fé to the north-west, crossing the Grand and Green, and then passing down the Wasatch Mountains and the southern plateaus, until he reached the Rio Virgen. His intention was to cross to the Mission of Monterey, but from information received from the Indians he decided that the route was impracticable. Not wishing to return to Santa Fé over the circuitous route by which he had just traveled, he attempted to go by one more direct, and which led him across the Colorado at a point known as El Vado de los Padres. From the description which we have read we were enabled to determine the place. A little stream comes down through a very narrow side cañon from the west. It was down this that he came, and our boats were brought up at the point where the ford crosses. A well-beaten Indian trail was seen here still. Between the cliff and the river there is a little meadow. The ashes of many camp fires were seen, and the bones of numbers of cattle were bleaching on the grass. For several years the Navajo Indians have raided on the Mormons who dwell in the valleys to the west, and doubtless cross frequently at this ford with their stolen cattle.

On the 5th of August, not without some feeling of anxiety, we entered a new cañon. By this time we had learned to closely

observe the texture of the rock. In softer strata we had a quiet river; in harder, we found rapids and falls. Below us were the limestones and hard sandstones which we met in Cataract Cañon. This boded toil and danger. Besides the texture of the rocks there was another condition which affected the character of the channel, as we found by experience.

Where the strata were horizontal, the river was often quiet, and even though it might be very swift in places, no great obstacles were found. Where the rocks inclined in the direction traveled, the river usually swept with great velocity. But where the rocks dipped up stream, and the river cut obliquely across the upturned formations, harder strata above and softer below, then we must look out for rapids and falls.

Into hard rocks, and into rocks dipping up stream we passed, and started on a long, rocky, mad rapid. On the left there was vertical rock, and down by this cliff and around to the left we glided, just tossed enough by the waves to make us appreciate the rate at which we were traveling. The cañon was narrow, with vertical walls, which gradually grew higher, and more rapids and falls were found. We came to one with a drop of sixteen feet, around which we made a portage. A run of two miles, and then came another portage, long and difficult.

One day we came to a place where the river occupied the entire channel, and the walls were vertical from the water's edge. We saw a fall below and rowed up against the cliff. There was a little shelf, or rather a horizontal crevice, a few feet over our heads. One man stood on the deck of the boat, another climbed on his shoulders and then into the crevice. We passed him a line, and two or three others, with myself, followed and passed along the crevice until it became a shelf, as the upper part or roof was broken off. On this we walked for a short distance, slowly climbing all the way until we reached a point where the shelf was broken off, and we could go no farther. Then we went back to the boats, crossed the stream, got some logs that had lodged in the rocks, brought them to our side, passed them along the crevice and shelf, and bridged over this broken place. We went on to a point over the falls, but did not obtain a satisfactory view. Then we climbed out to the top of the wall and walked along to a point below the fall, from which it could be seen. It seemed possible to let our boats down with lines, to the head of the rapid, and then make a portage; so we returned, rowed down by the

CLIMBING THE GRAND CAÑON.

side of the cliff as far as we dared, and fastened one of the boats to a rock. Next we let another boat out to the end of its line beyond the first, and the third boat to the end of its line below the second, which brought it to the head of the fall, and under an overhanging rock. Then the upper boat, in obedience to a signal, let go; we pulled in the line and caught the nearest boat as it came, and then the last. Then we made our portage, and passed the fall.

On August 7th there was to be an eclipse of the sun, and Captain Powell and I started out early to climb the wall, taking our instruments with us, to determine our longitude. Arriving at the summit after four hours' hard climbing to attain an altitude of two thousand feet, we built a platform of rocks on which to place our instruments, and waited for the eclipse, but clouds and rain came on, and sun and moon were obscured.

Much disappointed, we started on our return to camp, but it was late, and the clouds made the night very dark. We felt our way down among the rocks with great care for two or three hours, though making slow progress. At last we lost our way, and dared proceed no farther. The rain came down in torrents, and we could find no shelter. We could neither climb up nor go down, and in the darkness dared not move about but sat on the rocks and "weathered out" the long night.

The limestone of this cañon is often polished, and makes a beautiful marble. Sometimes the rocks are of many colors—white, gray, pink, and purple, with saffron tints. It was with very great labor that we made progress, meeting with many obstructions, running rapids, letting down our boats with lines from rock to rock, and sometimes carrying boats and cargoes around bad places. At one place we camped, after a hard portage, under an overhanging wall, glad to find shelter from the rain, and equally glad to find a few sticks of drift-wood just sufficient to boil a pot of coffee. The water sweeps rapidly in this elbow of river and has cut its way under the rock, excavating a vast half-circular chamber, which, if utilized for a theater, would give sitting for fifty thousand people. Objections might be urged against it from the fact that at high water the floor is covered with a raging flood.

Soon after passing this point the scenery was on a grand scale. The walls of the cañon, twenty-five hundred feet high, were of marble of many beautiful colors, often polished below by the waves, or far up the sides where showers had washed the sands over the cliffs. At one place I had a walk, for more than a mile, on a marble pavement all polished and fretted with strange devices, and embossed in a thousand fantastic patterns. Through a cleft in the wall the sun shone on this pavement, which gleamed in iridescent beauty. Up into this cleft I found my way. It was very narrow, with a succession of pools standing at higher levels as I went back. The water in these pools was clear and cool, coming down from springs. Then I returned to the pavement, which was but a terrace or bench over which the river ran at its flood, but left bare at this time. Along the pavement in many places were basins of clear water, in strange contrast to the red mud of the river. At length I came to the end of this marble terrace, and jumped aboard the boat. Riding down a short distance a beautiful view was presented. The river turned sharply to the east, and seemed inclosed by a wall set with a million brilliant gems. What could it mean!—every one wondered. On coming nearer we found a fountain bursting from the rock high overhead, and the spray in the sunshine formed the gems which bedecked the walls. The rocks below the fountain were covered with mosses and ferns and many beautiful flowering plants. We named it "Vasey's Paradise," in honor of the botanist who traveled with us the previous year.

When it rains in these cañons scarcely do the first drops fall ere little rills are formed and run down the walls; as the storms come on the rills increase in size, until they become streams. Although the walls of this cañon are chiefly limestone, the country adjacent is of red sandstone, and the waters loaded with these sands come in rivers of bright red mud, leaping over the walls in innumerable cascades. It is easy to see why these walls present a polished surface in many places.

We had cut through the sandstones and limestones met in the upper part of this cañon, and through one great bed of marble a thousand feet in thickness. In this, great numbers of caves are hollowed out, and carvings are seen which suggest architectural forms, though on a scale so grand that architectural terms belittle them.

As this great bed forms a distinctive feature of the cañon, we called it Marble Cañon. Along the walls many projections are set out into the river as if they were

buttressed for support. The walls themselves are half a mile high, and these buttresses are on a corresponding scale, jutting into the river scores of feet. In the recesses between these projections there are quiet bays of water, except at the foot of a rapid, when they become dancing eddies or whirlpools. Sometimes these alcoves have caves at the back, giving them the appearance of great depth; then other caves were seen above, forming vast dome-shaped chambers; walls and buttresses and chambers are all of marble.

On August 10th, we reached the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito, the foot of Marble Cañon. This stream enters through a cañon on a scale quite as grand as that of the Colorado itself. It is a very small river, and exceedingly muddy and salt. I walked up the stream three or four miles, crossing and recrossing where I could easily wade it; then I climbed several hundred feet at one place and could see up the chasm, through which the river ran for several miles.

I walked down the gorge to the left, at the foot of the cliff climbed to a bench overhead, and discovered a trail deeply worn in the rock; where it crossed the side gulches, in some places steps had been cut. I could see no evidence of its having been traveled for a long time, and it was doubtless a path used by the people who inhabited this region anterior to the present Indian races, —the people who built the communal houses of which mention has been made.

Upon my return to camp the men told me they had discovered ruins and many fragments of pottery, also etchings and hieroglyphics on the rocks. We found, on comparing the readings of the barometers above and below, that the walls were about three thousand feet high—or more than half a mile.

On August 13th we were ready once more to start on our way down the Great Unknown. Our boats, tied to a stake, were chafing each other as they were tossed by the fretful river. They rode high and buoyant, for their loads were lighter than we could desire, indeed we had but a month's rations remaining. The flour had been resifted through the mosquito-net sieve; the spoiled bacon had been dried, and the worst of it boiled; the few pounds of dried apples had been spread in the sun, and had shrunk to their normal bulk; the sugar had all melted and gone on its way down the river, but we had a large sack of coffee.

The lightening of the boats had this advantage, we thought—they would ride the waves better, and we would have but little to carry when we made a portage.

We were three-quarters of a mile down in the depths of the earth, and the great river shrunk into insignificance as it dashed its angry waves against the walls and cliffs that rose to the world above; they were but puny ripples, and we but pygmies running up and down the sands, or lost among the bowlders. We had an unknown distance yet to run, an unknown river yet to explore; what falls there were we knew not, what rocks beset the channel we knew not. The men talked as cheerfully as ever, jests were bandied about freely, but to me the cheer was somber, the jests were ghastly.

With some eagerness and some anxiety, we entered the cañon below and were carried along by swift water, through walls which rose from its very edge. They had the same structure as we noticed the day before, tiers of irregular shelves below, and above these, steep slopes to the foot of marble cliffs.

We ran six miles in little more than half-an-hour, and emerged into a more open portion of the cañon, where high hills and ledges of rock intervened between the river and the distant walls. Just at the head of the open place the river ran across a dike, that is, a fissure in the rocks open to depths below, which has been filled with eruptive matter, which on cooling became harder than the rocks through which the fissure was made. When these were washed away the harder volcanic matter remained as a wall. The river cuts a gate-way through this, several hundred feet high and as many wide. As it crosses the wall there is a fall below and a bad rapid filled with bowlders of trap, so we were compelled to stop and make a portage.

At daybreak one morning we walked down the bank of the river on a little sandy beach, to take a view of a new feature in the cañon. Heretofore hard rocks had given us a bad river; soft rocks, smooth water. A series of rocks harder than any we experienced now began. The river entered the granite!* We could see but a little way into the granite gorge, but it looked threatening. After breakfast we continued our perilous voyage. The cañon was narrower than we

* Geologists would call these rocks metamorphic crystalline schists, with dikes and beds of granite; but we will use the popular name for the whole series—granite.

THE GRAND CHASM OF THE COLORADO.

had ever before seen it; the water was swift; there were but few broken rocks in the channel, but the walls were set on either side with pinnacles, and crags and sharp angular buttresses, bristling with wind- and wave-polished spires, extended far out into the river. Ledges of rock jutted into the stream, their tops sometimes just below the surface, sometimes rising few or many feet above, and island ledges, and island pinnacles, and island towers broke the swift course of the stream into chutes, and eddies, and whirlpools. We soon reached a place where a creek came in from the left, and just below the channel was choked with bowlders which had washed down the lateral cañon and formed a dam, over which there was a fall of thirty or forty feet; but on the bowlders we could get foothold, and here we made a portage. Three more such dams were found; over one we made a portage; at the other two we found chutes through which we could run.

About eleven o'clock of the same day we heard a great roar ahead, and approached it very cautiously, the sound growing louder and louder as we ran. At last we found ourselves above a long, broken fall, with ledges and pinnacles of rock obstructing the river. There was a descent of seventy-five or eighty feet, perhaps, in a third of a mile, and the rushing waters were broken into great waves on the rocks, and lashed themselves into foam. We could land just above, but there was no foothold on either side by which a portage could be made. It was nearly a thousand feet to the top of the granite, so it was impossible to carry our boats around, though we could climb to that point ourselves by a side gulch, and passing along a mile or two, could descend to the river. We discovered this on examination, but such a portage would have been impracticable for us, and we were obliged to run the rapid or abandon the river.

We did not hesitate, but stepped into the boats, pushed off, and dashed away, first on smooth but swift water, then striking a glassy wave and riding to its top, down again into the trough, up again on a higher wave, and down and up on the waves, higher and still higher, until we struck one just as it curled back, when a breaker rolled over our little undaunted boat. On we sped, till the boat was caught in a whirlpool and spun around and around. When we managed to pull out again, the other boats had passed us. The open compartment of the "Emma Dean" was filled with water, and every breaker rolled over us. Hurled back from the rock now on this side, now on that, we were carried at last into an eddy, in which we struggled for a few minutes, and then out again, the breakers still rolling over us. Our boat was unmanageable, but she could not sink, and we drifted down another hundred yards through breakers—how, we scarcely knew. We found the other boats had turned into an eddy at the foot of the fall, and were waiting to catch us as we came, for they had seen that our boat was swamped. They pushed out as we came near, and pulled us in against the wall. We bailed out the boat and started on again.

(To be continued.)

THE REGIONS OF LOVE.

Who knows the deeps, where the water sleeps
Leagues from the light away?
Who knows the heights, where myriad lights
Fill heaven with endless day?

The earth goes on—seeks and loses the sun,
And men in the changes delight;
Love whirls us away into changeless day,
Or whelms us in changeless night.

CHRIST'S SUPERNATURALISM, SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

"If any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology will take its place as a part of science."—HUXLEY.

WE have already repeatedly developed in these pages the absolute necessity, which far and wide to-day exists, of a thorough scientific sifting and demonstration of every supernatural feature of Christianity, in case such feature aspires, in view of modern thought and culture, to hold a continued place in the belief of multitudes throughout the Christian world.

Looked at from the stand-point that "Christ is Christianity," the question of Christ himself is of course the foremost and the most fundamental subject demanding our attention. And concerning Christ himself, the deepest aspect and the all-decisive issue of the present religious epoch, is not whether he is the simple man, as distinguished from the God-man, but whether he is the simple man, as distinguished from a merely superhuman being.

No one of course denies that the Jesus portrayed in the current church theology is conceived to be the very God incarnate. But, says Strauss: "The New Testament is the only existing source of all that we particularly know about Jesus." And hence, going back of all the conceptions of Jesus which have been formulated in the several theological creeds, and catechisms, and bodies of divinity, let us proceed to consider the more primary question: What is the personal status of the Jesus of the New Testament?

According to Paulus, this Jesus is not the Son of God believed in by the church, but merely a wise and virtuous man. But this is a proposition which Paulus long ago (about 1800) undertook very absurdly to establish from the stand-point that the documents in evidence are in the main historical. Whereas, in these days all scholars perfectly well understand that, as Strauss avers, "the Christ of the New Testament, though in some respects dissimilar, substantially agrees with the theological conception;" and that if the New Testament should only be regarded as being in any general sense a truthful history, there would then be no logical escape from concluding that Jesus is divine.

In undertaking to eradicate, therefore, all supernaturalism from the person and acts of the Jesus of history, it might first of all be inquired whether it would not be possible to reduce the historical validity of his New Testament portraiture far enough to exclude the supernatural altogether from his personal career and character.

This is the theoretical course upon which Strauss, as a first step, started in 1835; and to certain lengths in which, he has ever since been followed by his coadjutors.

Dividing the New Testament into two leading portions,—the first containing the epistles, etc., and the second, the gospels,—no one questions that the Jesus of the epistles is, as Strauss asserts, "a supernatural, celestial being." But, interposes Renan: "Had this school alone transmitted us writings, we would not come into contact with the person of Jesus, and we might doubt that he ever had existed."

Fortunately, however, not only the portraiture of the Jesus of the epistles, but that of the Jesus of the gospels also, has been transmitted to us in the New Testament.

According to Strauss, moreover, the Jesus at least of the fourth gospel is not merely superhuman, but "divine." "Even the dependence on the Father," continues he, "in which this Johannine Jesus felt himself to be, was not that of a human being on the divine, but that of the creative, subordinate God on God, in the highest sense."

Even so early as 1825, however, Bretschneider had remarked, in his "Probabilia:" "Supposing that the Gospel of John had been by accident unknown for these 1,800 years, and now discovered all at once in our own time in the East, every one would certainly admit that the Jesus of this gospel is quite a different person from the Jesus of Matthew, Mark, and Luke; and that it is impossible that both of these pictures of the same person can be true."

Accordingly, since the Jesus of John is thus undeniably divine, no modern anti-supernaturalist here can hesitate to say, with Strauss, that "nothing remains but to turn entirely to the side of the synoptics."

It will be remembered, therefore, and without pursuing this delicate analysis any further here, that we now have to do with the undertaking, more specifically identified with the name of Strauss, which consists,

first of all, in the effort to eradicate everything supernatural from the person and acts of the Jesus of history by reducing the historical validity of his New Testament portraiture far enough to exclude all traces of the supernatural from his own personal career and character.

Before this process we have already seen the confessedly divine Jesus, depicted, first in the New Testament epistles, and, secondly, in the Gospel of John, banished from our notice. In like manner, next, the superhuman features accredited to Jesus in every portion and fragment of the three synoptic gospels, would need to vanish also.

In this way the modern scientific thinker could, indeed, at length succeed in eradicating all supernaturalism from the historical person and acts of the superhuman Jesus depicted in the New Testament. But no sooner could he have done so, than he would then forthwith be obliged, on the other hand, to take the merely human Jesus, resulting from this process, as the very germinal historical Jesus, out of which, according to some specified process or another of unhistorical origin and growth, the full superhuman Jesus of the New Testament gradually became developed.

Strauss accordingly regards every superhuman feature added to the purely human Jesus of history, in order to form the truly superhuman Jesus depicted in the New Testament, as being nothing more than "a legendary deposit of contemporaneous Messianic ideas, perhaps partially modified by his peculiar individuality, his teaching, and his fate;" but, on the whole, "developed from the simple proposition that * * * Jesus was the Messiah."

But to this Renan first objects: "It cannot be denied, indeed, that the process by which Strauss explains the formation of nearly all evangelical stories has a certain weight, and that some of the traits in the life of Jesus do owe their existence to reasoning like this: the Messiah must be the son of David; now Jesus is the Messiah; therefore Jesus is the son of David. * * * But to explain the whole evangelical legend by this single method is to estimate very imperfectly the wealth of the human mind."

Besides, how did such a Jesus as Strauss alone supposes was historical ever come to awaken the conviction in the minds of his contemporaries that he *was* the Messiah? "Strauss," says Renan, in the words of M. Colani, "has never explained this. What he leaves of the gospels is insufficient as ground for the apostles' faith, and it is useless to ascribe to them a disposition to be content with the *minimum* of proof; the proofs must needs have been very strong to overcome the crushing doubts occasioned by the death on the cross."

"A reproach," therefore, continues Renan, "which touches Strauss's book in its very principle, is that it has underestimated the importance of the personal character of Jesus. On reading the book it seems as if the religious revolution which bears the name of Christ, had been accomplished without a Christ."

And be it further noted that, far as he went in that direction, Herr Strauss yet never ventured fairly and squarely to reduce the historical validity of the portraiture, first of the Jesus of the New Testament epistles, and after that, of the Jesus of the respective gospels, to the strictly human level. Had he done so, the entire Jesus of the New Testament would then have been destroyed, not partially, but wholly; not in the development, but in the very germ; so much so, that not even a single distinctive intimation would have been left us why such a germinal Jesus ought logically to have been developed in the minds of his contemporaries, first into the Messiah, and afterward into the superhuman Jesus of the gospels, any more than have been developed into a Zaccheus or even Judas. It would have been, in short, like reducing the historical verity of the current data, in view of which we form all our conceptions of a Shakespeare, until we would no longer have remaining a single suggestive reason, in view of which to say whether the germinal Shakespeare left us as historical ought to become in the development a poet or a plowman, a dramatist or a drayman.

This the reader can readily verify if he will here pause sufficiently long accurately to recall in the general outline the gospel portraiture of Jesus, and then let the figure gradually fade out of his memory until the last superhuman feature disappears. What is left? Nothing distinct; nothing tangible; nothing even remotely or germinally suggestive of the Jesus depicted in the gospels.

But no sooner do we turn from the mere vague, germless, causeless, non-historical, metaphysical misconception, passing under the name of Jesus, of such as Baur and Strauss, than Renan is obliged to say: "Scholten and Schenkel, indeed, contend for an historical and real Jesus, but their historical Jesus is neither a Messiah, a prophet, nor a Jew. We know not what

he designed; we comprehend neither his life nor his death. Their Jesus is an *eon* of its own order; a being impalpable, intangible. Pure history knows nothing of such beings."

"In a word," continues Renan, "when we look upon the marvelous creations of the ages of faith, two impressions, equally fatal to good historical criticism, arise in the mind. On the one hand we are led to suppose these creations too impersonal; we attribute to a collective action what often has been the work of one powerful will, of one superior spirit. Indeed when I, for the first time, personally conceived a history of Christianity, what I wished to write was in fact a history of doctrines in which * * * Jesus would hardly have been named * * But I have learned since that history is not a mere play of abstractions; that in it men are more than doctrines. * * * Parseeism, Hellenism, Judaism, might have combined in all forms; the doctrines of the Resurrection and the Word might have been developed for centuries, without producing, this fecund, unique, sublime fact, which is called Christianity." "Love does not exist without an object worthy to enkindle it. * * * The faith, the enthusiasm, the constancy of the first Christian generation, is explained only by supposing at the beginning of the whole movement a man of colossal proportions."

But in looking upon "the marvelous creations of the ages of faith," if it be an error to regard these creations as "too impersonal," Renan regards it equally an error if "we refuse to see men like ourselves in these extraordinary movements."

In the special case before us, however, Renan does not presume to go to the full length of seeking, like another Strauss, to exclude the supernatural altogether from the personal career and character of Christ. Conversely, says he, in the instance of a given vaulting and evasive school of modern anti-supernaturalism: "According to the partisans of that theology, * * * Jesus did not pretend to work any miracle; he was not believed to be the Messiah; he did not think of the apocalyptic discourses which are attributed to him on the final catastrophe. * * * The part of Jesus is thus reduced so that it can with difficulty be said what it was. His condemnation to death has no more reason for existing in such an hypothesis than the accident which has made of him the chief of a Messianic and apocalyptic movement. Was it for his moral precepts, for the Sermon on the Mount, that Jesus was crucified? Surely not. These maxims were for a long time the current coin of the synagogues. No one was ever killed for having repeated them. If Jesus was put to death, he must have said something more."

If it should now accordingly be inquired more particularly what sort of "a man of colossal proportions" it is absolutely essential to presuppose as an adequate originative cause for Christianity, Renan avers that, "did we know nothing of Jesus, except the passion which he inspired in those around him, we must yet affirm that he was great and pure;" and not only so, but, as we elsewhere read, that "the position which he attributed to himself [at a certain stage of his career] was that of a superhuman being."

But no sooner does Renan discover that, at least in the foregoing particulars, "the person of Jesus must have singularly surpassed ordinary proportions," than he must likewise perceive, with M. Colani, that "a large part of the evangelical narratives must be true."

Now, in order to prevent all future playing fast-and-loose concerning what really does and what really does not constitute the actual and historical element at the basis of the New Testament portraiture of Jesus, the reader will here pause sufficiently long to fix some leading guiding-points in mind.

And first: It has already come to light that the skeptics attach scarcely the least historical value to the portraiture drawn for us of Jesus in the New Testament epistles. "Besides," says Renan, "the Evangelists themselves, who have bequeathed to us the image of Jesus, * * * constantly disfigure him. * * * At every line we catch the glimpse of an original of a divine beauty marred by writers who do not understand it, and who substitute their own ideas for those which they but half comprehend."

Fortunately, however, as between the alleged evangelical "mistakes and misconceptions" concerning Jesus occurring in the fourth gospel, on the one hand, or in the synoptics, on the other, Renan volunteers to say: "All those who engage in these studies according to the critical method agree in fundamentals. The synoptics represent the tradition, often legendary, of the first two or three Christian generations, in regard to the person of Jesus." "So that, in order to grasp the general physiognomy of Jesus, the synoptic gospels, notwithstanding their hiata and

their errors, are [in comparison with the fourth gospel] the veritable guides."

But even in the instance of the synoptic gospels, as well as in that of John: "It is hardly necessary to say," continues Renan, "that with such documents, in order to give only what is incontestable, we must limit ourselves to general lines." Still, in determining these general lines, Renan, and the modern unbelievers generally, consider that in the Logia of Matthew,—which "clearly deserve unlimited confidence,"—"he who attempts the task of forming a regular composition out of the gospel history, possesses an excellent touchstone."

So much, therefore, may now be regarded settled, namely, that neither any mere metaphysical and impersonal *eon*, such as Strauss and Baur and others have suggested, nor yet any mere impalpable, intangible, historical Jesus, who is neither a miracle-worker, a Messiah, a prophet, nor a Jew, such as Scholten, and Schenkel, and others offer, can in these days be accepted in lieu of a rational and adequate originative cause for Christianity. So far otherwise, in undertaking scientifically to account for this phenomenon, it is absolutely essential to commence, as Renan says above, "by supposing at the beginning of the whole movement a man of colossal proportions;" a man who is first great, and then pure, and, after that, superhuman—at least in his pretensions. Nor, in determining how colossal in these respects that Jesus must have been who alone could have founded Christianity, are we ever to be abandoned merely to our own private fancies. Conversely,—ever confining ourselves, of course, only to the general lines,—we must always turn, in every case of doubt, directly to the Logia of Matthew, as the final test and touchstone.

If, therefore, the Jesus who founded Christianity must have been, at the very lowest supposition, such as he is above described, then the proposition that this Jesus was not in very fact the superhuman being whom he claimed to be, must either be made out in some general consistency with the qualifying proposition that he was great and pure, or else must be abandoned. And this is precisely the scientific task to which Renan sets himself in his "Vie de Jésus."

Nor is it, first of all, to be denied that Renan does, as a matter of fact, succeed in getting the hero of his volume safely through with all the perils of his superhuman rôle, without either making of him an actual superhuman being, on the one hand, or permitting him to suffer a complete collapse of both his mental and his moral character, on the other.

"Nevertheless," says Renan, "the tone which he had assumed could not be sustained longer than a few months; it was time that death should come to release him from a condition strained to excess; to deliver him from the impossibilities of a way without exit; and, while rescuing him from an ordeal too much prolonged, to introduce him straightway sinless into his heavenly serenity."

Still, rapidly as Renan fairly rushes his purely human Jesus sinlessly through with his assumed superhuman rôle to a truly timely crucifixion, he must yet, for once, in connection with the question of his thaumaturgy, exhort us to remember that his hero's "conscience * * * had lost something of its primitive pureness. Desperate, pushed to extremes, he no longer retained possession of himself. His mission imposed itself upon him, and he obeyed the torrent." Whereas we have already seen, that in case Renan presumes to deal, not with a Jesus merely manufactured to suit the emergency of his hypothesis, but with the Jesus who speaks to us in Matthew, he then cannot get this latter Jesus, as a purely human being, successfully through with even so much as the single item of his wonder-working, without converting him almost into a very moral monster.*

But the rôle of wonder-worker was only one out of many which Jesus, if only a human being, would be required successfully to play in order to support himself in the superhuman character which he doubtless had assumed. "The truth is," says Renan, that "the man who has a legend in regard to his life is tyrannically led by that legend. * * * Did not Joan of Arc more than once make her voice speak according to the need of the moment? If the recital of the secret revelation which she made to King Charles VII. has any reality, which it is difficult to deny, it must be that this simple girl represented, as the effect of a supernatural inspiration, what she had been told in confidence. An *exposé* of religious history which does not sometimes open obliquely upon such suppositions as this is, must, for that very reason, be argued not complete." In short, "sometimes Jesus made use of an innocent artifice, which Joan of Arc also employed. * * * Dissem-

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for March, 1873, and April, 1874.

bling the true cause of his power, I mean his superiority over those around him, he suffered them to believe, in order to satisfy the ideas of the times, * * * that a revelation from on high discovered to him their secrets and opened their hearts."

And here Renan has fairly raised, of course, the entire flood-gate of questions related to Jesus's pretensions to possessing a superhuman knowledge. But, very naïvely confining himself to the single specification that it is after the fashion just suggested "Jesus touched Nathaniel, Peter, and the Samaritan woman," Renan then—shuts down the flood-gate. Upon precisely the same principle of scientific investigation, however, according to which we can affirm that Jesus thus touched the parties mentioned, we would be obliged here so to enlarge our evidences against the Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew, as to make this aspect also of his career only and supremely shocking. No man, for instance, could more confidently inform us about his very wife and children than this Jesus does about his Father and his angels. Of heaven and hell he likewise speaks just as familiarly as men commonly converse together about their native places. Concerning the future events of the very resurrection day, and day of judgment, he also habitually discourses just as calmly, and just as confidentially, as men ordinarily narrate the past events of their every-day experience. And if he did not possess, as well as claim, this superhuman knowledge, how shall we manage to respect him?

At the same time, the anti-supernaturalists will here very properly insist that the Jesus whose case is now before us must not be permitted to hasten too lightly over any bogs or quagmires which may possibly beset his feet, in connection with his pretensions to a superhuman knowledge. Thus, "according to the evangelical accounts," says Strauss, "Jesus considered his second advent so near that he said to his disciples that there were some among those standing round him who should not taste of death until they had seen the Son of man coming in his kingdom; that this generation shall not pass away until * * * the second advent of the Son of man. * * * In particular, he represented this last catastrophe as occurring immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, prophesied by him just before. And in any case he was greatly mistaken with reference to the date, for not only has that generation passed away, but for 1800 years generation after generation has done so likewise, without his predicted second advent having taken place."

But just at this juncture even Renan must break the force of things a trifle by remarking: "When interrogated as to the time of his coming, Jesus always refused to respond. Once even he declared that the date of this great day is known only to the Father," &c.

Still Renan considers that, while avoiding to speak with an exact precision about the epoch of his second advent, Jesus yet, "by an illusion common to all reformers, imagined the end much nearer than it really was;" that, in fact, his "declarations as to the proximity of the catastrophe are unmistakable."

"What strongly proves, however," Renan must confess, in view of the evidence at large, "that Jesus was never entirely absorbed in his apocalyptic ideas is, that, at the very time that he was the most preoccupied with them, he is laying with wonderful certainty of view the foundations of a church destined to endure." Indeed, says he: "That there was a contradiction between the belief in the speedy destruction of the world, and the habitual moral philosophy of Jesus conceived in view of a stable condition of humanity, * * * none will attempt to deny." "The millenarian sects of England present the same contrasts," however, he explains,—"I mean the belief in a speedy destruction of the world, and nevertheless much good sense in the practicalities of life; an extraordinary attention to commercial and industrial affairs."

It will, therefore, be observed that all this anti-supernaturalistic taunt and worry of Jesus about his alleged blunder concerning at least the proximity to his own generation of his second advent, is kept up solely because of a rigid and dogged insistence upon the absolutely historical character of every incidental detail in his predictive discourses about such advent, as those predictions reach us in our present records.

And now for a single and most instructive contrast. "According to the gospels," says Strauss, "Jesus more than once, and that while the result was yet far distant, predicted to his disciples that sufferings and a violent death awaited him. Moreover, if we trust the synoptical accounts, he did not merely predict his fate in general terms, but specified beforehand the place of his passion, namely, Jerusalem; the time, namely, the approaching passover; the persons from whom he would have to suffer, namely, the chief priests, scribes, and Gentiles; the es-

sential form of his passion, namely, crucifixion, in consequence of judicial sentence; and even its accessory circumstances, namely, scourging, reviling, and spitting."

Now, if the anti-supernaturalists should here concede that, as a matter of fact, Jesus did beforehand thus precisely and particularly predict all the special features of his passion and his death, then the exact and detailed fulfillment of every one of these predictions would clearly prove that he possessed, as well as claimed, a superhuman foresight. Accordingly "the minute predictions which the evangelist put into his mouth must be regarded," says Strauss, adopting the view of Paulus, "as a *vaticinium post eventum*."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the anti-supernaturalists are presented with substantially the same dilemma in connection with the predictive discourses of Jesus about the details of the fall of Jerusalem, his personal resurrection from the dead, and the like, and that they must substantially resort to the same method of extrication.

But though they do not hesitate thus to set aside, as being but a *vaticinium post eventum*, every aspect of the predictive discourses of Jesus, recorded generally in the gospels, which aspect would, because of its fulfillment, clearly prove his superhuman foresight, if conceded to be historical, still, when it comes, on the other hand, to convicting Jesus of having made a most egregious blunder about the exact epoch of his second advent, then, forsooth, not even Strauss will scruple to turn directly around and treat the entire gospels as he does above, namely, from the highest historical stand-point of the most punctilious verbal inspirationist!

Still, to the infinite credit of Strauss be it here recorded, that, in his final "Life of Jesus," he, for a single instant, so far relaxes the rigidity of his pursuit of Jesus on this point, as frankly to concede that, after all, "we cannot tell whether his followers, in the troubles and distresses after his first departure, may not have consoled themselves by putting into his mouth prophecies of this kind of a near approach of the more blessed constitution of the world."

Let it first of all, therefore, be supposed that the problem before us is, how Jesus can be convicted of having made a blunder about the precise epoch of his second advent. This can only be done by the modern supernaturalists insisting that, *verbatim et literatim*, and even in regard to their purely incidental features, the gospels are historical.

Secondly. Let it be supposed that the problem next becomes, how to disprove that Jesus, as in the instance of his predictions about the fall of Jerusalem, or his passion and his death, possessed, as well as claimed, a truly superhuman foresight. This new feat can only be accomplished, by the anti-supernaturalists turning directly about and substantially insisting that, not merely in regard to their purely incidental features, but even in regard to their very substance, and substratum, *verbatim et literatim*, the gospels are *not* historical, but merely mythical or legendary.

Thirdly. Suppose we now close our eyes entirely to everything besides in the gospels excepting only to the general impression left upon our minds by our final test, or Logia of Matthew. Even looked at from this point of view, in case Jesus, like another Joan of Arc, *was* but a pretender, with a purpose, to superhuman knowledge, then, for reasons already suggested, it becomes simply absurd hereafter to speak of any respect for such a common trickster.

Not merely in the directions specified above, however, does the purely human hero of the "Vie de Jésus" become inextricably involved in the gravest mental and moral perils, in order to sustain himself in his assumed superhuman character. He has, in fact, become a thaumaturgist, and a pretender to superhuman knowledge at all, only because of, and as a purely incidental feature to, the more leading rôle of the Messiah. But, here again, we come at once to ugly scientific—after-claps. For, says Renan: "The immediate consequence of this proposition: 'Jesus is the Messiah,' was the other proposition: 'Jesus is the Son of David.'"

But at the very threshold of his assuming this additional Messianic rôle: "A great difficulty presented itself [to Renan's Jesus], —his birth at Nazareth. * * * Did he, by his silence, authorize the fictitious genealogies which his partisans imagined, in order to prove his royal descent? Did he know anything of the legends invented to fix his birth at Bethlehem; and, in particular, of the feat by which his Bethlehemite origin was connected with the assessment made by the imperial legate, Quirinus? We do not know."

Suffice it, however, to say that Renan's "Jesus permitted the title Son of David to be given him with pleasure, although it caused him some embarrassment—his birth being well known." "Popular opinion on

this point did him a species of violence." "He submitted to receive a title, without which he could not hope for success"—"probably [though by no means certainly] without being concerned in the innocent frauds by which it was sought to secure it to him." And not only so, but, he "finally took pleasure in the title, for he performed most graciously those miracles which were sought of him in this name. Here, as in many other circumstances of his life, [Renan's] Jesus conformed to the ideas which were current in his time, although they were not precisely his own. He associated with his dogma of the kingdom of God, all that warmed the heart and imagination."

"The title which he preferred," however, says Renan, "was that of the Son of man—a title * * * which attaches itself directly to the expectation of a Messiah."

In this further Messianic rôle, Jesus, as Renan is aware, would be required, among other things, to play no less a part than that of "king of the new era which was about to open." Accordingly, "the name of kingdom of God, or kingdom of heaven, was the favorite term of Jesus to express the revolution which he brought into the world." "The words * * * had long been familiar to the Jews. But Jesus gave them a moral sense, a social bearing, at which even the author of the Book of Daniel, in his apocalyptic enthusiasm, hardly dared to glance." "He looked upon himself as the universal reformer." "Moses is obsolete; the temple has no longer any reason to be, and is irrevocably doomed." "The law is to be abolished; he himself is to abolish it. * * * The kingdom of God is soon to reveal itself; by him it is to be revealed."

And all this, according to modern anti-supernaturalism, Jesus is personally to do as neither a superhuman being, on the one hand, nor a lunatic, nor a knave, nor a charlatan, on the other!

But, in his Messianic rôle of Son of man, Jesus must be more than the personal founder and legislator of his new divine kingdom. He must likewise personally become the future moral and religious judge of all the human race. Accordingly, we find him declaring that, after his death, he will come in glory, accompanied by legions of angels, to awaken the dead, and arbitrate the everlasting destiny of nations.

"Here," says Strauss, "we stand face to face with a decisive point. The ancient church clung to this part of the doctrine of Jesus in its literal signification. * * For us [anti-supernaturalists], on the contrary, Jesus * * * exists only as a human being. To a human being no such thing as he here prophesied of himself could happen. If he did prophesy it of himself, he is to us nothing but a fanatic; if without any conviction on his own part, he said it of himself, he was a braggart and impostor."

Moreover, in his Messianic rôle, Jesus had to play the further part of Son of God.

Indeed, if it should here be asked how Jesus ever came at all to think that, as the Son of man, he must personally establish, and legislate for, his new divine kingdom: "Let us remember," says Renan, "that the first idea of Jesus * * * was that he was the Son of God, the intimate of his Father, the executor of his will. The response of Jesus to such a question could not therefore be doubtful. The conviction that he was to bring about the reign of God, took absolute possession of his soul."

So, if we should again inquire how Jesus could ever have supposed that, as the Son of man, it would be his personal prerogative, after death, and in a moral and religious sense, to judge the world, Renan's answer is: "The boldness of such a conception must not surprise us. Jesus had long considered the relation between himself and God, that between a son and a father. What in others would have been insupportable arrogance, in him cannot be treated as unlawful."

It was, in short,—as Renan must admit in common with the gospels,—from this idea of himself, namely, that he was the Son of God, that, as from the original and germinative cause, every other idea of himself logically resulted in the mind of Jesus, and all his actions and all his teachings followed. Therefore was he, among other things, the Messiah, the Son of man, the moral and religious lawgiver and judge of the nations, the pretender to superhuman knowledge, and the thaumaturgist.

Here, then, we reach at last the most fundamental and decisive point concerning the conceptions which Jesus held about himself, connected with our whole investigation.

Precisely in what sense, therefore, did Jesus consider himself to be the Son of God?

Now, it is perfectly true that not only did Jesus repeatedly acknowledge Mary for his mother, but "he was," as Strauss affirms, "called among his fellow-townsmen of Nazareth the carpenter's son." From his own point of view, Strauss very obviously con-

jectures also that, as "Joseph never comes upon the scene after the infancy, it is not improbable that, on dogmatic grounds, the person who was not supposed to be the real father of Jesus was removed from the tradition about him." Notwithstanding which subtle anti-supernaturalistic supposition, certain it is that, in the Logia of Matthew, not so much as even a single trace can anywhere be detected to the effect that Jesus personally regarded either Joseph or any other human being as his father. On the contrary, "God conceived immediately as Father," even Renan must aver to have been "the whole theology of Jesus." And here Jesus is, of course, a superhuman being in all his conceptions of himself—unless to be the Son of God without the intervention of any human father, would constitute a person but a purely human being.

Before Renan, however, can permit the purely human hero of the "Vie de Jésus" distinctly to regard himself as a superhuman being at all, the conviction that he *is* such a being needs to become gradually developed in his mind according to a truly scientific process.

It is, indeed, chiefly with an eye to this that Renan says: "It is no great abuse of hypotheses to suppose that a religious founder begins by adopting the moral aphorisms which are already in circulation in his time, and the practices which are most prevalent; that when more mature, and in possession of his full powers, he takes pleasure in a species of calm eloquence, far removed from all controversy, suave, and free, as pure sentiment; that he gradually becomes exalted, excited by opposition, and ends in polemics and invective."

At length, however, Renan feels himself at liberty to say concerning his Jesus: "It is evident that the title of Rabbi, with which he was at first content, did not longer suffice; the title of prophet even, or of messenger of God, did not now respond to his idea. The position which he attributed to himself was that of a superhuman being."

And now note that even after he has conceived his purely human Jesus to have become scientifically wrought up to the conviction that he is a truly superhuman being, Renan cannot even then permit his hero definitely to assume his superhuman rôle before the modern savant, except in the midst of the most abject apologies. Thus "Jesus cannot be judged by the rule of our petty propriety. The admiration of his disciples overwhelmed him and carried him away," etc., etc.

In the case of the Jesus of history, however, we have above discovered that we have immediately to do with a person who, at the very outset of his public career, comes upon the scene as none other than the immediate and superhuman Son of God.

Neither can Renan here himself forget that he is a rigid modern anti-supernaturalistic scientist. And so, says he: "Jesus undoubtedly did not at once reach this lofty affirmation of himself. But it is probable that from the very first he looked to God in the relation of a son to a father. This is his great act of originality; in this he is in nowise of his race."

But if Jesus is here perfectly exceptional,—is perfectly and palpably a superhuman being in all his conceptions of himself,—how came he, the alleged purely human being, ever to be thus "in nowise of his race?"

Perhaps if we should go back to the period when Jesus was yet before the world only as the humble undeveloped carpenter, only as the superhuman Son of God in embryo, Renan will then be able to throw a flood of scientific light upon this very knotty subject. Indeed, precisely here it is that Renan *does* venture to inquire: "What was the progress of the mind of Jesus during this obscure period of his life? Through what meditations did he launch out into his prophetic career?"

It is one thing, however, to ask, and quite another thing to answer, questions such as these. And Renan must accordingly confess: "We are ignorant—his history having come to us in the state of isolated stories and without exact chronology."

Still, *nil desperandum!* "The development of living products is everywhere the same, and there can be no doubt that the growth of a personality as mighty as that of Jesus obeyed very rigid laws." In short—*Eureka!* "The name of Jesus, which was given him, is a variation of Joshua. It was a very common name; but naturally mysteries were afterward sought in it, and an allusion to his Saviorship. Perhaps he himself, like all mystics, became exalted on this account. More than one great calling in history has thus been occasioned by a name casually given to a child."

But all this is, of course, simply scientific nonsense. If even at a comparatively late period of his public career, and under all the exciting and exalting conditions which the most prolific "scientific imagination" of a Renan can conjecture, Jesus. on the

supposition that he was but a purely human being, can be conceived of as attaining to the definite conviction and announcement that he is a superhuman being at all, only in the midst of such apologies as Renan makes above to the modern savant for the hero of the "Vie de Jésus;"—in this event we say, assuredly no merely human being, without any other conceivable and assignable cause than that he possessed the name of Jesus, can, at the very outset of his public career, lay aside the lowly garb of carpenter, calmly and confidently to proclaim that he is the very Son of God, and base his whole future course upon such a superhuman supposition, without either being that superhuman Son of God in fact, whom he claims to be, or else being, if not an impostor deserving utter execration, then a lunatic deserving only pity.

Besides, no scientific investigation into the personal status of Jesus would be at all complete, which, in addition to the mere question of his supernaturalism, did not also at least touch upon the further subject of his divinity.

That the Jesus of the New Testament epistles, and even of the Gospel of John, is the very God incarnate, the skeptics must above concede. But this divine Jesus is, of course, to them of no historic value. Whereas, if we only turn to the synoptic gospels,—"interpreters so authentic of the words of Jesus,"—then no trace is found, they urge, of any Christ whatever, who is the very God-man. For example: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, God." "Here," says Strauss, "Jesus so tenaciously maintains the distinction between himself and God that he renounces the predicate of perfect goodness, and insists on its appropriation to God alone."

But the reader is aware, perhaps, that there is a manuscript extant of Matthew, in which Jesus here merely says: "Why askest thou me about the Good? One is the Good." Which drives Strauss back to say that the form of the speech given in Mark and Luke, and cited above, "is certainly the original;" whereas the form in Matthew, just adverted to, is merely "the later alteration with reference to a Gnostic abuse of the passage, and the more elevated conception of Christ which the disclaimer of the predicate good appeared to contradict." And Strauss is certainly at a most desperate business when he is thus obliged to place Mark and Luke before Matthew in preserving for us one of Christ's discourses.

Besides, from his own point of view, Strauss must not be permitted to forget that he has here to deal with words of Jesus which are wholly isolated; which lack, as he would say, all substratum of support in any other words of Jesus recorded in our gospels, and so are to him of no historical value.

Coming, therefore, to inspect our evidence *en masse*, and especially our final test, or Logia of Matthew, taken in the outline, suppose that we should begin with those discourses in which Jesus asserts his personal right to change the Sabbath, to forgive sin, to judge the nations, and the like. "We do not deny," says Renan, "that there was in these affirmations of Jesus the germ of the doctrine which was afterward to make him a divine hypostasis, identifying him with the Word, or second God."

Once fairly started in this direction, however, there would then appear to be no logical halting place for modern anti-supernaturalism this side of the extremist supernaturalistic goal, namely, that Jesus affirmed himself to be, in the highest sense, divine.

It has already been seen, for example, that, according to the Logia of Matthew, Jesus conceived himself to be the personal founder, legislator, and judge of that kingdom of God which he personally proclaimed. Nor must we fail now to add, first, that Jesus was a Jew; and, secondly, that it was on the basis of what he conceived to be one veritable kingdom of God, namely, the Jewish theocracy, that Jesus proposed to erect his own. Thus said he to his Jewish contemporaries: "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you;" and again: "The kingdom of God is come unto you."

Now, prior to the time of Christ, Prof. Seeley tells us, in the "Ecce Homo:" "The ancient theocracy had passed through two principal stages. In the first, the sense of Jehovah's sovereignty had been so absorbing that it had been thought impious to give the name of king to any human being. * * At length, however, * * * an hereditary monarchy was founded; * * * Judea was under the government of Jehovah, represented by a king of the house of David."

"Now, it is important to remark," continues Prof. Seeley, "that the human king [of the old theocracy] represented the divine king in certain matters only, and not in others." For example: "No king of the house of David ever represented the invisible king in his capacity of legislator. To study the divine law and administer it faith-

fully was the highest praise to which a David or Hezekiah could aspire." In immediate juxtaposition with which we crave to place this further observation of our present author, namely, that "Christ * * * respected the Mosaic legislation no less than his contemporaries, but he deliberately proposed to supersede it by a new one promulgated on his own authority."

And this would make Christ play what rôle among his Jewish contemporaries, as a moral and religious legislator? Why, according to Prof. Seeley, merely that of a "second Moses!" Just as if the first Moses had promulged his moral and religious legislation on his own divine authority! Just as if Christ could possibly be a moral and religious legislator on his own authority, after such a fashion as he doubtless was, without playing, from every Jewish point of view conceivable, the rôle, not of any second Moses, but immediately that of the new Jehovah!

But not only did Jesus personally legislate, in his own name and on his own authority, as if he were the very God of his new theocracy. He so made himself the very God-center, likewise, of all his legislation, as in that direction also to constitute himself precisely such a character. To illustrate: One day a would-be follower importuned him thus: "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." But Jesus merely answered: "Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead." Again, his language is: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." Elsewhere he tells his disciples that they shall be delivered up to councils, be scourged in the synagogues, and be brought before governors and kings for his sake. He even goes so far as to declare: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." And, again: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." In a word, if under the ancient, or Jewish theocracy, the first and great commandment was: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,"—under the new, or Christian theocracy, the first and great commandment can, according to the Logia of Matthew, only be thus summarized: "Thou shalt love me, Jesus, with all thy heart and soul and mind, exactly as if I, Jesus, were the Lord thy God."

A second particular in which Prof. Seeley rightly says no king of the house of David could ever represent Jehovah to the Jews, was as the immediate and personal "founder of their commonwealth." And since Jesus doubtless played the rôle of the immediate and personal founder of the new kingdom of God which he proclaimed, it is only by the most palpable misnomer that he figures in the "Ecce Homo," as being in this respect but "a new Abraham;" whereas he ought, in all logical consistency, to figure therein as standing to the Christian in precisely the same relation that the God of Abraham aforetime stood toward the Jew.

Moreover, when Prof. Seeley comes, in the third place, to stand face to face with that "mysterious subject" of Jesus, like another Jehovah, "holding his assize on the other side of death," his entire "Ecce-Homo" nomenclature of misnomer then flatly fails him, and he can only vaguely speak of Jesus as being, "in a certain high and peculiar sense, judge of a new divine society."

Why not frankly concede, therefore, that the entire attitude intended to be assumed by Jesus toward the human race is that of God to man?

But why do we put forth this paper on Christ's Supernaturalism, as we did also the preceding ones on Christ's Miracles and Resurrection, as being scientific considerations of their respective themes? For this reason: So far back as the culmination in Dr. Paulus (about 1800) of the modern anti-supernaturalistic school of thought, known as rationalism, the formal effort at a scientific explosion of the entire supernatural view of both Christ and Christianity had been attempted.

At bottom, the whole force of the hypothesis advanced by Paulus consisted in this, namely, that, rightly understood, every one of these so-called miraculous gospel narrations, though historical, is yet capable of a purely natural solution. Thus, where it is said that Peter, in compliance with the command of Christ, came down out of the ship and walked upon the water to go to Jesus,—here Paulus argues that both Peter and Jesus merely swam in the sea, or waded through the shallows. "But," said Strauss, among other crushing things, "it must be alike utterly impossible to swim from twenty-five to thirty furlongs in a storm; or to wade to about the middle of the sea, which cer-

tainly was beyond the shallows; a swimmer could not easily be taken for a specter; and lastly, the prayer of Peter for special permission to imitate Jesus, and his failure in it from want of faith, point to something supernatural."

Still, rude and crude as this initial effort at an anti-supernaturalistic interpretation of the supernatural narratives of the gospels doubtless was, looked at from the standpoint of modern anti-supernaturalism, it was not only a movement, but a movement in the right direction. Thus Renan speaks of it as having "satisfied the first bold desire of the human mind on its taking possession of a long forbidden field"—though he is obliged immediately to add that "experience could not but soon disclose the inexcusable defects, the dryness, and the coarseness of it." And Strauss, while holding it in the uttermost contempt, could still not fail to recognize it as having been the first intelligent modern effort to throw off all belief in the supernatural recorded in the gospels, because such belief had "ceased," as he avers, "to satisfy an advanced state of culture."

In 1835 Strauss put forth his famous "Leben Jesu," remarking in the preface: "The exegesis of the ancient church set out from the double presupposition, first, that the gospels contained a history; and, secondly, that this history was a supernatural one. Rationalism rejected the latter of these presuppositions, but only to cling the more tenaciously to the former, maintaining that those books presented unadulterated, though only natural, history. Science cannot rest satisfied with this half measure; the other presupposition must be relinquished also; and the inquiry must first be made, whether in fact, and to what extent, the ground on which we stand in the gospels is historical."

"In this," says Renan, "Strauss is plainly right; * * * Strauss is one of the kings of modern science."

But, for reasons pointed out at length above, and elsewhere in these papers, the effort of Strauss to eradicate all supernaturalism from the career and character of Christ, simply by going beyond Paulus to the extent of attacking the historical validity of the gospels, upon being experimentally tested, proved to be most lamentably inadequate; and needed, hence, to be supplemented by an organized attack upon the personal integrity of Christ himself.

And it was precisely to meet this exigency that, in 1863, M. Renan began the publication of his "Origins of Christianity," by putting forth the "Vie de Jésus."

To speak of these undertakings by Renan, Strauss, and Paulus, not to instance others, as not being, at least in their conception, truly scientific ones, would be hailed with about the same respect among the well-informed to-day, as would the same assertion should it be made concerning the "Origin of Species" by Mr. Darwin, and other kindred volumes.

At bottom, therefore, these SCRIBNER papers have aimed to be merely a calm, dispassionate, and perfectly non-partisan examination into the respective validity or non-validity, first, of the supernaturalistic, and secondly, of the anti-supernaturalistic hypothesis of Christ, his person, mission, and credentials; and to be such an examination, chiefly in consideration of everything essential and decisive which modern thought and culture have, during the last seventy-five years especially, been able, from the strictly scientific stand-point, to urge in favor of the anti-supernaturalistic, as opposed to the supernaturalistic hypothesis.

If this does not constitute these disquisitions truly scientific ones, then it certainly devolves upon some learned modern savant—and especially upon some learned theological censor of our "Modern Skepticism," to show the why and wherefore.*

Of course, however, in order to bring these discussions at all within the limits permissible, or even possible, to magazine articles, it has been absolutely essential to deal in the debate only with a very few who lead the opposition. For, as Strauss somewhere avers of the orthodox theologians who denounce his views, so we must here aver of the modern schools of anti-supernaturalism: "It is as in a dry autumn with the field mice; tread out a hole, and six new ones open instead."

But fortunately—and as always happens in such cases, where the sole object is not to trace out great questions through all their ramifications and variations, but only in the outline, and underlying thoughts and principles—fortunately a very few leading thinkers concerning Christ, his person, mission, and credentials, represent and cover every decisive aspect of the problem, as it is presented to modern anti-supernaturalism. Thus, in considering the question of the Resurrection, it was pointed out that the

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for August, September, and October, 1873.

tendency theory of Baur differs in nothing from the mythical hypothesis of Strauss, except in the purely incidental feature, that, whereas Strauss, generally speaking, would make the supernaturalism of Jesus recorded in the gospels but a gradual deposit of the Messianic notions current about the time of Christ, Baur would put them down to the inventive genius of the early Christians. If we should now enlarge the horizon but a trifle in another direction, the symbolic explanation then would seem likewise to need attention. Thus: "The miracle of Bethany," says Renan, "signifies, according to the erudite and profound defenders of this system, that Jesus is for the believing the resurrection and the life, in a spiritual sense. Lazarus is the poor man, * * * raised by Christ from his state of spiritual death." But no first-class thinker, such as Renan doubtless is, can of course recognize in all this any thing more than "the expedients of theologians in despair," seeking to save themselves from frankly admitting the actual and historical nature of the supernatural features accredited to Jesus in our gospels, by the mere mental cheat of an hypothesis which is at bottom nothing but the direct and legitimate "outgrowth of the mythical interpretation of Strauss."

If any consider, in other quarters, that, in deciding the grave questions discussed in this series of papers, sufficient account has not been made of the relations and bearings of atheism, pantheism, materialism, contemporaneous views of anti-supernaturalistic physical scientists, cosmical philosophers, and the like,—such persons would perhaps do well to hold their judgment in suspense until they have at least specifically considered the various hints and suggestions occurring throughout the series as a whole, and especially in the treatise on Christ's Miracles, with which the series opened. Besides, abundant time remains to see how this purely incidental matter stands hereafter.

Taking up the direct line of argument, be it now observed, therefore, that, while freely availing himself, in every direction, of the labors of his predecessors, M. Renan recognized the fact that beyond and beneath every other anti-supernaturalistic hypothesis of the origin and development of Christianity, the hypothesis of fraud must eventually come to be regarded by the ultimate scientific thinker as being to some degree or another absolutely indispensable. Accordingly, says he: "The eighteenth century explained all religious history by imposture. The criticism of to-day has totally discarded that explanation. The word is assuredly improper. But in what manner the noblest souls of the past have been aided by their own illusions, or by those which others have held on their account, is what our reflective age can no better understand." "By reaction against the rude explanations of the eighteenth century, we do not fall into hypotheses which imply effects without a cause. Legend does not appear of itself; its beginning is aided." "Fraud shall yet come to be regarded as being, to a certain degree, an inseparable element of religious history." "Christianity is the grandest and noblest of the facts of that order, but it has not escaped the common laws which govern the facts of religious history." More specifically: "Does not Jesus seem to us devoid of human frailties, simply because we look at him from a distance, and through the mist of legend? Is it not because we lack the means to criticise him that he appears to us in history as the solitary sinless person?" "If Goethe were living he would not have pardoned a portrait wholly celestial; he would have wished some disagreeable features; for surely in the original there were things which would have offended us, had it been given us to see them." In a word: "Jesus was not sinless; he conquered the same passions which we combat."

Moreover, had Renan only been able to do what he undertakes to do, that is to make out his proposition that all the supernaturalism attributed to Jesus in our gospels can be explained away with but a trifling suspicion cast upon Jesus himself for his own personal complicity with its origin, then what? Why then it would forthwith be perfectly permissible for any one to contend that only a very dubious, if any truly scientific basis whatever, for a continued credence in Jesus' supernaturalism remained to thoughtful men. For it would certainly be much more rational to say that a few of Jesus's frailties may have possibly either been concealed from us by his biographers, or been lost to us because of the dim and obscuring distance from which we view him, or both, than to say that Jesus was in truth such a superhuman being as is depicted in the gospels. In short, if it only required us to assume that Jesus was not absolutely sinless and devoid of all human frailty, in order to destroy his claims to supernaturalism, then the evidence before us of his perfect sinlessness, and the like, assuredly would not, in and by itself considered, be so conclusive as to

amount to anything like a scientific verification of his supernaturalism.

But it has been a steadily increasing and perfectly overwhelming outcome of the evidence inspected throughout this series of papers, that if Jesus was not the superhuman, not to say the divine being who is depicted in the gospels, then his personal complicity with his having been taken to be such a being, is nothing less than monstrous. And in view of the capital importance of this very point we must here be permitted to emphasize the fact that, in averting this conclusion in the "Vie de Jésus," Renan has succeeded only by keeping his investigation constantly averted from that specific Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew. For in his single capacity of wonder-worker that Jesus thus declares: "I will come and heal him." "I will, be thou clean." "Whether is easier to say: Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say: Arise and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins: * * * Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house." "I have compassion on the multitude because they continue with me now three days and have nothing to eat, and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way. * * * How many loaves have ye?" "Do ye not remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? Neither the seven loaves of the four thousand, and how many baskets ye took up?" "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up." "Woe unto thee, Chorazin; woe unto thee, Bethsaida; for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes." "The Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of men, and they shall kill him, and the third day he shall be raised again." "All hail! * * * Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me."

This then gives the reader some general conception as to what must have been the personal complicity with a most unparalleled career of thaumaturgy of that Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew. And if M. Renan is not willing that this Jesus shall personally bear the full brunt of such complicity, he then assuredly must adopt some far different course than that adopted in the "Vie de Jésus." Instead, that is to say, of simply *ignoring* all the Logia of Matthew, by which he here stands confronted, M. Renan must distinctly answer to the question whether those Logia are, or are not, historical.

Suppose now, therefore, that, in so far as such a course is absolutely essential, in order, from the anti-supernaturalistic point of view, to save the personal character of Jesus as a wonder-worker, M. Renan should here decide upon denying the historical nature of the Logia in question.

The reader needs, however, only, in the most cursory manner possible, to glance over these words of Christ in Matthew in order to perceive that nothing whatever would be gained by M. Renan did he merely attempt to deny the historical nature of certain of those words and not of others; and for this reason, that whatever other portion of these words were allowed to be historical, these latter words would, *per se* considered, be almost equally fatal to the personal character of Christ with the entire catalogue of words from which they stand selected.

So Renan has absolutely no choice left him here as an anti-supernaturalist, excepting either, on the one hand, to let every sublimer aspect of the Jesus of history perish, or else, on the other hand, to set aside the Logia of Matthew, implicating Jesus with his thaumaturgy, not in part, but altogether.

But not only are these special Logia of Matthew thus vitally, integrally, indissolubly interlocked and interlinked together,—they have, as we have seen above, a like vital, integral, indissoluble interlocking and interlinking with a vast range of those other Logia of Matthew in which Jesus personally comes before us in a superhuman rôle; as, for example, in the rôle of one possessed of superhuman knowledge, or in the rôle of Son of David, Son of man, or Son of God—not to say the very God-man. And by the time that Renan could have finished setting aside, in every essential direction, all the Logia of Matthew as unhistorical, which, from the anti-supernaturalistic stand-point, it would be absolutely essential to set aside in order to save Jesus personally from all reprehensible, and even from all monstrously guilty complicity with the supernatural features of his gospel portraiture—by that time, we say, the entire Jesus, not of the gospels merely, but of the very Logia of Matthew, would have been so utterly rejected that when we came to look for the truly historical Jesus who must have founded Christianity,

we would not be able to discover so much as the dimmest outline of any definite and tangible human being. The mere metaphysical *eon* of a Strauss would be living and breathing in comparison.

Looked at, therefore, from every conceivable scientific point of view, it must be pronounced utterly impossible for Renan, in behalf of modern anti-supernaturalism, ever to explain away the supernaturalism essentially inhering in the career and character of that Jesus who must have founded Christianity, in any general consistency with the qualifying proposition that he was great and pure.

On the other hand, this feat can only be accomplished by reducing every sublimer feature of this Jesus to an utter wreck and ruin. Great he may have been, but only great in mingled lunacy and fraud.

And now the inexorable question inevitably arises, *how* revolting a part it would be scientifically possible to assume that Jesus might have played in connection with the supernatural rôle attributed to him in the Logia of Matthew, in order to avoid the conclusion that Jesus was in fact, as well as in pretension, a truly superhuman being. To illustrate: "It seems," said Renan at the outset, concerning the miracle at Bethany, "that Lazarus was sick, and that it was, indeed, in consequence of a message from his alarmed sisters that Jesus left Perea. * * * Perhaps Lazarus, still pale from sickness, caused himself to be swathed in grave-clothes as one dead and shut up in his family tomb. * * * Martha and Mary came out to meet Jesus, and * * * conducted him to the sepulcher. The emotion which Jesus experienced at the tomb of his friend, whom he thought dead, may have been mistaken by the witnesses for that groaning, that trembling which accompanies miracles. * * * Jesus * * * desired to see once more him whom he loved; and the stone having been removed, Lazarus came forth with his grave-clothes and his head bound about with a napkin. This apparition must have been regarded by all as a resurrection."

This, then, is the theory of the miracle in question, which Renan not only originally put forth in the "Vie de Jésus," but adhered to throughout all the twelve earlier editions of the work, and in view of which even Strauss exclaimed: "But Jesus? Did *he* permit himself to be blinded by so coarse a trick? Or, still worse, was he a party to the deception?" And so nothing remained for Renan to do except to think the whole matter over for some four years longer, and then declare: "The hypothesis which I propose in the present [the thirteenth] edition reduces all to a misapprehension." Thus: "Wearied out by the ill reception which the kingdom of God found in the capital, the friends of Jesus, it appears, sometimes desired a grand prodigy, which should have a powerful effect upon the Hierosolymite incredulity. A resurrection, * * * more than anything else, would be convincing. It may be supposed that Mary and Martha suggested this to Jesus. * * * 'If,' doubtless said these pious sisters, 'one of the dead were raised to life, perhaps the living would be brought to repentance.' 'No,' Jesus would reply; * * * 'Should Lazarus return again they would not believe him.' Afterward there arose on this subject strange mistakes. Hypothesis passed into assertion. They spoke of Lazarus resuscitated," etc.

And if in the performance of a single miracle it be scientifically permissible to suppose that the Jesus of history could have played a no more reprehensible rôle than the foregoing, how stands the case when we come to consider what could have been his personal complicity with a prolonged series of wonder-working? Thus says Strauss: "How, if Jesus were conscious that the youth was alive when he met him, could he, with a good conscience, receive the praise which * * * the multitude lavished on him * * * on account of the deed? According to Paulus, he was himself uncertain how he ought to regard the result. But if he was not convinced that he ought to ascribe the result to himself, it was his duty to disclaim all praise on account of it; and if he omitted to do this, his conduct places him in an equivocal light, in which he by no means appears in the other evangelical narratives, so far as they are fairly interpreted." Again: "We cannot ascribe such conduct to him, because it would be in direct contradiction to his general conduct, and the impression which he left on his contemporaries." Or thus: "We can as little here as in a former case, impute to Jesus the foolish presumption of giving, before he saw the alleged corpse, the positive assurance that he yet lived."

And the reader will carefully note that Strauss is not here the inventor of a personal character for Christ, but only the recognizer of a character which historically belongs to that Jesus who, among other things, habitually declared: "Blessed are the pure in heart." "Blessed are they which do hunger

and thirst after righteousness." "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out; * * * if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off."

It has already been conceded, then, that, in case it required only a very trifling assault to be made upon the personal character of Jesus, in order to do away with all belief in the reality of his supernaturalism, no truly scientific basis for that belief would now perhaps remain. But when it is, on the other hand, discovered and demonstrated what perfectly monstrous hypotheses concerning Jesus it is absolutely essential to espouse before we can even think of setting that belief aside, forthwith the whole affair is changed. To illustrate: Suppose that the great mortality among the soldiers of the allied armies before Sebastopol were the problem for solution; and that the special question should become, in how far Florence Nightingale may have been therefor responsible. If it should be said that she was perhaps responsible to the extent of certain mistakes in judgment, unavoidable neglect, or even, in certain rare instances, almost culpable negligence, the proposition would then be so kept within some general relations of consistency with her well-established philanthropic character, and all the facts of her career, that no one could positively disprove either its validity or even justness. But so change the whole conditions of the case that it becomes absolutely incumbent upon us to suppose that Florence Nightingale is to be converted into a sort of fiend incarnate, systematically going about among the various wards of the Crimean hospitals almost deliberately administering poison to her patients, and then the proposition that she could have had any such personal complicity as that with the mortality in question, forthwith becomes as unscientific for our acceptance as it is unwarrantable and even monstrous to be propounded.

Be it distinctly understood, therefore, in these days of rigorous and rightful demand for positive facts and verifiable figures, that personal character is precisely of this nature. You can, for example, as soon shake the confidence of truly scientific minds in the conviction that two and two are four, as in the conviction that certain people could not have retailed falsehood by the wholesale, or pursued a studied and systematic course of villainy, or played the leading and responsible rôle in a shocking catalogue of tricks and frauds. And whatever doubt it might be possible to start, in view of the present condition of our evidence, that Jesus is the solitary person in all human history who is at once absolutely sinless and devoid of every human frailty, still that Jesus never could have been personally guilty of certain enormities in supporting his pretensions to supernaturalism is as certain and demonstrable as any settled fact in physics.

Indeed, when we come to put the matter in this latter light alone, to doubt or question further is only like the effort to raise the query whether black is white. For example, says Strauss, in his peculiar sphere: "No single gospel, nor all the gospels together, can claim that degree of historical reliability which would be required in order to make us debase our reason to the point of believing miracles." But after the effort of Strauss, and the German critics generally, had clearly proven that the miracles of Jesus cannot be demolished by any mere assault upon the historical reliability of the gospels, then Renan flatly says: "Time has changed into something very grievous to us, that which was the power of the great Founder; and if ever the worship of Jesus grows feeble in the heart, it will be because of those very acts which made men believe on him." "It would be departing, however, from right historical methods to listen too much in this to our repugnances, and in order to evade the objections which might be raised to the character of Jesus, to suppress facts which, in the eyes of his contemporaries, were of the first order." But with all their avowed repugnance to miracles in general, and all their dogged determination to demonstrate in one way or another that the miracles of Jesus in particular are not historical, Strauss must himself turn the partisan of Jesus, as he does above, when Jesus's personal character becomes impugned in connection with his thaumaturgy. And even Renan, though distinctly conscious that with his personal character the personal pretensions of Jesus to supernaturalism must either stand or fall, can only hint, suggest, insinuate, as he does throughout the "Vie de Jésus. Boldly and distinctively to charge the Jesus who speaks to us in Matthew with such a monstrous complicity with knavery and fraud, as it would be absolutely essential to do in order to disprove his supernaturalism—this Renan could no more presume to do, than he could presume specifically to charge Washington with a frightful catalogue of assassinations in order to disprove the commonly accepted theory

of that great General's success in founding this republic.

Until further light is thrown upon this subject, therefore, it must be confidently submitted that the personal character of the Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew, is in the form of a scientific guarantee and demonstration of his personal claims to supernaturalism. The Christian here holds his faith, in fact, by the firmest of all conceivable tenures. Seeking to deprive him of his faith here, is only like the effort to deprive him of his hearth and homestead, by raising the question whether his ancestry, of immemorial and irreproachable fame, originally came into possession by a systematic course of brigandage and murder; or of his legitimacy, by the effort most revoltingly to impugn the virtue of a parentage against which not even the most inveterate, unscrupulous, and interested enemy would dare to breathe suspicion.

But not only is the personal character of Jesus thus inevitably and most monstrously involved in any truly scientific theory of a fraudulent imposition on the world of Jesus' supernaturalism. Renan gives us a glimpse above of the shockingly pious resorts necessary for Jesus' disciples to adopt, according to either unhistorical hypothesis of the raising of Lazarus propounded in the "Vie de Jésus." And if the reader will only be at pains to see what must have necessarily been the revolting connection of his whole inner circle of friends with that entire series of prodigies which, according to the Logia of Matthew, Jesus professedly performs, in case he did not perform them—he will then at once discover that to the straightforward scientific investigator only two suppositions here are open: first, that the supernaturalism of Christianity did not have its origin in fraud at all, but in very fact; or, secondly, that it had its origin in such a shocking catalogue of collusions and impositions that all the leading actors must have been the most execrable of knaves, and fools, and charlatans. But to adopt the former hypothesis is to abandon the unhistorical view of the origin of the supernaturalism of Christianity; whereas, to adopt the latter, is dogmatically to invent a personal character for all the leading actors in the founding of Christianity, in direct and shameless contradiction to every historical evidence, and glimpse of evidence, which we possess about them.

For more than eighteen hundred years, therefore, Jesus of Nazareth has occupied the position, in the faith of myriads of men, of a divinely superhuman being. And in view of the anti-supernaturalistic hypotheses of his person, mission, and credentials, advanced respectively by Paulus, Strauss, and Renan, it would now appear to take the form of a rigid scientific demonstration that this traditional faith concerning Jesus can be exploded neither, first, by a mere method of naturalistic interpretation of the gospels, which is not supported by any attack upon their historical validity; nor, secondly, by an attack upon the historical validity of the gospels, which is not supplemented by an attack upon the personal integrity and character of Christ and his disciples; nor yet, thirdly, by an attack upon the historical validity of the gospels, even if it *is* supplemented by an attack upon the personal integrity and character of Christ and his disciples.

What more, therefore, has modern thought and culture to urge by way of invalidating the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was, as a matter of historical verity, a divinely superhuman being? Does not this belief repose, in fine, upon sufficiently "valid evidence and sound reasoning," to be at length legitimately entitled to "take its place as a part of science?"

THAT DAY AND THAT HOUR.

Oh that my head were laid
On some heart that loved me, so
It could feel ungrieved my dying breath
Cease from its faltering slow!

Oh that some dreamless sleep
Were sealed so close on my eyes,
I should not know how it melted away,
And left me in Paradise!

Oh that some deep, calm prayer
Would still the pulses of pain,
Till life should stop in the breathless hush,
And faint into Life again!

But best, if the heart of God
Has kept such a thought of me,
He has found out a way for me to die
That I never have dreamed could be!

LATTER-DAY BRITISH POETS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—WILLIAM MORRIS —ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

THROUGHOUT the recent poetry of Great Britain a new departure is indicated, and there are signs that the true Victorian era has nearly reached a close. To speak more fully, we approach the end of that time in which—although a composite school has derived its models from all preceding forms —the idyllic method, as represented by Tennyson, upon the whole has prevailed, and has been more successful than in earlier times, and than contemporary efforts in the higher scale of song.

All periods are transitional; yet it may be said that the calling of the British poets, during the last fifteen years, has been a "struggle," not so much for recognition, as for the vital influence which constitutes a genuine "existence." The latter-day singers, who bear a special relation to the immediate future, are like those priests of the Sun, who, on hills overlooking the temples of strange gods, and above the tumult of a hostile nation, tend the sacred fire, in presence of their band of devotees, and wait for the coming of a fairer day. Not that the blood of Englishmen is more frigid, and their wants more sordid, than of old. The time is sufficiently imaginative. Love of excitement, the most persistent of human motives, is strong as ever. But the sources are various which now supply to the imagination that stimulus for which the new generation otherwise might resort to poetry. It is an age of journalism; all the acts of all the world are narrated by the daily press. It is, we have seen, a time of criticism and scholarship, similar to the Alexandrian period of Greek thought. It is the very noontide of imaginative work in prose; and so largely have great novelists supplanted the poets in general regard, that annalists designate the Victorian period as the "age of prose romance." Finally, and notably within the last decade, readers have been confronted with those wonders of science which have a double effect—destroying the old poetic diction and imagery, and elevating the soul with beauty and sublimity beyond any thing proffered by verse of the idyllic kind. The poets—especially Tennyson, in his recognition of modern science and the new theology—have tried to meet the exigency, but their efforts have been timid and hardly successful. Their art, though noble and refined, rarely has swayed the multitude, or even led the literary progress of the time —that which verse was wont to do in the great poetic epochs. Year by year, these adverse conditions have been more severely felt. To the latest poets, I say, the situation is so oppressive that there is reason to believe it must be near an end, and hence we see them striving to break through and out of the restrictions that surround them.

Where is the point of exit? This is the problem which, singly or in groups, they are trying, perhaps unconsciously, to solve. Some return to a purely natural method, applying it to scenes whose freshness and simplicity may win attention; others withdraw to the region of absolute art, and by new and studied forms of constructive beauty gratify their own taste, and at least secure a delight in labor which, of itself, is full compensation. Some have applied poetic investigation to the spiritual themes which float like shadows among the pillars and arches of recent materialism; finally, all are agreed in attempting to infuse with more dramatic passion the over-cultured method of the day.

In this last endeavor, I am sure their instinct is right. Modern art has carried restraint and breeding below the level of repose. Poetry, to recover its station, must shake off its luxurious sleep: the Philistines are upon it. It must stimulate feeling,—arouse to life, love, and action,—before there can be a true revival of its ancient power.

It would be invidious to lay any stress upon the fact that the body of recent English verse is supplied by those smaller lyrists, who, the poet tells us, never weary of singing the old eternal song. Socialists avow that Nature is unerring in the distribution of her groups. Among a thousand men are so many natural farmers, so many mechanics, a number of scholars, two or three musicians—a single philanthropist, it may be. But we search groups of a hundred thousand for a tolerable poet, and of a million for a good one. The inspired are in the propor-

tion of diamonds to amethysts, of gold to iron. If, in the generation younger than Tennyson and the Brownings, we discover three or four singers fit to aspire and lead the way, especially at this stage of competition with science and prose romance, there surely is no need that we should wholly despair.

I have spoken elsewhere of the minor poets, and of those specialists who excel in dialect-writing and society-verse, and have derived from their miscellaneous productions an idea of the tone and fashion of the period. As we seek for those who are distinguished, not only by power and individuality, but by the importance of their accomplished work, three or four, at most, require specific attention. Another year, and the position may be changed; for poets are like comets in the suddenness of their appearance, and too often also in brief glory, hyperbolic orbit, and abrupt departure to be seen no more.

Of the four whose names stand at the head of this article,—Buchanan, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne,—the first holds an isolated position; the remaining three, though their gifts are entirely distinctive, have an appearance of association through sympathy in taste or studies,—so that, while to classify them as a school might be unphilosophical, to think of one is to recall the others. Such a group is not without precedent. It is not for this cause that I include the three under one review; if it were so, Buchanan, from his antagonistic position, well might be placed elsewhere. The fact is, that all are latter-day poets, and need not object to meet on the footing of guests in the house of a common friend. With the exception of Rossetti, these later poets are alike in at least one respect: they are distinguished from the Farringford school by a less condensed, more affluent, order of work—are prodigal of their verse, pouring it out in youth, and flooding the ear with rhythm. There is no nursing of couplets, and so fruitful a yield may be taken as the evidence of a rich and fertile soil.

II.

Judged either by his verse or by his critical writings, Robert Buchanan seems to have a highly developed poetic temperament, with great earnestness, strength of conviction, and sensitiveness to points of right and wrong. Upon the whole, he represents, possibly more than any other rising man, the Scottish element in literature—an element that stubbornly retains its characteristics, just as Scotch blood manages to hold its own through many changes of emigration, intermarriage, or long descent. The most prosaic Scotsman has something of the imagination and warmth of feeling that belong to a poet; the Scottish minstrel has the latter quality, at least to an extent beyond ordinary comprehension. He wears his heart upon his sleeve; his naïveté and self-consciousness subject him to charges of egotism; he has strong friends, but makes as many enemies by tilting against other people's convictions, and by zealous advocacy of his own.

It is difficult for such a man to confine himself to pure art, and Buchanan is no exception to the rule. He is a Scotsman all over, and not only in push and aggressiveness, but, let me add, in versatility, in genuine love and knowledge of Nature, and in his religious aspiration. The latter does not manifest itself through allegiance to any traditional belief, but through a spirit of individual inquiry, resulting in speculations which he advances with all the fervor of Knox or Chalmers, and thus furnishes another illustration of the saying that every Scot has a creed of his own. Great Britain can well afford to tolerate the metaphysics of Scotland for the sake of her poetry. Buchanan's transcendentalism is mentioned here, because he has made his verse its exponent, and thus, in his chosen quest after the knowledge of good and evil, has placed himself apart from the other poets of his time.

The library edition of his writings, recently issued, does not exhibit accurately the progress of his growth. The poems are not arranged in the order of their composition, but upon a system adapted to the author's taste. In their perusal this is not the only feature to remind us of Wordsworth, whose arbitrary classification of his works is familiar to all. Both the early and the later writings of Buchanan show that much of his tutelage came from a youthful study of the bard of Rydal Mount, and he thus took a bent in a direction quite separate from that of the modern art-school. What he gained in freedom he lost in reserve, acquiring Wordsworth's gravest fault—the habit of versifying every thought that comes to mind. A useful mission of the art-school has been to correct this tendency. Like Wordsworth, also, Buchanan is a natural sonneteer and idylist, and he resembles the

whole Lake school in the Orphic utterance of his opinions upon half the questions that fill the air. Hence some notable mistakes and beliefs, subject to revision; hence, also, ill-conceived and spasmodic work, like the "Napoleon Fallen," and "The Drama of Kings," of which I believe that only a select portion has been retained in the new edition of this author's works.

Thus Robert Buchanan is one of the least restrained and most unequal of the younger poets; yet he is to be placed by himself on the ground of his decided purpose and originality. What he lacks is the faculty of restraint. Stimulated, it may be, by his quick success, he has printed a great quantity of verse since the day, fourteen years ago, when David Gray and himself first started for London. That portion which is most carefully finished is, also, the freshest and most original; showing either that in his case the *labor limæ* is not thrown away, or else that, if the ruggedness of certain pieces is its result, he should have left them as they came from his brain. Of course his early efforts were experiments in verse, rather than new and sweet pipings of his own. "Undertones" consisted chiefly of classical studies—a kind of work, I should say, apart from his natural turn, and in which he was not very successful. We do not find the true classical spirit in "Pan," nor in "The Last Song of Apollo," good as both these pieces are in a certain way. "Polypheme's Passion," imitated from Euripides and Theocritus, is nearer the mark. The strength, precision, and beauty of the antique, are what evade him. After Keats, Landor, Tennyson, and Arnold, his classicism is no real addition to work of this kind in English poetry.

Five years later, his Scottish idyls and legends showed the touch and feeling of the real poet. They introduced us to scenes and language before almost unstudied, and were affecting, truthful, and picturesque. His songs of lowland superstition are light with fancy, and sometimes musical as the chiming of glass bells. The Inverburn tales, in rhymed-heroic and blank verse, were rightly named idyls. They are exquisite pictures of humble life, more full of dialogue and incident than Wordsworth's, broader in treatment than Tennyson's; in short, composed in their author's own style, and transcripts of the manners and landscape which he best knew. Few poems have more fairly deserved their welcome than "Willie Baird," "Poet Andrew," "John" ("The English Huswife's Gossip"), and "The Widow Mysie." Buchanan justly may be pronounced the most faithful poet of Nature among the new men. He is her familiar, and in this respect it would seem as if the mantle of Wordsworth had fallen to him from some fine sunset or misty height. He *knows* the country with that knowledge which is gained only in youth. Like an American poet, and like no British poet save himself, he knows the hills and valleys, the woods and rippling trout-streams. An artist is apt to underrate his special gift. Buchanan is said to place more value upon his town-poems; yet they do not affect us as these rural studies do, and the persons he best describes are those found in bucolic life. His four "Pastoral Pictures" rank with the pastorals of Bryant and Wordsworth in being so imaginative as to have the charm of more dramatic poems. "A Summer Pool," and "Up the River," are full of excellence. The following lines, taken almost at random, show what poetic beauty can be reached in purely descriptive verse:

"The air is hotter here. The bee booms by
With honey-laden thigh,
Doubling the heat with sounds akin to heat;
And like a floating flower the butterfly
Swims upward, downward, till its feet
Cling to the hedge-rows white and sweet.

* * * * * *

The sunlight fades on mossy rocks,
And on the mountain sides the flocks
Are spilt like streams;—the highway dips
Down, narrowing to the path where lambs
Lay to the udders of their dams
Their soft and pulpy lips.
The hills grow closer; to the right
The path sweeps round a shadowy bay,
Upon whose slated fringes, white
And crested wavelets play.
All else is still. But list, oh list!
Hidden by bowlders and by mist,
A shepherd whistles in his fist;
From height to height the far sheep bleat
In answering iteration sweet.
Sound, seeking Silence, bends above her,
Within some haunted mountain grot;
Kisses her, like a trembling lover—
So that she stirs in sleep, but wakens not!"

As a writer of Scottish idyls, Buchanan was strictly within his limitations, and secure from rivalry. There is no dispute concerning a specialist, but a host will rebuke the claims of one who aims at universal success, and would fain, like the hard-handed man of Athens, play all parts at once. The young poet, however, having so well availed himself of these home-scenes, certainly had warrant for attempting other

labors than those of a mere genre painter in verse. He took from the city various subjects for his maturer work, treating these and his North-coast pictures in a more realistic fashion, discarding adornment, and letting his art teach its lesson by fidelity to actual life. A series of the lighter city-poems, suggested by early experiences in town, and entitled "London Lyrics" in the edition of 1874, is not in any way remarkable. The lines "To the Luggie" are a more poetical tribute to his comrade, Gray, than is the lyric "To David in Heaven." For poems of a later date, he made studies from the poor of London, and it required some courage to set before his comfortable readers the wretchedness of the lowest classes—to introduce their woful phantoms at the poetic feast. "Nell" and "Liz" have the unquestionable power of truth; they are faithfully, even painfully, realistic. The meter is purposely irregular, that nothing may cramp the language or blur the scene. "Nell"—the plaint of a creature whose husband has just been hanged for murder, and who, over the corpse of her still-born babe, tells the story of her misery and devotion—is stronger than its companion-piece; but each is the striking expression of a woman's anguish put in rugged and impressive verse. "Meg Blane," among the North-coast pieces, is Buchanan's longest example of a similar method applied to a rural theme. I do him no wrong by not quoting from any one of these productions, whose force lies in their general effect, and which are composed in a manner directly opposite to that of the elaborate modern school.

As a presentment of something new and strong, these are remarkable poems. Nevertheless, and granting that propagandism is a legitimate mission of art, does not that poetry teach the most effectually which is the most attractive to a poet's audience? Have the great evangelists kept their hearers in an exalted state of anguish without frequent intermissions of relief? Hogarth, in his realistic pictures of low life, followed nature, and made their wretchedness endurable by seizing upon every humorous or grotesque point that could be made. "Nell," "Liz," and "Meg Blane," harrow us from first to last; there is no remission—the poet is inexorable; the pain is continuous; we are willing to accept these lessons, but would be spared from others of the same cast.

Better as a poem, more tempting in its graphic pictures of coast-life and brave sailorly forms, more pathetic as a narrative, and told in verse at once sturdier and more sweet, is that dramatic and beautiful idyl, "The Scairth o' Bartle," in which we find a union of naturalism and realism at their best. The lesson is just as impressive as that of "Meg Blane," and the verse—how tender and strong! I think that other poets, of the rhetorical sort, might have written the one, while Buchanan alone could have so rendered the Scottish-sailor dialect of the other, and have given to its changeful scenery and detail those fine effects which warrant us in placing "The Scairth o' Bartle" at the high-water mark of the author's North-coast poems.

Among other realistic studies, "Edward Crowhurst," and "Jane Lawson," will repay attention. That this poet has humor of the Tam-o'-Shanter kind, is shown in the racy sketch of Widow Mysie, and by the English and Scottish Eclogues. He also has done good work after Browning's lighter manner, of which "De Berny" (a life-like study of a French refugee in London) and "Kitty Kemble" may be taken as examples. The latter, by its flowing satire, reminds us of Swift, but is mellowed with the kindness and charity which redeem from cynicism the wit of a true poet. The ease and grace of these two poems are very noticeable.

It is in another direction that Buchanan has made his decided revolt against the modes and canons of the period. "The Book of Orm" invites us to a spiritual region, where fact and materialism cannot hamper his imaginings. To many it will seem that, in taking metaphysics with him, he but exchanges one set of hindrances for another. It is a natural outcome of his Scottish genius that he should find himself discussing the nature of evil, and applying mysticism to the old theological problems. The "Book" itself is hard to describe, being a study of the meaning of good and evil, as observed through a kind of Celtic haze; and even the author, to explain his own purpose, resorts to the language of a friendly critic, who pronounces it "a striking attempt to combine a quasi-Ossianic treatment of Nature with a philosophy of rebellion rising into something like a Pantheistic vision of the necessity of evil." The poet himself adds that to him its whole scope is "to vindicate the ways of God to Man [*sic*]." He thus brings the great instance of Milton to sustain his propagandism, but while poetry, written with such intent, may be sensuous, and often is passionate, it never can be

entirely simple. The world has well agreed, that what is fine in "Paradise Lost" is the poetry; what is tiresome, the theology; yet the latter certainly furnished the motive of England's greatest epic. In adopting a theme which, after all, is didactics under a spiritual glamour, Buchanan has chosen a distinctive ground. The question is, what sort of art is the result? Inevitably a strange mixture of poetry and prose—the relative proportions varying with the flow of the poet's imagination. "The Book of Orm" is largely made up of vague aspiration, rhetoric, padded and unsatisfactory verse. It contains, withal, very fine poetry, of which one or two specimens are as good as anything the author has composed. A portion of the work has a trace of the weird quality to be found in nearly all of Blake's pictures, and in most of his verse. The "Soul and Flesh," the "Flower of the World," and the "Drinkers of Hemlock," are thus characterized. Two episodes are prominent among the rest. "The Dream of the World without Death" is a strong and effective poem: a vision of the time when

"There were no kisses on familiar faces,
No weaving of white grave-clothes, no lost pondering
Over the still wax cheeks and folded fingers.

"There was no putting tokens under pillows,
There was no dreadful beauty slowly fading,
Fading like moonlight softly into darkness.

"There were no church-yard paths to walk on, thinking
How near the well-beloved ones are lying.
There were no sweet green graves to sit and muse on,

"Till grief should grow a summer meditation,
The shadow of the passing of an angel,
And sleeping should seem easy, and not cruel.

"Nothing but wondrous parting and a blankness."

Of a still higher order is "The Vision of the Man Accurst," which is marked by fine imagination, though conceits and artificial phrases somewhat lessen its effect. It seems to me the poet's strongest production thus far, and holds among his mystical pieces the position of "The Scairth o' Bartle" among the Scottish tales.

In applying the Orphic method to contemporary politics, he makes a failure akin to that of Shelley in "The Revolt of Islam." Having perceived the weakness of his poems upon the Franco-German war, they now reappear to us under new titles, and largely pruned or otherwise remodeled. Much of the political verse is written in a mouthing manner, inferior to his narrative style. The aspiration of Shelley's writings doubtless went far to sustain the melody that renders them so exquisite. Whatever Buchanan's mission may be, it detracts from, rather than enhances, his genius as a poet. In reformatory lyrics and sonnets, he does not rise so very far above the level of Massey and other spasmodic rhymsters. An American, living in a country where every mechanic is the peer of Buchanan as a reformer, and where poetry is considerably scarcer than "progress," is likely to care not so much for a singer's theories as for the quality of his song.

Buchanan's versatility, and desire to obtain a hearing in every province of his art, have impelled him to some curious ventures, among which are two romantic volumes upon American themes, published anonymously, but now acknowledged as his own. "St. Abe," and "White Rose and Red," have been commended for fidelity of local color and diction, but readers to the manner born will assure the author that he has succeeded only in being faithful to a British ideal of American frontier life. To compensate us, we have some thin poetry in his Maine romance, while in the Salt Lake extravaganza I can find none at all. His critical prose-writings are marked by eloquence and vigor, but those of a polemical order have, I should opine, entailed upon him more vexation than profit. He is said to figure creditably as a playwright, "The Witch-Finder" and "The Madcap Prince" having met with success upon the London stage.

As a result of his impulse to handle every theme that occurs to him, and to essay all varieties of style, much of his poetry, even after the winnowing to which it has been subjected, is not free from sterile and prosaic chaff. A lesser fault is the custom of handicapping his pieces with affected preludes, and his volumes with metrical statements of their purpose—barbarisms taken from a period when people did not clearly see that Art must stand without crutches. Occasionally, a theme which he selects, such as the description from Heine's "Reisebilder" of the vanishing of the old gods, is more of a poem than any verses that can be set to it. Nor do we care for such an excess of self-annunciation as is found in the prelude to "Bexhill." Faults of style are less common, yet he does not wholly escape the affectations of a school with which he is in open conflict. Still, he can be artistic to a degree

not exceeded in the most careful poetry of his time. "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot," which he has done well to place at the opening of his collection, is equal in finish to anything written since "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and approaches that poem in weird impressiveness and power. Among his sonnets, those of the Coruisken series, sustained by lofty feeling and noble diction, are without doubt the best.

In conclusion, it would appear that his work of the last five years is not an advance upon his Scottish idyls, and that a natural and charming poet has been retarded by conceiving an undue sense of his inspiration as a seer, a mystic, a prophet of the future. Moreover, like Southey, Buchanan has somewhat too carefully nursed his reputation. The sibyls confided their leaves to the winds, and knew that nothing which the gods thought worth preserving could be effaced by the wanton storm. His merits lie in his originality, earnestness, and admirable understanding of Nature, in freedom of style and strength of general effect. His best poetry grows upon the reader. He still is young, scarcely having begun the mature creative period, and, if he will study the graces of restraint, and cling to some department of art in which he is easily foremost, should not fail of a new and still more successful career.

III.

Rossetti is one of those men whose significant position is not so much due to the amount of work which they produce as to its quality, and to the principles it has suggested. Such leaders often are found, and influence contemporary thought by the personal magnetism that attracts young and eager spirits to gather around them. Sometimes a man of this kind, in respect to creative labor, is greater than his productions. But if Rossetti's special attitude has been of more account than his poetry, it is not because he lacks the power to equalize the two. He has chosen to give his energies to a kindred art of expression, for which his genius is no less decided. Yet his influence as a poet, judging from his writings, and from even a meager knowledge of his life and associates, seems to be radical and more or less enduring.

A stream broadens as it flows. Already, in the careers of Morris and Swinburne, we see the forms of extension through which the indestructibility of nature is secured for a specific mode of art. The instinct is not so far wrong which connects these poets with Rossetti, and calls the circle by his name. Three men could not be more independent of one another in their essential gifts; yet there is some common chain between them to which the clue most likely was obtained first by Rossetti,—he being the eldest, and the first to seize it in his search after beauty's underlying laws. It is true that Morris, a comrade near his own age, dedicated a book of poetry to him long before the artist had compiled a volume of his own poems; nevertheless, we gather the idea that the conversation and presence of Rossetti had a formative influence upon the author of "The Earthly Paradise," as well as upon that younger singer whose dramatic genius already has half determined what is to be the poetic tendency of the era now beginning. We turn to the young for confirmation of our views with regard to the immediate outlook; for it is the privilege of youth to discern the freshest and most potential style. A prophetic sensitiveness, wiser than the dulled experience of age, unites it to the party of the future.

Since the master-treatise of Lessing, there has been no question of the impassable barriers betwixt the provinces of the artist and the poet. Poetry, however, furnishes themes to the painter; and of late, painting, through study of elemental processes, has enriched the field of poetry,—to which Rossetti's contribution is the latest, if not the greatest, and has the charm of something rare that is brought to us from another land. He was an early member of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood in painting, Millais and Holman Hunt being his most famous associates. He also has had some connection with Morris in the decorative art-work to which the latter has been so enviably devoted. The element which Rossetti's verse and bearing have brought into English poetry holds to that art the relation of Pre-Raphaelite painting and decoration to painting and decoration of the academic kind. As a figure-painter, his drawings, such as I have seen, are far above the strictly realistic work produced by acolytes of his order. The term realism constantly is used to cloak the mediocrity of artists whose designs are stiff, barren, and grotesque—the form without the soul. They deal with the minor facts of art, unable to compass the major; their labor is scarcely useful as a stepping-stone to higher things; if it were not so unimaginative it would have more value as a protest

against conventionalism and a guide to something new. But Rossetti, a man of genius, has lighted his canvas and his pages with a quality that is more ennobling. He has discerned the spirit of beauty, wandering within the confines of a region whose landscape is visible, not to groundlings, but to the poet's finer sight. Even his strictly Pre-Raphaelite verse, odd and weird as it may at first appear, is full of exaltation and lyrical power.

Such of his ballads as recall the troubadour period are no more realistic than the ballads of the idyllic poets. They are studies of what the Pre-Chaucerian minstrels saw, and partly result from use of their materials. However rich and rare, they hold, in the youth of the new movement, no more advanced position than that of Tennyson's "Oriana" and "The Lady of Shalott" compared with his epic and philosophic master-pieces. This point is worth consideration. The laureate's work of this kind was an effort, in default of natural themes, to borrow something from that old Romantic art which so long has passed away as again to have the effect of newness.

Much of Rossetti's verse is of this sort, yet possessing a quality which shows that his genius, if fully exercised, might lead him to far greater achievements as an English poet. Consecrated, from his Italian parentage, to learning, art, and song,—reared in a household over which the medieval spirit has brooded,—he is thoroughly at home among romantic themes and processes, while a feeling like that of Dante exalts the maturer portion of his emblematic verse.

In fact, he made his first appearance as a writer with a volume of translations from "The Early Italian Poets," published in 1861. In the new edition (1874), entitled "Dante and his Circle, with the Italian Poets preceding him," more stress is laid upon the arrangement of the book. Dante, through the "Vita Nuova" and many lyrics associated with his friends, is made the luminous central figure of a group of poets who shine partly by their own, and partly by reflected light. Sonnets, lyrics, and canzonets are given also from more than forty additional writers, chiefly of an earlier date, and the whole volume is edited with patient learning and religious care. The time and poetry are elucidated with a fidelity and beauty not to be found in any English or Continental essays in the same field. An exquisite spirit possesses the workman and the work. An Anglo-Italian, he has a double nature, like that of the enchanter who understood the speech of birds. Whatever original work he might have produced with the same labor, it hardly could be a greater addition to our literature than this admirable transcript of Italy's most suggestive period and song.

Rossetti's own poems are collected in a single volume. Two-score ballads, songs, and studies, with thrice that number of sonnets, make up its contents; but there are not a few to maintain that here we have "infinite riches in a little room." A reviewer is grateful to one who waits for songs that sing themselves, and does not force us to examine long cantos for a satisfactory estimate of his power. Some of these poems were composed years ago, but the author does not specify them, "as nothing has been included which he believes to be immature." Conscientiousness is a feature of this artist's work. A poet is not to be measured by the quantity of his outpourings; if otherwise, what of Keats or Collins, and what of Southey and Young?

In this collection, then, I find no verse so realistic as to be unimaginative; but I do find a quaint use of old phraseology, and a revival of the early rhythmical accents. The result is a not unpleasant mannerism, of a kind that is visible in the poetry of Morris and Swinburne, and also crops out frequently in recent miscellaneous verse. Besides enriching, like Tennyson, our modern English by the revival of obsolete yet effective Saxon and Norman words, Rossetti adds to its flexibility by novel inversions and accentual endings. With regard to the diction, it should be noted that such forms as "herseemed," though here in keeping, would be unendurable in the verse of an imitator. Throughout his poetry we discern a finesse, a regard for detail, and a knowledge of color and sound, that distinguish this master of the Neo-Romantic school. His end is gained by simplicity and sure precision of touch. He knows exactly what effect he desires, and produces it by a firm stroke of color, a beam of light, a single musical tone. Herein he surpasses his comrades, and exhibits great tact in preferring only the best of a dozen graces which either of them would introduce. In terseness he certainly is before them all.

We must accept a true poet for what he is, and be thankful. Rossetti is not the man to attract a dullard. His quaintness must seem to many as "outlandish" as the speech and garments of Christian and Faithful

among the worldlings of Vanity Fair; and he is so indifferent to its outlandishness that some may deem him wanting in sense and humor. But he is too earnest, too absorbed in his own vision of things spiritual and lovely, to look at matters from the common point of view. To one willing to share his feeling, and apt to recognize the inspiration of Dürer, or William Blake, or John La Farge, the effect is not to be gainsaid. The strangeness passes away with a study of his poems. Yielding to their melody and illumination, we are bathed in the rich colors of an abbey-window, and listen to the music of choristers chanting from some skyey, hidden loft.

The melody is indisputably fine—whether from the lips of the transfigured maiden, of whom he tells us that, when

> "She spoke through the still weather,
> Her voice was like the voice the stars
> Had when they sang together;"

or the witch-music of Lilith, the wife of Adam:

> "Not a drop of her blood was human,
> But she was made like a soft, sweet woman."

It is difficult, however, to separate a single tone from the current harmony. Light and color are worthy of the music:

> "Her eyes were deeper than the depth
> Of waters stilled at even;
> She had three lilies in her hand,
> And the stars in her hair were seven."

> "Her hair, that lay along her back,
> Was yellow, like ripe corn."

——— "The clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles."

——— "She ceased.
The light thrilled toward her, filled
With angels in strong level flight."

Of Rossetti's lyrics in the Gothic, or Romantic, form, "The Blessed Damozel," from which I quote, is most widely known, and deserves its reputation. Nothing, save great originality and beauty, could win us over to its peculiar manner. It is full of imagination:

> "Herseemed she scarce had been a day
> One of God's choristers;
> The wonder was not yet quite gone
> From that still look of hers;"

> "And the souls mounting up to God
> Went by her like thin flames."

> "I'll take his hand and go with him
> To the deep wells of light,—
> We will step down as to a stream,
> And bathe there in God's sight."

The spell of this poem, I think, lies in the feeling that even in heaven the maiden, as on earth, is so real, so living, that

> "Her bosom must have made
> The bar she leaned on warm;"

and that her terrestrial love and yearning are more to her than all the joys of Paradise. The poet, moreover, in this brief, wild lyric, seems to have conceived, like Dante, an apotheosis of some buried mistress,—regarded, it may be, with worship, but no less with immortal passion and desire.

In three medieval ballads of another class, there is lyircal and dramatic power. I refer to "Troy Town," "Eden Bower," and "Sister Helen." These, with "Stratton Water," and "The Staff and Scrip," probably are as characteristic and successful as any late revival of the ballad forms.

"A Last Confession" is a tragical Italian story, in blank-verse, not unlike what Browning—leaving out Rossetti's Italian song—might write upon a similar theme. "Dante at Verona" is a grave and earnest poem, sustained with dignity throughout, yet I prefer Dr. Parsons' lines "On a Bust of Dante"—that majestic lyric, the noblest of tributes to the great Florentine in our own or any other tongue. At the opposite extreme, and in a vein that differs from Rossetti's other works, we have a curious and vivid piece of realism, entitled "Jenny." The poet moralizes, with equal taste and feeling, and much picturesqueness, over a beautiful but ignorant girl of the town, who no more than a child is aware of the train of thought she has inspired. A striking passage upon lust is specially effective and poetical.

I have said that as an Italian translator Rossetti is unsurpassed, and he is nearly as fine in renderings from the old French, of which both Swinburne and himself have made enthusiastic studies. Witness a stanza from "The Ballad of Dead Ladies," François Villon, 1450. The translator's inherent quaintness is suited to his task:

> "Tell me now in what hidden way is
> Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
> Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
> Neither of them the fairer woman?
> Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
> Only heard on river and mere,—
> She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
> But where are the snows of yester-year?'

His lyrical faculty is exquisite; not often swift, but chaste, and purely English. "The Song of the Bower," a most tuneful love-chant, reminding us of George Darley, is a good specimen of his melody, while "The Stream's Secret" has more music in it than any *slow* lyric that I now remember. Dramatic power is indicated by true lyrical genius, and we are not surprised to find Rossetti's poems surcharged with it. As a sonneteer, also, he has no living equal. Take the group written for pictures and read the sonnet of "Mary Magdalene." It is a complete dramatic poem. The series belonging to "The House of Life," in finish, spontaneity, and richness of feeling, is such as this man alone can produce. Mrs. Browning's sonnets were the deathless revelation of her own beautiful soul; if these are more objective, they are equally perfect in another way. Finally, the imagination to which I have alluded is rarely absent from Rossetti's verse. His touches now are delicate, and again have a broad sweep:

> "As though mine image in the glass
> Should tarry when myself am gone."

> "How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope,
> The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
> The wind of Death's imperishable wing?"

In measuring his career as a poet, we at once perceive that he has moved in a somewhat narrow range with respect to both the thought and method of his compositions; but that he approaches Tennyson in simplicity, purity, and richness of tone. His dramatic and lyrical powers are very marked, though not fully developed; if he had been restricted to verse as a means of expression, he no doubt would have added greatly to our English song. Sonnets like the "Bridal Birth" and "Nuptial Sleep," and poems so profoundly thoughtful as "The Sea-Limits" and "The Woodspurge," place him among his foremost contemporaries. He has had a magnetic influence upon those who come within his aureole. Should he complete "The House of Life," upon its original projection, he will leave a monument of beauty more lasting than the tradition of his presence. His verse is compact of tenderness, emotional ecstasy, and poetic fire. The spirit of the master whose name he bears clothes him as with a white garment. And we should expect his associates to be humble lovers of the beautiful, first of all, and through its ministry to rise to the lustrous upper heaven of spiritual art.

IV.

It is but natural, then, that we should find in William Morris a poet who may be described, to use the phrase of Hawthorne, as an Artist of the Beautiful. He delights in the manifestation of objective beauty. Byron felt himself one with Nature. Morris is absorbed in the loveliness of his romantic work, and as an artist seems to find enchantment and content.

In this serenity of mood he possesses that which has been denied to greater poets. True, he sings of himself, .

> "Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
> Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?"

but what time could be to him more fortunate? Amid the problems of our day, and the uncertainty as to what kind of art is to result from its confused elements, there is at least repose in the enjoyment of absolute beauty. There is safety in an art without a purpose other than to refresh and charm. People who labor in "six counties overhung with smoke" are willing enough to forget them. Morris's proffer of the means to this end could not have been more timely. Keats had juster cause for dissatisfaction: he could not know how eagerly men would turn to his work when the grandiloquent period, in which he found himself so valueless, should have worn itself away. Besides, he never fairly attained his ideal. To him the pursuit of Beauty, rather the possession, was a passion and an appetite. He followed after, and depicted her, but was not at rest in her presence. Had Keats lived—had he lived to gain the feeling of Morris, to pass from aspiration to attainment, and had his delicious poems been succeeded by others, comparing with "Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes," as "The Earthly Paradise" compares with "The Defence of Guenevere," then indeed the world would have listened to a singer

> "Such as it had
> In the ages glad,
> Long ago!"

Morris appears to have been devoted from youth to the service of the beautiful. He has followed more than one branch of art, and enjoys, besides his fame as a poet, a practical reputation as an original and graceful designer in decorative work of many kinds.

The present era, like the Venetian, and others in which taste has sprung from the luxury of wealth, seems to breed a class of handicraftsmen who are adepts in various departments of creative art. Rossetti, Morris, Linton, Hamerton, among others, follow the arts of song or of design at will. Doubtless the poet Morris, while making his unique drawings for stained glass, wall-paper, or decorative tile-work, finds a pleasure as keen as that of the artist Morris in the construction of his metrical romances. There is balm and recreation to any writer in some tasteful pursuit which may serve as a foil to that which is the main labor and highest purpose of his life.

As for his poetry, it is of a sort which must be delightful to construct: wholly removed from self, breeding neither anguish nor disquiet, but full of soft music and a familiar olden charm. So easeful to read, it cannot be unrestful to compose, and to the maker must be its own reward. He keeps within his self-allotted region; if it be that of a lotos-eater's dream, he is willing to be deluded, and no longing for the real makes him "half-sick of shadows." In this respect he is a wise, sweet, and very fortunate bard.

Some years ago, judging of Morris by "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems," the only volume which he then had printed, I wrote of him: "Never a slovenly writer, he gives us pieces that repay close reading, but also compel it, for they smack of the closet and studio, rather than of the world of men and women, or that of the woods and fields. He, too, sings the deeds of Arthur and Lancelot." Let me now say that there is no purer or fresher landscape, more clearly visible both to the author and the reader, than is to be found everywhere in the course of Morris's later volumes. Not only are his descriptions of every aspect of Nature perfect, but he enters fully into the effect produced by her changes upon our lives and feelings. He sings of June,

> "And that desire that rippling waters give
> To youthful hearts to wander anywhere;"

of the drowsy August languor,

> "When men were happy, they could scarce tell why,
> Although they felt the rich year slipping by."

A thousand similar examples may be selected from his poems. But his first work was quite in sympathy with that of Rossetti: an effort to disconnect poetry from modern thought and purpose, through a return not so much to nature as to models taken from the age of ballad-romance. It was saturated with the Pre-Chaucerian spirit. In medieval tone, color, and somewhat rigid drawing, it corresponded to the missal-work style of the Pre-Raphaelites in art. The manner was too studied to permit of swift movement or broad scope; the language somewhat ancient and obscure. There is much that is fine, however, in the plumed and heroic ballad, "Riding Together," and "The Haystack in the Flood" is a powerful conception, wrought out with historic truth of detail and grim dramatic effect.

These thirty poems, fitly inscribed to Rossetti, made up a work whose value somewhat depended upon its promise for the future. The true Pre-Raphaelite is willing to bury his own name in order to serve his art; to spend a life, if need be, in laying the ground-wall upon which his successors can build a new temple that shall replace the time-worn structure he has helped to tear away. But, to a man of genius, the higher service often is given later in his own career.

Morris's second volume showed that he had left the shadows of ballad-minstrelsy, and entered the pleasant sunlight of Chaucer. After seven years of silence, "The Life and Death of Jason" was a surprise, and was welcomed as the sustained performance of a true poet. It is a narrative poem, of epic proportions, all story and action, composed in the rhymed pentameter, strongly and sweetly carried from the first book to the last of seventeen. In this production, as in all the works of Morris,—in some respects the most notable raconteur since the time of his avowed master, Geoffrey Chaucer,—the statement is newly illustrated, that imaginative poets do not invent their own legends, but are wise in taking them from those historic treasuries of fact and fiction, the outlines of which await only a master-hand to invest them with living beauty. The invention of "Jason," for instance, does not consist in the story of the Golden Fleece, but in new effects of combination, and in the melody and vigor of the means by which these old adventurous Greeks again are made to voyage, sing, love, fight, and die before us. Its author has a close knowledge of antiquities. Here and there his method is borrowed from Homer,—as in the gathering of the chiefs, which occu-

pies the third book. Octosyllabic songs are interspersed, such as that of "Orpheus,"

> "Oh, bitter sea, tumultuous sea,
> Full many an ill is wrought by thee!"

after which,

> "Then shouted all the heroes, and they drove
> The good ship forth, so that the birds above,
> With long white wings, scarce flew so fast as
> they."

These three lines convey an idea of the general diction; nor can any be selected from the ten thousand which compose the work that do not show how well our Saxon English is adapted for the transmission of the Homeric spirit. The poem is fresh and stirring, and the style befits the theme, though not free from harshness and careless rhymes; moreover, it must be confessed that the reader often grows weary of the prolonged tale. This is an Odyssean epic, but written with continuity of effort; not growing of itself with the growth of a nation, nor builded at long intervals like the "Idyls of the King." The poet lacks variety. His voice is in a single key, and, although it be a natural one that does not tire the ear, we are content as we close the volume, and heave a sigh of satisfied appetite, rather than of regret that the entertainment has reached an end.

In his learned taste for whatever is curious and rare, Morris has made researches among the Sagas of Norse literature, especially those of Iceland. The admirable translations which he made, in company with E. Magnusson, from the Icelandic Grettis and Volsunga Sagas, show how thoroughly every class of work is fashioned by his hands, and illustrate the wealth of the resources from which he obtained the conception of his latest poem. "The Story of Grettir the Strong," and "The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs," appeared in 1869; but in 1868, five years after the completion of "Jason," the public had been delighted with the early installments of a charming production, which, whatever he may accomplish hereafter, fairly exhibits his powers in their most sustained and varied form.

The plan of "The Earthly Paradise" was conceived in a day that should be marked with a white stone, since for this poet to undertake it was to complete it. The effort was so sure to adjust itself to his genius (which is epic rather than dramatic), that the only question was one of time, and that is now a question of the past. In this important work Morris reaches the height of his success as a relator. His poems always have been stories. Even the shortest ballads in his first book are upon themes from the old chronicles. "The Earthly Paradise" has the universe of fiction for a field, and re-clothes the choicest and most famous legends of Asia and Europe with the delicate fabric of its verse. Greek and Oriental lore, the tales of the Gesta Romanorum, the romance of the Nibelungen-Lied, and even the myths of the Eddas, contribute to this thesaurus of narrative song. All these tales are familiar; many of a type from which John Fiske or Müller would prove their long descent, tracing them far as the "most eastern East;" but never before did they appear in more attractive shape, or fall so musically from a poet's honeyed mouth. Their fascination is beyond question. We listen to the narrator, as Arabs before the desert fire hang upon the lips of one who recites some legend of the good Haroun. Here is a successor to Boccaccio and to Chaucer. The verse, indeed, is exclusively Chaucerian, of which three styles are used, the heroic, sestina, and octosyllabic. Chance quotations show with what felicity and perfect ease the modern poet renews the cadences of his master. Take one from "Atalanta's Race:"

> "Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went,
> Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring
> day;
> But since his horn-tipped bow, but seldom bent,
> Now at the noontide nought had happed to
> slay,
> Within a vale he called his hounds away,
> Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice
> cling
> About the cliffs, and through the beech-trees
> ring."

Another from "The Man Born to be King:"

> "So long he rode he drew anigh
> A mill upon the river's brim,
> That seemed a goodly place to him,
> For o'er the oily, smooth mill-head
> There hung the apples growing red,
> And many an ancient apple-tree
> Within the orchard could he see,
> While the smooth mill-walls, white and black,
> Shook to the great wheel's measured clack,
> And grumble of the gear within;
> While o'er the roof that dulled that din
> The doves sat crooning half the day,
> And round the half-cut stack of hay
> The sparrows fluttered twittering."

And this, from "The Story of Cupid and Psyche:"

"From place to place Love followed her that day
And ever fairer to his eyes she grew,
So that at last when from her bower she flew,
And underneath his feet the moonlit sea
Went shepherding his waves disorderly,
He swore that, of all gods and men, no one
Should hold her in his arms but he alone."

The couplet which I have italicized has an imaginative quality not frequent in Morris's verse, for the excellence of this poet lies rather in his clear vision and exquisite directness of speech. Examples, otherwise neither better nor worse than the foregoing, may be taken from any one of the sixteen hundred pages of his great work. I can give but the briefest statement of its method and range.

In each of these metrical forms the verse is smooth and transparent—the choice result of the author's Chaucerian studies, with what addition of beauty and suggestiveness his genius can bestow. His language is so pure that there absolutely is no resisting medium to obscure the interest of a tale. We feel that he enjoys his story as we do, yet the technical excellence, seen at once by a writer, scarcely is thought of by the lay reader, to whom poetry is in the main addressed. Morris easily grasps the feeling of each successive literature from which his stories are derived. He is at will a pagan, a Christian, or a worshiper of Odin and Thor; and especially has caught the spirit of those generations which, scarcely emerged from classicism in the South, and bordered by heathendom on the North, peopled their unhallowed places with beings drawn from either source. Christ reigned, yet the old gods had not wholly faded out, but acted, whether fair or devilish, as subjects and allies of Satan. All this is magically conveyed in such poems as "The Ring given to Venus" and "The Lady of the Land." The former may be consulted (and any other will do almost as well) for evidence of the advantage possessed by Morris through his knowledge of medieval costumes, armor, dances, festivals, and all the curious paraphernalia of days gone by. So well equipped a virtuoso, and so facile a rhythmist, was warranted in undertaking to write "The Earthly Paradise," broad as it is in scope, and extended to the enormous length of forty thousand lines. The result shows that he set himself a perfectly feasible task.

In this work he avoids the prolonged strain of "Jason," by making, with few exceptions, each story of a length that can be read at a sitting. His harmonic turn is shown in the arrangement of them all under the signs of the zodiac. We have one classical and one medieval legend for each month of the year. I take it that the framework of the whole, the romance of voyagers in search of an earthly Paradise, is familiar to the reader. While Morris claims Chaucer, as Dante claimed Virgil, for his master, this only relates to the purpose and form of his poetry, for the freshness and sweetness are his own. He has gone to Chaucer, but also to Nature—to the earth whence sprang that well of English undefiled. His descriptive preludes, that serenely paint each phase of the revolving year, and the scenic touches throughout his stories, are truthful and picturesque. He uses but few and often-repeated adjectives; like the early rhapsodists, once having chosen an epithet for a certain thing, he clings to it, never introducing, for novelty's sake, another that is poorer than the best.

Morris fairly escapes from our turmoil and materialism by this flight to the refuge of amusement and simple art. A correlative moral runs through all of his poetry; one which, it must be owned, savors of pagan fatalism. The thought conveyed is that nothing should concern men but to enjoy what hollow good the gods award us, and this in the present, before the days come when we shall say we have no pleasure in them—before death come, which closes all. He not only chooses to be a dreamer of dreams, and will not "strive to set the crooked straight," but tells us,

"Yes, ye are made immortal on the day
Ye cease the dusty grains of time to weigh;"

and in every poem has some passage like this:

"Fear little, then, I counsel you,
What any son of man can do;
Because a log of wood will last
While many a life of man goes past,
And all is over in slight space."

His hoary voyagers have toiled and wandered, as they find, in vain:

"Lo,
A long life gone, and nothing more they know,
Why they should live to have desire and foil,
And toil, that, overcome, brings yet more toil,
Than that day of their vanished youth, when first
They saw Death clear, and deemed all life accurst
By that cold, overshadowing threat,—the End."

They have nothing left, but to beguile the remnant of their hours with story and repose, until the grave is reached, in which there is neither device, nor knowledge, nor

wisdom. The poet's constant injunction is to seize the day, to strive not for greater or new things, since all will soon be over, and who knoweth what is beyond? In his epilogue to the entire work, he faithfully epitomizes its spirit:

"Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant;
Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent:
The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year,
Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair,
Hung round about a little room, where play
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day."

This tinge of fatalism has a saddening effect upon Morris's verse, and thus far lessens its charm. A shadow falls across the feast. One of his critics has well said that "A poet, in this age of the world, who would be immortal, must write as if he himself believed in immortality." His personages, moreover, are phantasmal, and really seem as if they issued from the ivory gate. Again, while his latest work is a marvel of prolonged strength and industry, its length gives it somewhat of an encyclopedic character. The last volume was not received so eagerly as the first. I would not quote against the author that saying of Callimachus, "a great book is a great evil;" nevertheless we feel that he has a too facile power,—a story once given him,—of putting it into rippling verse as rapidly as another man can write it in prose. Still "The Earthly Paradise" is a library of itself, and in yielding to its spell we experience anew the delights which the "Arabian Nights" afforded to our childhood. What more tempting than to loll in such an "orchard-close" as the poet is wont to paint for us, and—with clover blooming everywhere, and the robins singing about their nests—to think it a portion of that fairy-land "East of the Sun and West of the Moon;" or to read the fay-legends of "The Watching of the Falcon" and "Ogier the Dane," or that history of "The Lovers of Gudrun," which possibly is the finest, as it is the most extended, of all our author's romantic poems? What more potent spell to banish care and pain? And let there be some one near to sing—

"In the white-flowered hawthorn-brake,
Love, be merry for my sake;
Twine the blossoms in my hair,
Kiss me where I am most fair—
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?"

We have seen that the poetry of William Morris is thoroughly sweet and wholesome, fair with the beauty of green fields and summer skies, and pervaded by a restful charm. Yet it is but the choicest fashion of romantic narrative-verse. The poet's imagination is clear, but never lofty; he never will rouse the soul to elevated thoughts and deeds. His low, continuous music reminds us of those Moorish melodies whose delicacy and pathos come from the gentle hearts of an expiring race, and seem the murmurous echo of strains that had an epic glory in the far-away past. Readers who look for passion, faith, and high imaginings, will find his measures cloying in the end. Rossetti's work has been confined to Pre-Chaucerian minstrelsy, and to the spiritualism of the early Italian school. Morris advances to a revival of the narrative art of Chaucer. The next effort, to complete the cyclic movement, should renew the fire and lyric outburst of the dramatic poets. Let us estimate the promise of what already has been essayed in that direction;—but to do this we must listen to the voice of the youngest and most impassioned of the group that stand with feet planted upon the outer circuit of the Victorian choir, and with faces looking eagerly toward the future.

PICUS.

In my mulberry tree
Merrily singeth he,
Hid in the cool green deeps of leaf and bloom,
Washed round with tides of delicate perfume.

Hear him sharply rap,
Tapping the veins of sap!
The satin rustle of his splendid wings
Blends happily with the rich leaf-murmurings.

Earnest and sincere,
Logically clear,
Flavored with spice of leaf and scent of flower,
His song has all of Nature's naked power.

And yours, O poet, too,
Would sweetlier ring if you
Leaned more on Nature's bosom broad and strong,
And shook her freshness through an artless song!

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

It was seven months to a day since the passengers of the balloon had been cast on Lincoln Island. Since that time no human being had presented himself in spite of all their searching. Never had a line of smoke betrayed the presence of man. And now, behold how all that edifice of deductions fell before a common grain of metal found in the body of a harmless rodent! The truth was, that lead must have issued from a gun, and who but a human being could have made use of such a weapon?

When Pencroff had placed the grain of shot on the table, his companions regarded it with the deepest astonishment. All the consequences of the incident, weighty in spite of its apparent insignificance, had suddenly taken possession of their minds. The appearance of a supernatural being would not have impressed them more powerfully.

Cyrus Smith began at once to frame such conjectures as the occurrence, surprising as it was unexpected, was sure to suggest. He took the shot and rolled it to and fro between his finger and thumb.

"You are able to assert," he asked Pencroff, "that the peccary wounded by this piece of shot was hardly three months old?"

"Hardly that, Mr. Cyrus," answered Pencroff. "It was still sucking at its mother's breast when I found it in the ditch."

"Well," said the engineer, "by that alone it is proved that within three months at the farthest, a gun has been fired on Lincoln Island. Either the island was inhabited before our coming, or men have disembarked here within three months. Whether Europeans or Malays, enemies or friends, that is a point which we cannot settle. Whether they inhabit the island still, or whether they have left it, we also do not know. But the question is of so much importance that we cannot afford to remain longer in doubt."

"I think we ought to act with caution," said the reporter.

"That is my opinion also," answered Cyrus Smith; "for, unfortunately, there is a chance that Malay pirates have landed on the island!"

"But, Captain," asked the sailor, "would it not be the best thing to build a boat before starting out? It would give us a chance either to ascend the river, or, if necessary, to coast along the shore. We must not be caught unprepared."

"Your idea is good, Pencroff," answered the engineer, "but we cannot wait. Now, it would take at least a month to build a boat——"

"Yes, yes, a real boat," answered the sailor, "but we do not need a boat for the open sea, and I am confident that in five days, at the most, I can build a pirogue fit to use on the Mercy."

"In five days? Of wood?" asked the negro, with an air of incredulity.

"Wood? Yes—or rather of bark. I repeat, Captain, that in five days the machine will be running."

"Very well, in five days!" answered the engineer.

The dinner came to an end with less gayety than Pencroff had hoped. Before going to bed, Cyrus Smith and Gideon Spilett held a long consultation. They debated whether this last incident had not some connection with inexplicable occurrences at the time of the engineer's rescue, and with other strange events that had struck them both at various times. Still, after Cyrus Smith had discussed the question, pro and con, he finished by saying:

"To sum up, do you want to know what my opinion is, my dear Spilett? However minutely we explore this island, we shall find nothing!"

Early on the following day Pencroff set to work. There was no need of constructing a boat with ribs and boards, but merely a floating arrangement with flat bottom, which would do excellently on the Mercy, especially near its head-waters, where the stream would be shallow. Sheets of bark sewed together would be sufficient for the light canoe, and, in case of natural obstructions, it would be neither heavy nor awkward to make a portage. Pencroff counted on binding together the seams of the sheets of bark by means of clinched nails, thus assuring perfect dryness in the boat.

It was therefore necessary to choose trees whose bark, supple and yet tenacious, would admit of such work. Now, as it happened, the last hurricane had thrown to the earth

a number of douglas trees which were exactly adapted to this sort of building. Some of these pine-trees lay on the ground, and all that was necessary was to remove the bark; but that was a very difficult task, considering the imperfect tools the colonists possessed.

While the sailor, assisted by the engineer, was thus engaged, Gideon Spilett and Harbert were not idle. They had constituted themselves the purveyors of the colony.

One day the two huntsmen found themselves in a part of the forest near the Mercy which was remarkable for trees of great beauty. There, among others, arose to a height of almost two hundred feet above the ground some of those splendid Conifers, to which the natives of New Zealand give the name of "Kauri."

"I have an idea, Mr. Spilett," said Harbert, "if I should climb to the top of one of those kauris, perhaps I could see the surrounding country for a great distance."

The young boy, adroit and energetic, sprang into the lowest branches, which were so disposed that the ascent of the kauri was not difficult. In a few moments he was at the top, which arose from the immense field of verdure formed by the round helmets of the forest trees. From the lofty outlook, the view took in the whole southern part of the island, from Claw Cape on the south-east up to Reptile Promontory on the south-west. In the north-west rose up Mount Franklin and concealed a large quarter of the horizon.

But Harbert could see from the height of his observatory all that hitherto unknown part of the island, which might have contained the strangers whose presence was suspected. The boy looked about with keen attention. On the sea nothing was in sight. Not a sail either on the horizon or on the anchorages about the island. Among the Forests of the Far West, nothing. The woods formed an impenetrable dome, measuring several square miles, without a clearing, without an opening. It was not possible even to follow the channel of the Mercy, or to discover in what spur of the mountain it arose. It might be that other creeks ran toward the west, but there was nothing to prove it. For one moment Harbert thought he saw a light smoke rising in the west, but a closer examination assured him that he was mistaken. No, decidedly, there was nothing there!

The day following, the 28th of October, another incident occurred which could not be explained to entire satisfaction. Wandering on the beach, about two miles from Granite House, Harbert and Neb were lucky enough to capture a superb specimen of the order Chelonia. It was a sea-tortoise of the genus Mydasus, whose shell was remarkable for certain beautiful green reflections. Harbert perceived the animal crawling among the rocks toward the sea.

"Help, Neb, help!" he cried.

Neb ran up.

"What a beauty!" said he. "But how are we to keep him?"

"Nothing is easier," answered Harbert. "Let us turn the tortoise over on its back and it cannot get away. Take your stick and do as I do."

Harbert and Neb pushed their heavy sticks under the breast-plate of the tortoise, and, uniting their strength, succeeded in rolling it over on its back. The tortoise, which measured three feet in length, must have weighed at least four hundred pounds.

"Good!" cried Neb. "This will please our friend Pencroff."

And, indeed, the news could not fail to please Pencroff, for the flesh of these turtles which feed on sea-grass is extremely savory.

"And now, what shall we do with our game?" said Neb. "We cannot drag it over to Granite House."

"Leave it here," said Harbert. "It cannot turn over, and we will come for it with the wagon."

Nevertheless, for greater safety, Harbert took the pains to wedge the turtle around with great pieces of shingle. After this our two hunters returned to Granite House by way of the beach, which the low tide left bare. Harbert, wishing to surprise Pencroff, said nothing about the turtle; but two hours afterward Neb and he were back again with the wagon on the spot where they had left it. The "superb specimen" was no longer there.

Neb and Harbert looked first at each other, then they looked about them. Still it was the very place where they had left the tortoise. They found the very stones which they had wedged about it, and it was therefore impossible they should have made a mistake.

"Well," said Neb, "so these beasts can roll over, eh?"

"So it seems," said Harbert, who could not understand at all, and looked blankly at the stones scattered on the sand.

"Well, Pencroff will be sorry enough."

"Yes; but Mr. Smith will find it hard work to explain that disappearance," thought Harbert.

On reaching the ship-yard where the engineer and the sailor were at work, Harbert related what had happened.

"I thought, Mr. Smith," said Harbert, "that when turtles had been once placed on their backs they could not get on their feet again, particularly when of great size."

"That is true, my boy," answered the engineer.

"Well, then, how did it happen that—"

"How far from the sea did you leave this turtle?" asked the engineer, who, having stopped his work, was reflecting on the occurrence.

"Some fifteen feet," answered Harbert.

"And the tide was down at the time?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the engineer, "what the turtle could not do on the sand it could in the water. It must have turned itself over when the tide rose and quietly regained the high sea."

"Oh, what lubbers we are!" cried Neb.

"That is just what I have the honor to inform you," answered Pencroff.

Cyrus Smith had given an explanation which was certainly plausible. But was he entirely convinced of the truth of this reasoning?

GOOD NEWS FOR PENCROFF.

CHAPTER II.

On the 29th of October the bark canoe was entirely finished. Pencroff had kept his promise, and within five days a sort of pirogue was built, the hull being ribbed with flexible rods of *crejimba*. A seat aft, a second amidships to keep the sides apart, a third in the bows, a gunwale to hold the thole-pins for two oars, and a scull for steering completed this yawl, the length of which was twelve feet, and the weight not more than two hundred pounds.

Just as he was stepping in Neb cried out:

"Pencroff, I say! Your boat leaks pretty well."

"That's nothing, Neb," answered the sailor. "The wood must first soak. In two days you will see no more of it, and there will be less water in our pirogue than was ever in the stomach of a drunkard. Get aboard."

So all got in, and Pencroff pushed out into the open water. The weather was magnificent, the ocean calm as though its waters were shut in between the narrow banks of a lake, and the pirogue might brave its power with as much safety as if

she were running up the tranquil stream of the Mercy.

Neb took one of the oars, Harbert the other, and Pencroff remained in the stern of the boat to steer. At first the sailor crossed the canal and coasted near to the southern point of the little island. A light breeze blew from the south. A few long and regular undulations, which the pirogue scarcely felt, kept swaying the surface of the sea. They rode out about a half mile from the shore, so as to take in the whole outline of the curvature of Mount Franklin. Then Pencroff, putting down the helm, returned again to the mouth of the river, and the pirogue followed the bank, which, rounding out to the last headland, concealed all the swampy plain of Tadorn's Fens. This point, whose distance was the greater because of the curvature of the shore, lay about three miles from the Mercy. The colonists resolved to reach its furthest limit, and to pass it only so far as to take in a hasty view of the coast up to Claw Cape.

From this point the canoe followed the coast at the distance of about two cable lengths, carefully avoiding the rocks with which these bottoms were strewn, and which the rising tide was beginning to cover. The sea wall fell away gradually from the mouth of the river down to the headland. It consisted of a mass of granite blocks distributed with capricious irregularity, and very different from the military "curtain" which formed the plateau of Grand View. Its appearance was savage in the extreme; it looked as if an enormous cart of rocks had been dumped there. There was not a trace of vegetation on that sharp spur that jutted forward for two miles in front of the forest; it represented pretty accurately the arm of a giant coming out of a leafy sleeve.

The boat, propelled by the two oars, proceeded without adventure. Gideon Spilett, with pencil in one hand and note-book in the other, sketched the coast in hasty strokes. Neb, Pencroff, and Harbert chatted as they examined this portion of their domain, new to their eyes. As the boat advanced to the south the two Mandible Capes seemed to change their position and close more narrowly about Union Bay. As to Cyrus Smith, he did not speak, but kept watching the shore intently.

After three-quarters of an hour's navigation the pirogue had arrived almost at the point, and Pencroff was about to double it, when Harbert, standing up, pointed to a black spot, saying:

THE DISCOVERY.

"What can that be over there on the beach?"

All eyes turned to the place indicated.

"Ah," cried Pencroff, "I see what it is!"

"What?" asked Neb.

"Barrels—barrels, which may be full!"

"To the beach, Pencroff!" said Cyrus Smith.

Pencroff was right; two barrels were there half buried in the sand, but still strongly fastened to a large case which had floated, supported by them, up to the moment when it had been cast on the shore.

"Has there been a shipwreck?" asked Harbert.

"Evidently," answered Gideon Spilett.

"But what is there in that case?" cried Pencroff, with a very natural impatience. "It is closed, and there is nothing here to break it in with. Well, a few big stones—"

The sailor, raising a heavy rock in his hand, was about to break in one of the sides of the case, when the engineer restrained him.

"Pencroff," said he, "can you moderate your impatience for an hour?"

"But, Mr. Smith, just consider. Perhaps, inside there is everything we need."

"We shall find that out, Pencroff," answered the engineer; "but do not break that case, which, believe me, may be of use. Let us carry it to Granite House, where we can open it more easily and without breaking it."

The engineer's counsel was a wise one. In truth, the pirogue could not have held the contents of that case, whatever they might be, since it had been thought necessary to lighten its weight by the two empty barrels attached. So it was cheaper to tow it as it was to the shore near Granite House.

And now arose the question, and it was an important one, whence came that piece of wreck? They all examined the beach carefully for several hundred yards. No other wreck-stuff appeared. The sea was also examined. Harbert and Neb mounted on a high rock, but nothing was in sight, not a dismantled boat, not a ship, not a sail. All returned to the case, which measured about five feet by three. It was of oak, very carefully closed, and covered with a thick hide which was held on by copper nails. The two large barrels hermetically sealed, but evidently empty, as the sound proved, were strapped to its sides by means of strong ropes fastened with knots which Pencroff immediately recognized as "sailor knots." It seemed to be in a perfect state of preservation, which was explained by the fact that it had been cast upon a sand beach and not upon the rocks. It was even certain that its journey through the sea had not been a long one, and that its arrival on this shore was recent. The water did not seem to have penetrated to the contents.

It was plain the case had been cast overboard from a disabled ship driven toward the island, and, in the hope that it would reach the shore, where they would find it again, the passengers had taken the precaution to lighten it by an arrangement for floating.

"We will tow this piece of flotsam to Granite House," said the engineer, "and make an examination of its contents; then, if we find on the island any survivors of this supposed shipwreck, we will give back the articles to whomsoever they belong. If we find no one—"

"We will keep them ourselves!" cried Pencroff. "But what can there be inside there?"

An hour and a-half afterward—it required all that time to cross the three miles—the pirogue touched the beach in front of Granite House. The boat and barrels were hauled up on the sand, and as the sea was on the turn they were soon high and dry. Neb went for the tools to open the case, and the examination began at once. A second coating of zinc lined the interior of the case, which had evidently been arranged so that under all circumstances the contents should be safe from damp.

"Aha!" cried Neb. "Suppose it contains preserves!"

"I hope not," answered the reporter.

"If it only contains—" said the sailor, between his teeth.

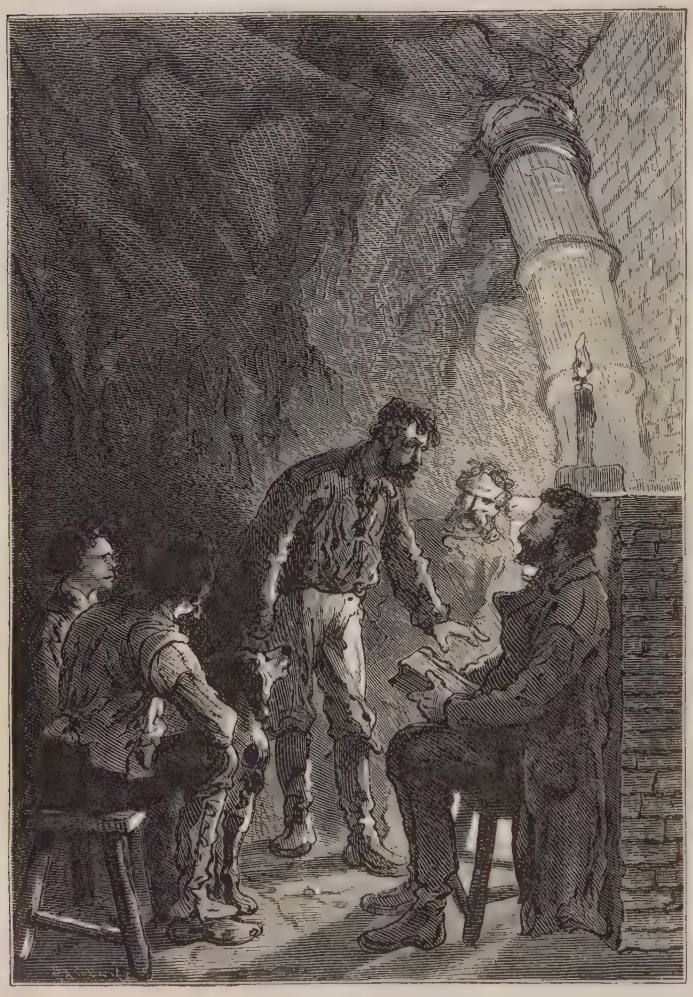
"What?" asked Neb, who had heard him.

"Nothing!"

The zinc lining was split its whole length, then curved back on the sides of the case, and, little by little, many objects of very different kinds were taken out and placed on the sand. At each new article Pencroff indulged in fresh hurrahs, and Neb danced about—like a negro. There were books, which must have made Harbert half crazy with delight, and kitchen utensils, that Neb ought to have covered with kisses.

In fact, the settlers had reason to be very well satisfied, for the hamper contained tools, arms, instruments, clothes and books—all of which went down on Gideon Spilett's note-

book. Among them was a box with a full apparatus for photography and several dozen shirts and stockings, made of a strange material like wool, but evidently of vegetable nature. Besides writing-paper there was a Bible, an Atlas, a Dictionary of the Polynesian tongue, and a Dictionary of the Natural Sciences in six volumes.



THE SAILOR'S SUPERSTITION.

"It must be acknowledged," said the reporter, "that the man who owned that case was a practical person. Tools, arms, instruments, clothes, utensils, books—nothing is wanting. One would say he had expected shipwreck, and had prepared himself in advance."

"Nothing is wanting indeed," murmured Cyrus Smith, with a pensive air.

"And certainly," added Harbert, "the vessel which carried that case and its owner was no Malay pirate."

"Unless," said Pencroff, "that owner had been a captive in the hands of pirates."

"It is not possible," answered the reporter. "It is more likely that an American or European vessel has been driven on these shores, and that the passengers, wishing to save the most needed articles, got this case ready and threw it into the sea."

"Is that your view, Mr. Smith?" asked Harbert.

"Yes, my boy; that might have happened."

"Even the box of photographic materials?" asked the sailor, with an air of some doubt.

"As to that apparatus," answered Cyrus Smith, "I do not understand its use. It would have served us better, as well as any other shipwrecked persons, had it been a completer set of clothes, or a larger stock of ammunition."

"But on these instruments, and tools and books, is there no mark or address which will tell to whom we owe them?" asked Gideon Spilett.

It was a question worth considering. Every article was carefully examined, especially the books, the instruments and arms. Neither arms nor instruments bore the maker's mark, contrary to the universal custom; yet in other respects they were in perfect order, and appeared never to have been used. The same peculiarity showed itself in the utensils; all were new, and this proved that the articles had not been taken at random and thrown into the case, but, on the contrary, that the selection had been carefully made. The same thing was evident in the second lining of metal, which had preserved them from the slightest damp, and could not have been soldered in a hurry.

As to the dictionaries of the natural sci-

ences and Polynesian tongues, both were in English; but they had no name of publisher nor any date. The same was true of the Bible printed in English, a quarto remarkable for its beautiful typography, and which seemed to have been much read. The atlas came last. It was a magnificent work, containing maps of the entire world, and several charts following Mercator's Projection. The names were in French, but it too contained no date or publisher's name.

So on all these things there was no sign to reveal from whom they came, and nothing from which to draw an inference as to the nationality of the vessel which must have lately passed near these shores. When the inventory was finished Pencroff said: "All this is very fine, but don't you see there is nothing for me in that box?"

"Well, Pencroff, what did you expect, then?" asked Neb.

"Half a pound of tobacco, and nothing would be wanting to my happiness!" answered Pencroff, earnestly, amid a peal of laughter from his friends.

But the result of finding this wrecked stuff was, that now it became necessary to make a serious exploration of the island. That day (the 29th October) happened to be Sunday, and before going to bed Harbert asked the engineer if he would not read them a passage in the New Testament.

"With pleasure," answered Smith.

He took the holy book and was about to open it, when Pencroff, stopping him, said:

"Mr. Smith, I am superstitious. Open at random and read us the first verse which comes under your eyes. Let us see whether it will apply to our situation."

Cyrus Smith smiled at the sailor's idea, and accordingly opened the New Testament just where, at a certain place, a marker was thrust betwen the leaves.

Suddenly his glance became fixed by a red cross made by a pencil. It stood before the 8th verse of the 7th chapter of Matthew: "For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning (the 30th of October), all was ready for the proposed exploration which the late events rendered so necessary. It was agreed that the settlers should ascend the Mercy as far as the river-bed allowed. In this way a large portion of the way would

A HALT FOR BREAKFAST.

be accomplished without fatigue, and the explorers could carry their provisions and arms to a distant point westward on the island. At six o'clock in the morning the pirogue was launched into the salt water. All got in, including Top, and started toward the mouth of the Mercy.

The tide had been rising about half-an-hour. So there still remained some hours before flood, which might be employed to advantage, for later the ebb would make it difficult to ascend the river. The flood-tide was already powerful, for the moon was to be full three days after, and the pirogue, which it was only necessary to keep in the current, advanced rapidly between the two high banks without needing the help of oars. In a few minutes the explorers had reached the bend of the Mercy, and the very spot where Pencroff had built his first raft, seven months before. Beyond this pretty sharp angle, the river, bending around, opened up toward the south-west, and its course was traceable under the deep shade of tall pines with their unchanging verdure.

The appearance of the banks of the Mercy was magnificent. Cyrus Smith and his companions gave themselves up to admiration of the lovely effects which nature produced with water and trees. The reporter, Harbert, and Pencroff disembarked several times, now on the right bank, now on the left. The latter was less steep, but the former more thickly wooded. The engineer could perceive by a glance at his pocket-compass, that from the bend the direction of the river-bed was steadily south-west and north-east, and almost straight for about three miles. But it was to be supposed that its bearing would change farther up, and that the Mercy would be found flowing from the north-west among the foot-hills of Mount Franklin, which probably fed it with their streams.

During one of these excursions Gideon Spilett succeeded in capturing two pairs of living fowl. These were birds with long, thin beaks, slender necks, short wings, and apparently without tails. Harbert very justly pronounced them *tinamous*, and it was resolved that they should be the first occupants of the future poultry-yard.

It was ten in the morning when the pirogue reached the second bend of the Mercy, about five miles from its mouth. Halt was made at that place for breakfast, and they rested for half-an-hour under the shade of mighty trees of great beauty. The river still measured sixty or seventy feet in breadth and six in depth. The engineer had noticed that many tributary streams swelled its waters, but these were nothing but rivulets, unfit for navigation. As to the forest, it extended as far as the eye could reach. In no part of it did there appear a trace of the presence of man. The explorers could not find a suspicious track, and it was plain that the axe of the wood-cutter had never touched these trees, that the pioneer's knife had never cut these parasitic vines, running from one trunk to the other among the brambles and the long weeds. If a few shipwrecked persons had ever been cast on this island, they certainly had never quit the shore, and it was not beneath that thick cover that the survivors of the supposititious shipwreck would be found.

For this reason the engineer showed an impatience to reach the west of Lincoln Island, which was, by his estimate, at least five miles distant. By this time the tide had failed them, and they were obliged to take to the oars. Neb and Harbert took their seats. Pencroff seized the helm, and the ascent of the river continued.

Now it appeared as if the woods were lightening toward the west. The trees were less thick, and often were seen standing alone. But owing to the wider space, they profited by the greater quantity of pure, free air about them, and appeared to flourish magnificently. What splendid specimens of the flora of that latitude! Surely their appearance alone would have been enough for a botanist. He would have announced, without hesitation, what parallel crossed Lincoln Island.

"Eucalypti!" cried Harbert.

They were, in fact, these superb plants, the lost giants of the extra-tropical zone, the brothers of the eucalypti of Australia and New Zealand, both of which are situated in the same latitude with Lincoln Island. Some arose to the height of two hundred feet. Their trunks measured, at the ground, twenty feet in circumference, and their bark, channeled by a net-work of a perfumed gum, was fully five inches thick. Nothing could be more marvelous than these enormous samples of the myrtle family, the foliage of which was set with the edges toward the light, so as to let the rays of the sun reach the ground. At the foot of the eucalypti a fresh turf covered the ground, and from the midst of it sprang flocks of little birds, which flashed among the bright tufts of grass like winged carbuncles.

"These are trees, indeed!" cried Neb. "But are they of any use?"

"Pooh!" said Pencroff. "Vegetable giants must be very much like human giants. They are only good to exhibit at a fair."

"The eucalypti," said Harbert, "belong to a family which contains many very useful members—the guava-tree, which produces the sweetmeats; the clove-tree, which gives the little nail-like cloves; the pomegranate, etc., etc."

They listened attentively to the boy, who gave his little botany lesson with a good deal of enthusiasm. Cyrus Smith listened with a smile, and Pencroff with an inexpressible feeling of pride.

"Very good, Harbert," said Pencroff; "but I am willing to swear that all those specimens you have just mentioned are not giants like these!"

"That is true, Pencroff."

"Well, that supports what I say," answered the sailor, "which is, that giants are good for nothing."

"But there you are mistaken, Pencroff," said the engineer, "and just these very giants of eucalypti which soar above us are good for something."

"Good for what?"

"To make the country salubrious. Do you know what they call them in Australia and New Zealand?"

"No, Mr. Smith."

"They are called fever-trees."

"Because they give fevers?"

"No; because they prevent them."

"All right, I will make a note of that," said the reporter.

"Note it down, my dear Spilett, for it seems to be proved that the presence of eucalypti is enough to neutralize the miasma of swamps. This remedy of Nature has been tried in certain countries of Southern Europe and Northern Africa, where the land is absolutely diseased; the health of the inhabitants has gradually improved. There are no intermittent fevers in the regions covered by woods of these myrtles. This fact is now beyond a question, and it is a lucky circumstance for us settlers on Lincoln Island.

A CURIOUS FAMILY.

"Oh, what an island! What a blessed land!" cried Pencroff. "I tell you nothing is wanting—unless it is—"

"That will come in time, Pencroff," answered the engineer; "but let us continue our navigation and push on as far as the river will carry our pirogue."

The boat was propelled without stoppage through the forest, which gradually became

thicker and likewise more inhabited; for, if the sailor's eyes did not deceive him, there were troops of monkeys running through the under-wood. It would have been easy to drop these four-handed fellows with a gun, but Cyrus Smith was opposed to such a useless slaughter, which was decidedly tempting to the hot-headed sailor. It is true that Pencroff looked upon a monkey from a purely culinary point of view, and, really, these animals, which are entirely herbivorous, are excellent eating; but, as provisions were plenty, it was useless to waste ammunition without cause.

About four o'clock the navigation of the Mercy became very laborious, for its current was filled by aquatic plants and stones. The banks rose higher and higher, and the bed was already entering among the foot-hills of Mount Franklin. Its head-waters could not be far off, since they ran together from all the sheds of the southern slopes of the mountain.

"Before fifteen minutes are up," said the sailor, "we shall be compelled to stop."

"Well, let us stop then, Pencroff," answered the engineer, "and arrange a camp for the night."

Camp was pitched on the bank of the stream. A blazing fire was kindled, and supper was eagerly devoured. The night passed without accident, and the next day, the 31st of October, at five o'clock in the morning, all were on foot and ready to depart.

(To be continued.)

MISS PATTY GIBSON'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

EXCHESTER Cathedral is one of the few Middle Age ecclesiastical edifices in the north of England that have survived, in a good state of preservation, the Wars of the Roses, the reign of the Tudors, and the Restoration. Those who have visited Exchester will remember the grand old pile, mossy with age and hoar with the antiquity of many centuries. From its enduring seat on Haddow Hill it dominates the little seaport of Hilford Haven, and its gray towers are seen far away on the German Ocean, which stretches to the eastward. Every rood of ground is rich with tradition. Here are barrows and cromlechs of the prehistoric Britons; the wondering hind sometimes turns up in the plowed glebe curious urns and drinking cups of baked clay, mute relics of that long-gone age. Hither came the Romans with their road-building and military works of defense. Roman bricks are built into old Exchester, and on the south slope of Haddow Hill the antiquarian may find the exhumed remains of basilica, atrium, and colonnade, the vestiges of some Roman colonist's proud villa. Here, too, came the wild sea rovers, the Vikings of the North, who, when their own land became too turbulent for comfort, took ship and sailed the main, finding there the rest and peace denied them at home. At such ports as Hilford Haven they landed for supplies, taking with strong hands the corn and cattle refused them by the sturdy Saxons of that age. They left their runes on the rocks along the shore, and the harsh names of some of the peasantry in the region round about betray the fact that not a few of the Leofrics and Tostigs came to stay.

Exchester Cathedral, however, is comparatively a modern structure, if one thinks of the Druids, the invasion of Cæsar, and the reign of Alfred. It was built during the revival of religious art which followed the preaching of the first Crusade and the taking of Jerusalem by Robert of Normandy and his companions. It was begun before William Rufus was slain in New Forest; it was not finished until after Henry I., beating his breast and lamenting his sins, had died of a surfeit of stewed lampreys. Its clustered columns and high-pointed arches belong to that school of architecture which Sir Christopher Wren called Gothic, but it is known to more exact writers as the lighter Saracen.

If you should ever go to Exchester you will be spell-bound by the lofty vistas, mellow radiance, and massive richness of the interior. Here are naves, transepts, screens, choirs, and pavements of marble, Caen stone, and mosaic. A dim twilight, enriched with stains of many-colored light from painted windows, fills the vast spaces. The graceful columns, standing in clustering groups, lift themselves like tree-trunks far up into the arboreal, foliated, and high-arching canopy above. Under these groined arches and

through these long-drawn aisles have swept regal and pontifical pageants, the proud processions of a day. The silent splendor of the ancient cathedral is yet eloquent with the glory of the ages gone, but the fleeting creatures of its earlier magnificence are well-nigh forgotten. Here, in monumental brass, is the vain immortality of the de Veres of Northumberland; and here is the brown stain in the pavement where William de Haims, fleeing for sanctuary after the battle of Lincoln, was slain betwixt the porch and the altar. But, for the most part, there seems no longer any human interest in the place. Its antiquity is almost supernatural.

To the American, fresh from the cheap newness of his transatlantic home, an old English cathedral is like a revelation. He is oppressed by its curious antiquity, its enduring massiveness, and its historic atmosphere. Familiar as he is with the early traditions of the nation whose kinship he claims, he is weighted with the countless reminiscences that crowd upon him in this awesome place. These pavements are worn by the footsteps of eight centuries. These sphinx-like carvings have looked upon the coming and the going of races of Saxons, Angles, Normans, and Mercians. This immense structure, which has outlived so many generations, seems more like some wonderful miracle of nature than a work of men's hands. Its dim, religious light is the light of the grand old forests, unvisited by man, of his native land. The mellow hues and infinite perspective are heavenly handiwork, not human. This marvelous pile has lasted hundreds of years; it will endure forever.

Exchester Cathedral made some such impression as this upon Miss Patty Gibson, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, when she visited it in the summer of 1863. There is nothing to show that the male Gibsons, father and son, were specially moved by any sight of that repository of the history and poetry of ages. They had seen a great many cathedrals, priories, and old churches. Fred. Gibson, a smart young man, fresh from college, thought them all "awful slow." Just now, he would have preferred remaining at the inn, to chaff the pretty barmaid and enjoy his cigar; but the gentle Patty had persuaded him that Exchester was the one thing he must not leave unseen when he returned to the United States. The paternal Gibson doted on cathedrals. They were so nice and cool; and, on this bright, warm, English summer day, he mopped his fat forehead as he waddled down the magnificent vistas, thoroughly enjoying himself with the cool repose within; and occasional glimpses of hawthorn and lush greenness without, held him back to the present life, to his part therein, and to his lumber-yards in Oshkosh.

Mrs. Lavinia Gibson, however, not only liked the calm seclusion of the venerable pile, but she believed it her duty to "do" this and all other sights with conscientious painstaking. If she had been as young as her daughter, she would have been more enthusiastic, perhaps; if she had been lighter of foot, she would have more enjoyed the cathedrals. As it was, she was compelled to sit down and rest herself with a frequency that sometimes irritated Fred, and even troubled the gentle Patty. But benches were few, and the bases of Gothic columns are not comfortable roosting-places for fat people.

"These stone floors do make a person so leg-weary," sighed poor Mrs. Gibson, dropping on the oaken steps of the noble choir.

"If a fellow only had his velocipede, now, he could see this old tomb on wheels, just as you took in Niagara Falls, mother, from Suspension Bridge," was Fred's amiable bit of conversation.

The figure of the portly Mrs. Gibson careering through Exchester Cathedral on a velocipede tickled the fancy of the worthy father of the family, and he laughed a husky laugh until the dusky arches rung again, and a stone effigy of Edward the Martyr looked down upon him in great amaze.

"Hush, hush, pa," pleaded Miss Patty, "we haven't half done the cathedral yet, and we *must* see all of the chapels. The guide-book says that that of St. Thomas is one of the finest specimens of medieval art in the British Isles."

"Patsy is thinking of her St. Thomas in the Army of the Tennessee," laughed Fred, with a wink at his blushing sister. The reader should know that Miss Patty's sworn knight was Lieutenant Thomas Cummings, at that moment bravely fighting for his country before Vicksburg.

Miss Patty tossed her pretty head, but her eyelid quivered a little, and she did not look at her father. This somewhat irascible old gentleman did not at all approve of Lieutenant Tom Cummings. He did not approve of soldiers in general, nor of Union soldiers in particular. In his own country the venerable Gibson was known as a Copperhead, whatever that may have been.

If Miss Patty had not been "infatuated," as her mother called it, with Tom Cummings, and if her father, as a Copperhead, had not found things quite uncomfortable in the patriotic town of Oshkosh, the Gibson family never would have gone to Europe, and you and I would have never known of Miss Patty Gibson's strange adventure.

You would have liked Patty if you had known her. Possibly, such is the unreasonable fastidiousness of the human race, you would have liked her better if her name had not been Patty. In fact that unfortunate name, bestowed on her in baptism, when her father was only foreman of the Empire Lumber Mills, had cost poor little Patty many secret tears. While a school-girl, devouring "The Sorrows of Werther" and the charming tales of Mrs. Radcliffe, she had tried various expedients of disguise. The modernized form of "Pattie" pleased her right well until malicious playmates called her "Oyster Pattie," when she relinquished it with great indignation.

"Patty you are, and Patty you must remain," was the stern fiat of her mother, who finally added, as years and wealth came on: "Them as has the cash can afford to be sing'lar; and now your pa's forehanded, it won't make so much difference, I allow."

The Patty of Exchester Cathedral, whom we are glad to know, had outlived these girlish weaknesses. She was a fresh, bright young woman, with all her wits about her, well bred, well poised, and with a comeliness that could not be outshone in fourteen counties of Wisconsin—which is saying much. That lithe, agile girl, pacing the somber aisles of Exchester, gazing with reverential awe at the stony saints and sinners overhead, or on the marble monuments, was not a hot-house flower. She was a good skater, and Tom—poor old Tom in the hard-fighting Union army!—had so well taught her to row that Fred offered to "back her" against the stroke oar of his own college club.

All this was very far off now, and Patty, as she sauntered down the cloisters, thought of Tom Cummings with a little pang. Her indulgent father, and fat fond mother, were dear to her; they loved her as other animals love their young. And even Fred, when he was not too much occupied with gun, dogs, and cigar, was a good fellow. But she thought that when he brought up the one little family trouble about Tom he was too provoking for any thing.

Miss Patty choked down a bit of a sigh and looked into the beautiful Chapel of St. Thomas with a faint blush on her cheek. She would not acknowledge to herself that there was something like a suggestion in the name of the gentle saint to whom this chapel was dedicated. But it was a nice name for all that, and if she dearly loved that name, why—but Fred was so very rude. She must really see the chapel.

The rest of the Gibson family grumbled and found fault with the tiresomeness of their journey about the cathedral. Papa Gibson wished the sun would go down, so they might walk back to the inn comfortably. Fred thought it a hard case that smoking was not allowed in Exchester Cathedral. "It would purify the old shebang," he thought; and his mother calmly wondered what they would have for dinner.

Miss Patty, having exhausted the other attractions of the Chapel of St. Thomas, sat down before the monument of a knightly crusader. It was an upright tomb, rich in tracery and paneling, and bearing in quaint letters the name and deeds of the knight whose effigy, sculptured in stone, lay recumbent on the slab which formed the top. The wordy epitaph set forth how Thomas de Comeyn, Norman, Knight, went to the Holy War in 1189; how he took part in the siege of Acre; how he slew many infidels with his own hand; how he died in the triumphs of faith, and now besought "Jesu, son of Mary," to pray for his soul.

This brief story of the crusader's life—a life spent so far away in time—touched the young girl's heart as she sat down at the base of a cluster of columns and regarded the sleeping figure of the knight. His effigy seemed pathetically human as it lay there extended on the stone, with praying hands meekly upraised across the breast. Helpless enough now is blustering, fighting Sir Thomas de Comeyn, Norman and crusader. He fills a little space in the world. Only a few feet of carved marble, a handful of ashes, remain of the doughty warrior who fought with Richard the Lion-hearted, and, doubtless, made much noise in his time.

Miss Patty Gibson thought there was something appealing in the crusader's attitude, lying there with his battered legs stretched out so very awkwardly. There was a great dint on his corselet, which was not made by any Paynim lance; one of his marble toes was broken off, and his maimed foot did not enhance the dignity of his figure. The young girl laughed quietly to herself at the grotesqueness of her Tom ever

being laid out in stony state like this; Tom's regimentals would not look picturesque in marble. But, on second thoughts, would not Tom have been a kindly and noble knight and soldier if he had lived in those old days? She was certain that he would; and she busied herself with thinking of Sir Thomas at the tourney, under his lady's window with a song, sweeping on to the Holy Land in the glorious train of Richard the Lion-hearted, or mingling in the royal progresses made by the weak and wicked King John through his dominions.

Were these old days so much better than our own? Where is the high emprise, the lofty chivalry, and the noble prowess of the gallant gentlemen of Sir Thomas de Comeyn's time? Our American girl felt that she belonged to a cheaper age and country, as, sitting there in her sheltered nook, she looked out upon the Middle Ages. The silent figure before her called up a panorama crowded with gay pageants, tented fields, brilliant tournaments, and castled pomp and pride. It was a noble age, that of the de Veres, de Courcys and de Comeyns. It is a pity that it has gone. But there was no fresh, bright, Wisconsin girl in de Comeyn's time; and Patty thought there could have been no more gallant chevalier than Lieutenant Thomas Cummings.

Exchester Cathedral is cool, but a "storied window richly dight" warms the nook in which stands Sir Thomas de Comeyn's monument. Miss Patty was tired; her journey about the vast building had wearied her, and its awful majesty somewhat oppressed her. Insensibly confusing Tom with the mute crusader before her, and half wondering if she were in the ninth or nineteenth century, she settled herself comfortably against the stone shafts behind her and slept the sleep of the innocent.

How long she slept she was never quite able to say. The sun was an hour high when the Gibsons, convinced that she had returned to the inn without them, went away from the cathedral. The moon was pouring a flood of light into the chapel, when she awoke with a queer little start, and stood on her feet. The warm sun was gone from the tall windows; the air was chill, and as Miss Patty began to take in the circumstances of her situation she shivered a little. She was locked up for the night in Exchester Cathedral. Many girls, perhaps many men, would have been frightened. The surroundings were not all reassuring; there was a musty odor of death and a general flavor of mild decay about the place. The grinning faces on the corbels above looked uncanny in the obscurity of night. The stark figure of the crusader wore a ghastlier air in the weird moonlight, and many a shrouded abbot and friar gleamed white in the shadows of the chancel.

But Miss Patty had a stout heart, though it did now flutter a little beneath her boddice. She put her hand over it unconsciously and sat down again to think. It was very selfish, so it was, for Fred and pa to go away and leave her so. What could they have been thinking of? Would they not return and search for her? Could she find her way out to the great door and so make her way to the inn? The case was by no means hopeless. She would collect her wits and begin an exploration. To take the most cheerful view of things, a journey through the dark aisles and cloisters did seem to the involuntary prisoner "awful poky."

But Miss Patty's sense of fun was strong upon her, and, as she thought of her strange adventure, she laughed softly to herself. It was not an echo of her subdued giggle that smote upon her ear. She was sure she heard a breathing, a sigh. There! she heard it once more, and this time it seemed to come from behind the crusader's tomb. Pshaw! it was the wind breathing through the broken window. But the night was still, and the grewsome silence of this vast cavern was unbroken by any disturbance from without.

As she looked and wondered at her own timidity, a tremor ran over the figure of the sleeping knight. Was it a quiver of moonlight? There it was again! It came and went as if some wave had stirred beneath the marble surface. And as she gazed with speechless wonder, Sir Thomas de Comeyn actually drew up one of his stony legs, let it fall again, and sighed like one awaking from a heavy sleep. There was no mistaking the movement this time. Poor Patty felt a ripple of cold glide down her spine, and she involuntarily put up her hand to see if her back hair were actually rising on her head, as it seemed. With another sigh, which Miss Patty thought very much like a grunt, the knight drew up both knees, unclasped his praying hands, and let his stony gauntlets fall with a rude clatter by his side. Miss Patty restrained a shriek, and furtively pinched herself to see if she were really awake. Painfully assured of this, she sat rooted to the spot. A moment's reflection

gave her back all her wits, and she said to herself, with wild bravado, "Come, now, this is getting interesting!"

Thomas de Comeyn, Norman knight, having contemplated his aristocratic knees for several minutes, lifted his head stiffly, drew his arms up with a grating sound, elevated his shoulders, detached his feet from the slab where they had lain for so many centuries, and painfully swung himself round as on a pivot, letting his greaved legs drop over the edge of the monument. His armored hands fell on his knees with a sullen clash, and the knight gave a little groan, which, as before, resembled a grunt.

in the sculpture of the tomb, and grumly said:—

"Well, young woman!"

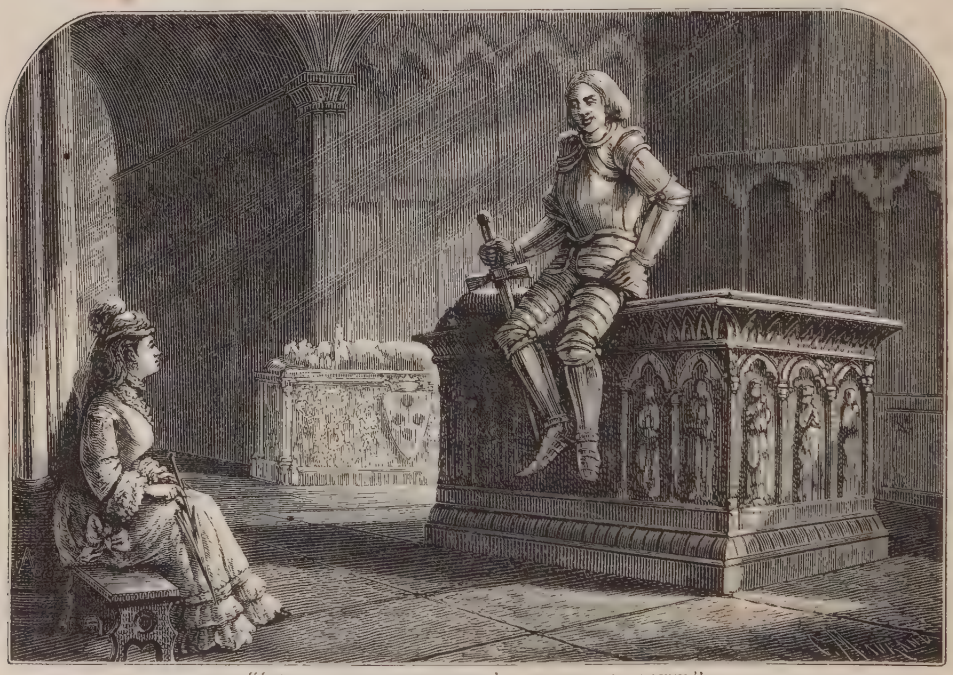
Patty was well-bred, and with a slight quaver in her voice, she answered:

"Well, sir!"

The knight's politeness was a little rusty, perhaps, for he made no more talk for a moment, but a stony grin irradiated his marble jaws. Finally he said:

"Do you belong in the castle, fair damsel?"

"What castle, may it please you, Sir Knight?" made answer the young lady, easily dropping into the manner of Sir Walter Scott and Froissart.



"'HE HAS THE RHEUMATISM,' THOUGHT MISS PATTY."

"He has the rheumatism," thought Miss Patty, recalling Rip Van Winkle awaking from his sleep of years.

The awful apparition had come upon her so by degrees that she was already becoming familiar with it. If the crusader had bolted from his tomb when she first awoke, she would have probably screamed and fainted on the pavement. It was too late now. It is the suddenness that kills.

With a somewhat battered face, which even a warm reflection from the figure of St. Thomas in the painted window failed to endow with much intelligence, the crusader looked down upon the young lady from Oshkosh. He rested his iron-clad heel

"Castle Lincoln, I had in mind, please you. It was there my lord lodged last night."

The crusader was recovering his good manners, but he had lost his reckoning. "Last night" was centuries away. Who was his lord? Might she ask? How should she break the news of the death of the earl or whatever he might be? She parried the difficulty by saying:

"You have been —"

She would have said "asleep," but the conscience of this nice girl was tender, and she knew that would not be true.

"Dead—dead," the knight added cheerfully, while she hesitated. "I know all

about it. There is no need for soft words, good lady. But who is at the castle now?"

"I—I really don't know. I haven't been there."

"Where is your home, if I may rudely ask so gentle a maid?"

"I live in Oshkosh."

"Osh—". The crusader looked perplexed, and said: "Is Osh— this place you spake of, in Wessex?"

"Oh, no, sir! It's in Wisconsin."

"And Wisconsin, now I think me, is in Burgundy?"

"Oh, no, my lord! Wisconsin is one of the United States of America. Oh, I forgot; America was not discovered when you —— went to sleep."

"Died, fair damsel. Died is the word. No, I never heard tidings of the land you call America. It is a Christian country?"

"Well, not exactly," said poor Miss Patty, a little doubtfully.

"What! Not a heathen Saracen, I trust?" and the knight involuntarily gripped the hilt of the great sword that lay by his side.

"Oh, no! America is not heathen Turk; that is, not all of it"—for Miss Patty suddenly remembered Utah, and hesitated.

"It must be a fair and Christian country from which so well-favored a maid as you may come," said the knight, gallantly.

"Thank you very much," the maiden made reply. "We Americans are very proud of our country."

"Oh ho," quoth he. "Then your people are called Americans? Now I bethink me, it was an American who broke off my toe and took it away with him." And the knight looked down ruefully at his wounded foot.

Miss Patty blushed a little, and thought that she had small reason to be proud of her countrymen, however they might feel toward their country. There was an awkward pause for a moment; Miss Patty felt that the crusader's maimed foot was on delicate ground, and she was a little hurt that the knight should have spoken so brusquely; but this was Middle Age manners.

"Do you often wake up this way?" she asked, with some timidity.

"Nay, not often; only four or five times since my going to sleep, as you call it."

"And you never met any body to have any conversation with in all these centuries?"

"Centuries!" replied the knight, with a stony air of astonishment.

"Yes; this is in the year of our Lord (here the knight crossed himself) eighteen hundred and sixty-three."

"Oh, don't bother! What are years and centuries to me? I am immortal. The world knows all about my exploits in France and the Holy Land. Did I not take Nicopoli by escalado? and was not my succor of Naumur the means of recovering one of the fairest of our French provinces? A truce to your centuries and centurions, fair maid. The world will not soon forget me."

"What an insufferable coxcomb!" thought the young girl. "The world forgot him long ago. But," she said, "who is your lord, of whom you spake just now?"

"My lord the king," replied Sir Thomas de Comeyn, proudly. Miss Patty was no wiser than before. Kings did not last long during the troubled times in which Sir Thomas lived.

"You must have seen a great many battles in your time, Sir Knight?"

"Ah!" he said, with a sigh much like that which heralded his awaking, "I dropped in the midst of it. What a doleful pity it was that I could not see it through! What are they fighting about now? Are they at Acre, or is the war carried into Aquitaine?"

"The fighting was all around Vicksburg at last accounts," said the maiden pensively. She was thinking of the 149th Wisconsin.

"Vicksburg?" queried Sir Thomas de Comeyn with a great amaze. "In what heathen land is that?"

"It is in no heathen land, my lord. It is in the United States, the America I speak of."

"And is the King of England there?"

"Not so; that is our war, and we are fighting against the rebels."

"Good! good!" exclaimed the knight. "I doubt not that the King of America has many a gallant knight in his army. Aha! it is right pleasant to fight the base fellows who rebel against their lawful sovereign."

"Yes, there are many noble knights in our army, but we have no king. Ours is a republican government."

"No king!" echoed the knight with great surprise. "No king! How do you live in peace, and who is at the head of the country?"

"We govern ourselves, and just now we don't live in peace; but it is all owing to those rebels," she added, a little doubtful about her logic.

"Down with all rebels say I, fair maid," ejaculated Sir Thomas de Comeyn. "The

gallant knights that are fighting for your country are just as brave, I doubt not, as those who fought with us at Ascalon or in France? Mother of Jesu! the cause is good, whether it be in the land of our Blessed Lord (and here the knight laboriously crossed himself) or in the strange country you call Osh—"

"Kosh," finished the maid, who secretly thought that there were not so many centuries between the knight and Lieut. Thomas Cummings, after all. Was it possible that this man was talking to her out of the thirteenth century? She looked around upon the ghostly architecture of the cathedral. It wore a weird and unreal aspect. But there was the painted window filled with richly colored saints and angels. There was the drooping ivy trembling against the metal sashes; and the pavement, worn by countless feet now laid to rest, was clear and plain before her in the moonlight. This was a most strange adventure.

"But we do not have the chivalry of your time. Our knights, though they fight for a good cause, do not fight for glory. They are paid by the month."

"Paid by the month?" said he, aghast. "What are they paid for?"

"For fighting. They can't afford to leave their business and go to the war for nothing." The knight looked shocked, and she continued: "Yes, the age of chivalry is gone. We have no more knights singing love songs and tilting at tourney, as in your day."

"Singing love songs!" said Sir Thomas indignantly. "What arrant knave told you such a tale as that?"

"Sir Walter Scott says so."

"Sir Walter Scott? I know no such knight as he. There was a Scott who did perform many deeds of valor at Hexham Field. Nay, when the battle went sore against us he brought up four thousand archers and did greatly relieve Earl Somerset, who was well-nigh spent. But he was not of gentle blood; I misdoubt me if he knew aught of what you say this Sir Walter tells you."

"Nay, Sir Knight, the Scott of whom I speak is a novelist—a writer of romances."

"A scrivener? a writer of strange fables! Why, look you, gentle maid! The men who wag the pen are base-born churls, liars all. I would have no such fellows about me. Reading and writing will do for varlets and tradesmen. No gentleman mars his fingers with ink-horn and goose-quill."

"And did not knights sing or strike the mandolin?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Sir Thomas, a little coarsely. "That was employment for noblemen and gentlemen-at-arms, was it? Nay, good lady, your scrivener has told false tales. Songs and singing were for the troubadours who trudged from place to place, piping as they went. They earned their wage fairly enow. They ate in the hall when their betters had filled themselves."

"But your King Richard, the Lion-hearted, was found in his prison by a minstrel, Blondel, wasn't he?"

"Small praise to the man that found Richard Cœur de Lion (God rest his soul!) whoever he was. But it was old Beauchamp, crafty Bishop of Ely, and Chancellor of the Realm, that performed that unthankful service for England."

"Well, Richard was a great man, was he not?"

"Nay, gentle maid; it ill becomes me to speak evil of the king. But Richard (Jesu have mercy on him!) was a covetous prince. He bartered the demesnes of the crown for money. He sold earldoms by the score, and his presence chamber was like the shop of a chapman. Believe not the scriveners who tell you that he was a great commander. By my troth (saving your presence), he wasted men at Acre like water, and many a gallant knight-at-arms needlessly bit the dust for his unseemly quarrels."

"This is dreadful! I thought King Richard a great and gallant prince."

"More scriveners' stories! more scriveners' stories, gentle maid! He was a brave king I make no doubt, but he died as he lived—fighting for money that did not belong to him. Ah! he loved a fight, but he loved pistoles likewise."

Miss Patty shuddered a little. It troubled her to see one of her heroes broken thus in pieces. The knight noticed her movement, and said:—

"It is draughty in here. A plague on the place! it has given me a foolish rheum in my head." And, with a grating noise, he drew his arm under his marble nose. The young lady from Wisconsin was a little shocked, but said: "It must have been very fine in the magnificent castles of the time you speak of?"

"Fine, my lady? It was a gay and gorgeous court that my lord the king kept at Lincoln Castle. Let us think. Was it yesterday?"

"Call it yesterday," said the girl, much

amused. "But you had no carpets on your floors."

"Nay, no carpets. Those are for the luxurious Paynims, though by that same token the Paynims dealt King Richard many a hard whack. No carpets, my lady. The king himself contents himself with clean rushes. But we had all that was needful for gallant knights and gentlemen."

"Yet you had no pocket-handkerchiefs; I noticed just now you wiped your nose on your sleeve," said Miss Patty, blushing at her own plainness of speech.

"Pocket–hand–kerchief," said the knight, cautiously repeating each part of the word. "And what may this be? Kerchiefs to carry in the hand, in the pocket? I pray you, do not mock me?"

Miss Patty tried to explain to him what a pocket-handkerchief might be like, and added:

"And it must not have been very nice to eat with your fingers instead of forks, as people did in your time."

"I don't know what you mean, gentle lady; fingers were made to eat with. The base-born serfs who till the ground and labor with their hands, find other use for fingers. No gentleman touches an iron tool, except his own good sword."

"It's about the serfs, as you call them, that the people in my country are fighting."

"Fighting for serfs!" exclaimed the knight, with real horror on his somewhat immobile countenance.

"Yes, the Southern people want to have a slave confederacy of their own."

"Then let them have their churls and be done with it. Are the slaves of Saxon blood?"

"Oh, no, they are negroes."

"Blackamoors! fight for heathen blackamoors?" said the knight in a great rage. "No knight would do battle for such a cause."

"It's not altogether that," said Miss Patty, who was not strong in politics. "But the blacks ought to be free."

"Not so, not so. If they are not of gentle blood, it beseems them well to be serfs and villans. Does not the proverb say, 'He shames God who raises a villan;' and your people fight to help these blackamoors!"

Miss Patty, in great trouble, said to herself: "Why, this man is a Copperhead." She changed the subject.

"Pilgrims go to the Holy Land now by steam."

"By steam? Steam is like the vapor that came out of Solomon's coffer when Badroul Bakir opened it on the sea-shore. How can one travel by it?"

"It is just put into machines, and so made to propel vessels and cars all over the world."

"Vessels and cars," repeated the crusader, vacantly. "When we sallied forth to the Holy Land we rode our own good steeds, Ah, my noble Barfleur, where is he now? Dead on the field of Jaffa. But we sailed the seas, we and all our horses, tents and much baggage of war."

"I have been to Jaffa and Jerusalem. The Jews live there now."

"The unbelievers, do they? Cursed be the race! Ah me, but we made it hot for them at York. Full fifty score of them perished like rats in the castle where they had sought refuge. It was a goodly day."

"Poor creatures!" said Miss Patty, shuddering. "What harm had they done?"

"They crucified our Lord and took much money on the estates of those who went to rend the Holy Sepulcher from the Saracen."

"One would suppose that the Jews had helped to retake the Holy Sepulcher then," said the young American, brightly.

"When we were besieging Acre, the Saracens sent to us for a Genoese who might speak their heathen tongue. One Antonio Marchi, a centurion, went; whereat the Saracens asked why this great array of Christian princes, knights and gentlemen, was come to make war upon them. The centurion returned and told his tale, and was sent back to the Saracens with this reply: 'That in consequence of their ancestors having crucified and put to death the Son of God, called Jesus Christ, a true prophet, without any cause or just reason, they were come to retaliate on them for this infamous and unjust judgment.' When the Saracen lords heard this, they laughed most unseemly, declaring that this was assertion without proof, for it was the Jews who had crucified Jesus Christ, and not they. I do not know if they were right," the knight added, thoughtfully.

"I guess the Saracens were right," said the young lady.

"I am not learned in the law, but heathen Turks and infidel Jews are all the same to me."

"Yes?"

This was said with a rising inflection and the crusader looked at her with anxiety, as if he thought it an unknown tongue. The

young American was abashed. She had forgotten herself.

"In this America that you speak of, do your knights often hold tourney?"

"They used to have tournaments in the South before the war, but they have something else to engage their attention just now."

"Who are the gallant knights, and what their deeds of high emprise?"

The young lady faltered a little as she replied:

"Well, there are no real knights. Those who tilt at the ring are mostly nice young lawyers and gay students."

"Scriveners and clerks mounted on barbs and cased in armor!" The knight roared with laughter, until Exchester arches rang again. "By my faith, I would give a goodly sum to see the show! But is it all tilting at the ring? Is there no combat, no ordeal of arms?"

"Well, yes, men do fight duels sometimes, but it is against the law. People are tried by jury for crime nowadays."

"No ordeal by combat! How can the guilty be found out? I have been wont to see one of gentle blood, accused of treason, fight with his peers in the jousting field. Each good knight made oath that he dealt in no art of magic nor witchcraft whereby he might obtain the victory over his adversary. Then at it they went, and many a false-hearted knave has thereby fallen low, to the great rejoicing of the realm and the discouragement of traitors."

"But such things would not be possible in our country, with its civilization of steamboats, telegraphs, and different ways of doing things."

"Telegraphs, I think you said?"

"Yes; by using wires we can send messages thousands of miles across continents, or under the sea, in a moment of time."

"Sorcery?" queried the knight, his stony eyes dilating somewhat.

"Science, Sir Knight," replied the maid.

"Nay, nay; it is sorcery. You have heard how Raymond Lully turned crystal into diamond when he was shut in the chamber of St. Katherine, in the Tower?" Here the knight sank his voice into a ghostly whisper, and added: "There are other men who, dealing with the powers of darkness, have changed iron into gold, and have laid such spells of magic on the people that they wist not what ailed them, but fell sick and died in great disorder." Then glancing apprehensively around the dim old cathedral, he continued: "And there be magicians who can call back spirits from the under-world, and make the dead appear in form and fashion as they lived." Here Sir Thomas piously crossed himself, and visibly shook as though he had an earthquake in his calcareous bulk.

"But our electric telegraphs are not sorcery. They were invented by Professor Morse."

"Have nothing to do with such things, gentle maid. Heathen devices are they all."

Miss Patty did not pursue the subject; it was too large for her, as well as for the crusader. But she could not help saying:

"We think we are happier for all these things."

"I doubt not that your country is a happy one. It has brave knights to fight for it, and it is sweet and noble to fight for the honor of king and country. Now such a fair lady as you should have her colors worn by some gallant gentleman in the war of Vicksburg."

Miss Patty blushed, looked down, and tapped her little foot with her parasol. She was thinking of Lieutenant Thomas Cummings, in the Army of the Tennessee. She remembered the little blue velvet-covered ambrotype which that gallant gentleman wore in the breast pocket of his uniform coat, and she murmured softly:

"Every true American girl wears the colors under which our brave men are fighting."

A crystal drop sparkled on her eyelashes as the knight replied:

"Then, if so be that the warrior dies in battle, he shall be comforted by the thought that he falls for his mistress and for his country."

The rugged and somewhat battered face of the good knight grew softer in the fading moonlight. His voice sounded as if it came from a great way off. It was speaking out of the dim, hoary past; yet it came like an oracle, and his substantial presence seemed etherealized to the fine sense of the young girl, who looked at him with a certain glow about her heart. He was, after all, good and noble. He had acknowledged that he despised reading and writing. He had killed many a man in single combat; he had even just now wiped his nose on his sleeve, and flouted people who eat with knives and forks. But he had spoken of the cause of his king and country almost in the same words which Lieutenant Thomas Cummings had used when he buckled on his sword and went forth to fight for the

Union and the right. Is it true that the age of chivalry is gone?

Looking up, she saw the knight regarding her with an air of infinite tenderness. He raised his arm with difficulty, making a gesture as if he would speak; but no sound issued from his lips, and his gauntleted hand motioned for silence. Involuntarily the girl rose to her feet; the noble head seemed to wear an aureole in the pale light of the moon. The knight was ready to speak once more out of the far-off romantic ages of the world that knew Richard the Lion-hearted, Philip Augustus, Frederick Barbarossa, Baldwin, Saladin, and Nourheddin, but knew not America. She gazed on the face of one who had seen these mighty historic figures in their habit as they lived. He would report their doings and their words.

She felt the tremor of some impending change. A hollow murmur ran through the shadow of the cathedral. A wave of cool air streamed along the tesselated floor and lost itself in the hanging horror of darkness overhead. A confused resonance rang through the cloisters; it was like a rude intrusion upon the sacred seclusion of the tomb.

A clangor came from the great door of the cathedral. Out of the darkness, made visible by a lantern, came the cry: "Patty! Patty! my poor dear child, where are you?"

With a great clatter the knight fell back on his monument. Patty heard, but did not see; her face was turned toward the cathedral door, and she cheerily cried: "Here I am, mother!" For it was her mother's voice. It was Oshkosh speaking to the Middle Ages. At the sound, the poetry and glamour of the place faded quite away.

"THE KNIGHT LAY RECUMBENT ON HIS SLAB."

The air grew dark and yet more chill. The moon had set.

Miss Patty hurried forward to meet her father and mother, who, with the verger of the cathedral, came up the aisle bearing lanterns and wraps.

"Oh, we have had such a fright!" sobbed the distressed mother. "Where have you been? We went home supposing you had gone on ahead. Did you go to sleep? Were you locked in? Oh, my poor, poor lamb!" And Mrs. Gibson clung hysterically to her lost child.

"Well, Patsy," said her father, "we did get right scared; that is, your ma did, but I knew you were all right. They don't pick up any smarter girls in this musty, fusty old country." And the worthy gentleman looked about on the battered sculptures with an air of great disdain.

Miss Patty explained how she had gone to sleep, overcome by the fatigue and excitement of the day.

"And oh! I was startled when I awoke and found this gentleman sitting up; but we have had such a pleasant talk!"

She turned toward the monument of Sir Thomas de Comeyn. To her amazement, the knight lay recumbent on his slab, his head on his stony pillow, and his hands piously laid palm to palm as if silently imploring peace.

"Why!" she said doubtfully, and in a daze, "he was just now sitting up—"

"Nonsense, child!" broke in her mother. "He's dead as a door nail. Who ever heard of a stone statute sitting up at this time of night? See now!"

With this she seized Patty's parasol and petulantly tapped the knight's stony chest.

"Oh, mother, don't!" cried the girl, starting forward with a half-uttered cry of alarm. But the yellow marble gave no sound; only a dull ring answered to the blow of the American matron.

"Patsy, you've got the nightmare. Let's go home." This was the only comment, and the sensible advice of the young collegian.

Emerging into the damp night air, Patty looked up at the sky. The moon was gone, but the stars shone as really as ever. The yew-trees on the hill were ghostly against the whitening sky, and far down the village an honest cock heralded the coming dawn with an unspiritual crow. She was not sure whether she was awake or asleep.

A little later, standing by the window of her chamber at the inn, she saw the hedgerows grow greener in the coming light; the river gleamed faintly through the shadowy trees, and over the town—calm, serene, mysterious, and benign, the vast old cathedral towered like a guardian genius. Her day was done.

As she composed herself to rest at last, and the dusky gloom gave strange shapes to the unfamiliar furniture of her chamber, she laid her head upon her pillow with strange thoughts of the two knights—Sir Thomas de Comeyn in a marble attitude of prayer, his sword by his side, up there in the awful silence of the cathedral; Lieut. Thomas Cummings in the Army of the Republic, fighting for his country and the right.

Into the gentle maiden's heart stole a warm glow as she recalled the noble words of the good knight. He had come and gone like a vision, but her life was better and richer for the strange adventure of the night. Yes, it was surely pleasant to fight for one's country and the right. And, as Sir Thomas de Comeyn had said: "If they die—." But Patty slept again.

THEODORE THOMAS.

THE story of Theodore Thomas is a lesson of encouragement for earnest and high-minded artists. He is the most popular musician in America, but he has won his prosperity without stooping for it. During the ten years of his active career he has never been, until within the last season, in full sympathy with his audiences. Always a little in advance of the public taste, always pushing forward toward higher standards of art, he has had to drag the people after him, and to conquer the allegiance of those who did not appreciate the purposes for which he was working. He is understood at last, and the people like him all the better and honor him all the more for his pluck and perseverance. He has had ample use for those two national virtues. The accidents of fortune have done nothing for him. He began his work in obscurity, and pursued it for so many years in the face of chilling popular indifference that his persistence seems almost heroic. He was born in the Kingdom of Hanover in 1835. His father was a violinist, and from him Theodore received his musical education. When he was only six years old he played the violin at public concerts; but his father was too wise a man to let him abandon his studies for the inglorious successes of an infant phenomenon. The family came to New York in 1845. Here Theodore was brought forward occasionally as a boy violin-

ist, applying himself, however, to the scientific branches of his art with no less devotion than to the practice of his favorite instrument. He was still a mere lad when he joined the orchestra of the Italian Opera. He was only fifteen when Benedict made him first violin in the fine orchestra which he selected to accompany Jenny Lind in a violin virtuoso. For the modern school of lyric music, however, into which necessity thus threw him, he had no liking. He sought relief from the wearisome drudgery of Opera in the classic company of the Philharmonic Society, of which he early became a member, and his higher impulses were strengthened by a year of severe study which

THEODORE THOMAS.

her earliest American concerts. He held a similar position in the Opera companies of which Sontag, Grisi and Mario, and Piccolomini were the leading stars. He traveled with Thalberg and other eminent artists, and for several seasons, when he was only a little more than twenty, he conducted both the Italian and German Operas, besides appearing frequently in concerts as he contrived to spare from this busy period of his life. With four congenial associates, William Mason, Joseph Mosenthal, George Matzka, and Frederick Bergner, he began a series of concerts of Chamber Music, and for many years the five friends carried on their modest artistic enterprise in a spirit of pure musical enthusiasm, with very little reward, except the pleasure they drew from

their own playing. The Mason and Thomas Soirées will long be remembered, not only for the excellence of the music, but for the peculiar character of the audience. They were quiet little monthly reunions, to which most of the guests came with complimentary tickets. The critics hardly ventured to intrude upon the exercises, and the newspapers gave them no more than a cavalier notice.

It was in 1861 that Mr. Thomas broke off his connection with the Opera and began the establishment of his orchestra. Any body could collect a band in a week, but to make such an orchestra as Thomas meant to have was a work of time and patience. For a few years the public only heard of him now and then as the leader of occasional performances, popular matinée concerts, or little affairs of that kind. In 1864 he had made such headway that he was able to announce his first series of Symphony Soirées, at Irving Hall. In this venture he had the help of Mr. L. F. Harrison, a manager who was associated with many of the best musical enterprises of that day, and whose services to art, though unrequited, ought not to be forgotten. The Philharmonic Society, after living through a great many hardships, was then just floating on the full tide of popular favor. Its concerts and rehearsals filled the Academy of Music with the flower of New York fashion. Powerful social influences had been won to its support, and Mr. Carl Bergmann had raised its noble orchestra of one hundred performers to a point of proficiency then quite unexampled in this country, and in some particulars still unsurpassed. Ladies and gentlemen who moved in the best circles hardly noticed the parallel entertainment offered in such a modest way on the opposite side of the street. The patrons of the Chamber Concerts of course dropped in to see what the new orchestra was like; professional musicians hurried to the hall with their free passes; and there were a few curious listeners besides, who found in the programmes a class of compositions somewhat different from those which Mr. Bergmann chiefly favored, and in particular a little touch of freshness and novelty in the selections, with an inclination, not yet very strongly marked, toward the modern German school. Among such of the dilettanti as condescended to think of Mr. Thomas at all, there was a vague impression that his concerts were started in opposition to the Philharmonic Society, but that they were not so good, and vastly less genteel. This was at least half false. There was, properly speaking, no rivalship between the two enterprises. The city was large enough for both, and surely neither two orchestras, nor twenty, could exhaust the rich store of music from which they drew their programmes. But it was true that Mr. Thomas was surpassed at that time by Bergmann's larger and older orchestra; and he certainly had much less than his share of public favor. As we look back to that dismal period of struggle and neglect, and remember the cold and meager audiences, and the false judgment of both the critics and the people, we wonder that the young conductor should have had the faith to persevere. Thomas, however, is a singular compound of American energy and German obstinacy. He never lost courage. Matters soon began to mend; the orchestra improved; the dreadful gaps in the audience gradually filled up; and at the end of the year the Symphony Soirées, if they had made no excitement in musical circles, had at least achieved a very high reputation.

The secret of Thomas's perseverance was the fact that thus early in his career he had formed a great art-project, for which every concert that he gave was a step of preparation. His design was nothing less than a radical change in the conditions of musical culture in America, and the re-establishment of the highest forms of the art upon a totally new basis. He was convinced that these forms would never flourish until they were made the daily amusement of the masses instead of the luxury of the rich. He believed that there was no music too high for the popular appreciation, and no scientific education was required for the enjoyment of Beethoven; it was only necessary that a public whose taste had been vitiated by over-indulgence in trifles should have time and opportunity to accustom itself to better things. The people at large knew little or nothing of the great composers for the orchestra. Three or four more or less complete organizations had visited the principal cities of the United States in former years, but they made little permanent impression. Jullien brought over, for his monster concerts, only five or six solo players, and filled up the band with such material as he found here. The celebrated Germania band which first brought Mr. Bergmann into notice, did some admirable work, but it fell to pieces after six years of vicissitude, and, besides, it was not a complete orchestra. As for the New York Philharmonic Society, the

Harvard Musical Association, in Boston, and a few similar organizations, live or dead, in various parts of the country—we mean no disparagement of their honorable labors, but it is the simple truth that none of them have had a great influence upon the masses. They were our pioneers of culture. They prepared the way for Thomas, with his fine orchestra and his imposing projects, and created the nucleus of musical intelligence around which the popular art enthusiasm of the present has been formed. It would be the grossest ingratitude to forget what they have done and are still doing, or detract in the smallest degree from their well-earned fame. But, from the nature of their organization, it is inevitable that they should stand a little apart from the common crowd. To the general public their performances have been mysterious rites, celebrated behind closed doors, in the presence of a select and unchanging company of believers. Year after year the same twenty-five hundred people have filled the Academy of Music at the Philharmonic Concerts, applauding the same class of master-works, and growing more and more familiar with the same standards of the strict classical school. We do not complain of this; on the contrary, we believe it to be a most fortunate thing that the reverence for older forms of art and canons of taste has been thus devoutly kept alive; and we know that, little by little, the culture which the Philharmonic Society diffuses through the circle of its regular subscribers spreads beyond that small company, and raises the æsthetic tone of metropolitan life. But it would need two or three generations for this little leaven to leaven the whole mass. The concerts are too few, and the audience is too select. The refined and exclusive ladies and gentlemen who frequent these classical entertainments have little familiar intercourse with the multitude, and the impressions made upon them by Mr. Bergmann's orchestra six times a year are not readily transmitted downward. Theodore Thomas was satisfied that the right course was to begin at the bottom instead of the top, and make the cultivation of symphonic music a popular movement.

The first step toward this reform was to raise the standard of orchestral performances and increase their frequency. Our country had never possessed a genuine orchestra, for a band of players gathered together at rare intervals for a special purpose does not deserve that name. The musician who marches at the head of a target company all the morning, and plays for a dancing party all night, is out of tune with the great masters. To express the deep emotions of Beethoven, the romanticism of Schumann, or the glowing poetry of Liszt, he ought to live in an atmosphere of art, and keep not only his hand in practice, but his mind properly attempered. An orchestra, therefore, ought to be a permanent body, whose members play together every day under the same conductor, and devote themselves exclusively to genuine music. Nobody had yet attempted to found an orchestra of this kind in America; but Theodore Thomas believed it could be done.

This, however, was not all. To cover the whole range of those high forms of art which he had in view, he needed also a permanent chorus, to interpret not merely the standard oratorios, but those shorter concert compositions for voices and instruments, of which Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Liszt, not to speak of the older masters, have given so many beautiful examples. Some of the finest types of the cantata are scarcely known in this country, while of the application of the chorus to symphonic music, as in Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Choral Fantasia, the "Romeo and Juliet" of Hector Berlioz, and the Faust and Dante Symphonies of Liszt, we have had only a rare, and not always satisfactory experience. The chorus and orchestra, according to Thomas's plan, must be under the same control, always ready to coöperate and always in full training. For this permanent band of singers and players there must next be a permanent home. New York has one of the finest concert-rooms in the United States—cheerful, commodious, central in situation, and perfect in acoustic properties; but Thomas wanted something more than an ordinary concert-room. The hall of his ideal institute must be suitable for use at all seasons of the year. It must communicate in summer with an open garden. It must be well protected from the winter's cold. It must be bright, comfortable, roomy, well ventilated,—for a close and drowsy atmosphere is fatal to symphonic music,—and it must offer to the multitude every attraction not inconsistent with musical enjoyment. The stage must be adapted for a variety of performances—for the popular summer entertainment as well as the most serious of classical concerts, for the union of chorus

and orchestra in symphony, oratorio, and cantata, as well as for the musical drama. Here, with an uninterrupted course of entertainments, night after night the whole year round, the noblest work of all the greatest masters might be worthily presented. Certain beautiful varieties of Opera, unknown to the Academy of Music, could be sung with a splendor of orchestral and choral effects of which we have so far no conception; and, perhaps, in course of time, a fitting interpretation could be given to the greatest of all musical creations, the Symphonic Drama. But even if this scheme should never reach its full development, the proposed art institute would give New York a center of musical taste and culture such as no other city in the world can show, and might be trusted to perpetuate Thomas's work after he had gone.

This was a tolerably ambitious design for a young man of twenty-eight or thirty years; but let us look back upon what he has already done toward it and say, if we can, that it is chimerical. More than half the work is accomplished. The permanent orchestra has been created. It plays the noblest of music every night in the year. Best of all, a complete revolution has been made in the public taste. The truth of Thomas's theory, that the people would relish a master-piece of art if it were properly presented to them, is fully established. Symphonic music is no longer a genteel beggar waiting upon the smiles of fashionable society. The populace have learned to love it with fervor, and run after it with enthusiasm; and it is better appreciated to-day in the United States than in any country of Europe, except Germany. Certainly in the relish and comprehension of the higher kinds of orchestral music—though not of course in the number of good orchestras—we are far in advance of France and England. No manager would venture now to fill a concert programme with such rubbish as we used to applaud five or six years ago, —polkas for the cornet, operatic pot-pourris, and worthless marches,—and though it is still prudent, even for Theodore Thomas, to add a little music for beginners to his summer selections, the quality of these trifles is always at least respectable, and their number is fast diminishing.

The summer concerts marked the first step in the formation of the permanent orchestra. *Al fresco* entertainments were no novelty in New York, but they were not in the best repute, and the experiment begun at Terrace Garden, on Third avenue, in June, 1866, was considered a bold one. Thanks to good management and the prestige of the conductor, the venture was successful, and a second series of performances at the same place, in the summer of 1867, was still more prosperous. The orchestra was smaller than it is now, and the selections at first were fitted to the demands of an inexperienced taste—tunes from the most popular Operas, dance-music in every variety, light overtures and marches, with now and then a violin solo by Thomas himself. But it was curious to see how quickly the concerts grew stronger and trivialities were pushed into the background. After 1868, when the orchestra removed to its larger, pleasanter, and more fashionable quarters at the Central Park Garden, the improvement in this particular became singularly rapid. The more serious the music, the greater was the popular satisfaction. The largest audiences were always those that assembled on symphony nights, and Beethoven and Wagner were soon recognized as the most popular composers. In 1868 a tentative step was made toward the formation of a chorus, when Thomas accepted the conductorship of the Mendelssohn Union—not exactly for the purpose of using it in the prosecution of his great project, but rather as an experiment with the public, and perhaps as a bit of schooling for himself. With the aid of this Choral Society he produced at his Symphony Soirées some of the charming motets of Bach, Mozart, and Palestrina, Psalms of Schubert and Mendelssohn, the Choral Fantasia of Beethoven, and Schumann's "Gypsy Life." For some reason the trial, satisfactory as it was in an artistic sense, was not pushed very far. Perhaps the public was not yet ready for it, or more probably Thomas was anxious for the one further improvement in the management of his orchestra, which would give it a genuine character of permanency. While the performers were liable to be scattered at the close of the Summer Garden season, the work of organization and training was forever beginning anew. The polish acquired during one-half of the year was nearly rubbed off during the other. To keep the band in the highest state of efficiency, there must be a concert every night, and, to have that, the orchestra must travel. The Symphony Soirées were accordingly abandoned for a time, and in the autumn of 1869, began those annual tours through the principal cities which have carried the love and knowledge of orchestral music from

one end of the country to the other. The first season was not very profitable. "We fought through it," said one of Mr. Thomas's associates; but it developed an unexpected amount of popular enthusiasm, and filled the young conductor with hope for the future. The next year was much better, and every successive journey since then has shown a steady improvement. There were troubles and losses sometimes, of course. More than once the travelers trod close upon the heels of public calamity, as in 1871, when the great fire caught them just entering Chicago, and disarranged their plans for the whole winter. The cost of moving from place to place was so great that the most careful management was necessary to cover their expenses. They could not afford to be idle even for a night, and the towns capable of furnishing a good audience were generally far apart. Hence, they must travel all day, and Thomas took care that the road should be smoothed with all obtainable comforts. Special cars on the railways, special attendants to look after the luggage, lodgings at the best hotels, contributed to make the tour tolerably pleasant and easy, so that the men came to their evening work fresh and smiling. Strange and amusing incidents broke the monotony of the campaign; and concerts were now and then given under queer circumstances. Once the road they were traveling was swept by a freshet. Securing a special engine on another line, they reached their destination by a roundabout way, and after many interruptions, hours beyond the appointed time. But the audience was waiting for them, having spent the whole evening patiently at the hall, where telegraphic bulletins of the travelers' progress were read aloud from the stage, and the concert began at one o'clock in the morning. Rehearsals could not be frequent while this life lasted, but new pieces were generally prepared during the summer, and an hour or so was sometimes taken for practice in the mornings before the daily journey began. Besides, Thomas had a remarkable body of men. As he guaranteed constant employment, he could take his choice of the best players in the country, and he brought over several from Europe who well deserve to be called artists.

New York in the meantime had been treated by Thomas like a provincial city. He gave it a week of music once in awhile, as he passed through it on his travels. But in 1872 the regular Symphony Soirées were resumed. Connoisseurs have not forgotten the surprise and delight with which they listened to the first performance of the new series. No such orchestra had ever been heard here before as this superb band, which came back to us after its *Wanderjahre*, so bright, vigorous, compact, polished, and sympathetic. It opened a new revelation in music. In the course of the winter it gave a number of remarkable entertainments in connection with Rubinstein and Wieniawski; and for the close of the season in April, Thomas induced four hundred members of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society to spend a week in New York, and join him in a festival which culminated in a memorable performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The last night of this series of concerts passed in a whirl of excitement. We shall long remember the glowing face of Rubinstein as we saw him that evening, applauding with hot energy, and declaring that in no city of Europe could such a festival be given at the end of a season.

The next winter the Symphony Concerts in New York were brilliantly successful; the music was nearly all of that kind which is commonly supposed to require a highly cultivated audience; yet it was appreciated, and at the close of the series a number of ladies and gentlemen united in presenting to Mr. Thomas a rich silver casket, containing a purse of $3,500, as a testimonial of gratitude for his services to art. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society placed itself under his direction, and when he visited Chicago last October the citizens arranged two benefit entertainments, and decked the hall with natural flowers, as if for the reception of a hero. Indeed in the West the development of musical taste under Thomas's influence has been more remarkable than in any other part of the country. The progress of Western culture has been distinguished by the characteristic haste and impetuosity of that rapid region, and influenced no doubt by the strong German element in Western society, so that it has reached in two years the result which the East hardly accomplished in six. When Thomas was invited to take charge of a musical festival at Cincinnati, in 1873, he had to create a chorus for the occasion; and yet, after a few weeks' preparation, he gave a superb performance of the Choral Symphony, which filled the whole West with enthusiasm. With one enormous stride pork-packing Ohio overtook æsthetic Mas-

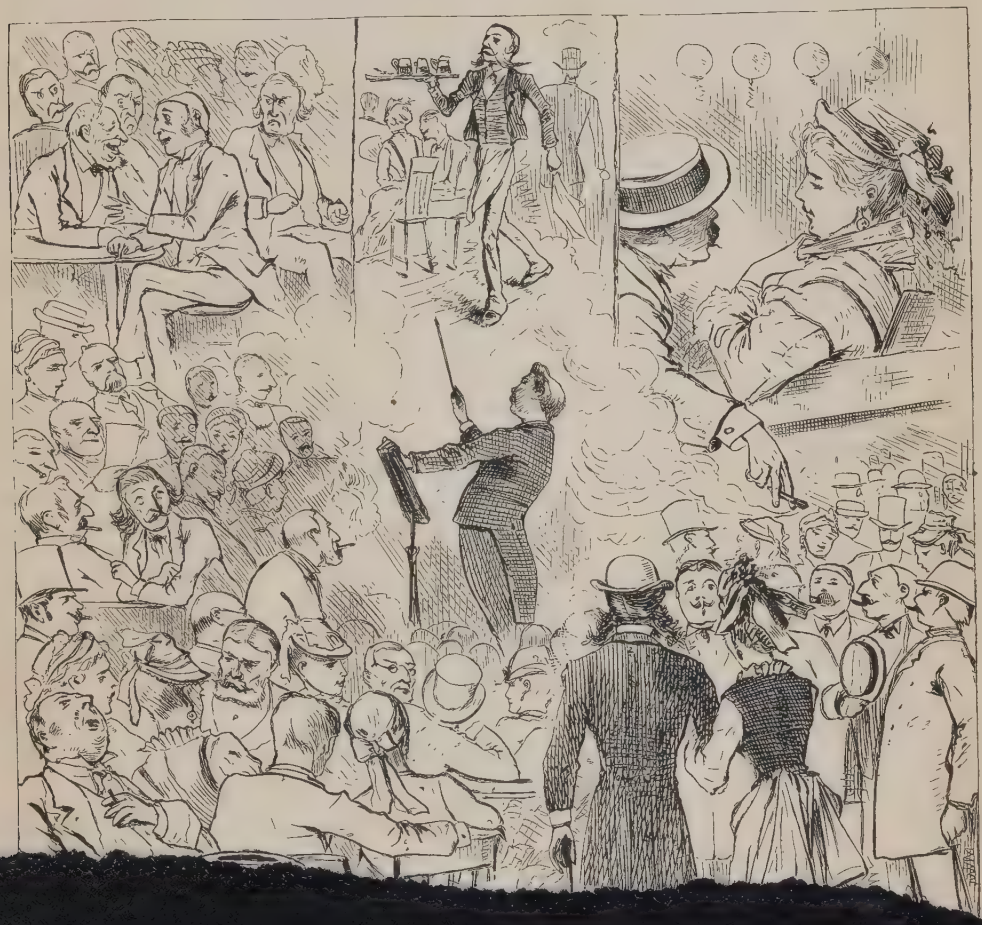
sachusetts, and in the next festival, to be held in May of the present year, it will rival, in the serious character and scientific importance of the programme, the most ambitious efforts of New York or Boston, and even the achievements of the great choral festivities of England.

It has been said that Thomas now dictates concert programmes to the whole American public. Extravagant as the statement sounds, it is hardly an exaggeration, for the people have accepted his standards of taste almost against their own inclinations, and wherever this musical missionary has gone, he has made a remarkable change in the prevailing fashions of art. His influence in the establishment of the Wagner school, which, within five years, has taken a higher and more aggressive position in this country than it holds anywhere else in the world, except in a few of the German cities, can hardly be overestimated. He was not the first to make us acquainted with the music of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"; Liszt had been cultivated by the Philharmonic Society while Theodore Thomas was a boy in short jackets; but, in former days, the new music was played only once in awhile, as a specimen of something curious, rather than agreeable. Thomas began its interpretation with the zeal of an apostle. He had studied it thoroughly, and in a short visit to Europe, he had become personally acquainted with some of its chief disciples. To the interpretation of its most characteristic productions, he brought not only a close sympathy with the composer, but that extraordinary perfection of the orchestra which seems to be required for the varieties of expression and bold and brilliant effects that abound in the writings of Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt. In the course of a few years, he presented the whole series of Liszt's twelve Symphonic Poems, besides the great "Faust" Symphony, and he gave us such an intimate knowledge of Wagner, that, when "Lohengrin" was performed by an Italian Opera company at the Academy of Music, the public caught the spirit of it as readily as if they had listened to the music of the future all their lives. Wagner has written little for the concert-room, and it is not easy to make selections from his dramatic works without destroying half their meaning; but Thomas's copious and skillful arrangements have given characteristic beauties of "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristam and Iseult," the "Meistersinger," and the "Flying Dutchman," and something has been presented from the first part of the great "Nibelungen Trilogy." The popular relish for all this has been of gradual growth. Accepted at first under protest, Wagnerism has become the fashion of the day, and the art-work of the future seems likely soon to secure—if it has not secured already—a permanent place in the prospectus of every New York opera season.

The relations of Theodore Thomas, however, to this school of music have been the subject of a great deal of misrepresentation. His opinions upon musical matters are strong ones; his preferences and his antipathies are decided; but, like all well-equipped artists, he has a broad catholic taste, which delights equally in the masterpieces of antiquity and the most characteristic productions of the school of progress. No one in America has done more that he to advance the study of Beethoven. He makes this profound genius the chief figure in every programme and the foundation of every series of symphonies. He is an appreciative disciple of Mozart; he is one of our best interpreters of Schumann; and he has taught us more about J. S. Bach than any other conductor now in public life. A glance at the list of compositions produced at last summer's popular concerts, where Beethoven is represented by twenty-one selections, including four complete symphonies and the four overtures to "Fidelio," Mendelssohn by nine works, Schubert by ten, and Weber by nine, while Wagner's name occurs fourteen times, and Liszt's seven, will show whether Thomas neglects the old for the sake of the new. His ambition seems to have been to make us acquainted with the best music of all schools, and to keep us well abreast of the current of musical thought. He has been the first to play for us, not merely a multitude of important contemporary works, but a surprising number of ancient classics. The repertory of his orchestra which now includes about thirteen hundred compositions, receives from fifty to seventy-five additions every year, more than half of which have a permanent value.

It is evident that the amount of work which this tremendous list involves could only be accomplished by an orchestra of phenomenal excellence. Constant practice, of course, accounts for its efficiency in part, and the great care with which the members are selected is another important factor in the general result. But the character of the conductor has, perhaps, a still greater effect. When the Emperor William, who knows nothing whatever about music, saw Wagner

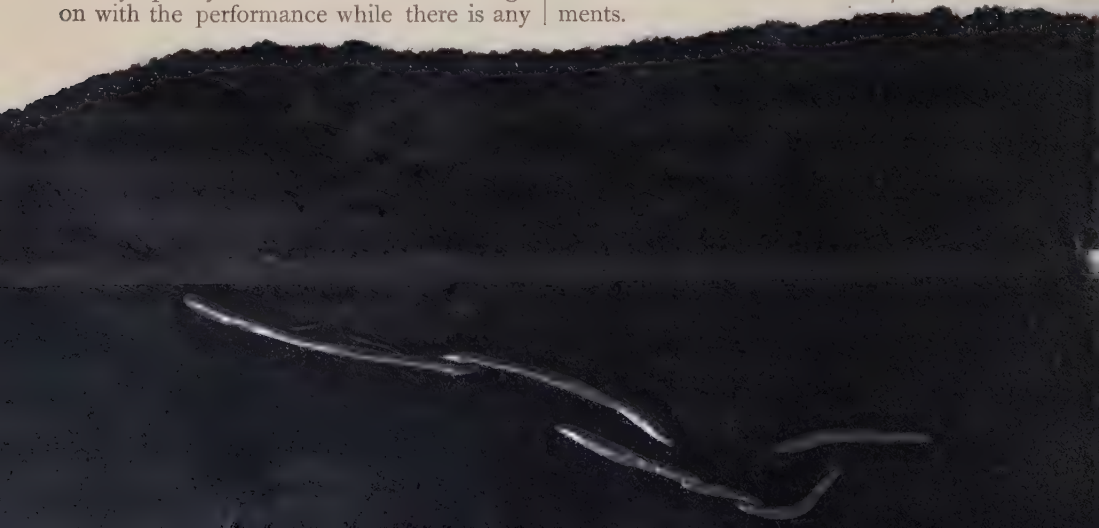
conducting one of Beethoven's symphonies at Berlin, he remarked: "You see what a good general can do with his army." Thomas is the exact opposite of Wagner in his manner of conducting; but, like that extraordinary master, he has many of the qualities of a great commander. He holds a perfect control over his men, partly by strict discipline, and partly by that indecord, and thinks nothing of sacrificing his best players to promote the harmony of the whole band. Those who have only seen him at a public concert, leading the performance with comfortable ease, making no extravagant gestures, conveying orders and suggestions only by a glance of his quiet eye, a slight inclination of the head, a half perceptible motion of the hand, have little



cendo, and the passion of the composer takes full possession of him. He calls out directions during the progress of the piece, or he moves about among the players giving advice and correcting faults—for a fault never escapes him. He is less fastidious perhaps than some other conductors about sentimentalities of expression; but he insists upon distinctness, exactitude, and the most perfect tone attainable both by the wind instruments and the strings. To discuss his interpretations of classical works would lead us into vexed waters. His readings of Beethoven differ widely from those of the New York Philharmonic Society for instance, where the great symphonies are generally interpreted with a soft grace and tenderness which Thomas does not attempt. The Philharmonic, however, falls far behind the younger and smaller orchestra in vigor, brightness, and animation, as well as in the clearness with which rhythm and accent are brought out by slight modifications of the tempo. Whatever may be said upon this subject, there can be no question that in the rendering of the new school of music, the gorgeous tone-pictures of Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner, Thomas stands entirely alone. No one in this country has yet approached him either in the distinct interpretation of their obscure and difficult phrases or the rich and majestic delivery of their swelling harmonies.

We have spoken of Thomas's stern government of his orchestra. He plays the despot sometimes with the public also, for he not only teaches his audiences what to like, but he teaches them now and then how to behave. We might fill a page with stories of his amusing encounters with that pest of the concert-room, the Public Talker. At the Symphony Concerts he refuses to go on with the performance while there is any disturbance in the hall. At the Summer Garden there is more difficulty. Conversation cannot be prohibited in such a place, but when it passes reasonable bounds Thomas stops the music, and says, in his quiet way, "When the ladies and gentlemen have done talking we will go on with the concert"—a remark which is always followed by a hearty outburst of applause. On one occasion a party in the front seats distinguished themselves by unusually loud chatting and laughter during a performance of the Midsummer Night's Dream Overture. The conductor gave a signal, and suddenly into the midst of Mendelssohn's soft and dreamy strains broke the loud roll of the drum. The audience started with surprise,—all but the talkers, who continued their conversation, unconscious that the eyes of the whole house were now fixed on them. They only raised their voices a little, and still the rattle of the drum went on. It was not until the orchestra shook with laughter, and the delighted audience began to applaud, that the culprits awoke to the situation.

Undertaking four or five simultaneous series of Symphony Concerts this season, in as many different cities, Thomas has been greeted with a warmth of popular favor and a degree of intelligent appreciation which must be cheering alike to him and to all lovers of music. But it is clear that the labor of the past five years ought not to go on much further. No man is strong enough to bear the intense physical and mental strain of this perpetual travel, worry, responsibility, and excitement. It is for the people of New York now to say whether they will not keep this orchestra at home, and help Mr. Thomas to the realization of that brilliant scheme which is to perpetuate his labors and crown all his past achievements.



THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH JIM FENTON APPLIES FOR LODGINGS AT TOM BUFFUM'S BOARDING-HOUSE, AND FINDS HIS OLD FRIEND.

As Jim walked up to the door of the building occupied by Tom Buffum's family, he met the head of the family coming out; and as, hitherto, that personage has escaped description, it will be well for the reader to make his acquaintance. The first suggestion conveyed by his rotund figure was, that however scantily he furnished his boarders, he never stinted himself in the matter of food. He had the sluggish, clumsy look of a heavy eater. His face was large, his almost colorless eyes were small, and, if one might judge by the general expression of his features, his favorite viand was pork. Indeed, if the swine into which the devils once entered had left any descendants, it would be legitimate to suppose that the breed still thrived in the most respectable sty connected with his establishment. He was always hoarse, and spoke either with a whisper or a wheeze. For this, or for some other reason not apparent, he was a silent man, rarely speaking except when addressed by a question, and never making conversation with anybody. From the time he first started independently in the world, he had been in some public office. Men with dirty work to do had found him wonderfully serviceable, and, by ways which it would be hard to define to the ordinary mind, he had so managed that every town and county office in which there was any money had been by turns in his hands.

"Well, Mr. Buffum, how fare ye?" said Jim, walking heartily up to him, and shaking his hand, his face glowing with good-nature.

Mr. Buffum's attempt to respond to this address ended in a wheeze and a cough.

"Have you got room for another boarder to-night? Faith, I never expected to come to the poor-house, but here I am. I'll take entertainment for man or beast. Which is the best, and which do you charge the most for? Somebody's got to keep me to-night, and you're the man to bid low."

Buffum made no reply, but stooped down and took a sliver from a log, and went to picking his teeth. Jim watched him with quiet amusement. The more Mr. Buffum thought, the more furious he grew with his toothpick.

"Pretty tough old beef, wasn't it?" said Jim, with a hearty laugh.

"You go in and see the women," said Mr. Buffum, in a wheezy whisper.

This, to Jim, was equivalent to an honorable reception. He had no doubt of his ability to make his way with "the women," who, he was fully aware, had been watching him all the time from the window.

To the women of Tom Buffum's household, a visitor was a godsend. Socially, they had lived all their lives in a state of starvation. They knew all about Jim Fenton, and had exchanged many a saucy word with him, as he had passed their house on his journeys to and from Sevenoaks.

"If you can take up with what we've got," said Mrs. Buffum suggestively.

"In course," responded Jim, "an' I can take up with what you haven't got."

"Our accommodations is very crowded," said Mrs. Buffum.

"So is mine to home," responded Jim. "I allers sleep hangin' on a gambrel, between two slabs."

While Mr. Tom Buffum's "women" were laughing, Jim lifted off his pack, placed his rifle in the corner of the room, and sat down in front of the fire, running on with his easy-going tongue through preposterous stories, and sundry flattering allusions to the beauty and attractiveness of the women to whose hospitalities he had committed himself.

After supper, to which he did full justice, the family drew around the evening fire, and while Mr. Buffum went, or seemed to go, to sleep, in his chair, his guest did his best to entertain the minor members of the group.

"This hollerin' ye have here reminds me," said Jim, "of Number Nine. Ther's some pretty tall hollerin' thar nights. Do you see how my ha'r sticks up? I can't keep it down. It riz one night jist about where you see it now, and it's mostly been thar ever sence. Combin' don't do no good. Taller don't do no good. Nothin' don't do no good. I s'pose if Mr. Buffum, a-snorin' jest as hard as he does now, should set on it for a fortnight, it would spring right up like a staddle, with a bar catched at the eend of it, jist as quick as he let up on me." At this there was a slight rumble in Mr. Buffum's throat.

"Why, what made it rise so?" inquired the most interested and eldest Miss Buffum.

"Now, ain't your pretty eyes wide open?" said Jim.

"You're jest fooling; you know you are," responded Miss Buffum, blushing.

"Do you see the ha'r on the back of my hand?" said Jim, patting one of those ample instruments with the other. "That stands up jest as it does on my head. I'm a regular hedge-hog. It all happened then."

"Now, Jim Fenton, you shall go along and tell your story, and not keep us on tenter-hooks all night," said Miss Buffum sharply.

"I don't want to scare the dear little heart out o' ye," said Jim, with a killing look of his eyes, "but if you will hear it, I s'pose I must tell ye. Ye see I'm alone pretty much all the time up thar. I don't have no such times as I'm havin' here to-night, with pretty gals round me. Well, one night I hearn a loon, or thought I hearn one. It sounded away off on the lake, and bumby it come nigher, and then I thought it was a painter, but it didn't sound zactly like a painter. My dog Turk he don't mind such things, but he knowed it wa'n't a loon and wa'n't a painter. So he got up and went to the door, and then the yell come agin, and he set up the most un'arthly howl I ever hearn. I flung one o' my boots at 'im, but he didn't mind any thing more about it than if it had been a feather. Well, ye see, I couldn't sleep, and the skeeters was putty busy, and I thought I'd git up. So I went to my cabin door and flung it open. The moon was shinin', and the woods was still, but Turk, he rushed out, and growled and barked like mad. Bumby he got tired, and come back lookin' kind o' skeered, and says I: 'You're a putty dog, ain't ye?' Jest then I hearn the thing nigher, and I begun to hear the brush crack. I knowed I'd got to meet some new sort of a creetur, and I jest stepped back and took my rifle. When I stood in the door agin I seen somethin' comin'. It was a walkin' on two legs like a man, and it was a man, or somethin' that looked like one. He come toward the cabin, and stopped about three rod off. He had long white hair that looked jest like silk under the moon, and his robes was white, and he had somethin' in his hands that shined like silver. I jest drew up my rifle, and says I: 'Whosomever you be, stop, or I'll plug ye.' What do you s'pose he did? He jest took that shinin' thing and swung it round and round his head, and I begun to feel the ha'r start, and up it come all over me. Then he put suthin' to his mouth, and then I knowed it was a trumpet, and he jest blowed till all the woods rung, and rung, and rung agin, and I hearn it comin' back from the mountain louder nor it was itself. And then says I to myself: 'There's another one, and Jim Fenton's a gonner;' but I didn't let on that I was skeered, and says I to him: 'That's a good deal of a toot; who be ye callin' to dinner?' And says he: 'It's the last day! Come to jedgment! I'm the Angel Gabr'el!' 'Well,' says I, 'if you're the Angel Gabr'el cold lead won't hurt ye, so mind your eyes!' At that I drew a bead on 'im, and if you'll b'lieve it, I knocked a tin horn out of his hands and picked it up the next mornin', and he went off into the woods like a streak o' lightnin'. But my ha'r hasn't never come down."

Jim stroked the refractory locks toward his forehead with his huge hand, and they rose behind it like a wheat-field behind a summer wind. As he finished the manipulation, Mr. Buffum gave symptoms of life. Like a volcano under premonitory signs of an eruption, a wheezy chuckle seemed to begin somewhere in the region of his boots, and rise, growing more and more audible, until it burst into a full demonstration, that was half laugh and half cough.

"Why, what are you laughing at, father?" exclaimed Miss Buffum.

The truth was that Mr. Buffum had not slept at all. The simulation of sleep had been indulged in simply to escape the necessity of talking.

"It was old Tilden," said Mr. Buffum, and then went off into another fit of coughing and laughing that nearly strangled him.

"I wonder if it was!" seemed to come simultaneously from the lips of the mother and her daughters.

"Did you ever see him again?" inquired Mr. Buffum.

"I seen 'im oncet, in the spring, I s'pose," said Jim, "what there was left of 'im. There wasn't much left but an old shirt and some bones, an' I guess he wa'n't no great shakes of an angel. I buried 'im where I found 'im, and said nothin' to nobody."

"That's right," wheezed Mr. Buffum. "It's just as well."

"The truth is," said Mrs. Buffum, "that folks made a great fuss about his gettin' away from here and never bein' found. I thought 'twas a good riddance myself, but people seem to think that these crazy critturs are just as much consequence as any body, when they don't know a thing. He was always arter our dinner horn, and blow-

in', and thinkin' he was the Angel Gabriel. Well, it's a comfort to know he's buried, and isn't no more expense."

"I sh'd like to see some of these crazy people," said Jim. "They must be a jolly set. My ha'r can't stand any straighter nor it does now, and when you feed the animals in the mornin', I'd kind o' like to go round with ye."

The women insisted that he ought not to do it. Only those who understood them, and were used to them, ought to see them.

"You see, we can't give 'em much furnitur'," said Mrs. Buffum. "They break it, and they tear their beds to pieces, and all we can do is to jest keep them alive. As for keepin' their bodies and souls together, I don't s'pose they've got any souls. They are nothin' but animils, as you say, and I don't see why any body should treat an animil like a human bein'. They hav'n't no sense of what you do for 'em."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid o' my blowin'. I never blowed about old Tilden, as you call 'im, an' I never expect to," said Jim.

"That's right," wheezed Mr. Buffum. "It's just as well."

"Well, I s'pose the Doctor 'll be up in the mornin'," said Mrs. Buffum, "and we shall clean up a little, and put in new straw, and p'r'aps you can go round with him?"

Mr. Buffum nodded his assent, and after an evening spent in story-telling and chaffing, Jim went to bed upon the shake-down in an upper room to which he was conducted.

Long before he was on his feet in the morning, the paupers of the establishment had been fed, and things had been put in order for the medical inspector. Soon after breakfast, the Doctor's crazy little gig was seen ascending the hill, and Mr. Buffum and Jim were at the door when he drove up. Buffum took the Doctor aside, and told him of Jim's desire to make the rounds with him. Nothing could have delighted the little man more than a proposition of this kind, because it gave him an opportunity to talk. Jim had measured his man when he heard him speak the previous day, and as they crossed the road together, he said: "Doctor, they didn't treat you very well down there yesterday. I said to myself; 'Jim Fenton, what would you do if you had knowed as much as that doctor, an' had worked as hard as he had, and then ben jest as good as stomped on by a set o' fellows that dic n't know a hole in the ground when they seen it?' and, says I, answerin' myself, 'you'd 'a' made the fur fly, and spilt blood.'"

"Ah," responded the Doctor, "Violence resteth in the bosom of fools."

"Well, it wouldn't 'a' rested in my bosom long. I'd 'a' made a young 'arthquake there in two minutes."

The Doctor smiled, and said with a sigh: "The vulgar mind does not comprehend science."

"Now, jest tell me what science is," said Jim. "I hearn a great deal about science, but I live up in the woods, and I can't read very much, and you see I ain't edicated, and I made up my mind if I ever found a man that knowed what science was, I'd ask him."

"Science, sir, is the sum of organized and systematized knowledge," replied the Doctor.

"Now, that seems reasumble," said Jim, "but what is it like? What do they do with it? Can a feller get a livin' by it?"

"Not in Sevenoaks," replied the Doctor, with a bitter smile.

"Then, what's the use of it?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Fenton," replied the Doctor. "You'll excuse me, when I tell you that you have not arrived at that mental altitude—that intellectual plane—"

"No," said Jim, "I live on a sort of a medder."

The case being hopeless, the Doctor went on and opened the door into what he was pleased to call "the insane ward." As Jim put his head into the door, he uttered a "phew!" and then said:

"This is worser nor the town meetin'."

The moment Jim's eyes beheld the misery that groaned out its days and nights within the stingy cells, his great heart melted with pity. For the first moments, his disposition to jest passed away, and all his soul rose up in indignation. If profane words came to his lips, they came from genuine commiseration, and a sense of the outrage that had been committed upon those who had been stamped with the image of the Almighty.

"This is a case of Shakespearean madness," said Dr. Radcliffe, pausing before the barred and grated cell that held a half-nude woman. It was a little box of a place, with a rude bedstead in one corner, filthy beyond the power of water to cleanse. The occupant sat on a little bench in another corner, with her eyes rolled up to Jim's in a tragic expression, which would make the fortune of an actress. He felt of his hair, impulsively.

"How are you now? How do you feel?" inquired Jim, tenderly.

She gave him no answer, but glared at him as if she would search the very depths of his heart.

"If you'll look t'other way, you'll obleege me," said Jim.

But the woman gazed on, speechless, as if all the soul that had left her brain had taken up its residence in her large, black eyes.

"Is she tryin' to look me out o' countenance, Doctor?" inquired Jim, "'cause, if she is, I'll stand here and let 'er try it on; but if she isn't, I'll take the next one."

"Oh, she doesn't know what she's about, but it's a very curious form of insanity, and has almost a romantic interest attached to it from the fact that it did not escape the notice of the great bard."

"I notice, myself," said Jim, "that she's grated and barred."

The Doctor looked at his visitor inquisitively, but the woodman's face was as innocent as that of a child. Then they passed on to the next cell, and there they found another woman sitting quietly in the corner, among the straw.

"How fare ye, this mornin'?" inquired Jim, with a voice full of kindness.

"I'm just on the verge of eternity," replied the woman.

"Don't you be so sure o' that, now," responded Jim. "You're good for ten year yit."

"No," said the woman, "I shall die in a minute."

"Does she mean that?" inquired Jim, turning to the Doctor.

"Yes, and she has been just on the verge of eternity for fifteen years," replied the Doctor, coolly. "That's rather an interesting case, too. I've given it a good deal of study. It's hopeless, of course, but it's a marked case, and full of suggestion to a scientific man."

"Isn't it a pity," responded Jim, "that she isn't a scientific man herself? It might amuse her, you know."

The Doctor laughed, and led him on to the next cell, and here he found the most wretched creature he had ever seen. He greeted her as he had greeted the others, and she looked up to him with surprise, raised herself from the straw, and said:

"You speak like a Christian."

The tears came into Jim's eyes, for he saw in that little sentence, the cruelty of the treatment she had received.

"Well, I ain't no Christian, as I knows on," he responded, "an' I don't think they're very plenty in these parts; but I'm right sorry for ye. You look as if you might be a good sort of a woman."

"I should have been if it hadn't been for the pigeons," said the woman. "They flew over a whole day, in flocks, and flocks, and cursed the world. All the people have got the plague, and they don't know it. My children all died of it, and went to hell. Every body is going to hell, and nothing can save them. Old Buffum'll go first. Robert Belcher'll go next. Dr. Radcliffe will go next."

"Look here, old woman, you jest leave me out of that calculation," said Jim.

"Will you have the kindness to kill me, sir?" said the woman.

"I really can't this mornin'," he replied, "for I've got a good ways to tramp to-day; but if I ever want to kill any body I'll come round, p'r'aps, and 'commodate ye."

"Thank you," she responded heartily.

The Doctor turned to Jim, and said:

"Do you see that hole in the wall, beyond her head? Well, that hole was made by Mr. Buffum. She had begged him to kill her so often that he thought he would put her to the test, and he agreed he would do it. So he set her up by that wall, and took a heavy stick from the wood-pile, raised it as high as the room would permit, and then brought it down with great violence, burying the end of the bludgeon in the plastering. I suppose he came within three inches of her head, and she never winked. It was a very interesting experiment, as it illustrated the genuineness of her desire for death. Otherwise the case is much like many others."

"Very interestin'," responded Jim, "very! Didn't you never think of makin' her so easy and comfortable that she wouldn't want any body to kill her? I sh'd think that would be an interestin' experiment."

Now the Doctor had one resort, which, among the people of Sevenoaks, was infallible, whenever he wished to check argumentation on any subject relating to his profession. Any man who undertook to argue a medical question with him, or make a suggestion relating to medical treatment, he was in the habit of flooring at once, by wisely and almost pityingly shaking his head, and saying: "It's very evident to me, sir, that you've not received a medical education." So, when Jim suggested, in his peculiar way, that the woman ought to be treated better, the Doctor saw the point, and made his usual response.

"Mr. Fenton," said he, "excuse me, sir, but it's very evident that you've not had a medical education."

"There's where you're weak," Jim responded. "I'm a reg'lar M. D., three C's, double X., two I's. That's the year I was born, and that's my perfession. I studied with an Injun, and I know more arbs, and

roots, and drawin' leaves than any doctor in a hundred mile; and if I can be of any use to ye, Doctor, there's my hand."

And Jim seized the Doctor's hand, and gave it a pressure which raised the little man off the floor.

The Doctor looked at him with eyes equally charged with amusement and amazement. He never had been met in that way before, and was not inclined to leave the field without in some way convincing Jim of his own superiority.

"Mr. Fenton," said he, "did you ever see a medulla oblongata?"

"Well, I seen a good many garters," replied the woodsman, "in the stores, an' I guess they was mostly oblong."

"Did you ever see a solar plexus?" inquired the Doctor, severely.

"Dozens of 'em. I allers pick a few in the fall, but I don't make much use of 'em."

"Perhaps you've seen a pineal gland," suggested the disgusted Doctor.

"I make 'em," responded Jim. "I whittle 'em out evenin's, ye know."

"If you were in one of these cells," said the Doctor, "I should think you were as mad as a March hare."

At this moment the Doctor's attention was called to a few harmless patients who thronged toward him as soon as they learned that he was in the building, begging for medicine; for if there is any thing that a pauper takes supreme delight in it is drugs. Passing along with them to a little lobby, where he could inspect them more conveniently, he left Jim behind, as that personage did not prove to be so interesting and impressible as he had hoped. Jim watched him as he moved away, with a quiet chuckle, and then turned to pursue his investigations. The next cell he encountered held the man he was looking for. Sitting in the straw, talking to himself or some imaginary companion, he saw his old friend. It took him a full minute to realize that the gentle sportsman, the true Christian, the delicate man, the delightful companion, was there before him, a wreck—cast out from among his fellows, confined in a noisome cell, and hopelessly given over to his vagrant fancies and the tender mercies of Thomas Buffum. When the memory of what Paul Benedict had been to him, at one period of his life, came to Jim, with the full realization of his present misery and degradation, the strong man wept like a child. He drew an old silk handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose as if it had been a trumpet, and then slipped up to the cell and said, softly: "Paul Benedict, give us your benediction."

"Jim?" said the man, looking up quickly.

"Good God! he knows me," said Jim, whimpering. "Yes, Mr. Benedict, I'm the same rough old fellow. How fare ye?"

"I'm miserable," replied the man.

"Well, ye don't look as ef ye felt fust rate. How did ye git in here?"

"Oh, I was damned when I died. It's all right, I know; but it's terrible."

"Why, you don't think you're in hell, do ye?" inquired Jim.

"Don't you see?" inquired the wretch, looking around him.

"Oh, yes; I see! I guess you're right," said Jim, falling in with his fancy.

"But where did you come from, Jim? I never heard that you were dead."

"Yes; I'm jest as dead as you are."

"Well, what did you come here for?"

"Oh, I thought I'd call round," replied Jim carelessly.

"Did you come from Abraham's bosom?" inquired Mr. Benedict eagerly.

"Straight."

"I can't think why you should come to see me, into such a place as this!" said Benedict wonderingly.

"Oh, I got kind o' oneasy. Don't have much to do over there, ye know."

"How did you get across the gulf?"

"I jest shoved over in a birch, an' you must be perlite enough to return the call," replied Jim, in the most matter-of-course manner possible.

Benedict looked down upon his torn and wretched clothing, and then turned his pitiful eyes up to Jim, who saw the thoughts that were passing in the poor man's mind.

"Never mind your clo'es," he said. "I dress jest the same there as I did in Number Nine, and nobody says a word. The fact is, they don't mind very much about clo'es there, any way. I'll come over and git ye, ye know, an' introjuce ye, and ye shall have jest as good a time as Jim Fenton can give ye."

"Shall I take my rifle along?" inquired Benedict.

"Yes, an' plenty of amanition. There isn't no game to speak of—only a few pa'tridge; but we can shoot at a mark all day, ef we want to."

Benedict tottered to his feet and came to the grated door, with his eyes all alight with hope and expectation. "Jim, you always were a good fellow," said he, "and," drop-

ping his voice to a whisper, "I'll show you my improvements. Belcher mustn't get hold of them. He's after them. I hear him round nights, but he shan't have them. I've got a new tumbler, and—"

"Well, never mind now," replied Jim. "It'll be jest as well when you come over to spend the day with me. Now you look a here! Don't you say nothin' about this to nobody. They'll all want to go, and we can't have 'em. You an' I want to git red of the crowd, ye know. We allers did. So when I come arter ye, you jest keep mum, and we'll have a high old time."

between ye and all harm he means it, an' nothin' else."

"Yes, Jim."

"An' when I come here—most likely in the night—I'll bring a robe to put on you, and we'll go out still."

"Yes, Jim."

"Sure you understand?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Well, good-bye. Give us your hand. Here's hopin'."

Benedict held himself up by the slats of the door, while Jim went along to rejoin the Doctor. Outside of this door was still a

"WE MUST BE GETTING PRETTY NEAR."

All the intellect that Benedict could exercise was summoned to comprehend this injunction. He nodded his head; he laid it up in his memory. Hope had touched him, and he had won at least a degree of momentary strength and steadiness from her gracious finger.

"Now jest lay down an' rest, an' keep your thoughts to yourself till I come agin. Don't tell nobody I've been here, and don't ask leave of nobody. I'll settle with the old boss if he makes any sort of a row; and you know when Jim Fenton says he'll stand

solid one, which had been thrown wide open in the morning for the purpose of admitting the air. In this door Jim discovered a key, which he quietly placed in his pocket, and which he judged, by its size, was fitted to the lock of the inner as well as the outer door. He had already discovered that the door by which he entered the building was bolted upon the outside, the keeper doubtless supposing that no one would wish to enter so foul a place, and trusting thus to keep the inmates in durance.

"Well, Doctor," said Jim, "this sort o'

thing is too much for me. I give it up. It's very interestin', I s'pose, but my head begins to spin, an' it seems to me it's gettin' out of order. Do ye see my har, Doctor?" said he, exposing the heavy shock that crowned his head.

"Yes, I see it," replied the Doctor tartly. He thought he had shaken off his unpleasant visitor, and his return disturbed him.

"Well, Doctor, that has all riz sence I come in here."

"Are you sure?" inquired the Doctor, mollified in the presence of a fact that might prove to be of scientific interest.

"I'd jest combed it when you come this mornin'. D'ye ever see anything like that? How am I goin' to git it down?"

"Very singular," said the Doctor.

"Yes, and look here! D'ye see the har on the back o' my hand? That stands up jest the same. Why, Doctor, I feel like a hedgehog! What am I goin' to do?"

"Why, this is really very interesting!" said the Doctor, taking out his note-book. "What is your name?"

"Jim Fenton."

"Age?"

"Thirty or forty—somewhere along there."

"H'm!" exclaimed the Doctor, writing out the whole reply. "Occupation?"

"M.D., three C's, double X, two I's."

"H'm! What do you do?"

"Trap, mostly."

"Religious?"

"When I'm skeered."

"Nativity?"

"Which?"

"What is your parentage? Where were you born?"

"Well, my father was an Englishman, my mother was a Scotchman, I was born in Ireland, raised in Canady, and have lived for ten year in Number Nine."

"How does your head feel now?"

"It feels as if every har was a pin. Do you s'pose it'll strike in?"

The Doctor looked him over as if he were a bullock, and went on with his statistics: "Weight, about two hundred pounds; height, six feet two; temperament, sanguine-bilious."

"Some time when you are in Sevenoaks," said the Doctor, slipping his pencil into its sheath in his note-book, and putting his book in his pocket, "come and see me."

"And stay all night?" inquired Jim, innocently.

"I'd like to see the case again," said Dr. Radcliffe, nodding. "I shall not detain you long. The matter has a certain scientific interest."

"Well, good-bye, Doctor," said Jim, holding down his hair. "I'm off for Number Nine. I'm much obleeged for lettin' me go round with ye; an' I never want to go agin."

Jim went out into the pleasant morning air. The sun had dispelled the light frost of the night, the sky was blue overhead, and the blue-birds, whose first spring notes were as sweet and fresh as the blossoms of the arbutus, were caroling among the maples. Far away to the north he could see the mountain at whose foot his cabin stood, red in the sunshine, save where in the deeper gorges the snow still lingered. Sevenoaks lay at the foot of the hill, on the other hand, and he could see the people passing to and fro along its streets, and, perched upon the hill-side among its trees and gardens, the paradise that wealth had built for Robert Belcher. The first emotion that thrilled him as he emerged from the shadows of misery and mental alienation, was that of gratitude. He filled his lungs with the vitalizing air, but expired his long breath with a sigh.

"What bothers me," said Jim to himself, "is, that the Lord lets one set of people that is happy, make it so thunderin' rough for another set of people that is onhappy. An' there's another thing that bothers me," he said, continuing his audible cogitations. "How do they 'xpect a feller is goin' to git well, when they put 'im where a well feller 'd git sick? I vow I think that poor old creetur that wanted me to kill her is straighter in her brains than any body I seen on the lot. I couldn't live there a week, an' if I was a hopeless case, an' know'd it, I'd hang myself on a nail."

Jim saw his host across the road, and went over to him. Mr. Buffum had had a hard time with his pipes that morning, and was hoarse and very red in the face.

"Jolly lot you've got over there," said Jim. "If I had sech a family as them, I'd take 'em 'round for a show, and hire Belcher's man to do the talkin'. 'Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and see how a Christian can treat a feller bein'. Here's a feller that's got sense enough left to think he's in hell. Observe his wickedness, gentlemen, and don't be afraid to use your handkerchers.'"

As Jim talked, he found he was getting angry, and that the refractory hair that covered his poll began to feel hot. It would not do to betray his feelings, so he ended

his sally with a huge laugh that had about as much music and heartiness in it as the caw of a crow. Buffum joined him with his wheezy chuckle, but having sense enough to see that Jim had really been pained, he explained that he kept his paupers as well as he could afford to.

"Oh, I know it," said Jim. "If there's anything wrong about it, it don't begin with you, Buffum, nor it don't end with you; but it seems a little rough to a feller like me to see people shut up, an' in the dark, when there's good breathin' an' any amount o' sunshine to be had, free gratis for nothin'."

"Well, they don't know the difference," said Buffum.

"Arter a while, I guess they don't," Jim responded; "an', now, what's the damage? for I've got to go 'long."

"I sha'n't charge you anything," whispered Mr. Buffum. "You hav'n't said anything about old Tilden, and it's just as well."

Jim winked, nodded, and indicated that he not only understood Mr. Buffum, but would act upon his hint. Then he went into the house, bade good-bye to Mr. Buffum's "women," kissed his hand gallantly to the elder Miss Buffum, who declared, in revenge, that she would not help him on with his pack, although she had intended to do so, and, after having gathered his burdens, trudged off northward.

From the time he entered the establishment on the previous evening, he had not caught a glimpse of Harry Benedict. "He's cute," said Jim, "an' jest the little chap for this business." As he came near the stump over the brow of the hill, behind which the poor-house buildings disappeared, he saw first the brim of an old hat, then one eye, then an eager, laughing face, and then the whole trim little figure. The lad was transformed; Jim thought when he saw him first that he was a pretty boy, but there was something about him now that thrilled the woodsman with admiration.

Jim came up to him with: "Mornin', Harry!" and the mountain that shone so gloriously in the light before him, was not more sunny than Jim's face. He sat down behind the stump without removing his pack, and once more had the little fellow in his arms.

"Harry," said Jim, "I've had ye in my arms all night—a little live thing—an' I've been a longin' to git at ye agin. If ye want to, very much, you can put your arms round my neck, an' hug me like a little bar. Thar, that's right, that's right. I shall feel it till I see ye agin. You been thinkin' 'bout what I telled ye last night?"

"Oh, yes!" responded the boy, eagerly, "all the time."

"Well, now, do you know the days—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, an' the rest of 'em?"

"Yes, sir, all of them."

"Now, remember, to-day is Wednesday. It will be seven days to next Wednesday, then Thursday will be eight, Friday, nine, Saturday, ten. You always know when Saturday comes, don't ye?"

"Yes, because it's our school holiday," replied Harry.

"Well, then, in ten days—that is, a week from next Saturday—I shall come agin. Saturday night, don't you go to bed. Leastways, ef you do, you must git out of the house afore ten o'clock, and come straight to this old stump. Can ye git away, an' nobody seen ye?"

"Yes, I hope so," replied the boy. "They don't mind anything about us. I could stay out all night, and they wouldn't know where I was."

"Well, that's all right, now. Remember—be jest here with all the clo'es you've got, at ten o'clock, Saturday night—ten days off—cut 'em in a stick every day—the next Saturday after the next one, an' don't git mixed."

The boy assured him that he should make no mistake.

"When I come, I sh'll bring a hoss and wagin. It'll be a stiddy hoss, and I sh'll come here to this stump, an' stop till I seen you. Then you'll hold the hoss till I go an' git your pa, and then we'll wopse 'im up in some blankits, an' make a clean streak for the woods. It'll be late Sunday mornin' afore any body knows he's gone, and there won't be no people on the road where we are goin', and ef we're druv into cover, I know where the cover is. Jim Fenton's got friends on the road, and they'll be mum as beetles. Did you ever seen a beetle, Harry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, they work right along and don't say nothin' to nobody, but they keep workin'; an' you an' me has got to be jest like beetles. Remember! an' now git back to Tom Buffum's the best way ye can."

The boy reassured Jim, gave him a kiss, jumped over the fence, and crept along through the bushes toward the house. Jim watched him, wrapped in admiration.

"He's got the ra-al hunter in 'im, jest like

his father, but there's more in 'im nor there ever was in his father. I sh'd kinder like to 'a' knowed his ma," said Jim, as he took up his rifle and started in earnest for his home.

As he plodded along his way, he thought over all the experiences of the morning.

"Any man," said he to himself, "who can string things together in the way Benedict did this mornin' can be cured. Startin' in hell, he was all right, an' everything reasumble. The startin' is the principal p'int, an' if I can git 'im to start from Number Nine, I'll fetch 'im round. He never was so much to home as he was in the woods, an' when I git 'im thar, and git 'im fishin' and huntin', and sleepin' on hemlock, an' eatin' venison and corn-dodgers, it'll come to 'im that he's been there afore, and he'll look around to find Abram, an' he won't see 'im, and it'll kind o' all leak out of 'im afore he knows it."

Jim's theory was his own, but it would be difficult for Dr. Radcliffe, and all his fellow-devotees of science, to controvert it. It contented him, at least; and full of plans and hopes, stimulated by the thought that he had a job on hand that would not only occupy his thoughts, but give exercise to the benevolent impulses of his heart, he pressed on, the miles disappearing behind him and shortening before, as if the ground had been charmed.

He stopped at noon at a settler's lonely house, occupied by Mike Conlin, a friendly Irishman. Jim took the man aside and related his plans. Mike entered at once upon the project with interest and sympathy, and Jim knew that he could trust him wholly. It was arranged that Jim should return to Mike the evening before the proposed descent upon Tom Buffum's establishment, and sleep. The following evening Mike's horse would be placed at Jim's disposal, and he and the Benedicts were to drive through during the night to the point on the river where he would leave his boat. Mike was to find his horse there and take him home.

Having accomplished his business, Jim went on, and before the twilight had deepened into night, he found himself briskly paddling up the stream, and at ten o'clock he had drawn his little boat up the beach, and embraced Turk, his faithful dog, whom he had left, not only to take care of his cabin, but to provide for himself. He had already eaten his supper, and five minutes after he entered his cabin he and his dog were snoring side by side in a sleep too profound to be disturbed even by the trumpet of old Tilden.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH JIM ENLARGES HIS ACCOMMODATIONS AND ADOPTS A VIOLENT METHOD OF SECURING BOARDERS.

WHEN Jim Fenton waked from his long and refreshing sleep, after his weary tramp and his row upon the river, the sun was shining brightly, the blue-birds were singing, the partridges were drumming, and a red squirrel, which even Turk would not disturb, was looking for provisions in his cabin, or eyeing him saucily from one of the beams over his head. He lay for a moment, stretching his huge limbs and rubbing his eyes, thinking over what he had undertaken, and exclaiming at last: "Well, Jim, you've got a big contrack," he jumped up, and, striking a fire, cooked his breakfast.

His first work was to make an addition to his accommodations for lodgers, and he set about it in thorough earnest. Before noon he had stripped bark enough from the trees in his vicinity to cover a building as large as his own. The question with him was whether he should put up an addition to his cabin, or hide a new building somewhere behind the trees in his vicinity. In case of pursuit, his lodgers would need a cover, and this he knew he could not give them in his cabin, for all who were in the habit of visiting the woods were familiar with that structure, and would certainly notice any addition to it, and be curious about it. Twenty rods away there was a thicket of hemlock, and by removing two or three trees in its center, he could successfully hide from any but the most inquisitive observation the cabin he proposed to erect. His conclusion was quickly arrived at, and before he slept that night the trees were down, the frame up, and the bark gathered. The next day sufficed to make the cabin habitable, but he lingered about the work for several days, putting up various appointments of convenience, making a broad bed of hemlock boughs so deep and fragrant and inviting, that he wondered he had never undertaken to do as much for himself as he had thus gladly done for others, and making sure that there was no crevice at which the storms of spring and summer could force an entrance.

When he could do no more, he looked it over with approval and said: "Thar! If

I'd a done that for Miss Butterworth, I couldn't 'a' done better nor that." Then he went back to his cabin muttering: "I wonder what she'd 'a' said if she'd hearn that little speech o' mine!"

What remained for Jim to do was to make provision to feed his boarders. His trusty rifle stood in the corner of his cabin, and Jim had but to take it in his hand to excite the expectations of his dog, and to receive from him in language as plain as an eager whine and a wagging tail could express, an offer of assistance. Before night there hung in front of his cabin a buck, dragged with difficulty through the woods from the place where he had shot him. A good part of the following day was spent in cutting from the carcass every ounce of flesh, and packing it into pails, to be stowed in a spring whose water, summer and winter alike, was almost at the freezing point.

"He'll need a good deal o' lookin' arter, and I sha'n't hunt much the first few days," said Jim to himself; "an' as for flour, there's a sack on't, an' as for pertatoes, we sha'n't want many on 'em till they come agin, an' as for salt pork, there's a whole bar'l buried, an' as for the rest, let me alone!"

Jim had put off the removal for ten days, partly to get time for all his preparations, and partly that the rapidly advancing spring might give him warmer weather for the removal of a delicate patient. He found, however, at the conclusion of his labors, that he had two or three spare days on his hands. His mind was too busy and too much excited by his enterprise to permit him to engage in any regular employment, and he roamed around the woods, or sat whittling in the sun, or smoked, or thought of Miss Butterworth. It was strange how, when the business upon his hands was suspended, he went back again and again, to his brief interview with that little woman. He thought of her eyes full of tears, of her sympathy with the poor, of her smart and saucy speech when he parted with her, and he said again and again to himself, what he said on that occasion: "she's a genuine creetur!" and the last time he said it, on the day before his projected expedition, he added: "an' who knows?"

Then a bright idea seized him, and taking out a huge jack-knife, he went through the hemlocks to his new cabin, and there carved into the slabs of bark that constituted its door, the words "Number Ten." This was the crowning grace of that interesting structure. He looked at it close, and then from a distance, and then he went back chuckling to his cabin, to pass his night in dreams of fast driving before the fury of all Sevenoaks, with Phipps and his gray trotters in advance.

Early on the Friday morning preceding his proposed descent upon the poor-house, he gave his orders to Turk, who, he had no doubt, understood every word he said.

"I'm a goin' away, Turk," said he. "I'm a goin' away agin. You was a good dog when I went away afore, and you berhaved a good deal more like a Christian nor a Turk. Look out for this 'ere cabin, and look out for yerself. I'm a goin' to bring back a sick man, an' a little feller to play with ye. Now, ole feller, won't that be jolly? You mus'n't make no noise when I come—understand?"

Turk wagged his tail in assent, and Jim departed, believing that his dog had understood every word as completely as if he were a man. "Good-bye—here's hopin'," said Jim, waving his hand to Turk as he pushed his boat from the bank, and disappeared down the river. The dog watched him until he passed from sight, and then went back to the cabin to mope away the period of his master's absence.

Jim sat in the stern of his little boat, guiding and propelling it with his paddle. Flocks of ducks rose before him, and swashed down with a fluttering ricochet into the water again, beyond the shot of his rifle. A fish-hawk, perched above his last year's nest, sat on a dead limb and watched him as he glided by. A blue heron rose among the reeds, looked at him quietly, and then hid behind a tree. A muskrat swam shoreward from his track, with only his nose above water. A deer, feeding among the lily-pads, looked up, snorted, and then wheeled and plunged into the woods. All these things he saw, but they made no more impression upon his memory than is left upon the canvas by the projected images of a magic-lantern. His mind was occupied by his scheme, which had never seemed so serious a matter as when he had started upon its fulfillment. All the possibilities of immediate detection and efficient pursuit presented themselves to him. He had no respect for Thomas Buffum, yet there was the thought that he was taking away from him one of the sources of his income. He would not like to have Buffum suppose that he could be guilty of a mean act, or capable of making an ungrateful return for hospitality. Still he did not doubt his own motives, or his

ability to do good to Paul Benedict and his boy.

It was nearly ten miles from Jim's cabin, down the winding river, to the point where he was to hide his boat, and take to the road which would lead him to the house of Mike Conlin, half way to Sevenoaks. Remembering before he started that the blind cart-road over which he must bring his patient was obstructed at various points by fallen trees, he brought along his axe, and found himself obliged to spend the whole day on his walk, and in clearing the road for the passage of a wagon. It was six o'clock before he reached Mike's house, the outermost post of the "settlement," which embraced in its definition the presence of women and children.

"Be gorry," said Mike, who had long been looking for him, "I was afeared ye'd gi'en it up. The old horse is ready this two hours. I've took more nor three quarts o' dander out iv 'is hide, and gi'en 'im four quarts o' water and a pail iv oats, an' he'll go."

Mike nodded his head as if he were profoundly sure of it. Jim had used horses in his life, in the old days of lumbering and logging, and was quite at home with them. He had had many a drive with Mike, and knew the animal he would be required to handle—a large, hardy, raw-boned creature, that had endured much in Mike's hands, and was quite equal to the present emergency.

As soon as Jim had eaten his supper, and Mike's wife had put up for him food enough to last him and such accessions to his party as he expected to secure during the night, and supplied him abundantly with wrappings, he went to the stable, mounted the low, strong wagon before which Mike had placed the horse, and with a hearty "good luck to ye!" from the Irishman ringing in his ears, started on the road to Sevenoaks. This portion of the way was easy. The road was worn somewhat, and moderately well kept; and there was nothing to interfere with the steady jog which measured the distance at the rate of six miles an hour. For three steady hours he went on, the horse no more worried than if he had been standing in the stable. At nine o'clock the lights in the cabins and farmers' cottages by the wayside were extinguished, and the families they held were in bed. Then the road began to grow dim, and the sky to become dark. The fickle spring weather gave promise of rain. Jim shuddered at the thought of the exposure to which, in a shower, his delicate friend would be subjected, but thought that if he could but get him to the wagon, and cover him well before its onset, he could shield him from harm.

The town clock was striking ten as he drove up to the stump where he was to meet Benedict's boy. He stopped and whistled. A whistle came back in reply, and a dark little object crept out from behind the stump, and came up to the wagon.

"Harry, how's your pa?" said Jim.

"He's been very bad to-day," said Harry. "He says he's going to Abraham's bosom on a visit, and he's been walking around in his room, and wondering why you don't come for him."

"Who did he say that to?" inquired Jim.

"To me," replied the boy. "And he told me not to speak to Mr. Buffum about it."

Jim breathed a sigh of relief, and saying "All right!" he leaped from the wagon. Then taking out a heavy blanket, he said:

"Now, Harry, you jest stand by the old fellow's head till I git back to ye. He's out o' the road, an' ye needn't stir if any body comes along."

Harry went up to the old horse, patted his nose and his breast, and told him he was good. The creature seemed to understand it, and gave him no trouble. Jim then stalked off noiselessly into the darkness, and the boy waited with a trembling and expectant heart.

Jim reached the poor-house, and stood still in the middle of the road between the two establishments. The lights in both had been extinguished, and stillness reigned in that portion occupied by Thomas Buffum and his family. The darkness was so great that Jim could almost feel it. No lights were visible except in the village at the foot of the hill, and these were distant and feeble. Through an open window—left open that the asthmatic keeper of the establishment might be supplied with breath—he heard a stertorous snore. On the other side matters were not so silent. There were groans, and yells, and gabble from the reeking and sleepless patients, who had been penned up for the long and terrible night. Concluding that every thing was as safe for his operations as it would become at any time, he slowly felt his way to the door of the ward which held Paul Benedict, and found it fastened on the outside, as he had anticipated. Lifting the bar from the iron arms that held it, and pushing back the bolt, he silently opened the door. Whether

the darkness within was greater than that without, or whether the preternaturally quickened ears of the patients detected the manipulation of the fastenings, he did not know, but he was conscious at once that the tumult within was hushed. It was apparent that they had been visited in the night before, and that the accustomed intruder had come on no gentle errand. There was not a sound as Jim felt his way along from stall to stall, sickened almost to retching by the insufferable stench that reached his nostrils and poisoned every inspiration.

On the morning of his previous visit he had taken all the bearings with reference to an expedition in the darkness, and so, feeling his way along the hall, he had little difficulty in finding the cell in which he had left his old friend.

Jim tried the door, but found it locked. His great fear was that the lock would be changed, but it had not been meddled with, and had either been fitted to a new key, or had been locked with a skeleton. He slipped the stolen key in, and the bolt slid back. Opening the outer door, he tried the inner, but the key did not fit the lock. Here was a difficulty not entirely unexpected, but seeming to be insurmountable. He quietly went back to the door of entrance, and as quietly closed it, that no sound of violence might reach and wake the inmates of the house across the road. Then he returned, and whispered in a low voice to the inmate:

"Paul Benedict, give us your benediction."

"Jim," responded the man in a whisper, so light that it could reach no ear but his own.

"Don't make no noise, not even if I sh'd make consid'able," said Jim.

Then, grasping the bars with both hands, he gave the door a sudden pull, into which he put all the might of his huge frame. A thousand pounds would not have measured it, and the door yielded, not at the bolt, but at the hinges. Screws deeply imbedded were pulled out bodily. A second lighter wrench completed the task, and the door was noiselessly set aside, though Jim was trembling in every muscle.

Benedict stood at the door.

"Here's the robe that Abram sent ye," said Jim, throwing over the poor man's shoulders an ample blanket; and putting one of his large arms around him, he led him shuffling out of the hall, and shut and bolted the door.

He had no sooner done this, than the bedlam inside broke loose. There were yells, and howls, and curses, but Jim did not stop for these. Dizzied with his effort, enveloped in thick darkness, and the wind which preceded the approaching shower blowing a fierce gale, he was obliged to stop a moment to make sure that he was walking in the right direction. He saw the lights of the village, and, finding the road, managed to keep on it until he reached the horse, that had become uneasy under the premonitory tumult of the storm. Lifting Benedict into the wagon as if he had been a child, he wrapped him warmly, and put the boy in behind him, to kneel and see that his father did not fall out. Then he turned the horse around, and started toward Number Nine. The horse knew the road, and was furnished with keener vision than the man who drove him. Jim was aware of this, and letting the reins lie loose upon his back, the animal struck into a long, swinging trot, in prospect of home and another "pail of oats."

They had not gone a mile when the gathering tempest came down upon them. It rained in torrents, the lightning illuminated the whole region again and again, and the thunder cracked, and boomed, and rolled off among the woods and hills, as if the day of doom had come.

The war of the elements harmonized strangely with the weird fancies of the weak man who sat at Jim's side. He rode in perfect silence for miles. At last the wind went down, and the rain settled to a steady fall.

"They were pretty angry about my going," said he, feebly.

"Yes," said Jim, "they behaved putty car'less, but I'm too many for 'em."

"Does Father Abraham know I'm coming?" inquired Benedict. "Does he expect me to-night?"

"Yes," responded Jim, "an' he'd 'a' sent afore, but he's jest wore out with company. He's a mighty good-natered man, an' I tell 'im they take the advantage of 'im. But I've posted 'im 'bout you, and you're all right."

"Is it very far to the gulf?" inquired Benedict.

"Yes, it's a good deal of a drive, but when you get there, you can jest lay right down in the boat, an' go to sleep. I'll wake ye up, ye know, when we run in."

The miles slid behind into the darkness, and, at last, the rain subsiding somewhat, Jim stopped, partly to rest his smoking horse, and partly to feed his half-famished companions. Benedict ate mechanically the

food that Jim fished out of the basket with a careful hand, and the boy ate as only boys can eat. Jim himself was hungry, and nearly finished what they left.

At two o'clock in the morning, they descried Mike Conlin's light, and in ten minutes the reeking horse and the drenched inmates of the wagon drove up to the door. Mike was waiting to receive them.

"Mike, this is my particular friend, Benedict. Take 'im in, an' dry 'im. An' this is 'is boy. Toast 'im both sides—brown."

A large, pleasant fire was blazing on Mike's humble hearth, and with sundry cheerful remarks he placed his guests before it, relieving them of their soaked wrappings. Then he went to the stable, and fed and groomed his horse, and returned eagerly, to chat with Jim, who sat steaming before the fire, as if he had just been lifted from a hot bath.

"What place is this, Jim?" said Mr. Benedict.

"This is the half-way house," responded that personage, without looking up.

"Why, this is purgatory, isn't it?" inquired Benedict.

"Yes, Mike is a Catholic, an' all his folks; an' he's got to stay here a good while, an' he's jest settled down an' gone to housekeepin'."

"Is it far to the gulf, now?"

"Twenty miles, and the road is rougher nor a—"

"Ah, it's no twinty miles," responded Mike, "an' the road is jist lovely—jist lovely; an' afore ye start I'm goin' to give ye a drop that 'll make ye think so."

They sat a whole hour before the fire, and then Mike mixed the draught he had promised to the poor patient. It was not a heavy one, but, for the time, it lifted the man so far out of his weakness that he could sleep, and the moment his brain felt the stimulus, he dropped into a slumber so profound that when the time of departure came he could not be wakened. As there was no time to be lost, a bed was procured from a spare chamber, with pillows; the wagon was brought to the door, and the man was carried out as unconscious as if he were in his last slumber, and tenderly put to bed in the wagon. Jim declined the dram that Mike urged upon him, for he had need of all his wits, and slowly walked the horse away on the road to his boat. If Benedict had been wide awake and well, he could not have traveled the road safely faster than a walk; and the sleep, and the bed which it rendered necessary, became the happiest accidents of the journey.

For two long hours the horse plodded along the stony and uneven road, and then the light began to redden in the east, and Jim could see the road sufficiently to increase his speed with safety. It was not until long after the sun had risen that Benedict awoke, and found himself too weak to rise. Jim gave him more food, answered his anxious inquiries in his own way, and managed to keep him upon his bed, from which he constantly tried to rise in response to his wandering impulses. It was nearly noon when they found themselves at the river; and the preparations for embarkation were quickly made. The horse was tied and fed, the wagon unfastened, and the whole establishment was left for Mike to reclaim, according to the arrangement that Jim had made with him.

The woodsman saw that his patient would not be able to sit, and so felt himself compelled to take along the bed. Arranging this with the pillows in the bow of his boat, and placing Benedict upon it, with his boy at his feet, he shoved off, and started up the stream.

After running along against the current for a mile, Benedict having quietly rested meantime, looked up and said weakly,

"Jim, is this the gulf?"

"Yes," responded Jim, cheerfully. "This is the gulf, and a putty place 'tis too. I've seen a sight o' worser places nor this."

"It's very beautiful," responded Benedict. "We must be getting pretty near."

"It's not very fur now," said Jim.

The poor, wandering mind was trying to realize the heavenly scenes that he believed were about to burst upon its vision. The quiet, sunlit water, the trees still bare but bourgeoning, the songs of birds, the blue sky across which fleecy clouds were peacefully floating, the breezes that kissed his fevered cheek, the fragrance of the bordering evergreens, and the electric air that entered his lungs so long accustomed to the poisonous fetor of his cell, were well calculated to foster his delusion, and to fill his soul with a peace to which it had long been a stranger. An exquisite languor stole upon him, and under the pressure of his long fatigue, his eyelids fell, and he dropped into a quiet slumber.

When the boy saw that his father was asleep, he crept back to Jim and said:

"Mr. Fenton, I don't think it's right for you to tell papa such lies."

"Call me Jim. The Doctor called me 'Mr. Fenton,' and it 'most killed me."

"Well, Jim."

"Now, that sounds like it. You jest look a here, my boy. Your pa isn't livin' in this world now, an' what's true to him is a lie to us, an' what's true to us is a lie to him. I jest go into his world and say what's true whar he lives. Isn't that right?"

This vein of casuistry was new to the boy, and he was staggered.

"When your pa gits well agin, an' here's hopin,' Jim Fenton an' he will be together in their brains, you know, and then they won't be talkin' like a couple of jay-birds, and I won't lie to him no more nor I would to you."

The lad's troubled mind was satisfied, and he crept back to his father's feet, where he lay until he discovered Turk, whining and wagging his tail in front of the little hillock that was crowned by Jim's cabin.

The long, hard, weird journey was at an end. The boat came up broadside to the shore, and Jim leaped out, and showered as many caresses upon his dog as he received from the faithful brute.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH SEVENOAKS EXPERIENCES A GREAT COMMOTION, AND COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT BENEDICT HAS HAD FOUL PLAY.

THOMAS BUFFUM and his family slept late on Sunday morning, and the operating forces of the establishment lingered in their beds. When, at last, the latter rose and opened the doors of the dormitories, the escape of Benedict was detected. Mr. Buffum was summoned at once, and hastened across the street in his shirt-sleeves, which, by the way, was about as far toward full dress as he ever went when the weather did not compel him to wear a coat. Buffum examined the inner door and saw that it had been forced by a tremendous exercise of muscular power. He remembered the loss of the key, and knew that some one had assisted in the operation.

"Where's that boy?" wheezed the keeper.

An attendant rushed to the room where the boy usually slept, and came back with the report that the bed had not been occupied. Then there was a search outside for tracks, but the rain had obliterated them all. The keeper was in despair. He did not believe that Benedict could have survived the storm of the night, and he did not doubt that the boy had undertaken to hide his father somewhere.

"Go out, all of you, all round, and find 'em," hoarsely whispered Mr. Buffum, "and bring 'em back, and say nothing about it."

The men, including several of the more reliable paupers, divided themselves into little squads, and departed without breakfast, in order to get back before the farmers should drive by on their way to church. The orchards, the woods, the thickets—all possible covers—were searched, and searched of course in vain. One by one the parties returned to report that they could not find the slightest sign of the fugitives.

Mr. Buffum, who had not a question that the little boy had planned and executed the escape, assisted by the paroxysmal strength of his insane father, felt that he was seriously compromised. The flight and undoubted death of old Tilden were too fresh in the public mind to permit this new reflection upon his faithfulness and efficiency as a public guardian to pass without a popular tumult. He had but just assumed the charge of the establishment for another year, and he knew that Robert Belcher would be seriously offended for more reasons than the public knew, or than that person would be willing to confess. He had never in his life been in a more serious trouble. He hardly tasted his breakfast, and was too crusty and cross to be safely addressed by any member of his family. Personally he was not in a condition to range the fields, and when he had received the reports of the parties who had made the search, he felt that he had a job to undertake too serious for his single handling.

In the meantime, Mr. Belcher had risen at his leisure, in blissful unconsciousness of the calamities that had befallen his *protégé* He owned a pew in every church in Sevenoaks, and boasted that he had no preferences. Once every Sunday he went to one of these churches, and there was a fine flutter throughout the building whenever he and his family appeared. He felt that the building had received a special honor from his visit; but if he was not guided by his preferences, he certainly was by his animosities. If for three or four Sabbaths in succession he honored a single church by his presence, it was usually to pay off a grudge against some minister or member of another flock. He delighted to excite the suspicion that he had at last become attached to one clergyman, and that the other churches were in danger of being forsaken by him.

It would be painful to paint the popular weakness and the ministerial jealousy—painful to describe the lack of Christian dignity—that watched these demonstrations of worldly caprice and arrogance, with mean and absorbing interest.

After the town meeting and the demonstration of the Rev. Solomon Snow, it was not expected that Mr. Belcher would visit the church of the latter for some months. During the first Sabbath after this event there was gloom in that clergyman's congregation, for Mr. Belcher, in his routine, should have illuminated their public services by his presence, but he did not appear.

"This comes," bitterly complained one of the deacons, "of a minister's meddling with public affairs."

But during the week following, Mr. Belcher had had a satisfactory interview with Mr. Snow, and on the morning of the flight of Benedict he drove in the carriage with his family up to the door of that gentleman's church, and gratified the congregation and its reverend head by walking up the broad aisle, and, with his richly dressed flock, taking his old seat.

As he looked around upon the humbler parishioners, he seemed to say, by his patronizing smile: "Mr. Snow and the great proprietor are at peace. Make yourselves easy, and enjoy your sunshine while it lasts."

Mr. Buffum never went to church. He had a theory that it was necessary for him to remain in charge of his establishment, and that he was doing a good thing by sending his servants and dependents. When, therefore, he entered Mr. Snow's church on the Sunday morning which found Mr. Belcher comfortably seated there, and stumped up the broad aisle in his shirt-sleeves, the amazement of the minister and the congregation may be imagined. If he had been one of his own insane paupers *en déshabillé* he could not have excited more astonishment or more consternation.

Mr. Snow stopped in the middle of a stanza of the first hymn as if the words had dried upon his tongue. Every thing seemed to stop. Of this, however, Mr. Buffum was ignorant. He had no sense of the proprieties of the house, and was intent only on reaching Mr. Belcher's pew.

Bending to his patron's ear, he whispered a few words, received a few words in return, and then retired. The proprietor's face was red with rage and mortification, but he tried to appear unconcerned, and the services went on to their conclusion. Boys who sat near the windows stretched their necks to see whether smoke was issuing from the poor-house; and it is to be feared that the ministrations of the morning were not particularly edifying to the congregation at large. Even Mr. Snow lost his place in his sermon more frequently than usual. When the meeting was dismissed, a hundred heads came together in chattering surmise, and when they walked into the streets the report of Benedict's escape with his little boy met them. They understood, too, why Buffum had come to Mr. Belcher with his trouble. He was Mr. Belcher's man, and Mr. Belcher had publicly assumed responsibility for him.

No more meetings were held in any of the churches of Sevenoaks that day. The ministers came to perform the services of the afternoon, and, finding their pews empty, went home. A reward of one hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Belcher to any one who would find Benedict and his boy, "and return them in safety to the home provided for them by the town," was a sufficient apology, without the motives of curiosity and humanity, and the excitement of a search in the fields and woods, for a universal relinquishment of Sunday habits, and the pouring out of the whole population on an expedition of discovery.

Sevenoaks and its whole vicinity presented a strange aspect that afternoon. There had slept in the hearts of the people a pleasant and sympathetic memory of Mr. Benedict. They had seen him struggling, dreaming, hopeful, yet always disappointed, dropping lower and lower into poverty, and, at last, under accumulated trials, deprived of his reason. They knew but little of his relations to Mr. Belcher, but they had a strong suspicion that he had been badly treated by the proprietor, and that it had been in the power of the latter to save him from wreck. So, when it became known that he had escaped with his boy from the poor-house, and that both had been exposed to the storm of the previous night, they all—men and boys—covered the fields, and filled the woods for miles around, in a search so minute that hardly a rod of cover was left unexplored.

It was a strange excitement which stirred the women at home, as well as the men afield. Nothing was thought of but the fugitives and the pursuit.

Robert Belcher, in the character of principal citizen, was riding back and forth behind his gray trotters, and stimulating the search in every quarter. Poor Miss Butterworth

sat at her window, making indiscriminate inquiries of every passenger, or going about from house to house, working off her nervous anxiety in meaningless activities.

As the various squads became tired by their long and unsuccessful search, they went to the poor-house to report, and, before sunset, the hill was covered by hundreds of weary and excited men. Some were sure they had discovered traces of the fugitives. Others expressed the conviction that they had thrown themselves into a well. One man, who did not love Mr. Belcher, and had heard the stories of his ill-treatment of Benedict, breathed the suspicion that both he and his boy had been foully dealt with by one who had an interest in getting them out of the way.

It was a marvel to see how quickly this suspicion took wing. It seemed to be the most rational theory of the event. It went from mouth to mouth and ear to ear, as the wind breathes among the leaves of a forest; but there were reasons in every man's mind, or instincts in his nature, that withheld the word "murder" from the ear of Mr. Belcher. As soon as the suspicion became general, the aspect of every incident of the flight changed. Then they saw, apparently for the first time, that a man weakened by disease and long confinement, and never muscular at his best, could not have forced the inner door of Benedict's cell. Then they connected Mr. Belcher's behavior during the day with the affair, and, though they said nothing at the time, they thought of his ostentatious anxiety, his evident perturbation when Mr. Buffum announced to him the escape, his offer of the reward for Benedict's discovery, and his excited personal appearance among them. He acted like a guilty man—a man who was trying to blind them, and divert suspicion from himself.

To the great horror of Mr. Buffum, his establishment was thoroughly inspected and ransacked, and, as one after another left the hill for his home, he went with indignation and shame in his heart, and curses on his lips. Even if Benedict and his innocent boy had been murdered, murder was not the only foul deed that had been committed on the hill. The poor-house itself was an embodied crime against humanity and against Christianity, for which the town of Sevenoaks at large was responsible, though it had been covered from their sight by Mr. Belcher and the keeper. It would have taken but a spark to kindle a conflagration. Such was the excitement that only a leader was needed to bring the tumult of a violent mob around the heads of the proprietor and his *protégé*.

Mr. Belcher was not a fool, and he detected, as he sat in his wagon talking with Buffum in a low tone, the change that had come over the excited groups around him. They looked at him as they talked, with a serious scrutiny to which he was unused. They no more addressed him with suggestions and inquiries. They shunned his neighborhood, and silently went off down the hill. He knew, as well as if they had been spoken, that there were suspicions against him, as well as indignation over the state of things that had been discovered in the establishment, for whose keeper he had voluntarily become responsible. Notwithstanding all his efforts to assist them in their search, he knew that in their hearts they charged him with Benedict's disappearance. At last he bade Buffum good-night, and went down the hill to his home.

He had no badinage for Phipps during that drive, and no pleasant reveries in his library during that evening, for all the possibilities of the future passed through his mind in dark review. If Benedict had been murdered, who could have any interest in his death but himself? If he had died from exposure, his secrets would be safe, but the charge of his death would be brought to his door, as Miss Butterworth had already brought the responsibility for his insanity there. If he had got away alive, and should recover, or if his boy should get into hands that would ultimately claim for him his rights, then his prosperity would be interfered with. He did not wish to acknowledge to himself that he wished for the poor man's death, but he was aware that in his death he found the most hopeful vision of the night. Angry with the public feeling that accused him of a crime of which he was not guilty, and guilty of a crime of which definitely the public knew little or nothing, there was no man in Sevenoaks so unhappy as he. He loved power and popularity. He had been happy in the thought that he controlled the town, and for the moment, at least, he knew the town had slipped disloyally out of his hands.

An impromptu meeting of citizens was held that evening, at which Mr. Belcher did not assist. The clergymen were all present, and there seemed to be a general understanding that they had been ruled long enough in the interest and by the will of a

single man. A subscription was raised for a large amount, and the sum offered to any one who would discover the fugitives.

The next morning Mr. Belcher found the village quiet and very reticent, and having learned that a subscription had been raised without calling upon him, he laughingly expressed his determination to win the reward for himself.

Then he turned his grays up the hill, had a long consultation with Mr. Buffum, who informed him of the fate of old Tilden, and started at a rapid pace toward Number Nine.

(To be continued.)

A NEW SOLUTION OF AN OLD PUZZLE.

(Concluded from the January number.)

CASE VIII. The Rev. William Tennant, of New Jersey, was talking with his brother on religious subjects, when he suddenly dropped into a trance, in which he lay for three days, to come to himself at last with the vision of his brother disputing with the doctor. As he describes the sensorial phenomena of the attack, he was suddenly translated into a spirit-world, and wafted, he knew not how, toward an ineffable glory, about which hovered a myriad host whose seraphic melodies thrilled him with unutterable raptures. He then applied to his conductor to be permitted to join in the resplendent throng; but, in reply, the attendant spirit tapped him on the shoulder and told him that he must return to the world he had just left. The three days during which he was in trance did not, he says, seem to occupy an interval of more than twenty minutes. Of physique constitutionally feeble, he was at the date of this attack the victim of special nervous disorder.

CASE IX. Some years since, in a squalid tenement in this city, lived a sad-faced boy who presented all the psychical phenomena of Spiritualism in an advanced stage. A Methodist missionary, resident in the same house, interested by the curious precocity he exhibited, contracted the habit of permitting the boy to accompany him in his visiting tours, and soon noticed that his puny Pylades frequently crossed the street to avoid the atmosphere of particular persons whom he must necessarily brush past. On the other hand, the boy did not appear to avoid the proximity of pedestrians in general, or to be at all sensitive as to tangency in passing them; and when the minister interrogated him in special instances, he invariably stated that he didn't want to pass that person; that he was a wicked man and had given himself over to evil spirits, and that he saw them flocking about him.

Some months later, two young ladies were called to pass the night in attendance upon a dying woman in this same squalid tenement. Present in the room were two little girls, the sisters of the boy, the boy himself, and the two attendant watchers—a scene for Doré, in one of his softer and more solemn moods. Just as the last embers of life were going out, the woman was observed to beckon to the boy, and, after a whispered conversation, to sink back exhausted, with the remark: "Is that all?" A moment after, the boy dropped upon the floor in convulsions and lay unconscious for some minutes, no effort to resuscitate him availing. The instant his mother was dead, however, he recovered spontaneously, and, sprang up, crying: "Mother is happy, and I am satisfied!" From that moment he was perfectly calm.

Taking the opportunity of his momentary absence from the room, one of the attendants questioned his sisters as to the meaning of these strange antics. "My brother can see spirits," answered one of the sisters; "and mother wanted to find out what some dark forms around the bed were saying. So she called him, and he told her they had only come to carry her off; and then she said: 'Is that all?'—and died."

CASE X. C. H. Foster, a native of Salem, Mass., about forty years of age, reddish complexion, face and physique heavy and sensual. Became clairvoyant at ten years of age, and has given séances in all the large cities in the United States, also in London. Is supposed to be the original of Margrave in Bulwer's "Strange Story." His principal feat consists in producing the initials of the spirit present on the back of his hand. His

capacity for physical phenomena is perceptibly affected by atmospheric conditions.

Case XI. J. R. Brown, of Iowa, twenty-one years of age. His clairvoyance resembles that of Miss L. in its initial stages. Finds and describes articles by the process styled thought-reading, and exhibits symptoms of exhaustion similar to those developed by Miss L., when his séances are protracted or call for more than ordinary feats. [For this and other cases see January number.]

Case XII. In June, 1868, in consequence of protracted nervous tension, I lay for some days at a Broadway hotel in a state bordering upon delirium. When I came to myself my first sensation was that of being a tremendous eye, or of knowing beyond the ordinary circle of the senses. Although my room was in the rear, third story, fully one hundred feet from the street, I distinctly apprehended the hundred separate but tangled impulses communicated to the walk, and thence to the building, by passing pedestrians, and could follow a man for squares—in like manner, stages and carriages. I soon learned that I was conscious within a circle, say of thirty feet in diameter, and that distant impressions acted upon the periphery of this circle and were transferred directly to the sensorium without intervention of the senses. Within this periphery I neither saw nor heard, but knew in a manner that was at once vision and audition. The phenomenon was accompanied by no special irritability. Observing carefully, I presently ascertained that articles of diet within a few feet of me vividly affected the nerves of taste. I experimentally know, therefore, that nerve-aura is the basis of clairvoyance.

Case XIII. Prof. Crookes's observations, conducted mainly with Mr. Home and Miss Fox, present the phantom phenomena of Spiritualism in the most occult stages. He has seen a hand and arm, like a baby's, playing about a lady who sat by him; a finger and thumb pick the petals from Mr. Home's button-hole bouquet and distribute them to persons in the room; a hand playing the keys of an accordeon; a luminous hand descend from above, take a pencil, rapidly write a message, drop the pencil, and ascend and waste into nothingness. He has seen a nebulous cloud partly condensed into the form of a hand, though not equally visible to all present—one person seeing it as a luminous nebula, another as a spectral hand, and a third noticing nothing but the motion of the object. He has seen an object move, then a luminous cloud form about it, and finally condense into a perfectly formed hand, visible to all present. He has held a spirit hand in his own till it resolved itself into vapor and vanished. In one instance, Mr. Home as medium, a phantom form came from the corner of the room, took an accordeon in its hand, and glided to and fro playing the instrument; but a low cry from a lady caused it to vanish.

I have selected these cases with the double purpose of covering all the important phenomena, physical and psychical, and of indicating their relation to epileptic neurosis. The case of Mary Carrick shows that the two series are convertible. The cases of Mr. Mathews and Pierre Cazot illustrate the action of nerve-aura at considerable distances, and the whole series demonstrates, lastly, that somnambulism, clairvoyance, and trance are so many stages of the same nervous disorder, to which, as a center, is tethered a startling circle of strange sensorial impressions and preternatural states of consciousness, involving in its nocturnal aspects premonitory dreams, and in its diurnal the element of prevision. And the strangest part of it all is, that our lives so often verify our dreams and presentiments as to disbar their relegation to the category of fortuitous coincidences. It is evident, however, that, so far from supporting the hypothesis of spiritual intervention, these phenomena lie strictly within the limits of nervous and cerebral disturbance. Nor will this hypothesis seem exceptional when it is considered that, as Niemeyer observes, the ratio of epileptic persons exceeds one in a hundred, and that, as Calmeil was the first to show, those fits of absent-mindedness that Mr. Macnish so cleverly discusses in his paper on Abstraction, particularly as respects the cases of Hogarth, Dr. Robert Hamilton, the Rev. Dr. Harvest, and Prof. Warton, are really of epileptic nature and but half-averted paroxysms—always ushered in, as Herpin notices, by tremor, but not attended with complete unconsciousness, nor with the wild initial cry. In this aspect of the malady lies, very likely, the true solution of the remarkable case of M. Cazotte. The cases of Miss L., the Rev. Mr. Tennant, Henry Zschokke, and the boy that saw spirits, are also well-marked instances of cerebral epilepsy. Again, trance—alike the finale of the epileptic and the medium—is simply the psychological exponent of abnormal function of the cortex of the brain, co-existing with partial or total

suspension of the nerve centers; and thus, when through progressive stages of nervous degeneration, fostered at the instance of morbid vanity partly, and partly by the morbid impulses it engenders, this sanctum of mind is attacked, the poor broken medium drifts rapidly into madness, still exulting, perhaps, in occasional glimpses of his lost lucidness, but generally tormented with the specter of a life squandered in sensory dreams.

Before entering upon the phantom phenomena incident to the séances of Mr. Home, Miss Fox and Mr. Foster, let me remind that clairvoyance, with its peripheral nerve-aura, is the constant exponent of the type of organization necessary to become a medium. Let it be observed, also, that in mediums of full physique, like Home, Foster, and Miss Fox, and of vital temperament, it is accompanied by the physical series; while in those of higher cephalic type it rapidly develops into the deeper order of trance. Within the circle of my own observation I find not a single exception to this rule, and I have memoranda, personally jotted, of the physical traits of about fifty mediums, including Mr. Home, Mr. Foster, Mr. Davis, —a poor fellow now dead, whose specialty was trance-trips to the moon,—a dozen women famous in trances, and more men famous in the same walk. Indeed, the association of feats in molecular physics with the vital, and of trances with the cephalic temperament, is more constant than that of *petit mal* with the one and cerebral epilepsy with the other.

Let the reader now bear in mind the general relation, previously developed, between persons of epileptic tendency and the auras of environing bodies; also that the physical series commenced with the simple molecular phenomenon of rappings,* and has been developed in regular gradations from the levitation of bodies to luminous clouds, from luminous clouds to phantom hands and gliding specters.

Now, though subsensible, observation and experiment alike indicate that nerve-aura is material—a nervous vapor, possibly related to the odyle (odic gas), not long since announced by an eminent scientist as an element of organic structures. It is thus at once a force and a medium, susceptible of control by the will of the operator, and capable of sensory impression while entering into intimate molecular contact with solids within its circle—an atmosphere to take shape at the medium's command, and to dissolve the moment the volition ceases, or, when the habit of its master's will has become fixed in that direction, to come and pass in strange apparitions, without conscious subjective impulse on his part. Here, then, is a subsensible medium, enfolding me like a spirit, that may be caused to reflect in visible phantasms the wildest imaginings of my own soul; and let me venture to suggest that many of the hallucinations of epileptic mania, so far from being utterly unreal, are phantom forms originated in this peripheral aura by the morbid impulses of the fit, in a manner analogous to that of Mr. Home's apparitions.* To the thrice-acute perception of the epileptic madman they are visible, and he talks with them. Indeed, I have no doubt that this same subtile vapor, susceptible of reflecting our imaginings in actual phantasmagoria, is responsible for many a tale of goblin and of ghost, nor that Spiritualists actually see specter shapes, whose messages are, however, but products of the unconscious cerebration that invariably, though not always to the exclusion of consciousness, accompanies these states.

But to return. In the luminosity of the nebula during the process of condensation, the enlightened student of physics will discern the ever-present exponent of rapid molecular action, and in the condensation itself, a molecular phenomenon contingent upon the will of the operator—an intelligent motor that controls and shapes this subsensible nervous system in the same manner and by the same law as it contracts a muscle or lifts a hand. There are, then, two types of clairvoyance, the one motor, the other sensory; or rather, in the one the motor, and in the other the sensory element is predom-

* I say molecular, because in one instance at least I have been able to prove by a very simple experiment that the rappings are produced by waves of molecular vibration, and to trace these waves to the hand of the medium resting on the table. It requires, however, a table almost as delicate as a sounding-board, and a medium willing to direct the raps to one point, in order to apply the test.

* Experiment and observation agree in forcing the conclusion that hallucinations of sight and hearing are purely nervous phenomena, and have no special relation to the mental faculty. In many instances the hallucination of sight is due to excitation of the optic nerves. Personally, in attacks of violent neuralgia involving the right eye, I have frequently experienced hallucination of sight in one eye, while the other was perfectly sane. On the other hand, I am satisfied, from careful and lengthened observation, that the more pronounced hallucinations of epilepsy have their origin in a peripheral nerve-aura, not in mere optical excitation.

inant—the one having its equivalent in *petit mal*, the other in cerebral epilepsy.

To attempt explanation of the prevision occasionally involved in these states of consciousness would dip deep into the profounder problems of psychology and demand the pages of a volume, but I cannot forbear noticing a single point of physiology as specially related to the subject. If, as experiments thus far indicate, the functional distinction between the two classes of nervous tissue, the gray and the white, is rudimentary, the former appropriated to consciousness, the latter to coördination, then man is a double man in his nervous structure—a man of gray nerves that thinks and wills, and an unconscious man of white nerves that coördinates and obeys—and his psychological organism can be dissected, first from the general nervous organism of his unconscious life with which it is coëxtensive; and, secondly, from the physical organization with which it is intimately interwoven. Thus, dissecting in and in, past the white nervous man with his unconscious operations, the investigator finally encounters a gray nervous specter that thinks and feels and longs, wills and determines and controls, and constitutes the limit of physiological induction in the direction of the spiritual. Try to imagine this ultimate nervous man in which the spiritual energy is resident, and you but haunt your dreams with an ashen filmy ghost—matters *doppelgönger* of the soul. It is to this nerve-specter (particularly to its reflex excitability), in disturbances of the epileptic type,* that investigation finally traces that sensory and motor-aura that constitutes the physiological basis of clairvoyance—the center about which all the phenomena of Spiritualism, whether physical or psychical, revolve in a startling, but by no means inexplicable circle.

The phenomenon known as the materializing of spirit commends itself to special attention, in the light of facts such as are illustrated in the séances of the Eddy Brothers, whose cases the writer has investigated, though without applying the magnetic test, which would be conclusive. This test consists in applying a strong current from an ordinary horseshoe magnet to the periphery of the phantom, with a view to note the effect on the nebula and the symptoms developed in the medium. On several occasions, when the writer has been permitted to try the experiment privately with a weak magnet, the current has been successful in throwing the medium into tetanic spasms and in producing a perceptible waver of the phantom hand, while engaged in the act of writing. By referring to the experiments with the magnet previously detailed, the reader will discern that such facts furnish inductive proof of the nervous origin of the phenomenon of materialization, and not of that only, but of the hypothesis that these phantom phenomena are the exponents of nervous disorders. The Eddy Brothers, for example, trace their descent directly from parentage subject to nervous attacks, to ancestry actively involved in the ancient manifestations at Salem; and, as a curious evidence of the intellectual aura appertaining to such a nervous taint, let it be observed that one of the sons is a Swedenborgian minister. The old house in Spirit Vale, so called from the manifestations, is a couple of leagues from Rutland, in a somewhat secluded Vermont valley. The mother was a singular woman, subject to strange psychical phenomena, such as the seeing of spirits; the father was a man of strong physique, and in religion an exceedingly emotional Methodist. Of the four boys and four girls, all exhibit the symptoms inherited from such parentage to some extent, though only three of them, William aged 32, Horatio aged 28, and Mrs. Brown, participate in the séances which present the phenomena of full-length phantoms, bearing the ordinary test of tactic examination, often warm as in life, and presenting to the hand applied in the cardiac region a perceptible pulsation, as of a beating heart. This last is a fact contingent, doubtless, upon the pulsation of the nervous system or cere-

* In the course of a brilliant series of experiments, accompanied by electrical excitation of the brain, Prof. Ferrier, of King's College, London, has pretty conclusively demonstrated that epilepsy is a lesion of the nerve centers, consisting essentially in violent demission of nervous force in the direction of the peripheral nerves. This fact accounts for the gradual lessening of the volume of the brain, the convolutions sometimes wholly disappearing, that occurs in settled cases of this malady. Whether it constitutes the physiological basis of that peripheral nerve-aura which is concerned in the phenomena of Spiritualism is a question upon which I can now speak positively, for in no instance, so far as I have observed, is clairvoyance dissociated from the epileptic temperament. In other words, it is a fact of constant recurrence, that the morbid faculty of the medium is contingent upon epileptic neurosis, and the manner of this connection is very clear. Again, in the course of a somewhat extended series of studies in epilepsy I have observed that the presence of this motor and sensory aura is almost invariably one of the exponents of the fit; but this fact would not be enough to establish the proposition as a scientific certainty, did not all the analogies point in that direction.

bral structure of the medium, who, in the instance of these apparitions, is William, a man of powerful physique, five feet ten in height, and weighing about 180 pounds.

The reader discerns here, therefore, an illustration to order of the law previously stated, that the physical phenomena of Spiritualism are invariably associated with persons of strong vital temperament. In one instance, of which I have memoranda, the sister was a powerful medium, while the brother was the victim of ordinary epileptic attacks. In the instance of three brothers, the two elder produced physical manifestations at will, while the younger and more delicate was subject to cerebral paroxysms exhibiting the psychical phenomena of prevision and spirit-seeing. There is, I should add, a perceptible current proceeding from the operator while the phantom forms, and to him when it dissolves. Entering now into the field of nervo-molecular physics, the first problem that confronts the investigator is this —How can volition, emanating from the gray nervous specter just described, and conscious or unconscious, or semi-conscious, as more frequently happens, produce the phenomenon of a pulsating and apparently solid body? To answer this question it must be taken into consideration that solidity is only another name for resistance, and that all forces, whether regarded as magnetic, electrical, thermal, or luminous, are transformations of the single force designated as molecular, and that the latter is the parent of all the activities of matter—a structural force concerned as well in the form as in the substance, in the shape as well as in the energies, of organic bodies and of bodies inorganic. My view is, that in the nervous states associated with the calling of the medium, and particularly in the extremer types of clairvoyance, the nervous force becomes *en rapport* with molecular forces operating externally in nature, receiving sensory impressions at seemingly miraculous distances, and exerting control over molecular phenomena at distances equally miraculous; and I have no doubt—so tremendous is the transforming power of culture in any given direction—that the day may come when a medium of the necessary vital energy may cause phantoms to appear and deliver messages at distances not now attempted. But it must be remembered that, in all instances, the question whether this state of *rapport* with molecular forces operating externally presents sensory or motor phenomena, is purely dependent upon the question whether the cerebral or the vital temperament predominates in the medium's organization. Again, as *en rapport* with me present, the medium is able to form the phantom of a person whom he has never met in the world, but whose image is familiar to my mind. All my experiments during the last ten years, with spiritual mediums, bear me out in saying that this *rapport* of nervous system with nervous system, as in the case of Zschokke, or with molecular forces, as in the case of the cataleptic girl mentioned by Dr. Patterson, is the principal source of the superhuman intelligence associated with clairvoyance, whether sensory or motor. I have notes of a case in which a clairvoyant predicted the fall of a mill, the floors of which rested upon iron columns, which, as is well known, are subject to transformations in molecular constitution, when exposed to the rhythmical vibration of continuous jar. The mill fell, and verified the prediction to the day; but, without doubt, the prediction was the result of clairvoyant perception of this molecular phenomenon. I will notice, as curiously in harmony with this hypothesis, the doctrines of the famous Hindu priest and magician, Lehauteka, who appeared in California in the days when Mesmerism was popular, and was examined by Dr. A. P. Pope. According to Lehauteka, who was an adept in spiritual phenomena, our lives, perceptive and dynamic, consist of three concentric spheres—the first constituted by the ordinary sensory and motor activity of the nervous system; the second consisting of that *ensemble* of agencies by which mind discerns and volition acts at considerable distances; the third, of a psychic essence, by the intervention of which the human soul is enabled in certain states to act directly and voluntarily at incredible distances. *Essence animique* is Lehauteka's designation of this medium, which, being interpreted, means psychic force, and anticipated by thirty years the theory of Sergt. Cox and Prof. Crookes. For *essence animique* read molecular force, and Lehauteka's theory is stated in scientific phraseology. That this ultimate force to which natural phenomena are referable, is susceptible of being acted upon by volition through the enveloping sensory and motor aura of clairvoyance, is demonstrated by so many facts of medical observation as to render citation useless. The process of materialization thus resolves itself into a problem of nervo-molecular or transcendental physics, of which future observation will no doubt finally determine the laws and modes

of action. More cannot be done here than to state that, by magnetic experiment, the nervous origin of the phantom may be proved inductively; that molecular force furnishes a medium through which the nervous impulses may act at vast distances in the production of voluntary phenomena, and that both classes of facts associated with Spiritualism are as unquestionably associated with, and products of, the epileptic type of nervous disturbance. There is a sub-class of rappings, and the like, which no doubt has its origin in disturbances of the electrical equilibrium of muscular tissue, caused by nervous hebetude; but this class is unimportant and involves no intelligence. I am inclined to think that some of the manifestations in Mary Carrick's case were due to this cause, which the electrometer would readily detect; but, in the main, the gray nervous specter of the man is responsible for the facts of modern Spiritualism.

Beyond this lies the spiritual man in the ultimate psychical body that was present to the vision of St. Paul.

MY TOURMALINE: Part IV.

BY SAXE HOLM.

The memory of the next two weeks is to me like the memory of a dream—a dream of a lifetime passed in some fairy land, through whose scenes floated one peerless being, robed in such robes as mortals do not wear. There were evening parties, and there were drives, and there were breakfasts and dinners, and there were days in cars, and days on mountain tops. After the exercises of the Commencement were over, we went to the White Mountains for a week, and then home to the Parsonage. It is certain that I moved and spoke through it all like a calm and rational man, for no one wondered or demurred at any thing I did; and the atmosphere of all our hours together was one of affectionate and unbroken hilarity; but the best proof of the over-wrought state in which I was really living is the fact that when all was over, and I sat down at home to recall the incidents of the journey, I had literally not one single memory of any of the scenes through which I had passed. I had only a series of pictures of Ally, sometimes with a floating background of clouds, and sky, and silence; sometimes with an equally misty one of the heads and faces, and voices of people; but all this, merely as background, frame-work for the one vivid, gleaming picture of Ally in her marvelous attire. Never before was woman so clothed. Her passionate artistic sense spent and wrought itself in the fashioning of every garment she wore. She would not allow Jim to send her any gowns except of plain colors, and made in absolute simplicity of style. Then she herself, with silks and flosses of the most exquisite hues, wrought upon each gown its chosen ornament. Embroidery was to her as inevitable an expression as verse to a poet. It was like no other embroidery ever seen, except in some of the rarest Japanese tapestries. How into the heart of this lonely little girl, in Maine, entered the conception of thus repeating and rendering nature, by simple stitches of silk, is one of the secrets of divine births which no common law explains. No one taught her. No one could learn from her. She copied a grass, a flower, a bird, with her needle, rapidly, as another artist might with a pencil. The stitches were strokes of color. That was all. They were long and massive, or they were light and fine, as need was; looked at closely they were meaningless, and seemed chaotic; but at the right distance the picture was perfect—perfect because copied from nature, with that ineffable blending of accuracy and inspiration which marks the true artist.

One of the gowns she wore was a blue silk—blue of that pale yet clear tint which summer skies take on at noon of the hottest days. On this were wrought pond lilies, cool, white, fragrant, golden-centered—just a lap full—no more—with a few trailing stems and green glistening pads, reaching to the hem, and falling back to right and left—one big knot at the throat and a cluster of buds and coiling stems on the wrist of each sleeve; that was all—but a queen might have been proud to wear the gown. An-

other was of soft white crape; upon this she had wrought green, and amber, and silver white grasses, in a trailing wreath, yet hardly defined enough to be a wreath, across the shoulders, to the belt, from the belt carelessly across the front to the hem, and then around the hem, which lay heavily on the ground. These gowns she had wrought especially to wear for "brother Jim," to do honor to his Commencement Day.

"Did they not take a great deal of time, Ally?" said I. In my ignorance of the great difference between her type of work and ordinary embroidery, I had been sorry and surprised to see such evidences of love of mere ornamentation. I could not understand how Mrs. Allen had permitted it.

Ally laughed a little merry laugh.

"Not half so much time as to hem ruffles, Mr. Will," she said. "I did it at odd minutes."

"Can thee not show him how it is done, Ally, dear?" said Mrs. Allen, very quietly, with a twinkle in her eye.

Ally took the Dominie's white silk handkerchief roguishly from his lap, saying: "I want it to give Mr. Will an embroidery lesson on, papa." Then, sitting down on a low cushion at my feet, she looked up in my face, and, as she threaded a large needle with crimson floss, asked:

"Now, what flower will you have, Mr. Will?"

"A rose, Ally," I said, "if that is not too much trouble."

"Oh no," she said. "That is very easy."

In and out, in and out flew the needle—making long loops at every stitch, as a crayon might make long curves; and in less than ten minutes a perfect, many-leaved crimson rose had blossomed on the silk.

"Now I will show you how easy it is to unmake a rose," she said, smiling, half sadly; "the petals can go almost as quickly as they do in the wind." After a few quick, short snaps of the scissors rosy ends of the floss fluttered to the floor; she pulled out the rest, and held up the handkerchief spotless white again. "That rose has had its day," she said, and fixed her eyes dreamily on the crimson threads on the floor. "It wasn't a rose after all; is any rose a rose, Mr. Will?"

Dimly I understood her, but my dull sense groped vainly after the words which should carry my meaning.

"Yes, I know," she went on; "you are one of the people that believe that a rose *is* a rose. It is so many drachms of so many sorts of chemicals, and that's the end of it. But brother Jim and I—we don't think so. A rose is a great deal more than a rose; and the rose you see is a great deal less than the rose; and there's a conundrum for you," she laughed, tossing back the golden curls, and as if shaking off the sober thought.

"Brother Jim and I." The words sank into my heart. Yes, they two thought alike; they saw into the secrets of the rose. What was I, practical, realistic clodhopper that I was, to dare even to worship this glowing woman, whose soul could so illumine, possess, and interpret nature and life? And another sentence came to my memory at this moment—a sentence which Jim had spoken three years before: "She is all I have got in the world."

"May God do so to me and more also," I said to myself mentally, "if even in my heart I permit myself to long for my brother's wife—"

"Yes, Ally," I said aloud. "I can believe that a rose is a great deal more than a rose; but the rose I see is more than all roses, and there's a conundrum for you, my sister."

She looked at me for a second with an expression I could not fathom. I had never before called her sister.

"I am not your sister. I am brother Jim's sister," she said half petulantly. "You mustn't think I love you as well as I do brother Jim, Mr. Will."

"No danger of that Ally," I said, laughing. "You told me a long time ago that there 'wasn't any same as brother.' If you'll love me half as well as you do brother Jim I'll be satisfied."

"I remember the day I told you that," replied Ally. "It is very true," and she left the room.

I do not like even now to recall the memory of the first few weeks after I returned home from that fortnight's dream. The world believes that the keenest suffering and deepest joy are known by the idealistic and imaginative temperament. There seems a manifest absurdity in the attempt to compare the emotions of opposite temperaments. How can either measure the other, and shall one man know both? I dissent, however, from the world's verdict on this point. I believe that the idealist enjoys more but suffers less than the realist. The realist accepts his pain as he accepts other things in life, for what it is—actual, present, hopeless, irremediable. Face to face with the fact of it, he sits down and sees no escape. In the idealist, hope is always large and

strong, and a certain joy in the great significant, solemn, undercurrent of life is never absent from him, even when the waters seem going over his head. I am quite sure that no possible future could have looked to either Jim or Ally so like a pall as my future life did to me during these days. Nothing but a strong physique, a certain quality of dogged pride, saved me from succumbing to the sense that life had nothing worth living for. How I cursed my folly in having exposed myself to the suffering! "The child I should have forgotten, the woman I never, never can forget," I groaned to myself daily. I destroyed Ally's picture. I destroyed every note I had of hers except the little bit of paper on which were written in the big childish letters: "If you were here I would kiss you." That I could not destroy. When I bade her good-bye she gave me one of the tourmalines from her cross, and this I laughingly promised to wear always as a charm.

"Have a care, Will. There's more in those stones than you think," said Jim.

Indeed there was. I was distinctly conscious many times of an electric effect produced on my nerves by the stone. I unconsciously acquired the habit of holding it in my hand while I was reading, or whenever I sank into a reverie. Sometimes for days it would not give me any sensation whatever. Then suddenly—whether from my own physical condition or from the state of the atmosphere, or from some subtle bond between it and its magnetized fellow hanging at Ally's belt, I cannot say—it would give me sharp shock after shock, would seem, as Ally had said when she was a child, to "purr" in my hand, and would make me "see things" as it used to make her see them. Often, at such times, I would see the interior of the Parsonage as vividly as if I were there. I would sink into a sort of clairvoyant trance, out of which I would rouse only by a strong effort of my will, and find myself cold, my hands and feet numb and pricking, and partially paralyzed for a few moments. I firmly believe that many times in these trances I saw as clairvoyants see things which were happening hundreds of miles away. There were many coincidences which I cannot relate here which established this point fully to my own mind, though they might not do so to others.

The hard and dreary days grew into weeks, months, years. Jim was studying at a theological seminary. His tender heart had drawn him strongly to seek some way of helping souls, and he had resolved to become a preacher. The Parsonage life was going on placid, beautiful as ever. The Dominie and his wife were slowly nearing harbor, with the radiant light of a glowing sunset illumining their faces. Ally was the central delight and support of their lives. Jim's letters kept me fully informed of all which happened to them as well as to himself. His letters were fuller and fuller of Ally. I could not tell him that such letters gave me pain, neither was I wholly sure that they did me harm. They heightened my consciousness of the indissoluble bond between him and his adopted sister. Ally's genius was fast developing in many ways. Her passion for study was as great as her passionate love of beauty. As no summer could satiate her heart with sunshine and flowers, so no knowledge could satiate her soul. When she was not drinking in nature or reproducing it in the wonderful tapestry-like embroidery, she was absorbed in study.

"Only think, Will!" Jim wrote in one of his letters. "Dominie has begun to teach Ally Hebrew. She begged so hard that he could not refuse her, and Ally says she likes it better than Greek; it is so much grander. Dominie says he has never had a pupil who learns languages as Ally does. She has intuitions about them just as she does about other things, and she never forgets."

Again he wrote: "Ally's flowers grow more and more wonderful. I only wish you could see the panels she has made for the corner cupboards in the sitting-room! You'd never know the old room. It is a perfect picture gallery. I brought one of her pieces up to town last week, and the artists all say it is one of the most beautiful things ever seen in America, and entirely unique in its way. One of the fellows made me so angry. 'Why,' said he, 'this young lady could make thousands of dollars if she would put these things in the market. They would command any price for draperies of rooms or panels in doors.' Fancy Ally! I said very coldly that 'luckily this young lady was in no need of earning money,' and the man had the impudence to say that it was not 'luckily' at all—that art would be advanced if such works were known. I wanted to say to him that art was advanced whenever one true and beautiful thing was done, whether it ever came into what he called his market or not—whether it were ever seen by any other eyes than the artist's or not. I've a notion that art is only one

form of truth, and that laws of growth of truth are as sure and steadfast as the laws of growth of a crystal. I reckon the tourmalines in Black Ledge never stop growing one second from the day they began, whether we are to find them to-day, or our children's grandchildren are to find them a hundred years hence. But I didn't argue with the fellow. He paints great pictures of Western territories, a county or two at a time, warranted to fit the largest dining-rooms, and gets thirty thousand dollars a piece for them. What's the use of telling him that my darling's pansies and foxgloves on a bit of white crape set in an old mahogany door in a Maine parsonage are dearer to the heart of the God of Art, and really a higher water mark in the Art Record, than all his acres of canvas."

It was not only that Jim's letters grew fuller and fuller of Ally. They grew fuller and fuller of expressions of fondness for her, of delight in her. While these maddened me, they also slowly awoke in my heart a feeling akin to scorn of Jim's love.

"He speaks of her as his darling to a third person," I said to myself. I could as soon hold up one of her golden curls to passers-by in the street and say: "Look at this for a color, my masters!" I was bitterly unjust to Jim in these days. Forgive me, my brother, forgive me.

It was near the end of the third year that I took from the post-office one day a letter addressed in Jim's handwriting. As I put it in my pocket I touched the tourmaline swinging from my chain, and felt a sharp electric thrill. I took the stone in my hand and fancied that it was warm. The electric pricking was stronger than I had felt it for months. "The letter is full of Ally, I suppose," I said to myself, and I went to my own room to read it. I fully expected that the letter was to tell me of their approaching marriage.

Like a man stunned, blinded, I groped my way through these opening sentences:

"DEAR WILL: I have something to tell you which will surprise you very much. I have made up my mind to go out to India as a missionary. This is no new idea. I have been thinking of it for months, but I thought it best, and kindest too, to say nothing of the plan until my resolution was fully taken. I have had for a long time a growing and unconquerable instinct that this was my proper work and my proper field for work. Of course you know me well enough to know that I have no intention of going out as the delegate, employé, or representative of any sect or any organization. I shall go independently, and after I get there I shall work as I see fit, just as I might in any city or town here. My fortune will enable me to do this, thank Heaven, and to give material as well as spiritual help to the people over whom my heart so strongly yearns. The good missionaries in India will, no doubt, call me a Buddhist, and include me in their labors. But perhaps I can love them into liking me enough to let me alone."

Here I threw the letter down. I could read no more. I buried my face in my hands. "Oh, my God!" I said, "to take that glorious girl to India, to kill her, body and soul!"

Whenever I had dared to picture to myself Ally's future as a wife it had always been as the center of a perfect home, surrounded by all that her rich nature craved and could use of beauty, of culture, of luxury. I had fancied the whole world itself laid under tribute for her growth, her joy, as I myself would have laid it had I won her love. Only too well I knew the uselessness of attempting to influence Jim when one of his sentiments had suddenly become a conviction and crystallized into a purpose.

"It is no use," I grieved. "He has taken India just as he took Ally—into his very heart of hearts. No earthly power could have moved him or can now."

I picked the letter up and read on.

"I have made all my arrangements to go in a month. Good-byes are hard, even when one has so few to say as I have. The sooner they are over the better. I have but one anxiety in going. Of course you know what that is. It has been so great that it has many times brought me to the verge of abandoning my purpose. It is the leaving, Ally, my dear, sweet darling sister. But she has a father and a mother, and may I not say, dear Will, a brother? I have settled on her unreservedly half of my fortune, and dear old Guardy is to take care of it for her as he always had for me."

Mechanically I folded the letter. Mechanically, but with breathless rapidity, I moved about my room, making all my arrangements for going to Jim by the next train, which would start in a few minutes. I had but one distinct consciousness in my brain; it whirled back and forth, and back and forth, in the one question: If Jim could leave Ally like

this, had he loved her as I thought? I must know.

A day and a night and a day I rode with that question, in a million shapes, mocking, comforting, racking my soul. When I stood face to face with Jim, in answer to his alarmed and eager "Why, Will, Will, what has brought you? Are you in trouble?" all I could do was to gasp out slowly, syllable by syllable, the same question:

"Jim, if you love Ally, how can you leave her so?"

My face more than the words told him the whole story.

"Oh, my Will, my Will!" he said, putting his hands on my shoulders, and standing so closely breast to breast with me that his breath was warm on my cheek. "I never once thought of Ally as a wife, never! God be praised that you love her. Oh, my grand old boy, how did you ever torture yourself so for nothing?" he burst out, impatiently, throwing one arm around my neck in our old boyish fashion.

I had not slept, I had scarcely eaten, for seventy hours. I staggered and reeled, and Jim caught me in his arms. I felt that I looked up in his face helplessly as a woman might. For one brief moment in our lives, he was the stronger man. He gave me wine, and tried to persuade me to rest. To all his persuasions I had but one answer:

"I must go to Ally. There is no rest for me till I know."

It was a marvelous thing how strong a hope had sprung into instantaneous life in my heart. I had no shadow of reason to believe that Ally loved me. Yet I believed it.

"I will come back to you, Jim; I will come back at once," I said, "but you must let me go. It is of no use to try to stop me."

He proposed to go with me. I was too overwrought to consider the cruelty of my words, and I exclaimed:

"Not for worlds."

It seemed to me at that moment that to have seen Ally meet us, and throw her arms around her "brother Jim" before I knew that he was to her a brother as she was to him a sister, would have made of me a Cain.

Jim's nature was too thoroughly sweet for resentment!

"You are right, my dear fellow," he answered, "I should only be in the way."

Again I rode a day and a night and a day in the ceaseless din of the cars, with one question whirling back and forth and back and forth in my restless brain. The spring was just opening. All through New England's lovely meadows the apple-trees were rosy pink and white. The sweet bridal colors flashed past my eyes, mile after mile, in significant beauty; my life, too, had had a long winter; I felt the thrill of its coming spring.

It was near sunset when I reached the town now so dear, which had looked so dismal and wretched to me when I first saw it six years before. I walked slowly toward the Parsonage. For the first time since I had left Jim's rooms a misgiving forced itself upon me, whether I had done wisely in coming unannounced, and I dreaded the first moment of meeting. I need not have done so. It was true and right that I should lose no second's time in hasting to Ally; and the right always arranges itself. A few rods from the Parsonage was a clump of tall firs. I paused behind these, and gazed earnestly at the house. "Oh," I thought, "if Ally would only come out!" Involuntarily I laid my hand on the tourmaline, and recalled Ally's childish fancies about her "Stonie." The crystal was highly electric at that moment, and I felt a sharp shock. At that second the door of the house opened, and Ally—my Ally—stood on the threshold.

She wore a white gown, and had a dark purple scarf thrown over her shoulders. She looked up and down the road as if expecting some one—then sat down on the doorstep, and leaned her head against the wall, as she had done the morning Jim and I had ridden away on the stage six years ago. The clusters of purple lilac blossoms seemed now, as they did then, to caress her golden curls—curls as golden to-day as then. I was hidden from her sight by the firs. I watched her for some moments. She sat motionless; I could see that she held in her fingers something swinging from her belt. "Why does not the tourmaline tell her I am here?" I thought, and I laid my hand on my own crystal, as I walked toward the house.

She rose slowly, looked earnestly toward me, and then came with hesitating steps down the walk. The almond flowers shook down a cloud of rosy petals at the floating touch of her gown. I reached the gate first, folded my arms on its upper bar, and waited. She came toward me with her lips parted in a smile such as I never saw on her face before—such as I shall never see again, unless God takes her first to heaven, to wait

my coming there. No trace of surprise—no shade of strangeness was on her countenance.

"I thought you were coming to-night, Mr. Will," she said, as simply as she would have said it six years before.

"Oh, Ally, how could you know!" I exclaimed.

"The same old way," she replied, smiling, but still with a certain solemnity in the smile, and touching the tourmaline which swung at her belt. "I half saw you, Mr. Will. I am all alone in the house. Mother and father have gone to the prayer-meeting. But I can be glad enough for three till they come home."

"Can you be glad enough for the fourth, Ally?" said I.

She looked at me perplexedly.

"Oh, Ally—Ally," I exclaimed in a tone which needed no syllables farther to convey its meaning.

She did not tremble nor flush—she gazed steadily into my eyes, as if reading my inmost soul. Her look was not one of gladness—it was of unutterable solemnity. We had reached the doorstep. The lilac trees waved above our heads, and the strong sweet odor of the blossoms seemed to wrap us as in a fragrant cloud. Still her bright, fearless, loving, childlike, woman-full eyes gazed steadily into mine, and she did not speak. I could not.

I put in her hand the little worn bit of paper which had lain on my heart for five years. She unfolded it and read her own childish words:

"If you were here I would kiss you, Mr. Will."

A faint rosy color mounted to her temples—to her golden hair; the look of solemn, earnest seeking deepened on her face, but into it there came a tenderness, an ineffable love, and, lifting her face to mine, she repeated in a low whisper the dear old childish words:

"Shall I kiss you, Mr. Will?"—

An hour later the bent figures of the beloved Dominie and his wife came slowly up the path under the firs. Arm in arm, with an unconscious and touching revelation of tenderness in their clinging hold on each other, they paused under the trees and looked up at the stars.

"Let us go and meet them, Ally," I said.

Hand in hand we walked swiftly toward them. When they first saw us they stopped in surprise for a second, then hurried on with ejaculations of joy and wonder. Mrs. Allen's clear-visioned eyes saw all in the first moment of our meeting.

"Oh, my children!" she exclaimed, and even in the twilight I saw tears of gladness in her eyes. "Husband, husband," she continued, "they love each other."

Dear Dominie's slower sense but dimly comprehended her meaning. As he looked into our faces it grew clear to him, and, lifting up both his hands, he blessed us. Then Ally left me and clung to her father's arm, and we walked slowly homeward. Mrs. Allen and I lingered at the door.

"I used to hope for this," she said, "in the first months of our knowing thee. Thee has the temperament which our child requires. My great fear for her has been that she would love some man of an organization similar to her own. It is the danger of women of her temperament and mine, but I have learned that the great need of such a temperament is a trustful sense of rest, of calm tenderness, and the tendency to restrain rather than to stimulate the nervous life. Thee will do my child good as well as make her happy, just as my beloved husband has done for me."

"God bless you, mother, for saying this!" I exclaimed. "Do you not really think there is danger of my being a clog to Ally? I feel so utterly unable even to comprehend her sometimes. I only know that I worship her."

"Undoubtedly thee will be a clog as thee terms it on a part of her nature, but it is a part which needs to be held down," replied the sweet, low, wise voice. "Thy tenderness will perpetually calm her unrest, thy practical wisdom will direct her swift fancy, and it will not be long before thee will smile to think that thee ever said thee could not comprehend her; and she will create in every hour of thy existence a new life of which thee has never so much as dreamed."

When I entered the sitting-room I started back, exclaiming: "Good heavens! what room is this?" Jim had told me often of the transformations that Ally's art had wrought in the room, but I was unprepared for it. I gazed from wall to wall in bewilderment. Ally stood by delightedly, saying:

"Is it nice? Do you like it? We do, but nobody else who knows has seen it except brother Jim, and he thinks it is lovely because I did it, and if it were hideous he would think so all the same. The village people, some of them, say it is 'heathenish,' and when I told them that I was glad of it; that the people they called heathens knew a

great deal more than we did, they looked at me as if they thought I was crazy."

"I wish thee had more patience with such ignorance, my daughter," said Mrs. Allen quickly. "Thee could teach them what true beauty is, if thee would."

Ally shook her head impatiently.

"It wouldn't be of any use, mother dear. Nobody was ever taught what beauty is by being told. It's just like my telling you it is warm by the thermometer when you are shivering. You don't mind a bit about my telling you it is over seventy degrees."

The Dominie laughed heartily at this sally. The one sole discomfort in the Parsonage winter life was dear Mrs. Allen's need of a higher temperature than the Dominie's and Ally's more robust blood could endure.

"Nobody learns beauty," Ally went on. "You feel it in one second, if you ever can. If this room is beautiful, there will now and then come into it people who will see what it is, and they will be the better for it. It only hurts and hardens the others to tell them they ought to like it. And, as for explaining why a thing is beautiful, you can't. There isn't any why."

The room was indeed beautiful. Across three of the corners had been fitted bookshelves with doors of mahogany. The wood was some which had been brought to the town by an old sea captain. He had brought it from Brazil, and it had lain a quarter of a century, waiting for him to grow rich enough to build a house. Before that time came he died, and the mahogany boards went to auction, with old sea chests and other rubbish. Dusty and unplaned as they were, the rich dark wine-colored planks caught Ally's eye, and she had bought them herself, to the Dominie's great amusement. The doors were finished in long narrow panels with a single molding. In the center of each was framed one of Ally's flower-pieces; in one, purple pansies on white ground; in another, pale shadowy white foxglove blossoms in a cream-colored jar on a dark claret ground; and in the third, amber and green and dark-red grasses on a light-blue ground. In the fourth corner stood the abutilon-trees, now grown to the ceiling, and branching wide like lilac bushes. A mantel shelf and several brackets had been cut simply of the same mahogany, and along their front edges were set, like tiles, bands of the same flower embroidery, or of fantastic patterns like mosaics. Cornices of the same were at the windows. The cornices were all of one pattern—mingled woodbine sprays of deep crimson on light blue. These were the most beautiful things in the room.

"That's the way our woodbine branches look in November, blowing between your eyes and the blue sky," said Ally eagerly, as I was studying them and wondering how the combination could be so daring and seem so simple. The effect of all this dark mahogany was heightened by a pale uniform gray tint on the walls and in the carpet. There was no bright color on the floor except in the rug before the fire. The rug was of heavy gray felt. In one corner were two palm-trees, with gorgeous blue and red parrots swinging from their branches, the palm-trees copied truly from a photograph of a palm, and not looking in the least like the tall, flattened feather dusters which are the conventional rendering of the theoretical palm-tree. A mahogany easel stood in front of the abutilon-tree, and on this was a superb photograph of the Venus of Milo. The pure white statue gleamed out among the rich dark colorings about it. The furniture was covered with crimson and blue chintz, and the curtains were white, of some curious filigreed Indian material, which had come from the treasures of the same old sea captain who had unwittingly brought all the way from the Brazil forests the settings for Ally's pictures.

"I hope the old man sees his mahogany now," said Ally dreamily, "and I think he does. I often feel conscious of him, and in very hot days the wood purrs sometimes a little as my crystals do. They are of kin."

"Oh, Ally, what a room! what a room!" I exclaimed. It was all I could say. The vivid, intense personality of the room overpowered me. It seemed strange that they could all be living a quiet every-day life in such surroundings.

"I'd love just to make a whole house like it," said Ally, sighing. The bareness of the Parsonage was a grief to her; her artistic sense demanded harmony throughout.

"You shall, my Ally," I whispered, and forgetting that we were not alone, I folded her in my arms.

There is but a brief story left to tell of Ally's life and mine. I mean that it is but a brief story which I shall tell. When happiness begins, history stops. There is, however, in "Stonie's" life one more incident which belongs rightfully to the readers of this story. Ally and I were married before that year's apple blossoms had all fallen.

There was no reason why we should wait; and Jim had made his one last request of us, that we would go with him to Europe on his way to India. Very earnestly he begged the Dominie and Mrs. Allen to go with us; but the old lovers refused.

"We are too old," they said. "The cities of this world do not draw us as they did. We expect very soon to see a fairer one."

They were right! God rest their souls! They died within one week of each other, in less than a year from the day of Ally's marriage.

Mrs. Allen died first. The Dominie died apparently of the same disease, but we who knew, knew that he died of her death.

Our first Christmas day was spent in Vienna. We lodged there with a queer old Professor whom Jim had met on a trip in the Austrian Tyrol. He was not poor, but spent all his money in making botanical and geological collections, to the displeasure of his wife, who had at last resolved to take lodgers as an offset for her husband's scientific extravagances.

"He will us ruin, mine Franz," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "He will, to sell the clothes off his back for one small stone; and it is not that one can eat and drink from stones!" But for all that, Frau Scherkle was very fond of her Professor, and told us always when he was asked to dine at great houses, "because that he so much do know, they do not care for his so shabby coat."

As we were sitting at dinner on Christmas day, Prof. Franz burst into the room unannounced, in a state of great excitement.

"Come, come all," he exclaimed. "Come this minute to the Museum. There are stones from your country; like the stones the beautiful madame wears at her belt. They are unpacking the casket now. Come, come! The dinner is no matter."

Ally turned pale; I observed that she clasped her tourmaline cross in her right hand as she rose from the table.

"Let us go at once," she said, and in a few moments we were in the street, hurrying to keep up with the little Professor, who ran before us. "It is Stonie, Will," said Ally, in a low tone to me. "You need not laugh, I know it is."

Prof. Scherkle had admittance to all parts of the Museum. He led us to a large basement room, where we found workmen busily engaged in unpacking boxes of minerals. Those which had already been taken out were arranged upon a table in the center of the room.

Ally walked swiftly to the table and pointed directly to a small red box.

There, in a cotton-lined compartment, alone by itself, transparent, flawless, rose red and vivid green, lay "Stonie!" We, who had known the stone so well, could never mistake it. There were other tourmalines in the box; all of them looked like ours; but of none of them could we be sure, except Stonie. It was the only one which had both terminations complete. It was the only one which had the layer of solid white, the "crown."

"King still," was all that Ally said. She was moved to her heart's depths.

We were all deeply stirred at this mysterious incident. All that we could learn from the persons in charge was, that these minerals had been bought by the Austrian Government in Holland. They had belonged to the antiquary Van der Null; and this box of tourmalines was labeled simply "from America."

"Could any of the stones be bought?" we asked.

"Nothing was less likely," we were told. "The Imperial Museum did not trade."

"Oh, Will, I can't leave Stonie," pleaded Ally.

"You shall have him, love, if I can buy him and have money enough left to take care of you with," whispered I.

What I paid to the illustrious Government of Austria to buy back our own tourmaline I would rather not tell. However the sum, though large for me, was small to them, and I know very well the stone was not bought so much by money as by Ally's eyes, and by the sweet voice and looks with which she told the whole story to the Baron Roederer, who introduced me to his cousin, the Director of the Museum.

Stonie is very safe now; he is locked up every night in a tiny jewel-box, which is also of tourmaline, and has a bit of history of its own. It is an exquisite thing, made of thin layers of amber and yellow tourmaline, fastened at the corners by curious gold clamps, with serpents' heads. Jim sent it to Ally on the anniversary of our wedding day. In the letter accompanying it he wrote:

"I send you a magic box to keep Stonie in. It also is tourmaline. You see I can't escape the mineral any more than you. Ceylon is full of them. This box was made by my most devoted lover and convert, Phaya Si Zai. He sat on the veranda of my cottage every day last week, tinkering away on

it. That is the way the native jewelers do here. They bring their little furnaces and tools, squat on your veranda, and make your jewelry under your eye. Phaya will not take a cent for making this box, though it has cost him six days' work. The chasing, you will see, is very finely done. He has seen your picture hanging in my room, and when I showed him the stones and asked him if a box could be made of them for the pretty lady with gold hair, he said, eagerly: 'Yes, yes. Me make, me make.' When he brought it to me just now, he said: 'Lady of gold hair—this—Phaya kiss the hands—stones make lady see Phaya; see good brother.' So you see even the Ceylonese know the spell of the tourmaline."

Our little girl seems to have the same love for and relation with the stones that her mother had. She will play with them for hours, as Ally did when she lay in her little bed, under the abutilon-tree, in the Parsonage parlor. The child's name is Alice; but I have fallen into the way of calling her "Tourmie," and strangers stare when they ask what that means, and I reply: "Short for Tourmaline."

(THE END.)

SOME OLD LETTERS.

PART SECOND.

"LONDON, January 18th, 1833:—Yesterday, West, the painter, was here, and was delighted with our rooms.

"Friday, January 25th:—To-day we dined with Lady Macdonald, and had an exceedingly pleasant party. It was a round table, and among those present were Norman Macdonald, a supremely elegant fellow with a black satin waistcoat embroidered with wreaths of roses in floss; Miss Macdonald, X., Miss Johnson, a great belle, a regular recipe beauty—black eyes, black hair, tall figure, and delightful lisp; Col. Harcourt, one of the Marchioness of Stafford's nephews, a clever person, with whom I talked a great deal about America; Sir John Macdonald, with whom I talked about Gen. Jackson, the bank, the proclamation, etc.—(the proclamation is thought one of the wisest state papers ever produced, and the General is exceedingly admired and respected). The others present were: a young Miss Macdonald, Major Johnson of the Guards, Lady Macdonald, and a Mr. Cole—an Adonis, son of Lord Cole and nephew of Lord Cooper. Mr. Cole has lately been figuring in a tableau at Hatfield House, as 'Saladin.' At this dinner he was dressed in a black neck-handkerchief with scarlet ends. A red thing (it was, in fact, red velvet spotted with black) occupied the place of a shirt in front and lay close over his chest; over this he wore a pea-green velvet waistcoat, making altogether quite a marvelous effect. In the middle of his chin he supported a tuft of black hair. X. says that, 'if his name is Cole, his Christian name must have been *anthracite*; he burned so badly, *poking* put him *out*.' * * *

"Yesterday morning I received from old Mr. Welles an immense hamper of apples, of the rarest kinds—all separated, with the name of the kind on the top of each layer. I should think there was about a barrel and a-half, and besides, two hares, and an invitation to come in February to Redleaf, and take up our abode with him. X. is to bring his painting apparatus and paint a picture. Redleaf is one of the most peculiar places in England, renowned for its flower gardens. X. intends to write him a letter and tell him that since the days of Paris, apples have never been thrown with so much effect. Mrs. Dunlop called to see us just as we had opened our hamper, and brought me two fine apples (they're considered a great luxury), and found two thousand here! * * * The English climate is rather worse than any thing I ever imagined—it is dark, foggy, cold, and chilling. We met Lady Macdonald and Miss Macdonald coming to see us to say that they had the Duchess of Kent's private box at Covent Garden for this evening, and they wished us to go with them. We are going—*I* to see a pantomime for the first time. We called to see old Mr. Jekyll, and sat with him some time. When we came home, we found the Earl and Countess of Listowell's cards, and their brother, Mr. Latham—whom I have men-

tioned before. They live at Kingston House, Kensington, a very beautiful place. Mr. Latham is between fifty and sixty, a bachelor, who has two thousand pounds a year and lives upon two hundred, spending every cent of his income upon a nephew and two nieces—who are orphans. He never goes into society, but is almost idolized by his family. * * * Lord L. is a good-natured, happy old man. There is forty years' difference in age between him and his wife. She is to be honored, I think,—a very fine woman. She is devoted to the old Earl, who adores her. It is a large family. They sit down fifteen to table every day.

["The same lady told me that the old Earl was fond of painting, though he had no skill, and once painted his charming wife's portrait, which his friends refrained from criticising, lest his feelings should be hurt.]

"February 3d, 1833:—I wrote and finished my last letter just before going to the play with Lady Macdonald. She called for us at seven. Miss Macdonald and Henrietta Macdonald were engaged to go to the Olympic Theater, but joined us at the Covent Garden late in the evening. Covent Garden is much handsomer, I think, than Drury Lane. It is all white and gold, and the drapery crimson. It was quite full; the pit was crowded with respectable-looking tradespeople—men, women, and children. The Duchess of Kent's box, in which we were, was in the third tier, two boxes from the stage. The first piece was 'Masaniello' as a ballet. The dancers were mostly English, and very few of them good ones; the heroine—the dumb girl—was an exceedingly graceful Frenchwoman named Pauline le Roux, who is thought to be one of the best dancers now on the stage; there was no exertion about her dancing, and very little of those remarkable gestures. She seemed to be doing it for her own amusement. Coulon (Masaniello) is also graceful, and it was on the whole a very pretty sight. The second piece, 'Nell Gwynn,' was amusing, but I think the acting is no better than on our own stage. The pantomime, 'Puss in Boots,' was very entertaining at first, but there was too much of it. The whole lasted from seven till half-past twelve—more than five hours!

"Lady Macdonald is a kind-hearted, frank woman, and seems to be intended much more for a quiet domestic life than for the gay one she is leading.

"X. is going to call upon the P.'s. They are at the Adelphi Hotel, just out of the Strand. The landlady used to keep the famous 'Dick's Coffee-house,' of Addison's time.

"Sunday, February 10th:—Thursday we went to see Lady Listowell. They have a very beautiful house. At the end of the drawing-room in which they received us, there were high glass doors which opened into a beautiful green-house of plants, at the end of which were painted glass windows, which gave it the appearance of a subdued sunlight. The plants rose on each side, and through the center was a walk of mosaic marble. Lady Listowell is a most delightful character. She married this old Earl of Listowell — was endowed with immense wealth, rank, splendid jewels and equipages, and yet has never forgotten that her prime object in life is to nurse and take care of this happy old man. They received me very cordially, and told me that I must take care to increase rather than diminish their long friendship with X.; that unless he came to see them as often as usual, and I proved willing to receive them as old friends, they should consider it entirely my fault.

"Mrs. Baring came to see us. She is an amiable, clever woman [wife of Mr. Baring, who later became Lord Ashburton. He was sent to determine the boundary between Maine and Canada].

"I went to the theater with the P.'s. They had a private box—Covent Garden. I was very tired; left the theater soon after nine; called for X., and went to a party at Mrs. Puller's. Lady Puller, her mother, and a Mrs. Toddy, wife of Sergeant Toddy, an eminent lawyer, were introduced to me. Every body here seems to me to go into society to show how indifferent he is to every body else. Every body is very civil to me though, and Lady Puller is very animated and agreeable."

"February 13th:—To-day General Phips, Lady Puller, and Mrs. Puller, Sir Charles Bagot and Lady Macdonald have called here. Sunday Mrs. Baring gives us a dinner, at seven o'clock. I suppose we shall meet a party quite worth seeing. Sir Charles Bagot was formerly Ambassador to Russia, and since to Holland."

[The following account of the postal arrangements of that day seems to me interesting.]

"February 18th, 1833:—I always write by the packets of the first and sixteenth—that is to say, I finish my letters on the thirteenth and twenty-seventh, and send them by the two-penny post to Col. Aspinwall's office on the mornings of the fourteenth and twenty-

eighth; and on the evenings of the same day they are put into the Liverpool packet-bag at the New England Coffee-house, go to Liverpool for two-pence, and sail in the packets of the first and sixteenth.

"Yesterday we had a famous dinner at the Barings'. You ask me, dear ——, of the intellectuality of Mr. Boddington's dinner. There was none, and there seemed to be none yesterday, nor is there *ever*, until the ladies leave the table.

"Yesterday we were at a round table. First Mr. Baring, second myself, whom he handed in; Baring Wall, an M. P., and nephew of Mr. Baring; fourth, Mrs. Mildmay, who seems to be a good-natured sort of person, and clever; fifth, X., who handed Mrs. Mildmay in to dinner; sixth, Louisa (Miss) Baring; seventh, the youngest Miss Baring; eighth, Mr. Mildmay; ninth, Bingham Baring, M. P., the eldest son, whom I like very much—a sensible, well-bred person; tenth, a Frenchman, whose name I forget; eleventh, Mrs. Baring. She is a fine-looking woman, though fifty, as she told us, and had her neck and arms bare. She wore a purple velvet dress, and a blonde cap trimmed with scarlet flowers and ribbons. The twelfth was Thomas Baring, a nephew, son of Sir Thomas. He was in America three years ago and says he remembers seeing me there, though I've no recollection of him. The thirteenth was Lady Harriet Baring Bingham, B.'s wife, a daughter of the Countess of Sandwich. I had a great deal of conversation with Mr. Baring about the American climate, the society, the country, and the stage. He is a very polite person, and his politeness seems to be dictated by real kind feeling.

"When the ladies retired to the drawing-room came my trial. First they discussed my dress—which seems to be the fashion if a stranger falls into their hands. I had worn my lead-colored watered silk, a year old, with a blonde lace ruffle which I have placed on a handkerchief, a black bow in front with a diamond ring on it, blonde sleeves, gold necklace, and my yellow camel's hair scarf on my arm. They said: 'Oh, you're the last Parisian fashion.' A watered *la prisonnière* silk, a pointed belt, and what a pretty camel's hair scarf!' They then informed me that I should wear lower dresses when I had such a pretty neck, and that few people could bear the trial of wearing their hair so plain, all of which I bore very well. They then began a rattling London conversation of fashionable scandal, discussing the Duchess de Dinon's ball, what they intended to wear, what dandies were cheated during the last races, and so on for an hour and a-half. With the exception of a few questions I was completely forgotten until the gentlemen came, when I had a very agreeable time.

"The house is beautiful. You enter a court-yard at one gate and go out at another. You ascend a flight of white marble steps—about twenty—into a large hall with marble floor; from this into another bordered with statuary, and a parquetted floor of different-colored polished oaks; there are fires in each hall, and from this open rooms all round. But we went into only two: the drawing-room, which is a very beautiful room, hung with fine pictures, and filled with low cabinets, pretty little tables, and all kinds of seats, crimson damask curtains covering one end of the room, and the ceiling very beautifully ornamented with carving and gilding. We crossed the hall to the dining-room, a magnificent room, hung with fine pictures, one side brown damask curtains; there were immense mirrors in both rooms; the whole service was of plate, not even a knife without a silver handle, and the dessert knives gold. It was very magnificent.

"Wednesday evening Landseer came in and staid till after eleven. I thought he would never go.

"We had a delightful visit yesterday from Rogers; it is the first he has made since his brother's death. He admired our rooms exceedingly; as he is a person of such acknowledged taste, we are perfectly satisfied. He was very agreeable. He says I must go to the opera some evening with him. He told me that I must keep X. as busy as possible and make him walk with me every day, rain or shine, or I shall lose my health, or, what he supposed I should think worse, my complexion. He says he will come and see us in the evenings if we will return his visits. He was in much better spirits than we expected to see him.

["Mr. Rogers about this period said to this young friend of his: 'My brother is a great loss to me. He was the only person to whom I was still *young*.']

"Soon after we came home X. went to the tailor's, and Lady Mary Fox called [wife of Lady Holland's oldest son, and daughter of William the Fourth when he was the Duke of Clarence. Her mother was Mrs. Jourdan, the actress. The children of this connection were called 'Fitz Clarence.' It was a left-handed marriage, and after

her death the king married Queen Adelaide].

"She sent up to know whether I would see her, and of course I did. She sat with me a long time. She said when she came in that she had heard a great deal of me, and felt that she ought to know me. I told her that she needed no introduction but her name, for I had so often heard X. speak of her. She was very plainly dressed, unaffected, cordial, and kind. Told me she hoped we should be very good friends, and if she could be of any use to me I must not hesitate to call upon her. Asked me if I would go to the theater with her, and said we would arrange it for a night next week. She asked me to come and see her grandmother-in-law—old Lady Affleck—who is eighty-five and an American, and she says retains a most patriotic love of America, and is very desirous to see me. We mean to go very soon.

"To-day has been dismal—storming hard. Lord Lansdowne called upon us for the third time, and found us at home. He was dressed with great care, but is a very insignificant-looking person. I hardly know how to describe him. He is about the height of Chief-Justice Shaw, but not so large, and a little corpulent. I should take him to be a quiet country gentleman at first sight,—manners quiet, polite, and acquiescing. He said he was the bearer of a message from Lady Lansdowne, and of her card, to beg us to come to Lansdowne House to-morrow evening, as Lady Lansdowne gave a rout after the 'drawing-room' at the palace, as it is the Queen's birthday. Directly after he went, a printed card came:

The MARCHIONESS of LANSDOWNE,
At Home,
Monday Evening, February 25th.
For Mr. and Mrs. X.

Lansdowne House is the handsomest private house in London. There will probably be nearly a thousand people there.

"Monday, 25th:—To-day has been a kind of April day. X. wrote a note this morning to Lady Mary Fox, to ask her to take me under her wing to Lady Lansdowne's, as it was my first entrée into the great world. She wrote in return the kindest note possible, from which I extract:

"'My dear Mr. X., unfortunately, I dine at Lansdowne House; but, as soon as you arrive, tell one of the servants to let me know; I will arrange so as to be near the door, and will, with the greatest pleasure, take charge and great care of Mrs. X., all the evening. If you come tolerably early, there will be no danger of our missing.* * *

'Believe me, yours truly,

'MARY FOX.'

"So that I go under the most agreeable auspices—thanks to my thoughtful sposo and Lady Mary's kindness. We walked for two hours this morning, and Edward Villiers called and the Earl of Kerry, Lord Lansdowne's son. It is now eight o'clock, and we are just going to tea. We go to the party at about half-past ten o'clock. I shall wear my gold brocade, black necklace, and black satin bow on my breast with a diamond in it, and blonde tucker. It is quite ridiculous that all my dresses seem to turn out quite in the fashion. Brocades have just come up in France, exactly like the old ones, that is, as near as they can get to them.

"Tuesday morning, February 26th:—Lady Mary Fox received us as she promised, and most kindly, and I remained near her all the evening. Lady Lansdowne shook hands with me, and was most kind in her reception of me. The house is beautiful. It stands in Berkeley Square, on a square of ground, surrounded by a high wall, and with a lodge at the gate. We entered at one gate, drove round a circle, and came out another way to avoid confusion. We were received in an immense hall, surrounded with statues, with a parquetted floor of different-colored woods—mosaic. The shape of the hall was a long ellipse; the center part was covered with carpet, and was lower than the two ends which ascended into cupolas, which were lighted, so that the lights were concealed, and had the effect of a blaze of light coming from above without our knowing from whence. It was exceedingly beautiful, the ceiling ornamented with carving and gilding. From this opened a library through which every one passed to the reception-room—a fine room; from this a small boudoir, from this a large drawing-room hung with yellow satin, mirrors, and some beautiful pictures; and from this the tea-room, at the entrance of which were two of Canova's statues—a Venus, and a cast of his dancer.

"At the end of the room there was a tea-table, behind which stood three women neatly dressed, to give tea and coffee, and a small table of refreshments, behind which stood two or three servant men in livery;

there were fruits, ices, cakes, preserves, and champagne. They make very little of refreshments here. In small parties, nothing is given but tea. There is a table with tea and cakes, and any one may go and be served; generally some elderly lady sits at it, or else it is handed; but, unless it is understood to be a grand party, nothing is given but tea, or, sometimes, lemonade.

"I sat last night near the door with Lady Mary, that I might see every one who came in. Every body was there in different official dresses and orders. The only royal duke was the Duke of Gloucester, but there were present, Lord Grey, Lord Denbigh, Sir Robert Wilson, Viscount and Marshal Beresford; all the ministers and ambassadors, excepting Talleyrand, who is suffering from lameness; Lord Jersey, the Lord Chancellor Brougham, Lord Melbourne, Duke of Argyle, Stanley, Macaulay—in fact every body. I could not have had a better introduction into the London world of court, politics and fashion. The Duchess of Sutherland, who has just risen from the title of Marchioness of Stafford; the new Marquis of Stafford, lately Lord Gore; Sir Robert Wilson, Lady Willoughby-Gordon, the Duke of Argyle, Lady Caroline Lindsay, Mrs. Norton, who wrote, 'No, I do not love thee,' and other songs; Spring Rice, one of the Lords of the Treasury; Lady Park, the wife of Mr. Justice Park; Miss Eden, Mr. Byng,—all but the Duke of Gloucester were brought up and introduced to me.

"Mrs. Norton came to speak to me, leaning on the arm of Lord Melbourne.

"Mrs. Norton is very handsome, but not a person whom you would admire. Her eyes are bright and she has dark hair, and very beautiful arms and neck.

"I talked, besides, to Lady Listowell and her nieces, to the Macdonalds, to Jekyll, to Mr. Pigou, and the Earl of Kerry.

"The Lord Chancellor Brougham is a curious-looking person. He was in his official dress, black velvet coat, satin small clothes and point lace ruffles, and wore his sword and bagwig [the dresses were on account of the 'drawing-room,' the Queen's birthday]. He is tall and ugly, with large features, and a curious, nervous, rabbit-like motion of the nose. I heard him rattling away some nonsense to the young ladies about the dreadful discoveries he had made at the drawing-room about the ladies by means of the cross lights—discoveries which he made a vow never to reveal. They say he is as remarkable for his powers of making himself agreeable in a ball-room as for any others. The Duke of Argyle brought his daughter, Lady Paget, to look at my dress, which he said was one of the handsomest in the room. I never saw any thing like the magnificence of the jewels, stomachers, and head-dresses of diamonds—enough to dazzle one's eyes. We left the room at about half-past twelve, and were in the large hall (into which the door opens), and the cloak-room, until two, and the noise was enough to deafen one. There were five servants in a row, screaming as if they were mad: 'Lady ——'s carriage stops the way;' 'Wanted, the Earl of ——'s servants;' 'Lady —— is coming out!' 'Whose carriage next?' and so on, till I thought I should have been deaf. We were very glad to find ourselves at last at home and in bed, though I had a very entertaining evening. I said to Lady Mary Fox that I would rather talk to Lord Brougham than any one else, but he talked such nonsense that I told her afterward that I was very much disappointed in him. She had the malice to tell him this, and he returned in an attitude of contrition, saying: 'I'm so sorry! Had I known what you expected of me, I would have brought a little footstool, mounted it, and made you the best speech I could.' Of course this made it worse, but we both laughed."

A VISION.

A LOVELY being sweet and fair,
Lips parted as in blessing,
A bright'ning halo round her hair,
Hands outstretched for caressing;

And night by night, her glad wise eyes
Foreshine their nearer glory,
With glimpse and gleam of paradise,
And grand prophetic story.

But morn by morn I wake to find
The old unlifted sorrow,
And just as far away, the kind
Dear vision, called To-morrow.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Theaters and Theater-going.

THE recent discussion of the influence of theaters has brought up the old subject again, and called for a re-statement of what we regard as the true and rational position of the church upon the question. The radical mistake of the Protestant Church of this country is that lack of discrimination, in its condemnation of theaters, which has gone to the extreme of making that a sin in itself which is not a sin at all. To go to the theater, for an evening's entertainment, is regarded by multitudes as a flagrant wrong. So wrong is it considered in itself, or so bad is it in example, that ministers are shut out of the theater as a class, with sweeping completeness. For a clergyman to be seen in a theater, is to compromise his position and influence. We know that many clergymen regard this as a hardship, for they have told us so; but their unwise predecessors have made the bed for them, and they are obliged to lie in it. The public opinion that has been generated in the church, by pulpit criticism and denunciation, has built a wall around the theater so high that men holding responsible positions in the church cannot cross it.

For this position of the church, the stage itself is very largely responsible. The stage has always been under strong temptations to self-degradation. If it had always been pure; if the amusements it has offered to the public had always been innocent; if it had not at one period of its history been a breeding place of vice; if it had not presented strong attractions to those who seek the society of lewd women; if profanity and poorly disguised obscenity had never had a place in the plays presented; if impure imaginations had not been cherished among the young by half nude dancing girls; in brief, if the animal nature—the lower nature—had not been addressed so persistently by those who have assumed the entertainment of the public, the church would never have taken the position that it has. It is not to be wondered at that the protest was strong, when the provocation was so shameless. The older men of the present day remember the horrible "Third Tier" of their youth. They remember, too, the *double entendre*, the polite profanity, the broad jest, that woke the disgusting cheers of "the pit." It is no justification of an institution that has arrogated to itself the title of "a school of morals," that it offered what was demanded, and what the public most willingly paid for. It was a part of the legitimate office of the stage to protect public morals and to educate the public into a pure taste. The enmity of the church toward the stage has not been without cause.

But the stage is better than it was, on the whole. We have vile theaters in New York, to-day—altogether too many of them—plays presented that degrade or vitiate the taste, and the morals of those who witness them—men and women on the boards who are base in character and life. On the other hand, we have theaters whose aims are high, and actors and actresses who have pride of personal character, and a desire and determination to hold their most interesting art to purity and respectability. These people—faithful husbands and wives, intellectual men and women, good fathers, mothers, maidens, friends and citizens—naturally chafe under the wholesale condemnation which the church visits upon them. We cannot blame them for this. We can only ask them to be patient with a state of things which a multitude of their predecessors and many of their contemporaries have helped to bring about. The church is gradually working toward their recognition, and they must give it time to move.

There was a time, and it was not long ago, when cards were banished from every Christian household. The older men and women of the church very well remember when a pack of cards found in a boy's trunk would be taken as proof that the devil had a very strong hold upon its owner. Millions of men and women have been bred to believe that card-playing was—with or without reason—a sin in itself. That time has passed away already, and the innocent little pasteboards have become a source of amusement in great multitudes of Christian families. Children never could see any reason in their exclusion, and the church is stronger in the child's mind for the change that has occurred. Billiards were once so associated with vicious resorts and vicious practices, that a man disgraced himself by appearing where they were. Now a billiard-table is in nearly every house that can afford one, and is purchased in many instances as a home-guardian of the morals of the boys. Novel-reading was once as thoroughly under ban as theater-going. We remember the time when the novel-reader hid his books—read them when he ought to have been asleep—stole their charms on rainy days, in garrets or on hay-mows, and then passed them into the hands of some other sly thief of pleasure, who still passed them on, until they were worn out. Well, the first novels were poor. They gave false ideas of life, and were condemned *en masse* by the church; but the church found at an early day that it wanted novels for its own purposes. Now the great majority of Sunday-school books are novels of a religious sort, while every Christian library holds Scott and Dickens, and Thackeray; and the public libraries and the reading-clubs, all over the land, find more readers for their novels than for any other class of books. They have become the sources of moral, political, and social instruction, as well as of general entertainment, within as well as without the church.

We allude to these sources of amusement and the great change that has occurred with regard to them, for the purpose of illustrating that which is certainly progressing in relation to the theater. We have parlor theatricals, and they are recognized more and more as harmless and instructive amusements. We have dramatic exhibitions in our educational institutions. We go to the opera really for its music, but we are obliged to get this through the representation of the most vapid dramatic compositions that can be imagined. In short, we have acknowledged, in many ways, that the representation of a play is not wrong in itself, while our Christian travelers make their pilgrimages to Oberammergau to witness a play that degrades the great Christian tragedy to the commonplace of spectacular drama. The time is rapidly coming—provided, of course, that those who have the theater in charge stand, as good men and women, by their obligations to the public, and uphold the dignity of their art—when Christians will seek amusement in their presence, from their performances;

when they will discriminate between theaters as they do between novels, and when the premium of their presence and patronage will be offered to those who serve them conscientiously.

As a people, we have no such superfluity of amusements and recreations that we can afford to hold one under ban, that is in itself harmless and legitimate. We work under great pressure, and need much more recreation than we get. If a man thus pressed feels that a pure dramatic representation refreshes him, he ought to be at liberty to avail himself of it, and the time is certainly coming when he will do so. The histrionic art is as legitimate as any art, and any man or woman who practices it worthily and well, deserves our honor,—ay, our honor and our sympathy, for the art-life is a hard life to live under any circumstances. To be obliged to rely for a livelihood upon the plaudits of the multitude, and to be subject to the caprices of the press and the public, and the jealousies that are inseparable from all art-life, is a hardship from which the bravest man and woman may well shrink. If, among those who have so many temptations to strike a low key that they may at least please "the groundlings," there is a considerable number who appeal to the nobilities of human nature, let us give them our hands and help them to build up a pure taste in the public mind. We have only to remember that the theater is with us, that it will stay, and that the church has a great responsibility concerning the stage of the future. If it supposes that condemning it at a street's length, and indiscriminately, will discharge its duty, it will find itself sadly mistaken.

Temporal and Spiritual.

GREAT public interest is concentrated upon the present struggle of Germany with the Papal power, and the free discussion of the relations of that power to the allegiance of the citizen to his own Government, now in progress in England. Mr. Gladstone's manifesto has placed the vital question involved squarely before the English people, and not less plainly before all the people of Europe. The ingenious protest and denial of Archbishop Manning and other adherents of His Holiness, have failed to do away with the charge of the ex-Premier, simply because it cannot be done away with. The assumption of supreme authority over the consciences of men by a man who claims infallibility, is one which no Government constituted like the British can tolerate with either dignity or safety. The German Government is right in principle on this question, whether it be just and wise in its measures or not; and Mr. Gladstone occupies a position that is impregnable. The dogma of Papal infallibility is an offense to the common sense of the world, and the doctrine of supremacy which grows out of it as naturally as a tree grows out of the soil, is a challenge and an insult to every Government that holds and protects a Catholic subject within its limits.

This would seem to be too plain a matter to call for argumentation. To claim supremacy in matters of conscience, and to hold, at the same time, the power of deciding on questions of conscience—of declaring what is right and what is wrong, in all things, civil as well as religious—is to claim the supreme and all-subordinating allegiance of every man who belongs to the Catholic communion in every country of the world. How any fair-minded man can deny this is beyond our comprehension; and the only reason why the matter does not make as great a commotion in America as it does in Great Britain and Germany, is that, as a State, we have no connection with the Church. Practically, the matter is of very little importance to us. The Catholic Church has the same toleration here that the Methodist Church has—no more, no less. Our Government simply protects it in its liberty, and sees that its own laws are obeyed, irrespective of all church communions. We come into no collision with it, because we assume no church prerogatives and functions. England has a State church, and it cannot tolerate the existence of two authorities that assume supremacy within the same kingdom; but England is weak in its position, because itself assumes to be an authority in matters of religion.

Theoretically, the Sovereign of Great Britain "can do no wrong." Here is a doctrine of "infallibility;" and though it has no such range as that of the Papacy, and is applied rather to the breaking than the making of law, it is just as absurd as that against which Mr. Gladstone inveighs so mightily. There the State undertakes to meddle with the Church. It supports and in many ways directs it, and exercises functions that are just as illegitimate and presumptuous as those assumed by the Pope with relation to the different States. The same may be said of Prussia; and the Pope has good right to say, if he chooses to do so: "Take your hand from religion, and I will take mine from the State. So long as you choose to make a State affair of religion you must not blame me for doing the same. Give me back my kingdom and my temporalities. Shape your policy to the necessities of my Church. Until you do so, I will define the limits of your power, and of my own, as it seems best to me, and best for the interests I have in charge."

For ourselves, we rejoice to witness the present struggle. In the progress of the world, and in the free development of the power of Christianity, it was necessary that it should come; and its coming marks an epoch and demonstrates an advance. Just so soon as the nations of the world can comprehend the fact that the Kingdom of Christ is not a kingdom of this world; that it is within men, and is not in any way complicated with civil organization and administration,—just so soon will all strife between the State and the Church cease. The Pope, if report be true, has recently said that the only country where he is truly and practically respected is the United States. The reason is, that the State simply minds its own business, and lets him alone. When other States attend only to their civil functions, and let the Church, in all its denominations, take care of itself, they will care no more about the dogma of Papal infallibility than they do about the civil dogma of regal infallibility. They will not even take the trouble to "speak disrespectfully of the equator." It is now essentially a fight between the head of the greatest of the churches and the civil heads of the smaller churches. We have no such head in America, and therefore we don't care. Particularly, we do not care how soon the fight proceeds to its predestined end—the disestablishment of all the churches of Europe. That is the natural solution of the difficulty, and the only possible one. It may come through "a great religious war," which the wise are foretelling, but which real wisdom will avoid, by putting away, at once and forever, its cause.

The ox is a strong and excellent beast, but he cannot be yoked with the horse, who is equally strong and excellent. The horse cannot work ac-

cording to his law without wearing out the ox, and the ox cannot work according to his law without degrading the horse, and cheating him of his power. The Church and the State can no more be yoked together with natural advantage than the ox and the horse. Their nature, wants, modes of action, drift of power are utterly different, and in the long run the ox will drag down and degrade the horse. To undertake to unite the machinery of the State and the Church is, in the end, to degrade the latter. To make the Church in any way subordinate to the shifting necessities and caprices of politics is a practical desecration of holy things. We believe that no State church ever existed, whether presided over by pope or king, that did not become corrupt, or so nearly dead as to lose its aggressiveness and healthfulness as a spiritual power. Mr. Gladstone and his friends have only to labor earnestly for the disestablishment of the Church of England, to lose all practical interest in the Papal dogmas and the Papal assumptions. By doing this, they will at least be in a position, as Englishmen, to oppose them with some show of consistency.

Reform in High Places.

We have hailed with genuine satisfaction every attempt that has been instituted to effect a reform in the Civil Service. We have not been disposed to cavil at the insignificance of the results thus far, or to scold because the measures adopted were not entirely to our liking, or as sweeping as we have desired. So long as there is an honest effort to do something, and so long as the principle involved has recognition by rulers and people, we have been content to wait for something more and something better. Right and common sense are so undeniably on the side of reform, that no rational headway can be made against it. It is popularly known that office has been, for many years, bestowed through personal and political influence; that multitudes of men have received the favors of the Government, not because they were fit to receive them, but because some politician wished to reward them "for value received;" that our Government has been badly served at home and disgraced abroad by its office-holders, and that the national patronage has been regarded as the party spoil. It is felt among all classes to-day that this is a shameful wrong, which should at once be righted, and that a reform in the Civil Service is imperatively demanded by every consideration of national economy and national honor. No party can afford to ignore this sentiment, for it is sure to make itself felt, and felt soon.

The people, however, have a little job on hand of the same sort which is to be done before the politicians will believe they are in earnest, and before they can urge this reform with any considerable degree of consistency. Civil Service reform does not touch the occupant of the White House, his ministers, or the legislative bodies of the nation. We have had Presidents during the last twenty years that no well-constituted commission would regard as fitted by statesmanship, experience, education, social culture, and high moral and intellectual qualities, for the duties of their august office. We have had Presidential advisers so eminently unfit for their offices that they have been well-nigh hooted from their places. We have had Congressmen so base that they could not be received into polite society—gamblers and the associates of gamblers—men whose social record was a stench, and whose habits were a reproach to the nation. More than this, there have been in Congress a horde of small politicians without the slightest fitness for the grave duties of legislation—men who have proved themselves incapable of guiding the ship of state through the perils of the period. Congress has given to the nation neither peace nor prosperity. It has simply lacked the wisdom or the principle to do it. For all the embarrassments of our industry, for all the thriftlessness of our trade and commerce, for the continued commotions that obtain among the reconstructed States, it is responsible. There is no good reason why this country should not to-day be prosperous and happy, except that the people of the country have sent to Washington a set of men who had not the statesmanship necessary for the emergencies they have met.

People wonder how it happened in the late State elections, that everything went so differently from what was calculated upon. The revolution marked no change of political principle. There probably are not a hundred more democrats in the country than there were six months ago. The people have quietly said to the politicians who have been managing their affairs: "We are dissatisfied with your work. You have had the country in your hands for years, and we are no nearer the settlement of our difficulties, apparently, than we were ten years ago. The South is not at peace, our money is still of less value than gold, our trade is at a stand-still, our agricultural products bring little, our labor is unemployed, our manufactures languish or are stopped altogether. We want a change."

That is just what it all means—nothing more, nothing less. It means that they want better men to manage their affairs, and that they intend to find them in one party or the other. It means that they can no more be controlled by party watchwords—that in the next Presidential election they will kick out of all party traces, unless they can find better men behind them. Mr. Tilden was not elected Governor of New York because he was a better man than Governor Dix, or because Governor Dix had not been a good Governor, but because the voters had a word to speak which they wished to have heard in Washington.

That word has doubtless been heard in Washington, but it should be heard, and heeded, too, among the people themselves. Let them insist in both parties that a man shall next be nominated for the Presidency whose experience, acquisitions and eminent qualifications as a gentleman fit him for the place. Let them insist that no man shall be placed in either house of Congress who has not a pure record—that all stock-jobbers, back-pay grabbers, *Crédit Mobilier* financiers, gamblers, drunkards, ward politicians and adventurers generally, shall be left behind. Let them insist that the laws shall be made by men who have brains and hearts large enough to drop their self-seeking, and comprehensive enough to embrace the interests of the country. We have not our wisest men in Congress: let us put them there; and when any party dares to place a man in nomination for any national office who is unfit for it, let us protest, by electing his opponent without any compunctions, provided he is a better man.

We account the recent revolution of good omen; but let the party that has profited by it beware of giving it a false interpretation. It means simply better men in the National Government and the National Legislature. We trust that the people will follow up their very significant hint. It is in their power to reform the Government. They are, to all intents and purposes, a "Civil Service Commission"—a committee of the whole, with this matter

in charge; and if they declare their determination, in unmistakable terms, we shall have in nomination at the next Presidential election two good men, either one of whom will be not only an honor to the nation as a man, but a wise public servant, to whom the selection of a cabinet may safely be trusted. With such a Government and a Legislature of like material, Civil Service reform will have begun at the right end, and will meet with no difficulty in accomplishing its beneficent objects.

THE OLD CABINET.

We are always being surprised at what we call the modern quality of the verse not written within the last one hundred years or so—the poetry of Japan, India, Syria, Greece, Italy, or England. You remember the story of Rishyasringa ("A Tale of the Mahabhárata," SCRIBNER for February, 1874); it is thousands of years old; and it might have been written last evening. Rishyasringa, who had never before seen a woman, met "a young scholar" in the grove,—really, the beautiful princess, Santa, and this was Rishyasringa's very modern experience, as naïvely related by him to his father, the sainted Vifandaka:

> "Then this scholar, smiling sweetly,
> Bent my cheek down to his own cheek;
> On my lips he put his own lips,
> *With a little sound he touched them,*—
> At that touch a tremor shook me
> And a thrill passed through my heart."

The drama of "Sákoontálá," even in the English translation from the Sanskrit, is not found upon many tables here in New York; but the Philharmonic often gives us the beautiful overture belonging to the modern musical rendering of it. It does not seem to be necessary to be born several centuries ago, in order to understand such allusions as these:

> "Fond maids, the chosen of their hearts to please,
> Intwine their ears with sweet Sirisha flowers,
> Whose fragrant lips attract the kiss of bees,
> That softly murmur through the summer hours."

> "How blest the virtuous parents whose attire
> Is soiled with dust, by raising from the ground
> The child that asks a refuge in their arms!
> And happy are they while with lisping prattle,
> In accents sweetly inarticulate,
> He charms their ears; and with his artless smile
> Gladdens their hearts, revealing to their gaze
> His tiny teeth just budding into view."

> "Now Heaven forbid this barbed shaft descend
> Upon the fragile body of a fawn,
> Like fire upon a heap of tender flowers."

> "My limbs drawn onward leave my heart behind,
> Like silken pennon borne against the wind."

And here is something from Omar Khayyám, the Persian Heine:

> "The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
> Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
> Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
> Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.
>
> "Think, in this battered caravanserai
> Whose portals are alternate night and day,
> How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
> Abode his destin'd hour and went his way.
>
> "They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
> And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
> Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.
>
> "I sometimes think that never blows so red
> The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
> That every hyacinth the garden wears
> Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.
>
> "Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
> To-day of past regret and future fears,—
> To-morrow!—why to-morrow I may be
> Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years."

In Mr. Stedman's rapid and interesting sketch of Rossetti's work he mentions a volume which Rossetti's American publishers have not yet given to us, and which, therefore, only a few American readers have had the pleasure of seeing. And yet it is the cup with which we may drink from the pure fountain of Italian song; beyond price to those who cannot kneel with their lips to the waters.

Here is a "Catch: On a Wet Day."

> "As I walked thinking through a little grove,
> Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,
> Saying, 'Look here! look there!' delightedly.
> 'O, here it is!' 'What's that?' 'A lily, love.'
> 'And there are violets!'
> 'Further for roses! Oh, the lovely pets—
> The darling beauties! Oh, the nasty thorn!
> Look here, my hand's all torn!'
> 'What's that, that jumps?' 'Oh, don't! it's a grasshopper!'
> 'Come run, come run,
> Here's bluebells!' 'Oh, what fun!'
> 'Not that way! Stop her!'
> 'Yes, this way!' 'Pluck them, then!'
> 'Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh, look here!' 'Oh, I'm
> Quite sure that further on we'll get wild thyme.'
>
> "'Oh, we shall stay too long, it's going to rain!
> There's lightning, oh, there's thunder!'
> 'Oh, shan't we hear the vesper-bell, I wonder!'
> 'Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing;
> And don't you hear the nightingales that sing,
> *Fly away, oh, die away?*'
>
> "'Oh, I hear something! Hush!'
> 'Why, where? what is it, then?' 'Ah! in that bush.'
> So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it,
> Till with the stir they make
> Out skurries a great snake.
> 'O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! alack!'
> They scream, and then all run and scream again,
> And then in heavy drops down comes the rain.
>
> "Each running at the other in a fright,
> Each trying to get before the other, and crying
> And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;
> One sets her knee
> There where her foot should be;
> One has her hands and dress
> All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
> And one gets trampled on by two or three.
> What's gathered is let fall
> About the wood and not picked up at all.
> The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground,
> And still as screaming, hustling, without rest,
> They run this way and that, and round and round,
> She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.
>
> "I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
> And never noticed till I got wet through."

This was not suggested by a scene near Farmington, Conn., some time last summer. It was written

by Franco Sacchetti, the Florentine, born in the year 1335.

Two or three more quotations—not merely for their freshness, but for the simplicity and charm which Rossetti has so well kept in his versions, and because many young persons will rise up and call blessed the finger-post which pointed the way to this delicious volume.

From Uberti's portrait of his lady, "Angiola of Verona:"

> "Soft as a peacock steps she, or as a stork
> Straight on herself, taller and statelier:
> 'Tis a good sight how every limb doth stir
> For ever in a womanly sweet way."

Jacopo da Lentino writes "Of his Lady in Heaven:"

> "I have it in my heart to serve God so
> That into Paradise I shall repair,—
> The holy place through the which everywhere
> I have heard say that joy and solace flow.
> Without my lady I were loth to go,—
> She who has the bright face and the bright hair;
> Because if she were absent, I being there,
> My pleasure would be less than nought, I know.
> Look you, I say not this to such intent
> As that I there would deal in any sin;
> I only would behold her gracious mien,
> And beautiful soft eyes, and lovely face,
> That so it should be my complete content
> To see my lady joyful in her place."

Ubaldo di Marco writes "Of a Lady's Love for him:"

> My body resting in a haunt of mine,
> I ranged among alternate memories;
> What while an unseen noble lady's eyes
> Were fixed upon me, yet she gave no sign;
> To stay and go she sweetly did incline,
> Always afraid lest there were any spies,
> Then reached to me, and smelt it in sweet wise,
> And reached to me—some sprig of bloom or bine.
> Conscious of perfume, on my side I leant,
> And rose upon my feet, and gazed around
> To see the plant whose flower could so beguile.
> Finding it not, I sought it by the scent;
> And by the scent, in truth, the plant I found,
> And rested in its shadow a great while."

It is but now and then that we feel this modern quality in the Old and New Testament writings, but it is only because they are hackneyed. Some of the later commentators by their new dramatization of Solomon's Song have given us a fresh view of that unsurpassed love-piece.

It is much the same surprise, I suppose, that we have at finding in far away Japanese drawings, a touch of Anglo-Saxon humor—stray leaves from "Punch," you might call them. It is the same comical humanity at which the artist points the finger of laughter. By the way, you may notice one interesting point of difference between English and Japanese humorous art. The great thing with the English is to make the hero of the comedy pull a grave face; that is one of the strongest effects of Western drollery. But the Japanese—or some of them—not only make the character comic, but let you see that the fellow himself is conscious of the absurd part he is playing. Does it come from a certain childishness in this ancient society; or from a wider artistic sense which lets every one know when he is picturesque or absurd; or is it owing to the abundant good humor of the people?

The surprise, in the case both of the old poetry and the Oriental art, is like that of suddenly coming upon your own face in a mirror. It is always a shock—either painful or pleasurable, as the case may be—to find that you have a double, no matter how shadowy. You are somewhat used, however, to the resemblance in your contemporary and your countryman and in his work; the chief astonishment, therefore, is in the art that is distant and unfamiliar.

Two or three recent publications renew the discussion as to the distinction between prose and poetry. The most full and interesting of these late utterances is that of Prof. Masson in his republished essay on "Prose and Verse," and the companion essay on "Theories of Poetry."* He sums up as follows: "That in the whole vast field of the speculative and didactic, prose is the legitimate monarch, receiving verse but as a visitor and guest, who will carry back bits of rich ore and other specimens of the land's produce; that in the great business of record, also, prose is pre-eminent, verse but voluntarily assisting; that in the expression of passion, and the work of moral stimulation, verse and prose meet as co-equals, prose undertaking the rougher and harder duty, where passion intermingles with the storm of current doctrine, and with the play and conflict of social interests—sometimes when thus engaged, bursting forth into such strains of irregular music that verse takes up the echo and prolongs it in measured modulation, leaving prose rapt and listening to hear itself outdone; and, lastly, that in the noble realm of poetry or imagination, prose also is capable of all exquisite, beautiful, powerful, and magnificent effects, but that by reason of a greater ease with fancies when they come in crowds, and of a greater range and arbitrariness of combination, verse here moves with the more royal gait. And thus Prose and Verse are presented as two circles or spheres, not entirely separate, as some would make them, but intersecting and interpenetrating through a large portion of both their bulks, and disconnected only in two crescents outstanding at the right and left, or, if you adjust them differently, at the upper and lower extremities. The left or lower crescent, the peculiar and sole region of prose, is where we labor amid the sheerly didactic or the didactic combined with the practical and the stern; the right or upper crescent, the peculiar and sole region of verse, is where *πάθησις* at its utmost thrill and ecstasy interblends with the highest and most daring *ποίησις*."

A leading motive with this essayist is the widening of the scope of prose; he makes one or two eloquent appeals in this behalf, besides the indirect pleading of his own vivid and captivating style. He suggests, moreover, that the time may come when the best verse shall not disdain a certain resemblance to prose.

On the other hand, we have Mr. Stedman's insistance, in his paper on Mr. Browning, upon a sharp distinction between poetry and prose; and the more elaborate and subtile insistance of Prof. Wilkinson, in his essay on "Mr. Lowell's Poetry."† "The difference between poetry and prose," Mr. Wilkinson says, "is an essential difference." "There is a certain curiously subtile idiom of expression belonging to poetry, and another equally subtile idiom of expresssion belonging to prose." He quotes Coleridge's statement, that good prose is proper words in proper places—poetry the best words in the best places. He says that if poetry

* Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Other Essays. By David Masson, M. A., LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

† A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Albert Mason.

borrows the idiom of prose for a single instant even, the effect is immediately appreciable; it is like the effect that would be produced by a few words of talking in the stately recitative of the opera. If prose borrows the idiom of poetry, we have an effect like that which would be produced by the introduction of a bar of singing in the course of common conversation.

We are inclined to think that Prof. Wilkinson is more successful in his ruling out of prose from poetry, than in his sifting of what he calls poetry from prose, and that the true ground lies somewhere between the American and the Scotch Professor. If Milton's prose, or DeQuincey's, or Ruskin's, or Mr. Masson's, or Mr. Stedman's, or Mr. Wilkinson's, should not always come strictly under the head either of prose or poetry—why may we not take it for what it is, a third un-named thing that the world is not wrong in caring for? Wilkinson holds that, in general, practice in verse tends to improve one's prose style, and that practice in prose tends to deprave one's faculty of verse. This may, indeed, be true, in the main, but is it not possible that a certain indulgence in prose on the part of a poet may be a means of eliminating from his verse certain elements which do not belong there? The difficulty about the establishment of rules is our own ignorance as to essentials, and the impossibility of strict definitions. When you undertake to define the indefinable, you may be betrayed into crudely generalizing out of sight some important particular. The poet is only more of a man than his brothers, one says. Suppose another says, that there is no such thing, strictly speaking, as "poet"; that it is, after all, only a word. But it is nevertheless true that certain temperaments, certain circumstances lead to certain forms of expression called poetic. You can no more say what makes a man a poet, than you can tell what a piece of chalk actually is. There is no man so wise as to state the relation between the impulse of the shoemaker to give a certain curve to his pattern, and the impulse of the man of genius to fashion an ode. It may be well to stand up stoutly for what definitions we can agree upon, no matter how conventional; but it may be well, too, for a genius like Carlyle, to break through the strict definition—call Jean Paul a poet, "and among the highest of his time, though he wrote no verses," and throw a light backward over our obscure knowledge.

In a foot-note to the Essay on George Eliot, we find some of Mr. Wilkinson's most acute observations on this subject. "Certain it is," he says, "that what does not come to you as poetry, you can never convert into poetry with all your pains." Would it not be a good idea to obtain from the poets themselves a record of their mental methods? Charles Reade surreptitiously felt the pulse of James Lambert, while the blind old hero was recounting his exploits; that way might be useful, or perhaps it would be more convenient to use the self-registering apparatus, such as was applied to the wrists of the underground laborers on the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge.

It would be worth while to know how much of truth there is in the phrase, "lyric joy." Can there be poetical expression in a condition of utter hopelessness? Is there not a point below which poetic expression becomes impossible—where, if there is any expression, it must be in prose and not in numbers. We know of poems that have been written almost immediately upon the news of the death of a beloved friend; but the immediate effect of a blow like that is to exalt, not to depress. The leaden sorrow comes later—and when that is heaviest, can there be the exercise of poetic art? Heine wrote while in bodily suffering; but he was a man of extraordinary spirits—inured to pain and subject to *accès* of vivacity even when upon the rack.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

St. Valentine's Day.

ST. VALENTINE'S own month brings to mind the different modes of observing his day. Why it should have been observed at all is indeed a matter of speculation. Some hold that choosing valentines was taken from the saint's festival; others from the festival of the Lupercalia, at which the names of young women were placed in a box, to be drawn out at random by young men; while others, more poetically inclined, accept the legend that on this day of the gentle saint the birds are accustomed to choose their mates; thus suggesting a similar course to the members of the human community.

In England the day was once observed with much interest and fervor; but of late the celebration there, as in this country, has dwindled to the mere anonymous sending of epistolary pleasantries in prose or verse. Valentine parties have recently come into vogue here, and when the guests enter into the spirit of them, these are really very entertaining. They are conducted in two ways. The hostess invites her friends, expecting each to send at least one valentine, original verses of a humorous or bantering sort being most desirable. The writer, who need not reveal his or her name beforehand, even to the hostess, must indicate whether the missives are intended for gentlemen or ladies, the hostess, addressing them as she chooses, without knowing their contents. The other way is for the hostess to furnish to each of her guests a list of those expected, thereby giving them an opportunity to write their valentines to particular persons. The valentines should be sent to her before the party, and she should be careful to provide herself with a few extra ones for such of her guests as may have been overlooked. When the guests have assembled, the lady of the house produces the valentines, and delivers them, one at a time, the recipients being compelled to read them aloud, for the benefit of the company. Some of the missives will be so pertinent, and others so inapt, that they cannot fail to be amusing. If one guest finds himself good-humoredly laughed at, he has the satisfaction of laughing at others in turn, so that any petty feeling of annoyance that may be experienced will be dispelled and forgotten in the general merriment.

Persons sometimes, in sending valentines, make the innovation of inclosing gifts of small value, coupled with such graceful phrases as will insure the acceptance of the gift. Others take advantage of the occasion to give presents of considerable worth to people in humble circumstances, to whom charity could not be offered. Thus the memory of

the genial St. Valentine may be perpetuated, not only by social pleasures, but by positive practical good.

"Ladies" and "Gentlemen."

WERE there any "ladies" in Biblical times? It would seem so, if, as reported, a worthy up-country divine once published a work on the "Ladies of the Old Testament." The very fun aroused by the title calls attention to the abuse of a very much overworked expression. Why should there not be "ladies" in the Old Testament? Merely because all our notions of Biblical scenes and personages are large, simple, dignified and solemn, and for such use the pure and downright word "woman" is alone fitting. "Lady" is a term of modern and social application—it is partial, petty, narrow, and breathes of caste and conventionality. Strictly, and in its best use, it is a compound of noun and adjective, in which the force of the latter greatly predominates. It means, of course, a woman, but one on whose breeding, manner, or social position we wish to lay emphasis. It were to be desired that the term should be strictly limited to such employment, however useful that employment may occasionally be. Thus, when Jane, in reply to her mistress's inquiry about a ring at the bell, calls out, "A lady to see you, ma'am," she does rightly enough. As convention now stands, it is essential that the mistress of the house should know whether she is called for by a person of position, with social claims on her attention, or by a messenger with a bill or a bundle. With a higher and finer social culture it may be, both the sense and the phrasing of Jane's answer might be reduced to a more democratic absoluteness. But when little Snobikins, writing from Saratoga to the "Morning Clarion," speaks of the belle of the season as "a beautiful and accomplished *lady*," he commits a grammatico-social solecism, which ought to cost him his hebdomadal five-dollar bill on the spot. Of course she is a lady, or she ought not to be there, or Snobikins ought not to write about her. What he means to say is simply that Miss * * * is a beautiful and accomplished *woman*, as the editor-in-chief reminds him when he catches him in town.

"Lady," then, and its corresponding "gentleman," may, because of this adjective force which inheres in them, appropriately be used as predicates, provided they stand alone. But for the same reason it is utterly inappropriate to use them as predicates, or in any other form, *with an adjective attached.* The rule is not optional, but one which good sense and cultivated usage have combined to fix with iron strictness. The highest breeding, we know, tends always to approach the utmost simplicity, both in manner and in language, and prefers such wholesome, downright terms as *man*, *woman*, *girl*, to any affected substitute. Severe as it may seem, any violation of the rule we have hinted at casts a shade of suspicion on the education and antecedents of the culprit. When our neighbor at the hotel-table describes a guest opposite as "a very intelligent gentleman," or "a charming young lady," he does no more it is true than is common enough among numberless worthy and amiable people; but he is wrong, for all that. The taste of a sensitive hearer easily takes offense at such slight matter, and the sin against style is apt to create a prejudice in regard to more essential things.

Introductions.

ALTHOUGH it is an established rule of etiquette that persons meeting in society are at liberty to speak without an introduction when they know each other by sight, Americans are not very likely to do so, however familiar they may be with the rule. While it devolves on the host and hostess to introduce their guests, they cannot, of necessity, introduce more than a part of them; hence, a portion of the duty must fall upon the guests themselves. The awkwardness, even the annoyance of repeatedly meeting men and women with whose faces and names you are entirely familiar, but to whom you have not been introduced, is constantly observable in social circles. The presumption that members of the same calling or of the same set always know each other is entirely unwarranted. Even should they know each other, it can do no harm, if there be any doubt in the introducer's mind, to re-present them. It is easy to say: "I suppose, Mrs. or Miss ——, you are acquainted with Mr. ——." or, "No doubt, Mr. ——, you have met Mr. ——." If the parties have been introduced, the offered courtesy will not be superfluous or embarrassing. If they have not been, the politeness is well-timed.

The absence or neglect of this attention has a tendency to create a sort of antagonism between persons visually acquainted who have met again and again without outward recognition. Each is inclined to think: "He knows me very well, but he will not speak. If he feels so, I am sure I will not be the one to speak first." We have known persons of prominence, men particularly, to encounter one another at parties and receptions through a whole season without an introduction. Having many friends in common, and being constantly thrown together, the mistake is naturally made that they are acquainted.

Another bit of etiquette equally well-defined is that a lady, after a gentleman has been introduced to her, should, on another meeting, recognize him first, it being her prerogative to drop the acquaintance if she sees fit. This bit of etiquette, however, is apt to be ignored, women instinctively falling into the habit of waiting for men to take the initiative in recognition, as in everything else. Women frequently complain of the discourtesy of men in this matter, when the latter are merely observing the form of courtesy which etiquette has ordained.

Acting Rhymes.

A FAVORITE old game, with a new and droll variation, is popular just now. The old way of playing is this: One member of the company says, "I have thought of a word that rhymes with *lane*," Sombody who guesses the word to be *pain*, asks, "Is it an ache?" to which the giver-out of the word says, "No, it is not *pain*." The next person fancies it to be *grain*, and inquires, "Is it the chief product of the West?" The first answers, "No, it is not *grain*," and so on, until some one has guessed the right word.

As will be seen, the object is to make the giver of the word guess what the others mean, as well as to make them guess what he means.

The new way is to send two persons (one of each sex) from the room, while the rest choose some word, as for instance, *tin*. Then one steps to the door and tells the "outs" that the word rhymes with *bin*. The "outs" try to think of all the words rhyming with *bin* and selecting *din* for example, they go back into the room and act it as plainly as they can—using no speech—by making a great noise. Of course the party cry out, "Oh, no, it is not *din*," and the actors retire to take

another word. Perhaps this will be *inn*. The gentleman will pin back his coat-tails in the dress-coat fashion, tie his handkerchief round his neck for a white tie, get a napkin and a few dishes from the dining-room, return to the parlor and begin setting the table as a waiter, while the lady, in hat and shawl, will rush in and sit down like a hungry traveler. Every body having said "It isn't *inn*," the actors must retire again until they discover the correct word.

Even this very simple amateur acting is often exceedingly droll—and it adds a new zest to the old game. Frequently it is as difficult for those choosing the word to guess what the actors intend to represent as for the latter to find the word; particularly is this so when the actors, while making their performance fit their thought, do not make it too plain; otherwise the result will be to mar the interest which it is the object of the game to stimulate.

Tablets.

THERE are very few of us who are not annoyed every once in a while by a futile effort to recall something with which we have confidently burdened the memory. It may be a word, a quotation, a circumstance, a character, or a historic fact. We were certain we should remember it, and now we cannot for our very life. All annoyance of this sort may be avoided by using tablets, which occupy so little space that they are never inconvenient. The jotting down of a word or two will be a sufficient clew or suggestion for the recall of the desired fact or thought when we are at leisure, and in the proper place. The amount of information that may be gained by making memoranda and seeking reference is far greater than would be supposed. The more memoranda you make, the more you will want to make. Such hints, followed by consultation of proper authorities, will soon put one in possession of an imposing array of valuable facts.

People who have used tablets for any time find them indispensable. Through the agency of these they keep well advised of a hundred important things upon which they would ordinarily have no grasp. Writing any thing down fixes it in the memory, so that the briefest record on tablets is better than any number of simple mental impressions.

Writing in the Lap.

MEN are accustomed to laugh at women for writing in their laps, imagining the habit to be an inevitable attendant of the feminine organization. The reason why women write in their lap is generally that they have no other place to write, and necessity chooses what is nearest at hand. Writing in that way is not only inconvenient and awkward; it is very unhealthful, particularly when done repeatedly for any time. It has a tendency to make one round-shouldered; it compresses the lungs and other parts of the system which should have full play. Any woman who uses a pen frequently, even though it be in private correspondence alone, should have a desk, or at least a table, to rest her arm on, and to prevent the greater stoop required by writing in the lap. Better still would be a high desk, at which she could stand. Erect she could accomplish her work without fatigue, and in a more satisfactory manner than while in a cramped position. She can far better afford to stand than to bend over, and by a little experience she would soon discover the difference between the two in the improvement of both her physical and mental condition.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Gardner's "Homes and How to Make Them." *

To those readers who are revolving in their mind plans of building, this little book of Mr. Gardner's will be doubly welcome; but those unfortunate ones who have just finished their houses will find it simply tantalizing—its hints and suggestions are so good and timely. Mr. Gardner brings us back to the point from which our pride and false taste led us astray so long ago, to houses as picturesque and truthful as the log-houses our fathers and grandfathers built.

He confines himself mainly to suggestion with both pen and pencil. It is true that to the wise a hint is sufficient, yet most readers would have preferred a little more detail, a little more of the "practical information" promised in the preface; in fact, less of the artist and more of the draughtsman. For instance, we do not care particularly for the various views we get of the Johns family, especially for the one where Mr. Johns is evidently gasping his last in Mrs. Johns's lap; but we should like to have seen their carpenters' or masons' bill, or the plan of their house, or even its front elevation. We do get, however, the plan of sister Jane's kitchen, which some people might think encumbered with conveniences, but it was hardly worth while to make her and the schoolmaster rehearse the "old, old story" for us, in that schoolmasterly manner, on the parlor sofa. Indeed the reader has no occasion to feel thankful for any of these little asides, these unprofessional sketches, in which our architect indulges his pencil on the slightest provocation, and he has reason to regret that the principal matter is not more fully illustrated. On page 63 is sketched one wing of a most charming house. What would not the reader, ripe for building, give to see the sketch filled out—the wings and body complete, and the plan thrown in, and the cost in a foot-note? or the little house "on a side hill," or the timber house with the ample roof, like a hen covering her brood—are there no insides to your "homes," Mr. Architect?

Mr. Gardner draws and holds up to our admiration what may be considered the latest fashion in moderately priced country houses—namely, a house made of stone and wood—the first story of undressed stone surmounted with a story or half a story of timber. His designs are very beautiful, and deserve speedily to take shape in substantial homes throughout the land. This style affords great variety of treatment, and in the element of

* Homes and How to Make Them. By E. C. Gardner. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

the picturesque surpasses all other orders of domestic architecture we have yet seen. It seems to be a hint taken from the old Norman architecture. The projecting gables, and the strong, heavy lines of timber-work are a most agreeable change from the hoods and deep verge-boards of Downing and his school. Care needs to be taken, however, that the house does not look as if some later owner, needing more room, had clapped a wooden superstructure on a story of stone. The wood and the stone must blend, or take hold of each other in some way. In a French house of this kind which we have seen, the frame superstructure was shingled and came down over the stone; it did not simply rest upon it, but was thrust down over it, clasping it firmly, and forming a deep projection and shadow all around.

Our architect is equally successful and original in his treatment of frame houses throughout. If we fall in love with the wood-and-stone house at first sight, and resolve to build like it, we more than half regret it when we come to the design on page 143,—a wooden house, with long, sloping roof and timber finish,—an old-fashioned Dutch barn metamorphosed into a human dwelling, without the loss of one tittle of its primitive charm and suggestiveness. In speaking of this design Mr. Gardner makes one of the most truthful and striking observations to be found in his book, namely, that the character and expression of a building depend almost wholly upon the roof. A house means shelter, protection; hence he says, let the roof be bold and high, shedding the rain and the snow, and visible afar to the coming guest. What a blow is this to your abominable so-called French roof, or Mansard. The Mansard had its origin in the town, when it became desirable to add another story to an already tall building, without increasing, if possible, its apparent height, and it has no place in the country, or in the rural village, especially upon dwelling-houses.

We are sorry to see Mr. Gardner make the discouraging remark about "hard wood finish," that it is over-expensive. The contrast between moving into a house where you get the delicious smell of our native woods—cedar, cherry, birch, etc., to say nothing of the pleasure to the eye, and into one where the atmosphere is loaded with the sickening odor of new paint, is so great that one ought to be willing to pay more for hard wood. But we need not. The difference in the cost is inconsiderable. In the first place, hard wood can be had in many parts of the country for a little more than half the cost of good pine. If it is worked up at the planing-mill, as it must be, the cost is a little more than for working up pine. The final smoothing, and fitting, and putting up in the house, which of course can only be done by hand, costs about double that of pine. Then you escape the painter's bill, which is a large item. The oiling of the hard wood is quickly and easily done, and costs but a trifle.

Mr. Gardner inculcates honesty in house-building, believes in letting brick stand for brick, stone for stone, and wood for wood; takes down towers and folding-doors, tabooes "graining" and all manner of shams, and shows afresh, what we all know in our hearts, that the beauty of your house must be born with it, and cannot be thrust upon it. He has excellent chapters on ventilation, warming, the use and value of brick, etc.

On the whole, his book is the fruit of a riper and more chaste and simple taste than any thing that has before appeared upon domestic architecture adapted to the wants of our people.

"The Story of a House."

MR. GARDNER deals mainly with the average-priced house, such as the majority of American citizens may be supposed to be able, sooner or later, to build. But here we have the story of a French house—a country residence of a gentleman farmer—that cost $40,000. Just what kind of houses these French build—these people who have no word for home in their language—when they set themselves about it in earnest, will doubtless prove an interesting subject to a large class of readers. In this book the story is fully and entertainingly told. We have all the details of construction from foundation to ridge-board; every part is dwelt upon and profusely illustrated, and that the *tout ensemble* is in every way admirable cannot be denied. The author believes that art, in architecture at least, consists in being true and simple; that the great point about a house is its interior; that its exterior or envelope must shape itself about and conform to this inner necessity, and not take on airs on its own account. He will have nothing in his house that is not expressive of a real want, or that has not a good reason for its existence. What the passer-by may think is of little account. He will take small heed of the laws of symmetry or proportion in the construction of a dwelling-house. Let the rooms be arranged or grouped according to the wants and the taste of the occupants, and let the outside effect take care of itself, as it surely will. He will not have a portico, because in that part of France it would be of little use, and would make the rooms which opened on its colonnades dark and gloomy. Study the climate, the situation, and the wants and habits of the occupant, and make the structure in harmony with these. We have heard and applauded all this before, many times, but Monsieur, the architect, puts this fine doctrine in practice—or rather, it is clearly the moral of his finished structure, and, as was sure to be the case, this model house is not only convenient and free from false art, but it is extremely fair to see. It has a steep, high roof (not a Mansard), that sheds the sun and the rain easily. It is built of stone quarried on the spot. The author says: "It is a good thing in architecture to make use of the necessities of the construction as a means of decoration, and to frankly admit those necessities." Now, there is little sense, when one thinks of it, in a smooth white ceiling, with a plaster cornice. It expresses nothing, and it covers up the real anatomy of the structure; and perhaps few persons of taste have built houses without regretting what seemed to be the necessity of covering up the beams and joists overhead, which give such a charm to rude primitive houses, and which now generally make the attic of a plastered house the most human and homelike part of it. Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc preserves his beams and joists and turns them to account in giving character and variety to his ceilings in a way that will make every reader who has just paid for his stuck-on cornice and broad paneling feel shamefacedly regretful. Instead of floor-joists of thin plank standing upon edge, as with us, he uses timbers about eight inches square, placed on their diagonal, their ends not thrust in the wall, but resting in notches in a timber planted against the wall, which is again supported by brackets or corbels—what he calls the ashlering system. The space between the joists is filled by a slight arch formed of two

* The Story of a House. Translated from the French of Viollet-le-Duc, by George M. Towle. Illustrated by the author. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

bricks, with mortar and coatings. This timber-work may be either painted or decorated with fillets, or different-colored woods may be used, and the natural grain allowed to show; in either case, it must make an extremely pleasing ceiling. Where the chimney-shaft passes and a fire-place with hearth is to be provided for in the room above, the timbers are doubled, and two large stone corbels come out from the wall and uphold them—giving another pleasing form for the eye. There are many other things in the design and decoration of this house that we might take a hint from in this country. Among others, the disposition that is made of the outside blinds or shutters, strikes us as very happy. They are not allowed to swing around against the wall, not only because they thus have an ugly effect, but because they are unhandy to close; the window frame is set in the wall (which is nearly two feet thick) deep enough to give the blind, made in two leaves, room to swing back against the jamb. This, of course, takes off from the depth of the jamb inside, but its convenience and artistic effect more than make up for this loss.

One is curious about the interior decorations. The hall is wainscoted with oak, and the walls painted stone color, raised by strips of red. The drawing-room is surrounded by a paneling painted white, with hangings of painted cloth. The ceiling, with its timbers, is covered with tints, raised with black and white strips. In the bay-window is placed a divan of chintz. The dining-room is surrounded by an oak paneling and hangings of painted cloth. The chamber of the mistress of the house is hung in chintz, with a simple brown stylobate or base.

All this description of the house is really put in the form of a story. There are characters, and incidents, and dialogue, and everywhere the inevitable French sprightliness and grace. Mr. Towle, the translator, seems to have done his part of the work well, as the printers and binders certainly have done theirs.

"The French Humorists." *

AT a time when men in this country have taken sides more or less with either Germany or France in the duel whose first victory lies with Germany, it is well to be reminded of the merits of the vanquished, even if it be found in that *gloire* to which Frenchmen sorrowfully point, a glory by no means confined to the battle-field. Too many of us judge sweepingly; it is not seldom one hears bitter denunciations of the whole French nation because in 1870 Louis Napoleon declared war on Germany. Yet, after all, we turn to France for models in literature, painting, and even in music. Hers is one of the two great streams of literature an Anglo-Saxon or an Anglo-American must consider his own. Mr. Walter Besant in these pages continues his papers—one can hardly call them researches—on "Early French Poetry." He gives us a series of graceful essays on the satirists of France from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, ranging from Rutebeuf, the *trouvère*, to Béranger, with the omission of one of the great—Voltaire—on whom we may reasonably expect a separate publication. Indeed, the present book is of necessity somewhat sketchy, as if the author were afraid to trust in the attention of his readers. It appears that most of the articles have been published heretofore in various reviews, and hence exhibit concessions to the modern desire for education at high pressure. Unless the intention be a premeditated one, to force readers to go to the originals, outline writing of this kind is a fault. Mr. Besant is only partly successful; a generous enthusiasm, however, lends fire to all his essays and a real charm to some; notably, the one on Béranger, which shows the essayist possessed of a fine responsiveness to impressions and a good portion of artistic tact. A hearty contempt for priest-rule, not inappropriate to a subject including so many priest-haters, and an occasional stroke at superstitions of every kind appear now and then to render grave the pervading style of slightly caustic humor, which counts for much in the pleasant flavor of the book. We are met with nothing laboriously didactic, nothing pedantic, but are led by the hand of a cheerful guide, who, although he is not entirely free from a little air of patronage toward his authors, does not insist on being an instructor.

To begin with the author nearest our day, the paper on Béranger may be called not only the best offered, but really charming, from the restrained enthusiasm with which Mr. Besant throws himself into sympathy with the *chansonnier*, and one may add, the happy, unhappy nation of which Béranger was the exponent. In regard to his criticism on him, it sounds oddly to read that the one thing missing in Béranger has been discovered in this: "We look to be led, and everywhere we find him following." It is true, enough, that we may miss this in the man, but as to the *chansonnier*, it is difficult to see why any one should look for it, for people do not sing what is new and startling; only when a grievance or a joy is old, incorporated with the people, inborn and vital, does the light song find a root. Therefore a *chansonnier* must always follow, and never lead.

Going back to the Revolution, we have in a series of dramatic periods worthy of Carlyle a sketch of Beaumarchais, the clever and scampish—Beaumarchais, the demi-god of shoddy contractors, the injured creditor of our early Congress, the writer of the "Barbier de Seville," and "Mariage de Figaro." These plays Mr. Besant calls thin; they continue to be read, however, and will so continue, for they were not alone the legitimate outcome of the place and time, but show human nature under certain phases, with a masterly cleverness. Gresset, Regnard, Molière, Boileau, are the stepping-stones offered for our feet as we proceed up stream; La Fontaine, Scarron, Rabelais, these, indeed, are names that no liberal education can ignore. For each we have a warmly appreciative essay with whose conclusions it is not always necessary to agree, but each eminently successful in fixing the attention. Of Rabelais, that mountain of coarseness, it is said, with the greatest truth, that while, on the one hand, his filth is inexcusable on the score of the age or any other reason—on the other, it *does not stick*. Rabelais furnishes the singular example of literature that merits taking up with a tongs, yet whose power of harm is almost nothing, or infinitely small in comparison with many novels in good repute. Mr. Besant, however, condemns him on other grounds, maintaining that he taught Frenchmen to mock at all things. It would seem wiser to say encourage rather than taught, for, like other writers, Rabelais was the tool of his time. He considers that the "Chronique Targantuine," with which Rabelais made his début at Montpellier, was merely a grotesque imitation of the ferocious knight-errant tales in vogue, and written more in despair at failure of a more serious publication than with any definite

* The French Humorists. By Walter Besant, M.A., Christ's Church, Cambridge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

aim. The explanation is a plausible one in view of the hopeless jumble of characters in the "Chronique." Afterward, in the successive books of Pantagruel, he changed his monstrous figures more and more into human shapes, until at the last the Papacy is clearly sketched, almost named. Mr. Besant probably lays too much stress on Rabelais's convent life to account for a peculiarity of his writings. The fact that, with one insignificant exception, no woman has been introduced into his books, has led him to seek the reason in the monastery; but a monk of such license, in so licentious a monkish age, could hardly fail to live as other men and monks. He must have come in contact with women of every grade; it was with greater probability a constitutional defect. *He knew more than any other man of his age*, says Mr. Besant, and tells us how he hated the monks, his brothers, who persecuted any man that dared to study. It is a terrible story minus tragedy, that of Rabelais, and throws a glare of the most lurid kind on a dark age.

The article on the "Roman de la Rose" carries one back to the thirteenth century, to a pair of writers whose enormous poem Chaucer translated in part. The subject is a curious one, and gives a chance for some original views on Jean de Meung and the age he satirized. Chaucer being credited with the English translation, forces one to the consideration of how much we owe to French examples. The reader of Spenser, for instance, works at a great disadvantage among the bewildering allegories, hidden in stanzas of undying beauty, until he reads the poets of the Continent during the five hundred years between Chaucer and Spenser. There he gets the clew to that kind of writing.

Mr. Besant credits all his authors with a peculiar national trait named by Frenchmen themselves, *l'esprit Gaulois*, and not a little admired by themselves. He is an Englishman who is capable of seeing that other nations may possibly possess traits, even admirable traits, that his own country may lack, and in that particular approaches the liberality of many thoughtful Germans, who, as a race of literary men, have been ever ready to accord to nations their due. France has probably never had more sincere admirers than Germans in almost every century; there may be a reaction at present, but it is owing to the fact that the admiration has been overdone. Our present author is a man of convictions if he can afford to stand up and sum his opinion as follows:

"And so my humorists are all alike. Every one, like Montaigne, might serve as a book of 'Hours' for a Ninon de l'Enclos; in the face of every one the light clear eye that brightens for a pretty girl, for a song, for a feast, for spring-time and flowers, for a *bon-mot*, for an *espièglerie*. * * See how kind and tender-hearted they all are; shut your eyes to some of their faults—indeed, I have hidden them as much as I could—and own the virtues of generosity, elasticity, and self-denial. I have carefully abstained from instituting comparisons, but it remains now to claim, in the briefest manner, what may very possibly be disputed, superiority for the French over the English humorists. Rabelais, has, I maintain, a finer wit than Swift; we have no political satire so good as the 'Satyre Ménippée;' we have no early English humor comparable for a moment with that of the *fabliaux*; we have no letter-writer like Voiture; we have no teller of tales like La Fontaine; and, lastly, we have no *chansonnier* like Béranger."

Where to Spend the Winter.*

DR. HOWE'S little book is somewhat too tardy in its appearance to be of value this season to the army of invalids which moves Southward, or Eastward, or Westward, with the advent of the winter. But it sometimes happens that, after the main army has departed, the reserves, who manage to get through with the severities of the three calendar months of winter, are so much demoralized by their sufferings and losses that the thought of March with its boisterousness, and April with its treacherousness, is more than they can stand; and so they too depart to meet the spring half-way on its return, or seek the summer in its perpetual home. To such, the little book which Messrs. Putnam offer in its seductive dress of green will seem, from its somewhat ambitious title, to promise the needful information as to where they ought to go.

It will be a little disappointing, possibly, to discover, at the outset, that all this information which the title promises, is to be looked for in so small a compass. And it presumes a power of unusual condensation on the author's part, or else a somewhat superficial treatment of his subject, that he has been able to bring it all within such narrow limits. We fear the average invalid will hardly accept the first as the true explanation; and we are sure the average critic will be compelled to insist upon the second. Testing the book in those chapters in regard to which experience has given us knowledge, we are disinclined to lean with full and perfect confidence upon this "guide, philosopher, and friend." The book will be useful, as giving at a glance, the various alternatives of travel, and as offering some general suggestions, more or less obvious, as to each of the resorts to which attention is directed. But he would be a very ingenuous patient, indeed, a very confiding and manageable invalid, who should determine on his course merely from the suggestions of this volume.

Moreover, the small inaccuracies of the volume are so numerous that they do not encourage confidence in the author's accuracy in regard to graver matters. When one reads, for example, that the principal resorts of health-seekers in Southern California "extend from Point Conception, * * * down as far as San Francisco"—it is sufficiently puzzling and misleading, and needs a consultation of the map and some added reflection to discover that the author has been so careless as to write San Francisco instead of San Diego. When, again, in the same chapter, he talks about giving preference "to quiet farm-houses" (in the Santa Clara Valley), "where plenty of fresh milk, cream, and butter can be had," the experienced invalid who has been there, and who knows just how frequently and how easily such earthly paradises are accessible in the depths of the California *adobe*, will be apt to smile a wild and melancholy smile. So, again, the old Spanish town of Monterey is recommended, with its destitution of conveniences for comfortable living, while Santa Cruz, with its accessible attractions and conveniences—just across the bay—is not so much as mentioned.

So, again, the chapter devoted to the Sandwich Islands does no sufficient justice to the incomparable climate and the many attractions of that group, in which, before long, a great proportion of American invalids are to find their natural sanitarium. The horrors and perils of the windward side of the Islands scarcely exist, except in Dr. Howe's chapter, while the tonic power of the rushing trade-wind, so fresh and yet so mild, so smooth and yet so full of glorious life, and the delights of the Pa-

* Winter Homes for Invalids. An account of the various localities in Europe and America suitable for consumptives and other invalids during the winter months, with special reference to the climatic variations at each place, and their influence on disease. By Joseph W. Howe, M. D., Author of "Emergencies," "The Breath," etc., etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

cific beach beneath the palms at Waikiki, where, all the year long, one may bathe without the slightest risk or inconvenience, do not seem to be at all appreciated—as, indeed, they cannot be, till one has known them by experience. Moreover, one discovers here the same inaccuracy which we have already indicated in the chapter on Southern California. Mauna Haleakala is not "the largest volcano in the world,"—is, in fact, not a volcano at all, but is simply an extinct crater. It is the largest crater in the world; but to make it "ninety-five miles in circumference" is to leave little room on the Island of Maui for any invalids who might desire to go there. And yet once more, the voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu consumes eight days only (by steamer), and not fourteen; and "the elegant steamers of the Pacific Mail Company" have not, for two years past, been running.

Dr. Howe's book is certainly good enough to be better; and perhaps he will think it worth his while to enlarge and correct it, and so make it supply a want which year by year is increasingly manifest. Of his ability to make an accurate and really valuable work, the present volume, with all its faults, affords sufficient evidence.

A New Theological Treatise.*

THE new theological treatise issued anonymously from the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., will be sure to attract general notice, and, on the whole, will be widely useful. Perhaps no work treating of the same general subject, since Archdeacon Hare's "Mission of the Comforter," has such considerable claim on popular attention. It is preëminently popular in style—evidently the work of some one who has had experience in the art of putting things, and who knows how to secure the attention and instruct the mind of the "average man," whether he be auditor or reader. Of late, the popular books of doctrinal discussion have been mostly in the realm of Christology. That realm has not yet been exhaustively explored, nor is it with any such thought that this author invites to a field in which there has been still less of research and of speculation. But it is safe to say that the present book would not have been written had it not been for the recent literature that has followed in the wake of "Ecce Homo;" and also that the popular interest which that literature has excited, and in part supplied, will be the best preparation for and assurance of the success and usefulness of this essay.

The tone in which the book is written is at once recognized as being nearly the same with that in which the "Ecce Homo" discussion was opened. One discovers immediately the same concessive spirit,—concessive of non-essentials,—tentative, candid, but, after all, essentially the same by which the faith of the Church in all ages has been characterized, only choosing to express itself in new phraseology, and to translate itself so far as possible into the very language of the objector, if so be it may win him by such guile. The merit of the book is in its disuse of hackneyed phrases and words which seem like cant, in its avoidance of ruts in which the wheels of thought move on mechanically, in its modernizing of old truth so that it loses all that look of outgrown antiquity which dry, traditional doctrine so often wears. And the skill by which this newness and originality of method is made to consist with profound reverence and perfect dignity of expression, bespeaks a writer not only most accomplished in his art, but most devout also in the spirit and temper of his mind.

The chapters, which are all of manageable and convenient length, are of very unequal merit. The chapter, for example, on "the conviction work of the Holy Ghost," is not to be compared for thoroughness, or for acuteness and accuracy of spiritual insight, with the closing chapter of Dr. Bushnell's recent volume, "Forgiveness and Law," in which he discusses the same specific theme. On the other hand, the chapter on "The Inspiration of Christ's Biography," is extraordinarily fresh and able; and some of the later chapters of the "affirmative" part of the volume glow with the fervor of profound thought and eloquent expression. The second half of the book, which is controversial in its tone, is somewhat less effective—partly, no doubt, because it deals with criticism, of which the world is growing weary. But altogether the volume is one preëminently readable and likely to be greatly useful, and one which should be, and doubtless will be soon, found in the hands of thoughtful men and women inside and outside of our churches.

Whitney's "Oriental and Linguistic Studies."*

THOUGH it was hardly to be expected that the public would not promptly accept the conditions on which Professor Whitney, in the preface of his former volume, promised a continuation of these "Studies," we cannot forbear expressing our gratification at the evidence thus afforded of the hearty reception with which they have met. Of this second series it is enough to say that the subjects, which are of a different class, are treated in the same admirable manner. About one-half of the papers, mainly those which occupy the first half of the volume, appear in nearly the form in which they were first published; the remainder are new or rewritten. We have first three historical sketches,—of the British rule in India, of China, with an estimate of the character of her people and civilization, and of foreign intercourse with China. These sketches owe so little of their interest to the immediate circumstances which called them forth—the Indian mutiny and the English and French war with China—that we can still point to nothing of moderate compass on these subjects so valuable. Reviews of Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop," and of Cox's "Aryan Mythology," works which have much in common, follow. Müller and Cox, who bear to each other the relation of master and pupil, have treated to a considerable extent the same subject in the same method and spirit. Müller's acknowledged services to the new science of Comparative Mythology, the authority and widespread popularity of his writings, make such criticism as his views here receive the more needful. Dean Alford's "Queen's English" is next, we need not say innocently, made to yield both entertainment and instruction. An article on English orthography sets forth in the clearest manner how indefensible on theoretical grounds, and of how

* The Paraclete: An essay on the personality and ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to current discussions. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* Oriental and Linguistic Studies. Second Series. The East and the West; Religion and Mythology Orthography and Phonology; Hindu Astronomy By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

slight advantage toward preserving the history and etymology of words, is our traditional mode of spelling, and shows that a phonetic spelling, if only the immense difficulties in the way of its introduction shall ever be overcome, will not only effect a vast saving of labor worse than useless, but will also be a positive help to the scientific study of English. Some of the newest of the investigations contained in the volume, and to many they are likely to prove the most interesting, are embodied in the article on the Elements of English Pronunciation. We have here an analysis of the sounds of the language, an account of the mode of their production, of their natural relationships drawn out in orderly sequence, of their relative frequency of occurrence, and of the more important changes through which they have passed, such as only the most skillful phonetist, who is at the same time a master in the science of language, could give us. So in the next article, on the relation of vowel and consonant, Professor Whitney has given a perfectly satisfactory statement, and, so far as we know, he was the first to do this, of precisely what the distinction consists in, and also what constitutes a syllable. In a review of Bell's "Visible Speech," the last in the group of articles on phonology, the merits of the system are acknowledged, but with a somewhat lower estimate of its value than English phonetists are wont to claim for it. In the last two articles, on the Sanskrit accent, and on the lunar zodiac of the Hindus, the Arabs and the Chinese, Professor Whitney addresses himself mainly to the narrower circle of professed orientalists, to whom this restatement of his views on points which he has so ably discussed before will be most acceptable.

"The Scottish Philosophy."*

PRESIDENT MCCOSH'S "History of the Scottish Philosophy" supplies a want which has long been felt by the student of the Speculative Sciences, and furnishes much information which is interesting to the general reader. Being written by a Scotchman, who is also a metaphysician, it is not only a work of love, but it is a work of a master in his line. The term, Scottish Philosophy, is somewhat doubtful and elastic in its signification. It is more usually applied to a particular type of philosophy, viz.: that initiated and formulated by Dr. Thomas Reid, and conceived to have been developed, emended, and perfected by Sir William Hamilton. Though such a philosophy, in the strict sense of the term, does not exist, except in the fancies of ill-informed critics, it is nevertheless true, that a certain mode of conducting speculative and psychological inquiries is common to those who are usually called Scottish Philosophers. These characteristics are enumerated and explained by Dr. McCosh in the beginning of the volume as being inductive in method, using consciousness as the instrument of observation, and accepting principles prior to and independent of experience. It would be an error to conclude that all the philosophers between Hutcheson and Hamilton, who are noticed in this elaborate work, have been distinguished pre-eminently by these features. Not a few are noticed who were Scottish Philosophers in no other sense than that they were born and bred in Scotland. We do not complain, however, that the author has given himself a larger liberty than his title allowed. In so doing, he has made a book of wider and more varied interest, including sketches of many men and incidents which we should not ordinarily look for in a history of metaphysical opinions. Dr. McCosh, though often discursive, is never dull. His zeal in research has brought to light a great variety of matter hitherto inaccessible, not a little of which he has rescued from utter and inevitable oblivion in perishable manuscripts. The volume needs no recommendation of ours to those who are familiar with the writings of the distinguished author. Speculative and psychological criticism our readers will not care to receive. The literary excellences and defects—of construction, diction, and illustration, are such as the other writings of Dr. McCosh have already made familiar to the public.

* The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton. By James McCosh, LL.D., D.D., President of the College of New Jersey. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

"Ten Days in Spain."*

IT is not always possible to make a record of personal adventures and experiences of fascinating interest to the general reader. Miss Kate Field has tried to put into her little book, which bears the above title, enough brightness and vivacity to supply any lack of variety. She has measurably succeeded, and her screed is certainly crisp and witty all the way through. It does not pretend to be sage, nor yet is it descriptive—except by accident. A woman confiding herself to the tender mercies of a hired courier, and embarking on a journey of discovery into a country disturbed by war, affords a spectacle of courage which men might envy. Her adventures, if not thrilling, are sure to be odd, and oddity perfectly describes the haps and mishaps of the fair tourist, as well as the manner of her relation of them. Throughout the book there is a hearty contempt for the conventional way of saying and doing things, which must have come from the same frank disregard of dangers and small troubles which moved the writer to undertake the journey. There are no high and mighty thoughts; but the author is brave enough to tell us all about the small things which were so much to her. We should have been glad to see larger pictures of life in Spain, but what could you expect in ten days?

* Ten Days in Spain. By Kate Field. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines."

A NEW edition of Mary Cowden Clarke's "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines" is welcome, and new editions will continue to be welcome, we believe, for many years to come. This of the Putnams is a pretty book, albeit the type is rather too delicate, and the paper not of an agreeable tone—neither white nor tinted. We seem a long way off from the art of making handsome books, and the pity is, we have deteriorated, for, twenty years ago, much better work was done in this country than is done now. Mrs. Clarke's apologizing for her book—her explanations of why and wherefore, were really not needed; we are sure that whatever the maker of the "Concordance to Shakespeare"—that monumental work, more lasting than brass—chooses to do in her own field will be well done, and will prove its own excuse for being. These stories have pleased many readers, and their charm is not far to seek. The notion is an original one, and it is worked out with much philosophy and knowledge

of human nature. We half suspect the germ of it in Mrs. Clarke's mind to be somebody's title of an imaginary essay "on what Lady Macbeth might have been if her education had not been neglected," though this suggestion was not necessary, since Shakespeare gives hints enough in all his portraits that his people had a past. If Mrs. Clarke has not a creative imagination, she has creative reason, and builds up her structure carefully and earnestly, stone by stone, setting fair windows and pleasant galleries, and doors that open inward to human habitation and outward to nature. Mrs. Clarke has a power of description that reminds us often of George Eliot, and her manner is as grave and collected, as sweet and sincere. She is certainly one of the noble ones in the band of Englishwomen to whom we owe so much—Maria Edgeworth, Mary Lamb, George Eliot, Mrs. Jameson, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, Mary Cowden Clarke—what a bright and wholesome company!

What is Modern Christianity?

It is not a very difficult thing to attribute to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ a spirit which does not, of right, belong to it, and then to denounce it for the inconsistencies of its professors with that assumption, or for its failure to carry into practical effect the spirit so attributed to it. Nor does it need a clever satirist to impose a false and even an impossible method on Christianity, and then to show how such a method has not been realized in fact, and is not and will not be. And yet this is about what has been done by the somewhat famous author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," in the little tract just issued (reprinted in America by W. F. Gill & Co.) under the title "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism." The aim of the tract is to show that modern Christianity falls far short of what Christ (if indeed Christ ever lived and was what he is represented in the gospels) intended his religion to be. Manifestly any honest and fair discussion of such a subject ought to occupy itself, at the outset, with the question, "What did Christ, in fact, intend?" But this question is hardly so much as raised by the author. With a coolness of assumption fairly stupendous, he affirms that "Christianity must either be a human philosophy, designed to make this earth a pleasant place to live in, or else a message from God, bidding men to make this earth as unpleasant to themselves as possible, so as to secure hereafter the joys of heaven." Shutting us up to this meager choice of alternatives, it is easy for the satirist to find victims to impale on one horn or the other of his dilemma. But with a misconception so complete at the outset, it would be useless to hope for intelligent treatment of his subject as he proceeds with his discussion. And of the treatment which we get it is enough for us to say, borrowing the arrogant and didactic tone of the author himself, that if it is intelligent, it is not honest; and if it is honest, it is not intelligent. The glass house through which the author makes his civilized heathen throw such destructive stones, is one that never existed save in his own somewhat uninstructed imagination.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Education of Women.

None of the subjects discussed at the recent meeting of the British Association at Belfast were of greater practical importance than the one introduced to the notice of the Economic Section by Mrs. Grey in her paper on the Science of Education, and supplemented by the address afterward delivered by her at the meeting held under the auspices of the National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes.

The branch which specially concerns us is the extent to which instruction in some or all of the various branches of science should enter into the liberal education of women; and this, again, is but a phase of the more general question as to the mode in which, if at all, the education of girls should differ from that of boys. With regard to the difference which has been established by general custom or prejudice between the ordinary curriculum of the studies of boys and girls, Miss Davies has pointed out with great force, in one of her essays on the "Higher Education of Women," what appear at first sight some glaring inconsistencies and absurdities. To boys who are destined for a mercantile life or a public career, an intimate acquaintance with French and German is now almost indispensable; Latin and Greek are, however, almost universally taught in boys' schools, while the modern languages are considered an essential part of the course of study of a girl, to whom they will be of much less service. A fair knowledge of the elements of physics and chemistry would be of immense advantage to a woman in the management of a household; but these are subjects considered by many to be decidedly unfeminine. Music is the most inexhaustible and harmless recreation for the mind overtasked with the burden of daily cares; but music hardly comes within the scope of a boy's education, at least in this country; while it is almost compulsory on girls, whether they have the talent for it or not, and who have, at all events, abundant other occupation, such as needlework, for their leisure moments. The earliest years of a child's life are almost entirely regulated for good or evil by the mother and her female dependents; but any knowledge of human physiology or hygiene has been till recently almost forbidden to the girl on the score of delicacy. May we not sum up by saying that few men have the leisure, after they arrive at manhood, for pursuing the studies of their youth; while an enormous number of women of the upper and middle classes would be most thankful for a rational substitute for the purposeless vacuity in which they are at present forced to spend a large portion of their time? And yet, in the face of this, it is still the orthodox creed, that the education which any English gentleman gets or can get at a public school or university is too broad or too deep for the mass of women of the same class.

The vision that frightens many from looking with candid and impartial mind at the problem of the

higher education of women is the fear that the educated women will be lifted out of what we are pleased to term her sphere, and rendered unfit for what man considers to be her duties. But the admirers of the uneducated women may take comfort in the assurance given them by Professor Fawcett at the Brighton Meeting of the British Association, that whatever facilities are offered for improving their minds, there will still be left, for many years, an ample supply of those who prefer to remain ignorant and uncultured to satisfy all demands.—["NATURE."]

Deep Sea Sounding.

A GREAT improvement has, within the last two or three years, been devised and practically developed by Sir William Thomson. Instead of using a hempen sounding-line, or a cord of any kind, he uses a single steel wire of the kind manufactured as piano-forte wire. He has devised a new machine for letting down into the sea the wire with its sinker, and for bringing both the wire and the sinker up again when the bottom has been reached. With his apparatus, in its earliest arrangement, and before it had arrived at its present advanced condition of improvement, he sounded in June, 1872, in the Bay of Biscay, in a depth of 2,700 fathoms, or a little more than three miles, and brought up again his sinker of 30 lbs. weight after it had touched the bottom, and with it, also, an abundant specimen of ooze in a suitably arranged tube attached to the lower end of the sinker.

An important feature in his machine consists in a friction-brake arrangement, by which an exactly adjusted resistance can be applied to the drum or pulley which holds the wire coiled around its circumference, and which, on being allowed to revolve, lets the wire run off it down into the sea. The resistance is adjusted so as to be always less than enough to bear up the weight of the lead or iron sinker, together with the weight of the suspended wire, and more than enough to bear up the weight of the wire alone. Thus it results that the arrival of the sinker at the bottom is indicated very exactly on board the ship by the sudden cessation of the revolving motion of the drum from which the wire was unrolling.

Another novel feature of great importance consists in the introduction of an additional hauling-up drum or pulley, arranged to act as an auxiliary to the main drum during the hauling-up process. The auxiliary drum has the wire passed once or twice round its circumference at the time of hauling up, and is turned by men so as to give to the wire, extending from it into the sea, most of the pull requisite for drawing it up out of the sea, and it passes the wire forward to the main drum, there to be rolled in coils, relieved from the severe pull of the wire and sinker hanging in the water. Thus the main drum is saved from being crushed or crumpled by the excessive inward pressure which would result from two or three thousand coils of very tight wire if that drum, unaided, was required to do the whole work of hauling up the wire and sinker.

The wire, though exposed to the sea-water, is preserved against rust by being kept constantly, when out of use, either immersed in, or moistened with, caustic soda. The fact that steel and iron may be preserved from rust by alkali is well known to chemists, and is considered to result from the effect of the alkali in neutralizing the carbonic acid contained in the water, as this carbonic acid appears to be the chief cause of the rusting of steel and iron.—[PROF. JAMES THOMPSON.]

Mortality by Railway Accidents.

IN his address before the Mechanical Section of the British Association, Professor James Thompson discusses the question of improvements in railway engineering. By reference to the reports for the last twenty-seven years, he shows that in the early part of that period about one passenger in five million was killed. Through the period the number steadily diminished, till, in 1873, it was one in eleven million. Among the employés of the roads, however, a very different state of affairs exists, for in the same year, 1873, one out of every 323 employés of the railroads in Great Britain lost his life. The great majority of these accidents occurred at stations and along the lines in the operations of coupling and shunting, or switching the cars from one track to another.

Original Cause of Migration of Birds.

IN discussing the Scandinavian poet's theory of flight, given in "Nature and Science" for the January No., Alfred Newton says: In some cases scarcity of food would seem to be a sufficient cause, and it is undoubtedly the most obvious one that presents itself to our mind. As food grows scarce toward the end of summer in the most northern limits of the range of a species, the individuals affected thereby seek it in other countries. Thus doing, they press upon the haunt of other individuals; these in like manner upon that of yet others, and so on, until the movement which began in the far north is communicated to the individuals occupying the extreme southern range of the species at that season; though, but for such an invasion, these last might be content to stay some time longer in the enjoyment of their existing quarters. When we consider, however, the return movement, at the end of winter, it is doubtful, I think, whether scarcity of food can be assigned as its sole or sufficient cause. But here we feel the want of knowledge. At present we are far too little acquainted with the physical peculiarities of those more equatorial regions, which in winter are crowded with emigrants from the north, to come to any final decision. It seems not too violent an assumption to suppose that though such regions are well fitted for the winter resort of the bird population of the north, they may be deficient in certain necessaries for the nursery; and it seems still less of an assumption to suppose that even if such necessaries are not wanting, yet that the regions in question would not supply food sufficient for both parents and offspring. But another point must not be overlooked. The most sedentary of birds year after year occupy the same quarters in the breeding season. It seems to me, therefore, that among the causes of migration the desire of returning to old haunts must be included.

Flowers and Insects.

EVERY one knows how important flowers are to insects; every one knows that bees and butterflies derive the main part of their nourishment from the honey or pollen of flowers; but comparatively few are aware, on the other hand, how much the flowers themselves are dependent on insects.

Yet it is not much to say, if flowers are very useful to insects, insects, on the other hand, are in many cases absolutely necessary to flowers; that if insects have been in some respects modified and adapted with a view to the acquirement of honey and pollen, flowers, on the other hand, owe their

scent and colors, nay, their very existence in the present form, to insects. Not only have the brilliant colors, the smell, and the honey of flowers been gradually developed under the action of natural selection to encourage the visits of insects, but the very arrangement of the colors, the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size, and position of the petals, are arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to insure the grand object which renders these visits necessary. Thus the lines and bands by which so many flowers are ornamented have reference to the position of the honey; and it may be observed that these honey guides are absent in night-flowers, where they would not show, and would therefore be useless.

The pollen, of course, though very useful to insects, is also essential to the flower itself; but the scent and the honey, at least in their present development, are mainly useful to the plant in securing the visits of insects, and the honey also sometimes in causing the pollen to adhere to the proboscis of the insect. Among other obvious evidences that the beauty of flowers is useful in consequence of its attracting insects, we may adduce those cases in which transference of the pollen is effected in different manners in nearly allied plants, sometimes even in different species belonging to the same genus.

Many flowers close their petals during rain, which is obviously an advantage, since it prevents the honey and pollen from being spoilt or washed away. Every body, however, has observed that even in fine weather certain flowers close at particular hours. This habit of going to sleep is surely very curious. Why should flowers do so?

In animals we can understand it; they are tired and require rest. But why should flowers sleep? Why should some flowers do so and not others? Moreover, different flowers keep different hours. The daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset, whence its name—"day's eye." The dandelion is said to open at seven and close at five. The "John go to bed at noon" opens at four in the morning and closes at noon, and in some parts of the country farmers' boys are said to regulate their dinner time by it.

Now, it is obvious that flowers which are fertilized by night-flying insects would derive no advantage from being open by day; and, on the other hand, that those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. Nay, it would be a disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen by insects which are incapable of fertilizing them. I would venture to suggest, then, that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habits of insects, and it may be observed, also, in support of this, that wind-fertilized flowers never sleep.—[SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.]

Metallic Spectra.

THE ordinary methods of observing these spectra are: 1st. By heating the body in the flame of a Bunsen burner. 2d. To pass the sparks from a Ruhmkorff's machine with a condenser attached, between poles of the metal to be examined. 3d. To pass short electric sparks from the coil *without a condenser*, between a platinum wire and a solution of the chloride of the metal. In employing this method, M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran recommends the use of a short tube to hold the liquid; through the bottom of this the negative pole should pass; the positive pole, either of platinum or iridium, should then be brought within two or three millimeters of the surface of the liquid. Unless the free wire is positive, only the air spectrum will be obtained. In the case of alkaline salts, he states that a fine spectrum is obtained by passing sparks between a fused bead of the salt and a platinum wire heated to redness in a flame.

Of these lines in metallic spectra Mr. Thomas Andrews says: "The frequent reproduction of the comparatively simple spectra of the metals obtained at the low temperature of the gas flame, in elementary works on chemistry, unaccompanied by sufficient explanation, has tended to give rise to partial and even incorrect conceptions of the grandeur and extent of this subject. How many persons believe that the spectrum of sodium consists solely of a pair of fine lines corresponding to the double line, D, of the solar spectrum? How few know that at the high temperature of the electric spark it exhibits three other pairs of well defined lines,—one in the orange, another in the yellow, and another in the green, together with a nebulous band on the confines of the blue? All these may easily be seen by passing the electric spark in a non-luminous flame between a fused bead of sulphate or chloride of sodium and a platinum wire."

Memoranda.

DR. T. MOFFAT, from an examination of the records of the last nineteen years, finds that the maximum of sun spots gives a maximum of ozone in the atmosphere, while a minimum of sun spots gives a minimum of ozone.

Dr. Kosch, of Vienna, has discovered that certain colors may be made fire-proof, and may thus be used for painting on china in any required tone. These colored enamels are prepared so that they may be used like ordinary oil-colors, and consequently combined in every conceivable tint, without being injured by the action of fire.

Success in the indoor cultivation of ivy is almost entirely dependent upon keeping the leaves clean. For this purpose they should be washed with clean water at least once a week.

ETCHINGS.

In Strict Confidence.

DEAR NELLIE:

I turn to you, love, in my trouble;
I know I ought not, but I *must* speak or die!
I've found out at last that all bliss is a bubble—
Don't think, though, with *Jack* there is aught gone awry:
Our house is superb, and dear Jack is just splendid,
The baby's the sweetest that ever you saw;
I think that my home would be Heaven descended
To Earth, were it not for—my mother-in-law.

Of course, I set out with a view to adore her—
Jack's *mother*, you know!—I threw open my heart,
And daily in humblest salams bent before her.
To win her affection, I tried every art.
I credited her with all good in creation,
I shut my eyes tight and would *not* see a flaw;
But now, spite of all, to my own consternation,
I find myself hating my mother-in-law.

If I wish for a thing, she'll advise the contrary,
She waylays my orders for dinner and tea,
She worries the nurse-maid, and nags cook and Mary;
Criticises my friends, and politely snubs me.
She tries to control all my household expenses;
She'd keep every key, if she could, in her claw;
With strictures she drives me half out of my senses—
I wonder if Job had a mother-in-law?

And Jack, if he knew it, of course would be worried;
But men are so stupid; and I'll never tell!
He wonders, I know, why I often seem flurried,
Yet to speak would be useless I know very well—
In some things no bat than a man can be blinder—
He'd not understand, but just answer, "Oh, pshaw!
She doesn't half mean it. Go on and don't mind her—"
Just fancy "not minding" my mother-in-law!

If I dance at a party, "Such conduct's improper;"
If I smile at a partner, there's straightway a scene;
If I buy a new dress, she counts up every copper,
And sighs "Such extravagance never was seen!"
She manages always with such a sly knack, too,
She makes folks believe she's a saint without flaw.
I half wish I were dead, Nell—and baby and Jack too—
In Heaven one *can't* have a mother-in-law!

She ruled her own household; why can't she permit me
To govern in turn in my own now as well?
If you've any advice (there, it's post time!) remit me
The same. Adieu, darling!
As ever, yours,
BELLE.

P. S.—Of all wives, Nellie dear, my surmise is,
Mother Eve was the luckiest the world ever saw:
Though they lost an estate in a certain "Fall Crisis,"
She and Adam had never a mother-in-law!
A. W.

THE difficulty of defining an offense in the eye of the law is well illustrated by the following anecdote, which is related of a mayor of Folkestone, Eng., who bore the nickname of old Steady Baker. A boy was brought before him for stealing gooseberries. Baker turned over "Burn's Justice," but not not being able to find the article he wanted in the book, which is alphabetically arranged, he lifted up his spectacles, and addressed the culprit thus: "My lad, it's very lucky for you that, instead of stealing goooseberries, you are not brought here for stealing a goose; there's a statute against stealing geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in all 'Burn;' so let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offense."

A MAN may know many things, and yet be very ignorant as regards fish. An instance of this ichthyological fact was a learned doctor, a fellow of Eton, who once ordered one of his ponds to be cleared out. A great number of carp, tench, eels, etc., were taken in the course of the operation. He was at dinner with some friends who had been viewing the work, when a servant came in to inform him that in draining off the water the men had found a chalybeate. "Have they, indeed?" cried he, with much interest. "I am very glad to hear it. Tell them to put it along with the other fish at present."

THE number of misquotations that are extant in our daily reading is much greater than the ordinary reader would suppose, and the most notable instances are from the most famous authors. Shakespeare and Milton, for example, are perpetually mangled. The last line of "Lycidas" is seldom quoted as Milton wrote it, *i. e.*:

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

The most amusing Shakespearean misquotations are derived from the stage, and when not made on purpose, are generally traceable to the stupidity of supernumeraries. Such a one is the line from "Richard the Third":

"My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass,"

which the person who delivers it is warned to bear carefully in mind, and which, bearing in mind his warning, he is apt to read:

"My lord, stand back, and let the parson cough."

The imprecation of "Lear," containing the lines:

"That she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

was once turned to worse than nonsense by a great tragedian when he was tearing his passion to tatters:

"That she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
To have a toothless child!"

An eccentric actor, whose mania took the form of new readings, maintained that Horatio was really Hamlet's father, and justified himself in the scene in which Hamlet moralizes over the skull of Yorick, by saying:

"And smelt so, Pa."

W. GORDON STAPLES, M. D., C. M., R. N., has a book on cats, in which he tells how you can teach tricks to any intelligent pussy. There, for instance, is the common trick of jumping through your arms. Begin, he says, by holding the arms low between your legs; then hold them on one side and make her jump either way; raise your arms higher and higher, till, standing erect, you form a large P, and puss springs through the bend of it; and finally she may be taught to leap over your head—if you are not too tall.

You can, with patience, teach her to go through a hoop—even covered with thin tissue paper (at first, this must be oiled, so as to be nearly transparent), or you can dip your hoop in methylated

spirits of wine, and she will go through all the same.

Many wonderful stories of cat sagacity are told by the learned Surgeon—stories both pathetic and amusing. The Doctor once, as he tells us, drowned a favorite animal rather than leave it with people who would not take good care of it. There's devotion for you!

He tells about one pussy who knew certain days in the week. A shopkeeper had a Tom tabby which he kept night and day in his shop, to keep off mice and rats. On Saturdays, Tom was allowed to accompany his master home, a distance of nearly a mile, and to remain at home until the following Monday. Pussy got used to this; and as the shop was always kept open until ten o'clock on Saturdays, Tom regularly left the place and went home three hours before his master. On Monday morning, he was always ready to go back with him again. When he grew older, he tired of night duty. So, to avoid this, he would leave the shop when his master made signs of putting up the shutters. He would wait a convenient distance till his master came, but finding that he was always caught and carried back, he took to leaving the shop an hour before closing time. His master used to overtake him half-way home, but never could lay hands on him.

Here are some more of Mr. Staples's stories: The door of a bird's cage having been by accident left open, the pet canary flew out, and at once made for the outside door, which happened to be open. The cat, however, immediately gave chase, and captured the bird in the lobby. Instead of making a dish of Dickie, Tom at once returned and placed the frightened bird at his mistress's feet.

A cat that lived in an out-house was seen one day to take deliberately a portion of her dinner and place it in front of a mouse-hole in a corner. She then retired to a distance and set herself to watch. Not many minutes after, a fine, plump mouse came out, gave one look around, and, seeing nothing suspicious, commenced to eat the crumbs; while the mouse was thus pleasantly engaged, pussy made the fatal spring.

At the end of the volume is an index of names and addresses of authorities; and the author says that his anecdotes are sample anecdotes, and nothing would give him greater pain than that the reader should have an idea that his cats are exceptional cats. He distinctly avers that "no cat mentioned in this book has either done or suffered any thing which any other cat in the kingdom cannot do or suffer."

THE Festival of the Asses, which has been for long ages observed in Verona, grew out of the following circumstances:

According to the legend, the young ass on which our Saviour entered Jerusalem was set at liberty immediately after, and, profiting by his opportunity, took to traveling in Palestine, from whence he made the tour of Egypt, visiting every place of interest or note, and nobody appears to have caught him! Crossing the Mediterranean dry-shod, without the aid of any ship or bark whatsoever, he went to Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, Malta, and Sicily; he then walked up the Adriatic to Venice, which city, by the way, was not then in existence; but he seems not to have liked the little island, for soon he passed on to Verona, where he fixed his residence, and where he died at a very ripe age. The pious and hospitable Veronese placed his remains in a reliquary of the same shape, and they kept it in the church dedicated to "Saint Mary of the Organs;" every year this interesting and valuable donkey was carried in solemn procession through the town of Verona; at the present date, the Festival of the Asses has become a mere name.

The Genoese were fortunate enough to obtain the tail of the above-mentioned ass, and they kept it with great piety in the Church of Saint Dominick, which stood where the Theater Carlo Felice was afterward built.

In the city of Constance, on the lake of the same name, among the relics may be seen the spider swallowed by Saint Conrad, when taking the wine at mass,—the spider seems to have made good his claim to mummification by making his exit from the thigh of the saint, without having done any harm during his residence within!

Two lambs belonging to Saint Francis of Assisi distinguished themselves immensely by pious acts; one of them went early to wake a lady whom he afterward conducted to mass, and the other lamb attended mass every day, remaining on his knees during the entire service!

In the curious legend of Saint Julian encountering a deer in a wood, there is a trace of the Eastern belief in transmigration. The saint went hunting deer in a forest, when suddenly the animal he was following stood at bay and spoke thus: "Do not kill me, for, in so doing, thou wouldst kill thine ancestors."

Saint Roch, or Roque, is always portrayed with a dog in close company, to commemorate the story, that, being struck down by the Plague when far from all human aid in a wood, he was discovered by this dog, who brought him food every day till he was entirely restored to health.

The crab of Saint Francis Xavier has been rendered more notorious by some curious old frescoes in Sienna, than by the printed histories which relate that the saint, being desirous to calm a sudden squall, reached his hand out beyond the bulwark of the ship, intending to show the crucifix in his hand to the waves, but his hold relaxed and the crucifix fell into the sea, whereupon, a "saintly crab," as the legend calls him, hastened after the vessel, politely offering the recovered crucifix to Saint Francis, and the fresco shows this courtly crustacean holding up the recovered treasure in his claw.

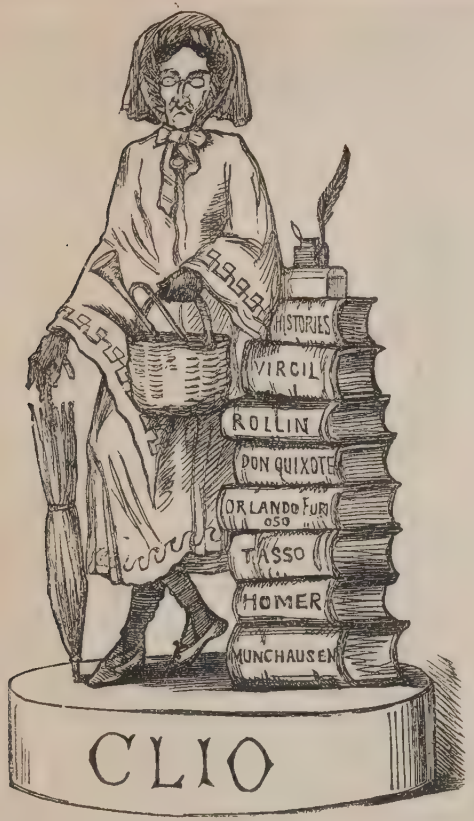
The Cock of Saint Peter is said to have been carried into Spain by the Apostle James; feathers were sold at great prices to the pilgrims who visited Compostella. The poet Southey gives the story with some unimportant variations in his humorous "Pilgrimage to Compostella." The name of that city is said to be merely a corrupted pronunciation of "Sanctus Jacobus Apostolus."

Pencil Sketches by Thackeray.*

A VOLUME of "Thackerayana," recently published in England, has for its principal attraction a number of sketches made by Thackeray, on the fly-leaves and pages of his books. Here we have Thackeray, the artist, quite at home.

Thackeray, the poet, is sometimes at home here, also; as for instance in one of his class-books,

* Thackerayana; Notes and Anecdotes, Illustrated by nearly six hundred Sketches. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Depicting Humorous Incidents in his School Life, and Favorite Scenes and Characters in the Books of his Every-Day Reading. London: Chatto & Windus; Imported by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.



"Thucydides," with his autograph, "Charter House, 1827," where are scribbled the following juvenile verses:—

"Love's like a mutton-chop,
Soon it grows cold;
All its attractions hop
Ere it grows old.
Love's like the colic, sure,
Both painful to endure;
Brandy's for both a cure,
So I've been told.

"When for some fair the swain
Burns with desire,
In Hymen's fatal chain
Eager to try her,
He weds as soon as he can,
And jumps—unhappy man—
Out of the frying-pan
Into the fire."

The off-hand pencil sketches are very characteristic: they show the same want of artistic feeling,

the same lack of appreciation of the beautiful—the same sense of prettiness, facile touch, clever and

unique characterization, and good humor, which are evident in his other published drawings. When we turn these leaves we find again the witty and genial limner whose work we know so well, and have learned so well to love; and our only regret

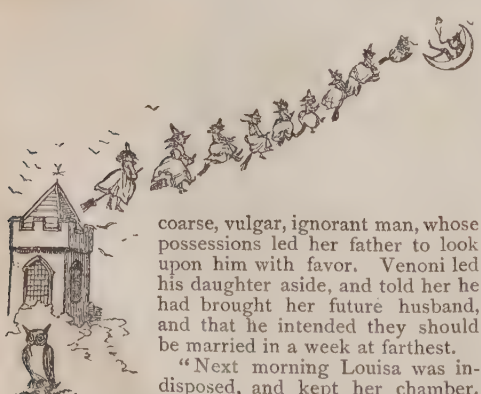
is that the pen as well as the pencil is not Thackeray's; that we have not some new "Vanity Fair," or "The Rose and the Ring."

There are many young persons who will gaze with unbounded satisfaction upon the lady that Thackeray made to figure as a Historic Muse, in his frontispiece to Vol. I. of Rollin. His illustrations of this author are numerous. Here, for instance, is a striking portrait of Scipio Africanus, and here is Hannibal, in the very act of melting the Alps.

In the domain of Magic and Astrology the artist is equally felicitous. M. Maury's work on "La Magie et l'Astrologie dans l'Antiquité et au Moyen Age," naturally suggested the accompanying flight from the earth to the moon, and the impressive scene with the exorcists.

For the sake of the picture we quote from "The Mirror" part of a story referring to the English Sir Edward, who tumbled from his horse, in Piedmont, and was carried to the residence of one Venoni, with whose daughter Louisa the noble lord fell in love:

"The disclosure of Sir Edward's passion was also interrupted by the untoward arrival of Louisa's parent, accompanied with one of their neighbors, a



coarse, vulgar, ignorant man, whose possessions led her father to look upon him with favor. Venoni led his daughter aside, and told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

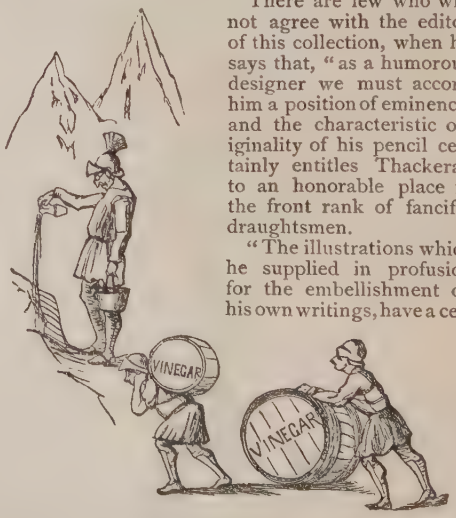
"Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but before his departure he took up his violin and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

"In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground and burst into tears. She

turned and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor, and when he took her hand he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. * * *

"Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first as pale as death, then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. 'Oh, Sir Edward!' she said, 'what—what would you have me do?' He eagerly seized her hand and led her reluctant to the carriage. They entered it, and, driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the forsaken Venoni."

The sketcher is no respecter of persons, as may be seen by his treatment of such distinguished individuals as the Pope, W. M. Thackeray, and Cupid.



There are few who will not agree with the editor of this collection, when he says that, "as a humorous designer we must accord him a position of eminence, and the characteristic originality of his pencil certainly entitles Thackeray to an honorable place in the front rank of fanciful draughtsmen.

"The illustrations which he supplied in profusion for the embellishment of his own writings, have a certain happy harmony with the thread of the story, which probably no other hand could have contributed. In the field of design, especially of the grotesque order, his imagination was singularly fertile, and the little figures with which he loved to appositely point the texts of his week-day sermons and moralities, strike forcibly by their ingenuity and felicitous application."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX. MARCH, 1875. NO. 5.

THE VIOLIN OF MESSIRE ANDREAS.

THE Messire Andreas—good old man!—
Made violins on the ancient plan.
By such a rule and by such a chart
He gauged and fashioned every part,
Until, to those who went and came,
His work, monotonously the same,
Failed of its favor, as the eye
Wearies of dull, unchanging sky;
And cleverer craftsmen stole away
The hearts of his patrons day by day.

For Messire Andreas—patient soul!—
Perceiving a part, had lacked the whole.
He tuned and tempered well enough
To smooth and subtile from gross and rough,
But never yet his heart, aflame,
Had burned with hope of a deathless fame.

And, strangely now, all ears were dead;
And, strangely now, the critics said:
"No genius is wedded to daily bread."
They pointed the finger and tossed the head:
"Stainer and Klotz have nothing to dread;
And by Straduarius, old Guarnerius,
The four Amati and Ruggierius,
This poor fool had better be led.
If he were wise," said they, "he would find
Our modern workmen are left behind:
If he were wise he would not dare
To meddle—but let him make a chair,
A table, a bed—not vie with those
Who carried their art to its very close.
Fiddles, perhaps, by the twenty score,
But *violins* will be seen no more!"

Quietly thus, from day to day,
His craft and gain were dropping away;
And gilded lords and ladies fine
Drank of the opera's airy wine,
Or flashed and reveled in jest and song—
While over the heads of the hollow throng,
Marvelous music of other men
Floated and leaped and laughed, as when
The glad sun wakens a woodland glen.
No richer rapture was ever trilled
By bird in the bush—no air was thrilled
With sweeter ripple and rounder note
From the joy of some singer's mellow throat:
And he whose magical skill expressed
Those wonderful longings of the breast—
The first of the first, and the best of the best—
Living afar from all that throng,
Kept his sympathies pure and strong.

At length old Andreas came to see
Him who controlled this mystery—
A dark face lit by fiery eyes,
Like Satan peering at Paradise;
A hand whose tremulous fingers, still
Unfaltering, aided the cunning will,
And a soul which quivered through and through,
With grass-blades bending to drops of dew,
With branches which swung to the stormy stroke,
With the lark which sang when the morn awoke,
With the brook's low murmur, the night-wind's moans,
Or the diapason of thunder tones.

From the burning eyes he caught their fire,
From the Master's heart he caught its ire,
By the strange wild nature his was stirred;
He trembled, and, as when a bird,
Enchanted by the basilisk's glow,
Under the greenwood hovers low,
His soul to the violinist's bow
So rose and fell, most loth to go.

And then he took from a secret store
A piece—most precious—of sycamore,
Whereon harmonious sun-rays fell
Long years ago in a silent dell,
And over its fibers breezes sweet
Swept to make concord more complete,
And under the mild Italian sky
The peasants caroled in passing by.
No knot nor wrench the eye might trace—
No warp or fissure in any place,
To mar its fitness or spoil its grace:
This should the back of the fabric be.

For the sides he chose an aspen tree,
Stripped of its bark while standing free,
And gathering into its splendid white

Electric strength from the Northern Light.
So sensitive, quick and moved aright
To every touch, and melted through
With blue of the sky and ocean's blue.

Then, searching further, he got him pine,
Dug from that most melodious mine,
An organ's heart, where symphonies
Wandered like some Arcadian breeze;
Or where the grandeur of music grew
Till pulsing particles, throbbing true,
Sent from above and beneath the same
Strong, tender praise to the Holy Name.

And then, with love, and hope, and care,
He fashioned the instrument here and there,—
A life's best thought, a spirit's prayer.

For the bridge a harp most quaintly stood,
And a lady's head in carven wood,
Smiled on the strings! Each turning-pin
Such precious ebony as 'twere sin
To grant to a common violin.
And Messire Andreas bent his soul
To the curves and bends of the perfect bowl,
And the open-work of each sounding-hole.
He watched the birds who sang all day,
With swelling breasts and throats in play,
On the elm-tree branches across the way,
To find that mold which best could know
To reinforce the flickering bow.
He sought the wreathings of the snow;
The clouds, wind-wasted, torn and rent;
The waves on long sea-reaches spent:
And he held to his ear the shell's white tent,
To catch the curves of the instrument—
Whose shape, beyond a thought of doubt,
Should throw the notes with gladness out.

He searched the cities all about;
He looked each Straduarius through,
He noted the varnish and marked the glue.
Guarnerius taught him nothing new;
Amatus gave him joy and pride;
But, after these, were none beside,
To know the art or the fame divide.

And thus his single work of skill,
With marvelous handicraft and will
Intense, came nearer to fulfill
Its master's deep desire, for he
Had gained the clew to the mystery.
But not in varnish and not in those
Myriad points which some suppose;
He found it rather in sobs and throes,
In gladness deeper than words disclose,
That binding of soul to soul, wherein
The maker is blent with the violin.

But the Master's eyes were dimming now,
And the frosty winter on his brow,
Was shedding the crystal flakes which fall
From the wan, white Death which is over all.
Darker his brow than the Alpine night,
For never had there met his sight
That best of instruments, fit to bear
His soaring art to the highest air;
And him, adoring the Cremonese,
Scarcely Guarnerius chanced to please.
He loved him well, but felt him weak,
At the subtile crisis when souls should speak;
He loved him well, but yet he drew
More from Guarnerius than he knew,
And, ceasing there, no more could do.

To him the Messire Andreas came,
Unknown by face, unpraised by name,
With ashen cheek but with heart aflame—
A weak old man, who, sad and bent,
Bare that most perfect instrument.

The Master seized it, scanned it well,
And touched a string, as though to tell
Its merit by a magic spell.
Then, grasping bow, at once there sprang
A music forth whose chords outrang,
In sighing sweetness or martial clang,
In fervent praising or prayerful pang,
The loftiest notes Guarnerius sang.

"Set me the price!" the Master said;
But Messire Andreas bowed his head.
"I only 'ask," he made reply,
"To have my honor before I die—
I only ask that men shall see
How sadly they have mistaken me."

* * * * *

Crowds upon crowds are pressing in
With eager swiftness and cheerful din
To hear the Master's violin—
That dark Cremona, loved and known
Next to himself, his very own,
So sweet in temper, so rich in tone.
But see! the Master comes again,
And the pattering hands like a burst of rain,
Which dashes upon the window pane,
Welcome him back with fierce delight:
This is his noblest triumph-night.
And now a hush—like a dropping pall—
For everywhere, in seat and stall,
They stare aghast as the Master stands,
With another instrument in his hands.

The ivory bridge, the ebony pins
Mark it among all violins,
And fluttering ribbons of azure float
From the carven lady's beautiful throat.

No sound is heard.—In air the bow
Sweeps o'er the human sea below,
Like the staff of Moses o'er Pharaoh.

And then the waves of music dash
With sudden, and swift, and terrible crash
From strings above, from strings below,
Wherever the flying fingers go,
In shouts of triumph and sobs of woe,
While far, far off, amid the din,
Creeps up the song of the violin.
Now faint, now firmer, now soft, now strong,
The tones of the melody steal along,
And rising higher and higher yet—
Like a singer scaling a parapet—
Above the clamor, and shout, and call,
The song of the singer conquers all!

Ah me! the throb of the hearts which spoke
To each swift pulsation, each wondrous stroke.
Ah me! the lovely eyes which wept
At the cadences which the Master kept!
Ah me! the silence, deep, profound,
Which followed after the latest sound—
And then the thunders, pealing in,
Gave victory to the violin.

Like surges over Pharaoh's host,
Closing with cries of the rocky coast,
And the voices of maidens on the shore
Praising the One who went before;

So, when the Master, standing still,
Kisses the wood—for a sudden thrill
Bursts in a storm of wild applause,
And the triumph follows the moment's pause.

Bowing low as he leaves their sight,
Tumult pursues him with its might;
And lord or lady, or serf or sage,
Peasant or prince, or peer or page,
Penniless youth, or prosperous age,
It matters not in their glorious rage.
For the walls re-echo fair and well
The popular heart in its highest swell
Where lately, clear as a chiming bell,
The marvelous sounds on their senses fell.

They may not, they will not, be denied,
Clamoring on unpacified—
And now the Master stands once more,
But where, so lonely, he stood before,
Another comes through the open door;
An old, old man with silver hair,
And a shabby jerkin unfit to wear,
In the face of the splendor waiting there.

But what for this does the Master care!
"'Tis Messire Andreas, friends, 'tis he
Who made this beautiful gift for me!"

Ah, then what roses, clustering rare,
What snowy lilies, what violets fair,
What visions of beauty were flying there,
And filling with flashes the fragrant air!
Ah, then what diamonds shot their light,
From wrist and finger across the sight,
As the kerchiefs waved on left and right,
To the men who had climbed the highest height.

No time for speech, no time for prayer,
Has Messire Andreas gotten there.—
A gasp, a gurgle, a cry of alarm,
And his head sinks low on the Master's arm.

They thought him fainting, but he drew
A single breath, and then there flew
A fearful whisper through the throng.
A moment more—it was not long—
And then the man who sang no song,
Lay in his last and peaceful rest,
His lips to the clustering roses pressed.

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

(THIRD PAPER.)

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL.

THE walls were now more than a mile in height. Stand on the south steps of the Treasury Building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Park, measure the distance with your eye, and imagine cliffs extending to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean. Or, stand at Canal Street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; stand at Lake Street Bridge in Chicago and look down to the Union Dépôt, and you have it again.

A thousand feet of this is up through granite crags, then slopes and perpendicular cliffs rise one above the other to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above, and crags and angular projections on walls which, cut in many places by side cañons, seem to be a vast wilderness of rocks. Down through these gloomy depths we glided, always listening; for the mad waters kept up their roar; always watching and peering ahead—for the narrow cañon was winding and the river was closed so that we could see but a few hundred yards, and what might be below we knew not. We strained our ears for warning of the falls and watched for rocks, or stopped now and then in the bay of a recess to admire the gigantic scenery; and ever as we went, there was some new pinnacle or tower, some crag or peak, some distant view of the upper plateau, some deep, narrow side cañon, or some strangely shaped rock. On we went, through this solemn, mysterious way. The river was very deep, the cañon very narrow and still obstructed, so that there was no steady flow of the stream, but the waters wheeled, and rolled, and boiled, and we were scarcely able to determine where we could go with greatest safety. Now the boat was carried to the right, perhaps close to the wall, again she was shot into the stream and dragged over to the other side, where, caught in a whirlpool, she spun about like a chip. We could neither land nor run as we pleased; the boats were entirely unmanageable; now one, now another was ahead, each crew looking after its own safety.

We came to another rapid; two of the boats ran it perforce; one succeeded in landing, but there was no foothold by which to make a portage, and she was pushed out again into the stream; the next minute a

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

great reflex wave filled the open compartment; she was water-logged, and drifted at the mercy of the waters. Breaker after breaker rolled over her, and one tossed her deck downward. The men were thrown out, but they clung to the boat, and she drifted down alongside of us, and we were able to catch her. She was soon bailed out and the men were aboard once more, but the oars were lost; their place being supplied by a pair from the "Emma Dean."

Clouds were playing in the cañon that day. Sometimes they rolled down in great masses, filling the gorge with gloom; sometimes they hung above from wall to wall, covering the cañon with a roof of impending storm, and we could peer long distances up and down this cañon corridor, with its cloud roof overhead, its walls of black granite, and its river bright with the sheen of broken waters. Then a gust of wind would sweep down a side gulch and make a rift in the clouds, revealing the blue heavens, and a stream of sunlight poured in. Again the clouds drifted away into the distance and hung around crags and peaks, and pinnacles, and towers, and walls, covering them with a mantle that lifted from time to time and set them all in sharp relief. Then baby clouds crept out of side cañons, glided around points, and crept back again into more distant gorges. Other clouds stretched in strata across the cañon, with intervening vista views to cliffs and rocks beyond.

Then the rain came down. Little rills were formed rapidly above; these soon grew into brooks, and the brooks into creeks, which tumbled over the walls in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. When the rain ceased, the rills, brooks, and creeks ran dry. The waters that fall during the rain on these steep rocks are gathered at once into the river; they could scarcely be poured in more suddenly if some vast spout ran from the clouds to the stream itself. When a storm bursts over the cañon a side gulch is a dangerous place, for a sudden flood may come, and the inpouring water raise the river so as to drown the rocks before your very eyes.

On the 16th of August we were compelled to stop once more and dry our rations and make oars.

The Colorado is never a clear stream, and, owing to the rains which had been falling for three or four days, and the floods which were poured over the walls, bringing down great quantities of mud, it was now exceedingly turbid. A little affluent entered opposite our camp—a clear, beautiful creek, or river, as it would be termed in the Western country, where streams are not so abundant. We had named one stream, above, in honor of the great chief of the bad angels, and as this was a beautiful contrast to that, we concluded to name it "Bright Angel River."

In a little gulch just above the creek, I discovered the ruins of two or three old houses, which were originally of stone laid in mortar. Only the foundations were left, but irregular blocks, of which the houses were constructed, were scattered about. In one room I found an old mealing stone, deeply worn, as if it had been much used. A great deal of pottery was strewn about, and old trails were seen, which, in some places, were deeply worn into the rock. It was ever a source of wonder to us why these ancient people sought such inaccessible places for their homes. They were doubtless an agricultural race, but there were no lands here of any considerable extent which they could have cultivated. To the west of Oraiby, one of the towns in the Province of Tusayan, in northern Arizona, the inhabitants have actually built little terraces along the face of the cliff, where a spring gushes out, and there made their site for gardens. It is possible that the ancient inhabitants of this place made their agricultural lands in the same way. But why should they seek such spots? Surely the country was not so crowded with population as to demand the utilization of a region like this. The only solution which suggests itself is this: We know that for a century or two after the settlement of Mexico, many expeditions were sent into the country now comprised in Arizona and New Mexico, for the purpose of bringing the town-building people under the dominion of the Spanish Government. Many of their villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants fled to regions at that time unknown, and there are traditions among the people who now inhabit the pueblos which still remain, that the cañons were these unknown lands. It may be that these buildings were erected at that time. Sure it is that they had a much more modern appearance than the ruins scattered over Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. These old Spanish conquerors had a monstrous greed for gold, and a wonderful lust for saving souls. Treasure they must have, if not on earth, why, then in heaven; and when they failed to find heathen temples bedecked with silver they propitiated heaven

THE GRAND CANON, AT THE FOOT OF TO-RÓ-WEAP, LOOKING WEST.

by seizing the heathens themselves. There is yet extant a copy of a record made by a heathen artist to express his conception of the demands of the conquerors. In one part of the picture we have a lake, and near by stands a priest pouring water on the head of a native. On the other side a poor Indian has a cord about his throat. Lines run from these two groups to a central figure, a man with a beard and full Spanish panoply. The interpretation of the picture writing is this: "Be baptized as this saved heathen, or be hanged as that damned heathen." Doubtless some of these people preferred a third alternative, and rather than be baptized or hanged, they chose to be imprisoned within these cañon walls.

Our rations were rapidly spoiling, the bacon being so badly injured that we were compelled to throw it away, and our saleratus had been lost overboard. We had now plenty of coffee, but only musty flour sufficient for ten days, and a few dried apples. We must make all haste possible. If we met with difficulties as we had done in the cañon above, we should be compelled to

give up the expedition and try to reach the Mormon settlements to the north. Our hopes were that the worst places were passed, but our barometers were so badly injured as to be useless, so we had lost our reckoning in altitude, and knew not how much descent the river had yet to make.

It rained from time to time, sometimes all day, and we were thoroughly drenched and chilled, but between showers the sun shone with great power, and the mercury stood at 115°, so that we had rapid changes from great extremes, which were very disagreeable. It was especially cold in the rain at night. The little canvas we had was rotten and useless; the rubber ponchos, with which we started from Green River City, were all lost; more than half the party were without hats, and not one of us had an entire suit of clothes, nor had we a blanket apiece. So we gathered drift-wood and built fires, but the rain came down in torrents and extinguished them, and we sat up all night on the rocks shivering. We were, indeed, much more exhausted by the night's discomfort than by the day's toil.

So difficult were the portages on August 18th that we advanced but two miles in this work. I climbed up the granite to its summit and went back over the rust-colored sandstones and greenish-yellow shales to the foot of the marble wall. I climbed so high that the men and boats were lost in the black depths below, and the river was but a rippling brook, and still there was more cañon above than below.

I pushed on to an angle where I hoped to get a view of the country beyond, to see, if possible, what the prospect was of our soon running through this plateau, or, at least, of meeting with some geological change that would let us out of the granite; but, arriving at the point, I could see below only a labyrinth of deep gorges.

MU-AV CAÑON, LOOKING WEST.

After dinner, in running a rapid, the pioneer boat was upset by a wave. We were some distance in advance of the larger boats; the river was rough and swift and we were unable to land; so we clung to the

boat and were carried down stream over another rapid. The men in the boats above saw our trouble, but were caught in whirlpools, and went spinning about so in the eddies that it seemed a long time before they came to our relief. At last they came. The boat was turned right side up and bailed out, the oars, which, fortunately, had floated along in company with us, were gathered up, and on we went without even landing.

On the 20th, the characteristics of the cañon changed; the river was broader, the walls were sloping, and composed of black slates that stood on edge. These nearly vertical slates are washed out in places; that is, the softer beds are washed out between the harder, which are left standing. In this way curious little alcoves are formed, in which are quiet bays of water, but on a much smaller scale than the great bays and buttresses of Marble Cañon. The river was still rapid, and we stopped to let down with lines several times, but made greater progress, running ten miles.

On a terrace of trap we discovered another group of ruins. Evidently, there was once quite a village here. Again we found mealing-stones and much broken pottery, and upon a little natural shelf in the rock, back of the ruins, we found a globular basket that would hold perhaps a third of a bushel. It was badly broken, and, as I attempted to take it up, it fell to pieces. There were many beautiful flint chips scattered about, as if this had been the home of an old arrow-maker.

GRAND CAÑON, FROM TO-RÓ-WEAP, LOOKING EAST.

The next day, in nearing a curve, we heard a mad roar, and down we were carried with a dizzying velocity to the head of another rapid. On either side, high over our heads, there were overhanging granite walls, and the sharp bends cut off our view. A few moments and we should be carried into unknown waters. Away we went on a long, winding chute. I stood on deck, supporting myself with a strap fastened on either side to the gunwale, and the boat glided rapidly where the water was smooth. Striking a wave, she leaped and bounded like a thing of life, and we had a wild ride for ten miles, which we made in less than one hour. The excitement was so great that we forgot the danger until we heard the roar of a great fall below, when we backed on our oars, and were carried slowly toward its head, and succeeded in landing just above. We found we could make a portage, and at this we were engaged for some hours.

Just here we ran out of the granite. Good cheer returned; we forgot the storms and the gloom, and the cloud-covered cañons, and the raging of the river, and pushed our boats from shore in great glee.

The next day we came to rapids again, over which we were compelled to make a

portage. While the men were thus employed I climbed the wall on the north-east to a height of about 2,500 feet, where I could obtain a good view of a long stretch of cañon below. Its course was to the south-west. The walls seemed to rise very abruptly for 2,500 or 3,000 feet, and then there was a gentle sloping terrace on each side for two or three miles, and then cliffs rising from 1,500 to 2,500 feet. From the brink of these the plateau stretches back to the north and south for a long distance. Away down the cañon on the right wall I could see a group of mountains, some of which appeared to stand on the brink of the cañon. The effect of the terrace was to give the appearance of a narrow, winding valley with high walls on either side, and a deep, dark, meandering gorge down its middle. It was impossible from this point of view to determine whether there was granite at the bottom or not; but from geological considerations I concluded we should have marble walls below, and this proved to be the case, except that here and there we passed through patches of granite, like hills thrust up into the limestone. At one of these places we made another portage, and, taking advantage of this delay, I went up a little stream to the north, wading all the way, sometimes having to plunge in to my neck, and in other places to swim across little basins that had been excavated at the foot of the walls. Along its course were many cascades and springs gushing out from the rocks on either side. Sometimes a cottonwood tree grew over the water. I came to one beautiful fall of more than a hundred and fifty feet, and climbed around it to the right on broken rocks. As I proceeded the cañon narrowed very much, being but fifteen or twenty feet wide, the walls rising on either side many hundreds of feet—perhaps thousands.

MARBLE PINNACLE IN KANAB CAÑON.

In some places the stream had not excavated its channel vertically through the rocks, but had cut obliquely, so that one wall overhung the other. In other places it was cut vertically above and obliquely below, or obliquely above and vertically below, so that it was impossible to see out overhead. But I could go no farther. The

time which I estimated it would take to make the portage had now almost expired, so I started back on a round trot, wading in the creek and plunging through basins, and finding the men waiting for me.

Farther on we passed a stream which leaped into the Colorado by a direct fall of more than a hundred feet, forming a beautiful cascade. There was a bed of very hard rock above, thirty or forty feet in thickness, and there were much softer beds below. The harder beds above project many yards beyond the softer, which are washed out, forming a deep cave behind the fall, and the stream poured through a narrow crevice above into a deep pool below. Around on the rocks, in the cave-like chamber, were set beautiful ferns with delicate fronds and enameled stalks; the little frondlets had their points turned down to form spore-cases. It had much the appearance of the maiden-hair fern, but was larger. This delicate foliage covered the rocks all about the fountain and gave the chamber great beauty.

It was curious to see how anxious we were to make up our reckoning every time we stopped, now that our diet was confined to plenty of coffee, a very little spoiled flour, and a very few dried apples. It had come to be a race for a dinner. On the 23d, we ran twenty-two miles, and on the 24th, twenty miles. Such fine progress put all hands in good cheer, but not a moment of daylight was lost, and on the 25th, though we were retarded by a portage, we made thirty-five miles.

During this last day we passed monuments of lava standing in the river, mostly low rocks, but some of them shafts more than a hundred feet high. Three or four miles farther down these increased in number. Great quantities of cooled lava and many cinder-cones were seen on either side, and then we came to an abrupt cataract. Just over the fall on the right wall a cinder-cone, or extinct volcano with a well-defined crater, stands on the very brink of the cañon. From the volcano vast floods of lava have been poured down into the river, and a stream of the molten rock has run up three or four miles, and down we knew not how far. Just where it poured over the cañon wall is the fall. The whole north side as far as we could see was lined with black basalt, and high up on the opposite wall were patches of the same material resting on the benches and filling old alcoves and caves, giving to the wall a spotted appearance.

The rocks are broken in two along a line which here crosses the river, and the beds which we had traced coming down the cañon for thirty miles have dropped 800 feet on the lower side of the line, forming what geologists call a fault.

The volcanic cone stands directly over the fissure thus formed. On the side of the river opposite, mammoth springs burst out of this crevice one or two hundred feet above the river, pouring in a stream quite equal to the Colorado Chiquito. This stream seemed to be loaded with carbonate of lime, and the water flowing away leaves an incrustation on the rocks, and this process has been continued for a long time, for extensive deposits are noticed in which are basins with bubbling springs. The water is salt.

As we floated along I was able to observe the wonderful phenomena relating to this flood of lava. The cañon was doubtless filled to a height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, perhaps by more than one flood. This would dam the water back, and in cutting through this great lava-bed a new channel has been formed, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. The cooled lava, being of firmer texture than the rocks of which the walls are composed, in some places remains; in others a narrow channel has been cut, leaving a line of basalt on either side. It is possible that the lava cooled faster on the sides against the walls, and that the center ran out; but this is only conjecture. There are other places where almost the whole of the lava is gone, only patches of it being seen where it has caught on the walls. As we proceeded we could see that it ran out into side cañons. In some places this basalt has a fine columnar structure, often in concentric prisms, and masses of these columns have coalesced. In places, when the flow occurred, the cañon was probably at about the same depth as it is now, for we could see where the basalt rolled out on the sand, and what seemed curious to me, the sands were not metamorphosed to any appreciable extent. At places the bed of the river is of sandstone or limestone, in others of lava, showing that it has all been cut out again where the sandstone and limestone appear, but there is a little yet left where the bed is of lava.

What a conflict of water and fire there must have been here! Imagine a river of molten rock running down into a river of melted snow!

Up to this time, since leaving the Colorado Chiquito, we had seen no evidence that

the Indians inhabiting the plateaus on either side ever approached the river, but one morning we discovered an Indian garden at the foot of the wall on the right, just where a little stream, with a narrow flood-plain, came down through a side cañon. Along the valley the Indians had planted corn, using the water which burst out in springs at the foot of the cliffs for irrigation. The corn was looking quite well, though not sufficiently advanced to give us roasting ears; but there were some nice green squashes. We carried ten or a dozen of these on board our boats, and hurriedly left, not willing to be caught in the robbery. We excused ourselves on the plea of our great want. We ran down a short distance to where we felt certain no Indians could follow, and what a kettle of squash sauce we made! True, we had no salt with which to season it, but it made a fine addition to our unleavened bread and coffee. Never was fruit so sweet to us as those stolen squashes.

SIDE GULCH IN GRAND CAÑON.

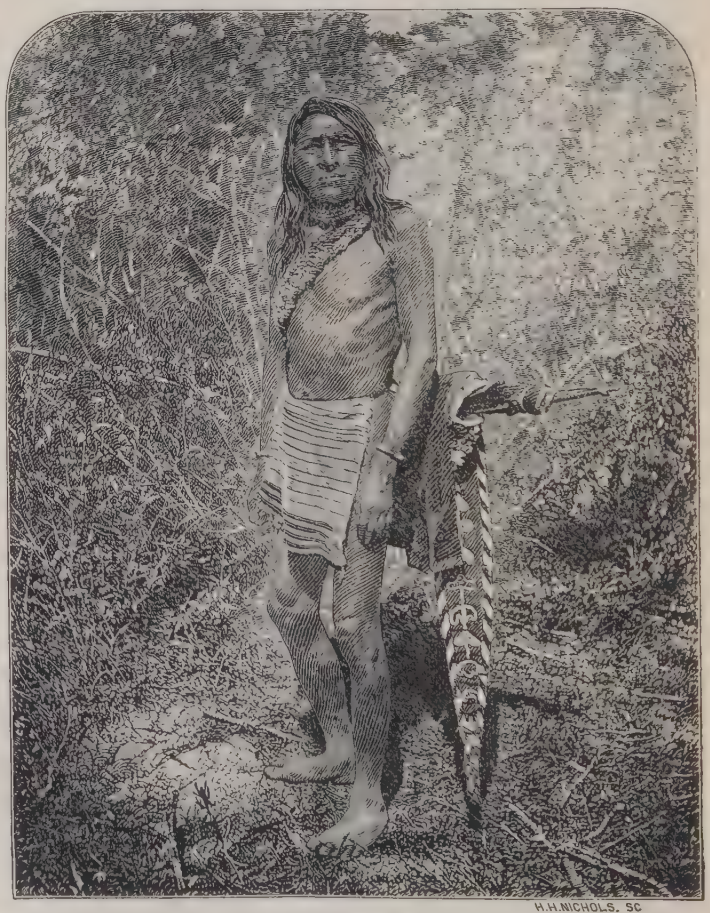
At night we found, on making up our reckoning, that we had again run thirty-five miles during the day. What a supper we made — unleavened bread, green squash sauce, and strong coffee! We had been for a day or two on half rations, but now we had no stint of roast squash. A few more days like this and we should be out of prison.

On the 27th the river took a more southerly direction. The dip of the rocks was to the north, and we were rapidly running into the lower formation. Unless our course changed we should very soon run again into the granite,—which gave us some anxiety. Now and then the river turned to the west, and gave birth to hopes that were soon destroyed

by another turn to the south. About nine o'clock we came to the dreaded rock. It was with no little misgiving that we saw the river enter those black, hard walls. At the very entrance we were compelled to make a portage, after which we had to let down with lines past some ugly rocks.

At eleven o'clock we came to a place in the river which seemed much worse than any we had met in all its course. A little creek came down from the right, and another, just opposite, from the left. We landed first on the right, and clambered up over the granite pinnacles for a mile or two, but could see no way by which we could let down, and to run it would be sure destruction. Then we crossed to examine it on the left. High above the river we could walk along on the top of the granite, which was broken off at the edge and set with crags and pinnacles, so that it was very difficult to get a view of the river at all. In my eagerness to reach a point where I could see the roaring fall below, I went too far on the wall, and could neither advance nor retreat, and stood with one foot on a little projecting rock and clung, with my hand fixed in a little crevice. Finding I was caught here, suspended four hundred feet above the river, into which I should fall if my footing failed, I called for help. The men came and passed me a line, but I could not let go the rock long enough to take hold of it; then they brought two or three of the longest oars. All this took time, which seemed very precious to me. But at last the blade of one of the oars was pushed into a little crevice in the rock beyond me in such a manner that they could hold me pressed against the wall. Then another was fixed in such a way that I could step on it, and I was rescued.

The whole afternoon was spent in examining the river below by clambering among the crags and pinnacles. We found that the lateral stream had washed bowlders into the river so as to form a dam, over which the river made a broken fall of eighteen or twenty feet; then there was a rapid, beset with rocks for two or three hundred yards, while on the sides points of the wall projected into the river. There was a second fall below, how great we could not tell, and below that a rapid filled with huge rocks for two or three hundred yards. At the bottom of this, from the right wall, a great rock projected half-way across the river. It had a sloping surface extending up stream, and the water, coming down with all the momentum gained in the falls and rapids above, rolled up this inclined plane many feet and tumbled over to the left.



OUR MESSENGER.

I decided that it would be possible to let down over the first fall, then run near the right cliff to a point just above the second, where we could pull out into a little chute, and, having run over that in safety, to pull with all our power across the stream to avoid the great rock below. On my return to the boats, I announced to the men that we were to run it the next morning.

After supper Captain Howland asked to have a talk with me. We walked up a little creek a short distance, and I soon found that his object was to remonstrate against my determination to proceed; he thought we had better abandon the river here. I learned that his brother, William Dunn and himself had determined to go no farther in the boats. We returned to camp, but nothing was said to the other men.

During the two days previous our course had not been plotted, so I sat down and did this for the purpose of finding where we were by dead reckoning. It was a clear night, and I took out the sextant to make observations for latitude, and found that the astronomic determination agreed very nearly with that of the plot—quite as closely as might be expected from a meridian observation on a planet. I concluded we must be about forty-five miles in a direct line from the mouth of the Rio Virgen. If we could reach that point, we knew there were settlements up that river about twenty miles. This forty-five miles in a direct line would probably be eighty or ninety in the meandering line of the river. But then we knew that there was a comparatively open country for many miles above the mouth of the Virgen, which was our point of destination.

As soon as I determined all this I spread my plot on the sand and awoke Howland, who was sleeping down by the river, and showed him where I supposed we were, and where several Mormon settlements were situated. We had another short talk about the morrow, and he lay down again.

But for me there was no sleep; all night long I paced up and down a little path on a few yards of sand beach along the river. Was it wise to go on? I went to the boats again to look at our rations. I felt satisfied we could get over the danger immediately before us; what there might be below I knew not. From our outlook on the cliffs the cañon seemed to make another great bend to the south, and this, from our previous experience, meant more and higher granite walls. I was not sure we could climb the walls of the cañon here, and I knew enough of the country to be certain, when at the top of the wall, that it was a desert of rocks and sand between this and the nearest Mormon settlement, which on the most direct line must have been seventy-five miles away. True, I believed that the late rains were favorable to us, should we go out; for the probabilities were that we should find water still standing in holes. At one time I almost made up my mind to leave the river. But for years I had been contemplating this trip. To leave the exploration unfinished,—to say there was a part of this cañon which we could not explore, having already almost accomplished the undertaking,—I could not reconcile myself to this.

OUR MESSENGER'S BOY.

Then I awoke my brother and told him of Howland's determination. He, at least, promised to stay with me. Next I called up Hawkins, the cook, and he made a like promise; then Sumner, Bradley, and Hall, and they all agreed to go on.

At last daylight came and we had breakfast, without a word being said about the future. The meal was as solemn as a funeral. After breakfast I asked the three men if they still thought it best to leave us. The elder Howland thought it was, and Dunn agreed with him; the younger Howland tried to persuade them to go on with the party, failing in which, he decided to go with his brother.

Then we crossed the river. The small boat was very much disabled and unseaworthy. With the loss of hands consequent on the departure of the three men we should not be able to run all the boats, so I decided to leave the "Emma Dean." Two rifles and a shot-gun were given to the men who were going out. I asked them to help themselves to the rations and take what they thought to be a fair share. This they refused to do, saying they had no fear but that they could get something to eat; but Billy, the cook, had a pan of biscuits prepared for dinner, and these he left on a rock.

Before starting we took our barometers, fossils, minerals, and some ammunition, and left them on the rocks. We were going over this place as light as possible. The three men helped us lift our boats over a rock twenty-five or thirty feet high, and let them down again over the first falls. Just before leaving I wrote a letter to my wife and gave it to Howland. Sumner gave him his watch, directing that it be sent to his sister, should he not be heard from again.

The records of the expedition had been kept in duplicate, and one set of these was given to Howland; and now we were ready to start. For the last time they entreated us not to go on, and told us that to go on was madness; that we could never get through safely; that the river turned again to the south into the granite, and a few miles of such rapids and falls would exhaust our entire stock of rations, when it would be too late to climb out. It was rather a solemn parting and some tears were shed, for each party thought the other was taking the dangerous course.

My old boat having been deserted, I went on board "The Maid of the Cañon." The three men climbed a crag that overhung the river, to watch us off. The "Maid" pushed out, we glided rapidly along the foot of the wall, just grazing one great rock, pulled out a little into the chute of the second fall, and plunged over it. The open compartment was filled when we struck the first wave below, but we cut through it, and then the men pulled with all their power toward the left wall and swung clear of the dangerous rock below.

We were scarcely a minute in running it, and found that, although it looked bad from above, we had passed many places that were worse. The other boat followed without more difficulty.

We landed at the first practicable point below, fired our guns as a signal to the men above that we had gone over in safety, and remained a couple of hours, hoping they would take the smaller boat and follow us. We were behind a curve in the cañon and could not see up to where we left them. As they did not come we pushed on again. Until noon we had a succession of rapids and falls, all of which we ran in safety.

Just after dinner we came to another bad place. A little stream came in from the left, and below there was a fall, and still below another fall. Above, the river tumbled down over and among the rocks in whirlpools and great waves, and the waters were white with foam. We ran along the left, above this, and soon saw that we could not get down on that side, but it seemed possible to let down on the other, so we pulled up stream for two or three hundred yards and crossed. There was a bed of basalt on this northern side of the cañon, with a bold escarpment that seemed to be a hundred feet high. We could climb it and walk along its summit to a point where we were just at the head of the fall. Here the basalt seemed to be broken down again, and I directed the men to take a line to the top of the cliff and let the boats down along the wall. One man remained in the boat to keep her clear of the rocks and prevent her line from being caught on the projecting angles. I climbed the cliff and passed along to a point just over the fall, and descended by broken rocks, and found that the break of the fall was above the break of the wall, so that we could not land, and that still below the river was very bad, and there was no possibility of a portage. Without waiting farther to examine and determine what should be done, I hastened back to the top of the cliff to stop the boats from coming down. When I arrived I found the men had let one of them down to the head of

the fall; she was in swift water and they were not able to pull her back, nor were they able to go on with the line, as it was not long enough to reach the higher part of the cliff which was just before them; so they took a bight around a crag, and I sent two men back for the other line. The boat was in very swift water, and Bradley was standing in the open compartment holding out his oar to prevent her from striking against the foot of the cliffs. Now she shot out into the stream and up as far as the line would permit, and then wheeling, drove headlong against the rock; then out and back again, now straining on the line, now striking against the cliff. As soon as the second line was brought we passed it down to him, but his attention was all taken up with his own situation, and he did not see what we were doing. I stood on a projecting rock waving my hat to gain his attention, for my voice was drowned by the roaring of the falls, when just at that moment I saw him take his knife from its sheath and step forward to cut the line. He had evidently decided that it was better to go over with his boat as it was, than to wait for her to be broken to pieces. As he leaned over, the boat sheered again into the stream, the stern-post broke away, and she was loose. With perfect composure Bradley seized the great scull oar, placed it in the stern row-lock, and pulled with all his power—and he was a strong fellow—to turn the bow of the boat down stream, for he wished to go bow down rather than to drift broadside on. One, two strokes were made, a third just as she went over, and the boat was fairly turned; she went down almost beyond our sight, though we were more than a hundred feet above the river. Then she came up again on a great wave, and down and up, then around behind some great rocks, and was lost in the tumultuous foam below.

We stood speechless with fear; we saw no boat; Bradley was gone. But now, away below, we saw something coming out of the waves. It was evidently a boat; a moment more and we saw Bradley standing on deck swinging his hat to show that he was all right. But he was in a whirlpool. The stern-post of his boat remained attached to the line which was in our possession. How badly she was disabled we knew not. I directed Sumner and Powell to run along the cliff and see if they could reach him from below. Rhodes, Hall, and myself ran to the other boat, jumped aboard, pushed out, and away we went over the falls. A wave rolled over us and our craft became unmanageable; another great wave struck us, the boat rolled over, and tumbled, and tossed, I know not how. All I know is, that Bradley was soon picking us up. Before long we had all right again, and rowed to the cliff and waited until Sumner and Powell came up. After a difficult climb they reached us, when we ran two or three miles farther, and turned again to the north-west, continuing until night, when we ran out of the granite once more.

At twelve o'clock on August 29th we emerged from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and entered a valley from which low mountains were seen coming to the river below. We recognized this as the Grand Wash.

A few years before, a party of Mormons taking with them a boat, set out from St. George in Utah, and came down to the mouth of the Grand Wash, where they divided, a portion of the party crossing the river to explore the San Francisco Mountains. Three men, Hamblin, Miller, and Crosby, taking the boat, went on down the river to Colville, landing a few miles below the mouth of the Rio Virgen. We had their manuscript journal with us, so we knew the stream well enough.

At night we camped on the left bank in a mesquite thicket. The sense of relief from danger and the joy of success were great. When he who has been chained by wounds to a hospital cot until his canvas tent seems like a dungeon, and the groans of those who lie about him are an increasing torture—when such a prisoner at last goes out into the open field, what a world he sees! How beautiful the sky, how bright the sunshine, what "floods of delicious music" pour from the throats of the birds, how sweet the fragrance of earth, and tree, and blossom! The first hour of convalescent freedom seems rich recompense for all the pain, the gloom and the terror.

Something like this was the feeling we experienced that night. Ever before us had been an unknown danger heavier than any immediate peril. Every waking hour passed in the Grand Cañon had been one of toil. We had watched with deep solicitude the steady disappearance of our scant supply of rations, and from time to time when we were hungry had seen the river snatch a portion of the little left. Danger and toil were endured in those gloomy depths where often the clouds hid the sky by day, and but a narrow zone of stars

could be seen at night. Only during the few hours of deep sleep consequent on hard labor had the roar of the mad waters been hushed; now the danger was over, the toil had ceased, the gloom had disappeared, and the firmament was bounded only by the wide horizon.

The river rolled by in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp was sweet, our joy was almost ecstasy. We sat till long after midnight talking of the Grand Cañon, of home, and, more than all, of the three men who had left us. Were they wandering in those depths, unable to find a way out? Were they searching over the desert lands above for water? Or were they nearing the settlements with the same feeling of relief that we ourselves experienced?

We ran through two or three short, low cañons the next day, and on emerging from one, discovered a band of Indians in the valley below. They saw us and scampered away to hide among the rocks. Although we stopped and called for them to return, not an Indian could be seen.

Two or three miles farther down, in turning a short bend in the river, we came upon another camp. So near were we before they could see us that I could shout to them, and being able to speak a little of their language, I told them we were friends. But they all fled to the rocks except a man, a woman, and two children. We stopped and talked with them. They were without lodges, but had built little shelters of boughs, under which they wallowed in the sand. The man's only garment was a hat, the woman's a string of beads. At first they were evidently much terrified, but when I talked to them in their own language, told them we were friends, and inquired after people in the Mormon towns, they were soon reassured, and begged for tobacco. Of this precious article we had none to spare. Sumner looked in the boat for something to give them, and found a little piece of colored soap, which they received as a valuable present; rather, however, as a thing of beauty than of use. They were either unwilling or unable to tell us anything about other Indians or white people, so we pushed off, for we had no time to lose.

OUR MESSENGER'S WIFE.

Soon after dinner one of the men exclaimed: "Yonder's an Indian in the river!" Looking for a few minutes, we certainly did see two or three figures. The men bent to their oars and pulled toward them. Approaching, we saw three white men and an Indian hauling a seine. We were at the mouth of the long-sought river!

As we came near, the men seemed far less surprised to see us than we were to see them. They evidently knew who we were, and on talking with them they told us that we had been reported lost long ago, and

that some months before a messenger had been sent from Salt Lake City with instructions for them to watch for any fragments or relics of our party that might drift down the stream.

Our new-found friends, Mr. Asa and his two sons, told me they were the pioneers of a town that was to be built on the bank.

Eighteen or twenty miles up the valley of the Rio Virgen there were two Mormon towns, St. Joseph and St. Thomas, and we dispatched an Indian to the latter place to bring any letters that might be there for us.

Our arrival here was very opportune in consideration of the state of our supplies. We had only about ten pounds of flour, and fifteen pounds of dried apples, though there was still left seventy or eighty pounds of coffee.

The next afternoon the Indian returned with a letter informing us that Bishop Leithead, of St. Thomas, and two or three other Mormons were coming down with a wagon of supplies for us. They arrived about sundown. Mr. Asa treated us with great kindness. Bishop Leithead brought in his wagon two or three dozen melons and many other little luxuries, and we were comfortable once more.

The next morning, September 1st, Sumner, Bradley, Hawkins, and Hall, taking on a small supply of rations, started down the Colorado with the boats. It was their intention to go to Fort Mojave, and, perhaps, from thence overland to Los Angelos. Captain Powell and myself returned with Bishop Leithead to St. Thomas, and proceeded thence to Salt Lake City.

The exploration of the Great Cañon of the Colorado was accomplished.

The fate of the men who left us will be told in another chapter.

HOW THE OPERA OF "DANTE" WAS WRITTEN.

"You would like to know how I did it?" said the Lion, carelessly repeating the question just asked by a heavy-looking young man sitting opposite to him.

It was in the smoking-room at the Club *des Orientaux*. Every chime suspended above the city had long since struck midnight. Earlier in the evening we had assisted at an ovation given to the composer on the fiftieth representation of his opera, and afterward a party of us carried him off to supper, but that was now over; the rooms were becoming deserted, and we were nearly alone.

"Dante" was the last new surprise in that city of sensations. It had been repeated every night during the winter, and would continue to be repeated for many winters to come. It was more than a sensation; it was a success; a work for the future as well as for the present, that would always fill a house, and add to the triumph of a prima donna. The critics said it was a great production, and the vulgar sanctioned their dictum,—proof that it possessed that union of nature and art which is so rarely attained, but which, when attained, is imperishable.

For fifty nights the same strains swaying through the air, met the ears of delighted listeners; fifty nights the soprano had lived, sighed, loved, and died; fifty nights the disappointed, forlorn, and banished tenor had miraculously regained his equanimity in time to pick up the bouquets that fell after the dropping of the curtain; the chorus automatically carried in its opinion at the wing, and, having delivered it with commendable moderation, duly retired; the orchestra gave with great exactness the part assigned it, from the overture to the grand finale, and the applause went up in the proper places. Still the theater was crowded; still the people sat entranced; for the mighty sorcerer Genius had once more visited our earth, and used the music for his voice.

The man through whom this marvel had been accomplished, the blest of the gods, the teacher of men, was he whom I call the Lion; not from any thing suggestive in his appearance, but because, since that night some two months ago, all the town had been ringing with his name, all tongues had combined to praise him. The boys in the street whistled his airs, fair ladies in their boudoirs quarreled over his souvenirs, fops envied him his manner, and men his talent; and beside having the offspring of his brain received with universal favor, he was personally beloved and fêted as no one ever was before, or can be again.

There he sat, using that wonderful right hand to take his cigar from his lips, to lift his glass, and perform those thousand little acts that common people may naturally do without remark. That hand, which the spirit had condescended to guide, was just now grasping the long neck of a bottle of Chambertin and tilting its contents over the thin edge of his rose-colored glass. Was it any wonder that Guy Westcott, seeing him lounging there, every motion as indolent as an African's, with scarcely will or energy enough to blow away the smoke that curled above his head—was it any wonder that even Guy's thick brain should be penetrated with astonishment, and that he should ejaculate:

"By Jove, I should like to know how you ever did it!"

Then the Lion repeated the words with that royal indifference so peculiarly his own, without troubling himself to take his cigarette from his mouth, and with as little animation as a snail on its way to a funeral; but, after a moment, a sudden smile lit up his face, and he added:

"I will tell you."

Immediately a circle of curious listeners gathered about him, as, settling himself more comfortably, and letting the lids drop over his eyes, until only a sparkle was now and then visible, he drawled out:

"The first thing to be done is to get suitable paper. After taking it to your room, draw up the easiest chair you possess—this is a pretty good one I am in just now; choose a pen, a gold one is best for such purposes; fill your inkstand—one that a lady friend has given you, of a design that may be inspiring—Cupid, or something sentimental; arrange all these on your table, take a seat, and begin. The title is the beginning, as I suppose you know. A good name is much; I may say it is every thing; it pleases the manager, and draws the public. On my life, mine cost me at least ten minutes hard study, but I finally accomplished it. After that, it is plain sailing; crowd on canvas until you think you have gone far enough, then separate the score into five parts, and write *Atto primo*, *Atto secondo*, etc., above the several divisions. It is necessary to understand a little Italian, you know. Another fellow, who is expected to have brains, invents the libretto for you, and some poor devil will make a clean copy of the whole for a slight compensation, and the thing is done. Thank you for another cigarette, this is out."

"Did not think it was so easy," observed Guy, stolidly, at the same time handing him the desired article. "But it must be a trouble to learn that same 'little Italian.'"

"Not a bit; you can pick the few words you need out of a dictionary, such as *scena*, *aria*, *coro*, and *strofe*. As I told you, another man composes the story. Pshaw! these things are badly rolled. I believe I have some paper in my pocket," and, taking from thence a small case, he tore out a leaf and commenced making another cigarette.

"Nothing like being behind the scenes," said Westcott, in the tone of a man who had made a discovery.

"Just so," heartily agreed the Lion. "Why don't you try it yourself? It is very good sport, and one of its best results is, that you drink no end of wine and eat no end of dinners at other people's expense. Besides, you are not obliged to go and listen to your own music. It is etiquette to be there the first night as an example to the public, like a mother tasting medicine for an unwilling child to convince him it is not too bad to swallow; but after that you can stay away without offending any one."

In this manner he usually turned off any allusion to what was, or what had been, his intellectual life. A jest or a laugh, followed by some more self-indulgent care, as if rose-leaves could scarcely afford him a soft enough resting-place, and ambrosia itself might offend his fastidious palate. Yet the most censorious forgot to object, there seemed to be such a natural fitness in his life, his easy persiflage, and his assured success, that, as with the coming of the rightful heir to his own, no one thought of questioning his title to do as he pleased.

That night, as he rose to leave the room, I followed him. The moon was full and shed its soft brightness alike over all the city; yet some parts lay in shadow, for barriers raised by human hands obstructed the access of its rays. So do blessings often fail to reach us through the wall of circumstances with which we have surrounded our lives.

"I am going to walk," he said to me, as we stepped from the door-way. "Will you come?"

"Certainly," I replied, glad of the invitation.

With his head bent down, and his arms folded behind him, he sauntered on, turning southward to the old city of narrow streets, where tall houses almost shut out the sky, on and on, without a word or any change

of position but that made by the slow, swinging footstep. I respected his silence as I kept by his side; in fact, to me it was not silence, but rather one of the moods of a great man, and far more eloquent than that half good-natured, half-sarcastic badinage in which he indulged when in society. I felt that he was taking me into his confidence by permitting me to be with him in his present humor.

We threaded the dark streets until we came to where the river lies fretting in monotonous ripples against its chain of quays, flashing red under the lamps, or white under the moon. Here he sat down on the parapet and began slowly dropping pebbles into the stream below, thoughtfully listening to each as it fell, marking with an absorbed air the brief sparkle of the wavelets, the querulous murmur of the current, or the breeze that ran in warning gusts through the chestnut-trees in a garden across the street. By and by he spoke.

"I shall write another opera; the scene, I think, shall be laid in Venice, or somewhere by the sea, and the end of the hero shall be beneath the waves. You see what a fascination the voice of water has for me. I am studying its tones. On such a night as this, what a coaxing, bewitching sound it has. Yes, I shall write a water-opera, or drown myself. I have not yet decided which. In the meanwhile, I come here to listen."

There was quite an interval of silence, when he resumed:

"This same restlessness, this same miserable dejection was upon me before I commenced my 'Dante.' I did not then know what it meant, but now that I do know, I rebel, and doubt whether I shall end it all by dropping myself into the river here on such a night as this, or write another success."

"Write another success!" exclaimed I with ardor.

"What inducement would I have? Not riches; I put myself into a condition in which I cannot use wealth. Not ease; it is the very quintessence of labor. Not fame; it is entire forgetfulness of self. Not pleasure; it is a waking nightmare. When I was your age I should have spoken as you do, but I have tried it, and a burnt child dreads the fire. You had better take care of yourself, or, if I am not mistaken, you will have the same experience."

"You are quizzing me," laughed I, "as you did the fat viscount at the club a while ago; it is hardly fair."

He smiled and shrugged his shoulder at the recollection, then said:

"No, I am not. You have the faculty of appreciation—a faculty which stands next to invention, but a happier gift. If you take my advice, you will never try to go beyond it. Yet why should I tell you that! who can control the fit if it is once upon him! I never thought of being a composer. I studied my music as a boy might study any task, and I shirked it too as often as possible. My father kept me at the dry husks, the orthography and grammar, if I may use such terms; and I learned to write perforce, as a child writes a letter when all the heads are dictated. Then my father died and I was left alone, inheriting only a violin and a light heart.

"Having but little, I determined to set out on my travels—to look up the good things of the world and enjoy them. In this I succeeded perhaps better than most voyagers. My equipage caused me no trouble, and my purse no anxiety. I feared neither thieves nor brigands. Hotel-keepers never overcharged nor did porters deceive, so that I saw only the better side of my fellowmen; and, as I already told you, in addition to my light baggage I carried a light heart.

"Thus I wandered about, now here now there. Many thought me good for nothing, and all thought me idle. I had rather a bad name in the orchestras where I played the violin, usually one of the second, for I never remained long enough in a situation for promotion, and I would not have stayed at all, but sometimes I was obliged to do so, for, as you are aware, clothes will not grow on one's back, even though the rains do water it, and a man cannot always pick up food by the roadside.

"At last chance led me to Florence. I shall not attempt to describe to you the effect the old city had upon me. I had been idle before, now I did absolutely nothing; doubtless in that consisted the charm of the place. I had a small room in an attic, but was seldom in it. I was abroad in the streets, the fields or woods, fully occupied with the mere fact of living and listening. I did not seek employment; it was impossible for me to work. Whenever necessity drove me to it I wrote some trifling song, waltz, or air of little worth, and consequently of little profit; but that little was enough, for my wants were few, and my amusements were not costly.

The instruction of my father had been

complete. I knew the science of music well, and had been milled thoroughly in harmony and counterpoint, which rendered this an easy way of supplying my needs.

"The summer passed in a world of sounds which I then discovered—a world of which no figure of speech can give a just idea. We have two or three meager words to express the singing of the mighty chorus of the winds; the same, with a few additions, to represent the many cadences of water. Others describe a storm; a scanty vocabulary does duty for the multifarious consonance and dissonance produced by the daily avocations of men: the fall of their footsteps; the noise of their hammers; the confusion of their voices; their agony or joy; their pleasure or pain, and their children at play; that is all the attention the speech of the world pays to the sounds of the world. But music gathers them all, and out of them forms another language as perfect, as expressive as that of speech, only, like any unfamiliar tongue, it cannot be comprehended at once. This is what I learned in the course of that idle summer. Think of the delight of existence, when every hour brings a new surprise, a new revelation. Each day I found myself capable of understanding more. What at first was but a confused jargon, gradually took the form of phrases and meanings, and my ears eagerly drew in the secrets of nature. For a time I was satisfied with acquiring this knowledge, and my first idea of reproducing it occurred by accident.

"One evening I returned to my room after a day of rapture spent in the country, and felt myself very hungry. I had not a soldo in my pocket with which to buy any thing. It was nothing unusual for me to go to bed supperless, and after the charm of novelty comes the facility of habit; so I prepared to accept the circumstance without a murmur. While undressing, however, my stomach (the only practical part of me) refused to let me forget that I had neither dined nor supped; and further suggested, in terms which, if not choice, were at least convincing, that inevitably I should have no breakfast. Urged by its importunity, I gave up my design of retiring, and, walking to the window, I began to wonder what I could do that would furnish my larder. For awhile I drummed on the sill in vain; no plan rewarded my efforts. At last, for want of something better, I determined to write down the impressions of the past day, still so fresh in my mind. This I did, and next morning I received ten scudi for my work. The publisher to whom I sold it insisted that I ought to write more, and the piece, which I called 'An Autumn Day,' has since become famous.

"After autumn comes winter; and like the grillo that sings the pleasant months away, when the cold came, I felt I had nothing better before me than to die. Then came disgust, one of the penalties imposed by idleness. I often went down to the Arno, but the water was muddy and uninviting; not like this," and he pointed to the star-glittering surface beneath us, "so I deferred the grand finale for a later period. Meanwhile the weather was hateful. I scarcely cared to leave my room, and one of those black humors to which I am subject threatened to cause me to hang myself—a death I detest. You see to what a pass I was driven. I was in this state when my fancy led me to compose, as a contrast to the 'Autumn Day,' 'A Winter Day,' which even now I cannot hear with patience, although the world does not seem to share my aversion, for it, too, became popular.

"When I carried it to my publisher he could not conceal his delight, and he predicted a 'future' for me if I would only work. I laughed at his enthusiasm, for at that time I could not look either upon work or fame as within my compass. In returning, I loitered for a few moments at an old bookstore, where I was attracted by the title of a volume standing on a shelf near the door. It was the 'Vita Nuova.' I had never been a reader, but something in this name roused my curiosity, for I too was tired of my present life, and longing for a new one. Perhaps some fellow-mortal had passed through a similar experience, and had left here a record of his struggle. Perhaps he had succeeded in finding a new life, and might teach me also to do so. I bought the book with eagerness, and hurried home flattered by this hope. Sitting down when I reached my attic, I immediately commenced reading; it may be superstitious, but I felt that my destiny was in some way connected with these pages, and a fascination compelled me to continue until I had finished the whole of them.

"I found by the preface, which was inserted by some other hand, that Dante Alighieri was the author, and when I at last closed the book, I recognized that I had discovered my 'new life.' I would reproduce in music the story I had just read, and Dante should be my hero.

"Here was the gay student, now rapt in

study, now indulging in those pleasures which he intimates with so little reserve, then as soldier, patriot, lover, exile—in short, the great Florence of the thirteenth century, with its aspirations, its jealousies, its battles, its learning, its ardor and poetry, stood epitomized in Dante. And the stainless form of Beatrice, like a fair-cut cameo on its ruddy bed, stood white against this background of turbulence.

"Strange to say, I, so indifferent before, was fired with energy. I, so impatient, became patient. My design was the first great passion of my life, and a great passion can conquer nature itself. I approached my subject with the caution of a veteran. I read the history and literature of those times, and every biography of my hero that I could find, especially Boccaccio's. I identified myself with the century. I became familiar with the manners and customs of the people, their modes of thought and action, and then I laid the plan for my libretto.

"The curtain rises on a scene of revelry; there is dance and play, there is woman and wine. A dark-eyed siren sits on a crimson chair, upon which the hero is leaning, casting tender glances at the lady, or toying with her hair. Amid the sounds of rattling dice and rustling silk, there is a short recitativo, while the orchestra leads to the first aria 'Donna o Vino,' which he jestingly sings to the lady, detailing the charms of either, the chorus at the end of each strophe repeating the refrain: 'Woman or wine.'

"The siren, rising, takes from the table a goblet, and, approaching the singer, asks gayly: 'Why separate the gifts of the gods, Donate?' She holds the cup to his lips with her own white hand. His reply is: 'O lady, thou hast solved it,' ending in a duet, after which he slides his arm about her waist to the music of a waltz, and this ends the first act.

"The next opens with an alarm of battle, the tread of soldiers marching from the city, and a chorus of men's voices shouting: 'To arms and to glory.' Then the solo of Dante, recounting the perfidy of Arezzo, the necessity of the war, the honor of the soldier. He unfurls the banner; he lets the yellow lily float before them, when, fired by solemn enthusiasm, they chant that quartet: 'In praise of the Lily.'

"The siren stands on a balcony unheeded, and in retaliation sings: 'Fickle as a soldier;' girls move forward and ask, in touching language, not to be deserted; a wife holds up an infant, entreating its father not to leave it. Again, the voice of Dante is heard *tempestoso*, demanding: 'Who dares tell us stay when the country is calling?' The chorus of women replies: 'It is we, your mothers, your sisters, your wives, your children.' As if to rebuke them, the men recommence the chant: 'In praise of the Lily.' The shrill soprani continue to bewail and implore, the troops prepare to depart, and the curtain drops on the tumult.

"In the third act, the hero returns victorious from the battle of Campaldino. Among the many who come out to welcome the conqueror is Beatrice. She resembles the angel of peace, as, foremost amid a group of maidens, she scatters flowers before the marching ranks; her eyes beam with enthusiasm as she lifts them to Dante. Meeting those eyes, his soul burns within him, and, in a moment, he is by her side. The chorus of welcome melts away, while the orchestra accompanies the recitativo:

"'Beautiful lady, thy hand is fairer than thy flowers; permit me to touch it.'

"'Thy deeds are still more fair.'

"'My deeds equal not my love for thee.'

"'Truth dwells not in the mouth of a soldier.'

"'Not in his mouth, but in his heart.'

"Then he sings: 'The god of love and the god of war,' which the male voices take up and finish. The troops pass on, and he is forced to leave with them.

"The next scene is between Dante and his friend Cavalcante. The former relates, not his battle but his love. His friend reproves his ardor, and praises the joys of philosophy. He replies in an ecstatic song describing Beatrice. Guido tells him that his country needs him in its trouble. He answers, that country, ambition, philosophy, the very earth itself, are but shadows; love alone is real.

"The third scene is a disturbance in the street, noise of brawling, and oaths, and clanging of bells. The rival factions have met, and are calling to arms. Dante and Cavalcante are seen in the mêlée, and, in the thickest of the mob, the pallid face of Beatrice appears and disappears as they advance or retreat. Dante succeeds in gaining her side, and supports her to the steps of a church, where he defends her until the combatants are dispersed. She calls him her protector, and thanks him in grateful accents. When they part, he begs her permission to see her again, and the act ends in their 'Addio.'

"The fourth act is my greatest. They meet in a garden. It is evening. Dante tells his passion and pleads his cause. I who wrote it say, without audacity, that it is sublime. Beatrice stands unmoved by his ardor, checks his transports by her serene regard, and then describes that higher love which neither death, nor absence, nor time, can destroy, a feeling as far removed from that of which he spoke as the calm sky is from the turbulent sea, as the peaceful heaven is from the weary earth, the only worthy sentiment for a hero and his bride, for a poet and his love. He listens entranced; at the end, falling at her feet, he sings: 'O, purità, come tu sei bella.' His poetic soul grasps her ideal of the 'higher love,' and together they sing that duetto, 'Fedelità eterna,' which you admire so much.

"Thus far, I had not written a note of the music, but now I could restrain myself no longer. As soon as I had arranged my fourth act, I was in haste to begin. I felt that the song of Beatrice would either make or mar my work, but for that very reason I knew that I ought not undertake it first, for if I succeeded, all the rest would appear commonplace to me; and if I failed, I would be discouraged. So, I commenced my overture, and wrote it entire, just hinting therein at the treasures still hidden.

"My gay first act came next, in which the central idea was pleasure.

"Then my noisy military act, in which I tried to represent ambition.

"My third act followed, with love as the theme.

"Thus far, you can see that my own life and experience were sufficient to give me material from which to invent. All the racket and clamor of the great city was there to be reproduced; all the knowledge gathered during the past six months could be made useful.

"But my fourth act was of higher flight; something beyond ambition, beyond love, beyond pleasure, had to be created. Earthly sounds must cease; a simple cavatina was to be transformed into a seraph's song; mortal sentiments give place to immortal, and the air quivers with reverberations from heaven.

"I had gone on successfully and hopefully up to this point. There had been difficulties, but I attacked them manfully and overcame them. Whatever intricacies occurred, I was confident that with patience I could conquer them; but here my strength gave way. I wrote day after day only to destroy what I had written. I sat idle day after day, but it was of no avail. I found that my ideal, which, at a distance, appeared so well defined, at nearer view was a phantom that escaped my grasp. I had curbed my desire to commence it, with the promise that on this act I would set the seal of the whole, instead of which this was my stumbling-block. I had written up to it. I had arranged every air and chorus with a view to the effect they might have on it. I had intended to concentrate my forces here, to show in this place the motive of the whole. I had hastened over the other parts in order to reach this the sooner, and when I arrived, I found it a blank.

"No harmony was full enough, no melody sweet enough to satisfy me. The strain upon my mind had been too great to last; my enthusiasm had exhausted my body, and left me inert.

"Then began a struggle between spirit and matter. My ideal was inexorable; forcing me to continue my efforts to grasp it, while it tantalized me by forever evading my attempt. It was always present, ever with me, yet I could not seize it. I left my attic and wandered over the fields into the Appenines, up and down through the fiercest weather; still, when no longer able to endure the fatigue, I would return, I found it there before me. I was unable to eat or sleep under its persecution. I became so emaciated that I resembled a bare tree in winter, yet it had no pity. As I grew weaker, it seemed to take corporeal shape, that it might follow me to gloat over the dominion it possessed; and, in my pitiable state, I was compelled to think, think, puzzle, plan, and endeavor to work, while my head throbbed and my eyes burned from my exertions. Many times I sat down to write, believing I had finally conquered, but each time I was deceived, and still it mocked, and drove, and urged me. I felt that, unless I shook off mortality altogether, I could not get free of it, but this it forbade. My room now became so distasteful to me that I only entered it at night, though I was not conscious where I spent the day; and I believed that when I slept, it would cautiously come to my bedside, and, leaning over me, would pick out the best parts of my brain and devour them.

"It would be hard to decide how far I was sane and how far insane. It is but a short step from genius to insanity. Too much application had undermined my health, and my mind, dwelling on this one subject,

had become diseased. I was so reduced by fever, that it was painful for me to walk or stand, and the nourishment I was able to take was so slight, that, had I not been endowed with a good constitution, I should have succumbed.

"Can you believe what follows? While in this state, almost at the last extremity, my hand so weak that I could barely hold a pen, I was startled out of a heavy sleep one morning, by a voice quite close to me, saying, 'Write!' I will not affirm that I *heard* it, but I *thought* I heard it. I believed my tormenting presence had received voice, as before it had received form. Trembling with apprehension, I obeyed. I drew my little table to the window that I might catch the first rays of dawn, and in the gray light I wrote my fourth act. Not rapidly, I had not the strength, but with painstaking effort to form each note, each mark, I accomplished my task.

"How long it took me I can never know. My charwoman, when she made her weekly visit, found me on my bed delirious, but that gave me no clue. I had ceased to mark time, and might have been there but a few hours, or for several days.

"The old woman did what she could for me, by informing the proper authorities of my illness and destitution, and I was taken to a hospital. Of course I knew nothing of that when it happened. I was insensible, from the fever I had contracted, in which situation I lay for two months. Then I slowly came back to consciousness, stripped of my illusions, and helpless as a child. When I was able to recall my condition before this attack, I saw in my wild fancies merely premonitions of the disease, and classed my musical compositions in the same category with my hallucinations. Such ardor, such perseverance was so unlike me, that in my sober senses I could only explain them by the word symptoms.

"At present, desire was dead. I cared to do nothing more than to lie with half-closed eyes and rest; but even this was denied me, for in a little while I was pronounced convalescent, and had to vacate my place to one more needy than myself.

"It was a bright spring day when I first walked abroad; mechanically I turned to the quarter where my garret was, as my only refuge. I found my few possessions just as I had left them, for I had paid my rent some months in advance, when I was taken sick. I threw myself into a chair, a prey to that despondency which the least exertion gives to an invalid, and looked about me. The manuscript was piled in order on the table, but I had not curiosity enough to look at it. What concerned me more nearly, was some money which I found untouched where I had hidden it, in a crevice of the wall. After such a period of unconsciousness, it would require time to be able to take up the past, to fit myself into life again. The old surroundings, like the old habiliments, are too large for the sick man when he first resumes his accustomed place.

"But I gained strength, and with strength my natural temperament returned. I resumed my wanderings, but limited them to the squares and fountains of the city. With the egotism of a sick man, I devoted myself to the care of my health. The thought of work or exertion of any kind filled me with disgust. I hid away my table in a corner, and tried to banish every remembrance of the nightmare of the winter.

"As my health became re-established, this morbid feeling left me. I began to look into the tabooed corner without repugnance, and finally, with curiosity. One cloudy day when I feared to risk the weather, I concluded that I would amuse myself by examining what I supposed to be my delirious ravings. It was the most supreme hour of my life. Think of my astonishment, my joy, as I turned leaf after leaf of the blurred pages, to find—I may say it without vanity, since the world acknowledges it—the work of a master.

"It was unfinished, it needed additions, pruning, order, and polish; but the grand idea was there. I had spoken my thoughts in music, and they were great thoughts.

"Then rose in me ambition, or whatever the aspiration may be called, that prompts us to aim at perfection—not for our own honor, but for the work's sake, and I resolved to finish what I had so well begun.

"The fifth act had not been written, but it was easy for me to arrange it, as it could only be a development of what went before—a gathering up and joining together of the different threads of melody into further combinations of harmony. The motivo of the "Fedelità" returns in every possible form, gliding fugue-like through each scene. It is heard above the noise of factions, it precedes Dante into banishment, it is with him in exile, as if his faithful love were always there to solace and uphold him in all his misery. Sometimes it is the flutes that take it up—high, clear, and unimpassioned; next

it rises from the quivering strings of the violins; then it wails through the tones of the reed instruments, the clarionets, the oboe, the bassoon. The violoncello repeats it, and at intervals her voice assures him that, though unseen, she is still true. In his death hour her spirit appears. They sing the duetto once more, after which an invisible chorus of angels chants a minor pæan of victory, in which the passions, the trials, the ambitions of the troubled heart merge into final peace with her he loves.

"By autumn it was completed. It required the winter to make arrangements to get it produced. What followed was inevitable. The world howled with delight, and more than half that praise me don't know what they are talking about. People think they honor me, *me!* They fawn and flatter and envy me, and think I must be happy.

"Do you think a haunted man happy—one who does not know at what moment his specter may reappear? Do you think a man happy who is possessed of a devil and cannot tell when the freakish creature may demand contortions, and frothings of the mouth, and bruising of the limbs, walking in desert places amid solitary horrors? Do you think a man happy who is subject to insanity, and not knowing when the paroxysm may come? I am all these.

"For some months after I had finished that opera I was tranquil. It seemed as if the destiny that controls me was satisfied, and that I could go back to my old careless way of living. Vain hope! I find that I can stop at nothing lower than that cursed existence beyond and out of myself, which demands work that mortal frames are unfit for, and cannot produce without agony. In another life, when the soul is free, then perchance such tasks may be assigned it, and be performed without difficulty, but here—

"Composition—what a simple word to repeat! Any one can explain to you what it means, but if the fiend takes hold of you and forces you to do the thing, see if sooner or later your life does not become a burden.

"When I had fairly given my last work to the public, I said: 'It is well. I am free, and nothing shall induce me to begin again.' I felt that, even if I would, I could not—that all my power had been exhausted in that one effort. But already the spell is being woven about me; pleasure has fled from my earth. For me there is no more freedom in the woods, no forgetfulness in wine. My world is filled with naught but sound, sound, sound, and something responsive in my nature obliges me to imitate and reproduce it, to vex and torment myself out of rest and peace. How can a man thus driven enjoy life?

"The tones of water are ever harassing me—from the time it is rocked in the lap of a cloud until, grown stronger, it is tossed in drops to the earth, where it murmurs in the brook, roars in the flood, and bellows in the sea.

"Yes; it is evident I shall be obliged to write another opera, and the plot will have to be a fairy tale to afford scope for my design. I invent my own libretto, as perhaps you know, only engaging some one to turn the necessary parts into verse and adapt them to my measures. I shall compose another great work—that is, I shall suffer for another three months, or end it all by leaping into the river some night like this. I like to imagine the waves flowing over my dead face, the soft pure water touching gently and soothing me to rest. My nerveless hand without power to write what it says, my brain without power to interpret or plan, and far beyond further power to suffer. It is such a beautiful death! My next hero shall be drowned. I have already finished 'The Invitation of the Waters,' and it is constantly in my ears. What if I should obey?"

I laid my hand on his arm, frightened by the strange, longing looks he cast into the running stream. I shudder as I think of his words, "It is but a short step from genius to insanity."

"Come away," I cried, struck with a foreboding that if we lingered, the Water Opera would never be completed. "Let us go."

I would not be satisfied until I had left him in his own apartment, where I gave strict injunctions to the servant not to allow his master to leave the house that night without following him. I also told my friend the orders I had given his man, as a warning not to attempt any thing desperate. Then I departed.

When I next saw the Lion, there was no trace of his former melancholy. In alluding to it, he asked me gayly if he had frightened me with his fit of low spirits. He was astride of a fiery horse, and seemed, with his ringing laugh and quick motions, the very personation of joy. His animal let him stay but a few moments by my side, and then he was off in a whirl of dust which the sun turned to a cloud of gold that surrounded him as he went. People stopped

in the busy streets to turn and gaze, while lovely women smiled answers to his salutations, and gentlemen looked prouder for his nod. My fears for him were banished.

A week after, a certain journal which is peculiarly fortunate in discovering everybody's secrets, contained this announcement:

"We have it from good authority that a new work from our already celebrated composer, which will eclipse in popularity his first, is rapidly verging upon completion, and may be expected by the coming spring."

A later edition of the same date announced the sudden death of the young and gifted maèstro, by "accidental drowning."

The wooing waters had done their will, and my gay, melancholy friend was no more. It is needless to say that his tragic end increased the renown of his one opera, "Dante." At the first representation of it after his death, there was a great demonstration made in his honor; his bust was unveiled on the stage, and crowned while the air was still vibrating with the harmonies he had created. The people wept, and audible grief mingled with the sounds of the music. All regretted the young life cut off in its prime. I too grieved, but I did not regret, for I believed that the tormented soul had found rest.

It was fit that at his grave they should perform his last composition, "The Invitation of the Waters," but few knew how fit. Many who loved him cursed the waters, but I could not but feel that they had been his friend.

I often visit the parapet by the river, where we lingered that night to listen. The waters seem to have changed their tone, and only sob, sob, sob, as they slide by the stone quays. I think that, divining his love for them, they return it and regret him, and lament him as they pass.

AIRY LILIAN.

"*Alonzo.* Whe'r thou beest (s)he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood."
—*The Tempest*, Act V, Scene 1.

It was through an atmosphere hazy and laden to the saturation point with nicotine that I looked at length with a sort of annoyance at Tom, who sat with his feet on the other side of the little open-grate stove which, by a bold fiction of the imagination, was supposed to warm my office. His silence ought, perhaps, to have been construed as a tacit reverence for the arguments which I had been advancing with considerable fluency during the past fifteen minutes. They were certainly incontrovertible, sustained as they were by the only too material and acknowledged facts about us. Certainly, had he been disposed to assail my proposition, that the work of establishing a practice by a young physician without connections was one of poverty and misery and long-suffering, the auction-room furniture would have creaked a denial, my unused instruments would have snapped their joints with indignation in the drawer at the other side of the little room, and the gray ashes that so nearly crowded out the coals from the grate would have glowed again in remonstrance. This last event could not have been wholly disagreeable, since we had been smoking for warmth rather than for enjoyment, and my pipe had gone out in the ardor of discourse.

But controversy was not what my heart sought; rather sympathy. And Tom, to whom my plaint had lost its soul-moving quality by frequent repetition, replying at first with words that became inarticulate in the struggle to pass his pipe-stem, had then punctuated my remarks with meaningless gutturals, and finally subsided into the quiet of abstraction. It was not speechless conviction, then, but quite another state of mind that I saw portrayed on my friend's countenance; and there fell upon me that sense of loss which comes with the conviction that a well-expressed and forcible grumble has been thrown away on deaf ears.

Whether it was the unnamed influence which popular superstition assigns to the gaze of the human eye, or whether it was the abrupt cessation of the sound of my voice, something caused Tom to raise his

glance, and, as it were, to gather himself together again from the scattered condition into which he had lapsed. From vacancy, his eyes enlarged the visual angle until probably my figure came in sight, and he spoke:

"Too bad. Didn't you collect anything?"

"Collect your senses, Tom," said I, with some indignation at this irrelevant speech.

"So I will; so I will," was Tom's unoffended reply, as he drew that long breath which accompanies a change of mental occupation—or, to speak with more scientific exactness, which is caused by the involuntary respiratory muscles relieving themselves from restraint. "I was thinking of something else."

Now, this mood of abstraction had been growing on Tom of late. His occasional visits of friendship and condolence at my office had been given up more completely to that fumigation which is so admirable an accompaniment to, but not wholly a substitute for, sympathetic companionship; and the evidence that he had something on his mind whose contemplation was more absorbing than even the picture of my woes, had at length become irresistible. I have no hesitation in saying that I was more selfish than my friend. Miserable egotist that I was, my own affairs filled my mind so entirely that, although perceiving that he had a trouble, I shut my eyes to the fact, and inflicted myself upon him more persistently than ever.

It may be that Tom thought himself lacking in generosity while permitting me to unbosom myself and offering nothing of his own in return; or, perhaps, the time and the occasion were peculiarly appropriate. Whatever the case may have been, he was silent only for one moment, long enough to blow a large ring of smoke, thick as a ship's cable, and then to send another, slim as the bracelet of the daintiest wrist, whirling through the exact center of the first, when, just as they broke on the side of the stove, he continued:

"Roger, what are the signs of incipient insanity?"

The inconsequence of this remark made its substance rather startling.

"What in the world do you ask about that for, old fellow?" said I. "There's Maudsley's treatise will tell you all about it, if you really want to know; but, you see, when everybody is more or less insane, it breaks out in all sorts of ways. You have to watch for it."

"No; but seriously, now, did you ever see anything in me that made you think—that made you suspect—"

"Nonsense, Tom! what has got into your head?"

"That's exactly what I want to talk to you about. I want you to feel my pulse"—here he stretched out an arm that would have been formidable, indeed, had a madman's mind controlled its action. "Does it run along furiously? Look at my eyes, are the pupils dilated and glaring? Is there anything bloodshot and feverish there? Do I avoid your glance? Look me straight in the eye. Now give your professional judgment."

I must have grinned in a manner most exasperating to an earnest inquirer as I gazed into Tom's honest face and calm blue eyes, and felt a pulse full, strong, and perfectly regular in its beat, as my sense told me, quite below seventy-eight.

"I don't know as I can trust you, Tom," said I, laughing. "You are, doubtless, as mad as a March hare; but, probably, there is nothing here to excite a display of your mania."

"It's no fooling matter," responded my friend. "I want to know exactly what you think; whether you see anything strange about me."

"Dear old fellow," said I, at last, a little troubled, "your head is as sound as a nut, and don't you go to crack it with such botheration. There is no surer way to get the hypo than to think about it."

"Well, I believe you," said Tom. "But that settles the question. If I'm not going crazy, I know what I am."

"What's that?"

"Floored."

"Eh?"

"Smitten! Smashed! Done up entirely! Spooney on a ghost!" ejaculated Tom, as if to exhaust the synonyms of slang in aiding my comprehension.

Now, as neither Tom nor myself was even approaching that condition of material prosperity which is thought a necessary precedent of matrimony, it should, perhaps, have been considered an act of profound discretion on his part to fall in love, if fall he must, with a creature so inexpensive and intangible as a ghost; but the statement was none the less strange and possibly alarming. It certainly required explanation.

"That's about the long and short of it," continued Tom, leaning back his head and sending the smoke through his nostrils to-

ward the ceiling. "If I'm subject to illusions and that sort of thing, I'm all right; it is only an insane imagining. If my head is clear, as you say it is, then I won't answer for myself. The first time I saw her at Madame L'Astra's ——"

"You don't mean to say you've been running after that sort of humbug, Tom," I exclaimed, in amazement.

"I mean to say exactly that," replied he; "and I don't know about its being a humbug, either; or, that a lawyer hasn't as much right to investigate psychical phenomena as a physician. But I was going to say that the first time I went to one of those materializing séances, I fell in love with that girl."

"Then she isn't a ghost?"

"Oh! you know what I mean. They call it a materialized spirit. I don't mind talking to you about her, Roger, and I have been bursting to talk to some one. I find I can't keep it to myself; she is really growing fond of me."

"A true spirit love!"

"And isn't that the truest kind? She always wears my flowers now when she appears; and Madame says that if I am not there, she seems more shadowy and sad. Two weeks ago, she let me kiss her hand, and when I had a private sitting, she really put her cheek against mine. If it were not for those touches, I should think with you that it is all a humbug; but they thrill me now. Then I thought, perhaps, I was not all right in my head. Perhaps you can't tell. Are you sure? But your brain is clear enough, and you shall come with me and see for yourself."

"When?"

"This evening," answered Tom, pulling out his watch. "Madame begins her séance at eight. We shall have just fifteen minutes to get there."

The door-way before which Tom halted me was the entrance to one of those semi-public buildings in which rooms may be hired for any conceivable purpose on payment of rent weekly in advance, whether one may wish to use them for preaching, for manufacturing, or for lodging. There was evidently a photographer's room in the upper story, for padlocked shutters hid what must have been a remarkable display of "art" just inside on the walls of the passage. The words "Intelligence Office" mocked the passer in brilliant letters on one side; and opposite swung a flattened representation of a portion of the human leg, which, when viewed in profile, illustrated the legend of "Gaiters made to Order," and when seen edgewise, painfully suggested a victim of the torture of the iron boot. There was of course a dentist up one flight, and the sign of a patent invention of some sort was very fresh at the foot of the staircase.

The street lamp shone brightly, or the modest tin plate tacked on one of the jambs of the door-way, announcing "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Clairvoyant," would have been invisible. Tom preceded me up the stairs, turned to the right through a close darkness that seemed to make itself smelt, and climbed another flight at the top of which swung a dim kerosene lamp, shedding oily rays on two cards of the showcase order, one of which read: "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium;" and, the other, "Séance To-night;" while the hand of an unprofessional letterer had added in rickety print beneath, "Walk In."

As I followed my companion through the door, which he opened as if familiar with the peculiar weaknesses of the loose knob and the rattling latch, there smote upon my senses that odor, indescribable in words, which is found only in apartments bearing more than their share of the burdens of daily human existence. There was a suggestion of tea and toast in the air, with possibly something fried; a sofa-bed and a curtained recess, which was doubtless a lavatory, hinted other family uses of the room; a faint flavor of wet gingham floated in from the umbrella-stand in the entry to mingle with the scent of the lamps; and when to these were added the burdened exhalations of some dozen persons already assembled for the exhibition, it did not seem altogether incredible that from such an atmosphere a spirit having synthetic power could easily gather the means of materialization.

"Fifty cents admission, if you please," said a large and not unkindly-looking woman as we passed into this home of mysteries, advancing with an assumed dignity ludicrously out of keeping with the nature of her demand. "Ah! Mr. Bolter; I am glad to see you. We had a beautiful see-ance last evening. They were all so harmonious. We don't often get the conditions so perfect; harmony is so essential. There was a lady here who received a wonderful test. It was her brother, killed two years ago by the Indians in Arizona. I was under the control of Big Mountain, and he described it exactly. He gave the initials of the name—J. V. R.—which are very uncommon initials.

Lilian didn't seem in good spirits last night and couldn't materialize, only her hands. It was a great disappointment. Do you know, she tells me she is never so strong as when you are in the room. She draws a great deal from you, and that is a relief to me; it is so exhausting to my magnetism to keep up the supply of her currents when she materializes."

During the progress of this professional monologue, I had opportunity to regard the person who had such familiar relations with the unseen. She was a tall woman, with a frame implying considerable physical power, dressed plainly in black that showed signs of wear and of careful preservation; her hair, which gave intimations of gray, arranged close to her head, and her face, while not yet what might be called aged, showing the hardness which generally precedes the wrinkling of the skin. Her figure was full, and her teeth, when she smiled in welcome of Tom, appeared preternaturally regular.

"This is my friend Mr. Atkinson," said Tom, introducing me; "I hope Lilian will appear to-night; for I wish him to see her very much."

"I have no doubt she will," said the seeress, addressing me. "She told me she would come and bring your flowers, Mr. Bolter; although the weather is so bad that the conditions are not very favorable. I don't know as we shall get the flowers."

I mentioned my gratification, and referred to the interest which her name had awakened in me.

"That is my spirit name," was her reply. "They gave it to me. Estelle L'Astra—it is Alwato language, and means the Starry One. They say I have great influence among them."

There had been several fresh arrivals during our conversation, and after collecting fifty cents from each, Madame L'Astra, whose name, as interpreted, seemed sufficiently inappropriate, announced that she felt the influence coming on, and that harmony would be gained if some one would sing. Song was quaveringly furnished by two ladies of elderly habit, in whom I thought I saw habitués of the entertainment. Nor was harmony disturbed when, on the entrance of a tardy disciple, the medium, aroused from the magnetic sleep that was rapidly possessing her through sighs and gaspings and contortions, calmly made change for fifty cents, and was speedily under "control" again.

Soon the spirit spoke. It was an Indian warrior who claimed possession of the Starry One. He announced his presence by a whoop, and he chuckled and grunted as he pictured the spirit forms which he saw standing in that close and stuffy chamber, now over the shoulder of this, and again by the side of another. One he summoned to clasp the hand of the medium and listen to a revelation from a guardian angel giving his name as John, to the effect that perseverance in the right will bring happiness, and that the future has changes of importance in store. A woman, in whose dress there is a conspicuous absence of bright color, is compelled to ply her handkerchief freely as she hears what to her is the lisping voice of her child, assuring her that heaven is much nicer than she expected, and that dear papa is there by her side, anxious to speak with dear mamma at a private sitting with this excellent medium, price two dollars. A substantial business man hears, with staring eyes, the assertion of a spirit giving his name as William, to the effect that the enterprise in which he is now engaged is in danger of failure through the treachery of a man with dark hair; and his alarm is only partially quelled when the spirit promises to influence him toward the right course, especially if he will inquire again through the medium. A young man, with resplendent scarf-ring and huge dangling locket, is inclined to skepticism, and prone to indulge in scoffing and gentle raillery, until startled into wondering faith by the spirit's revelation of the fact, known only to the young man himself, that his appetite is not good in the early morning, and that he frequently feels it necessary to take bitters. When the Indian warrior adds that chamomile flowers are not as beneficial as thorowort, the youth gives a conscious start, thrusts something into his cheek with his tongue, and slides away to his seat astonished.

During all this and much more, I was occupied in watching Tom's expression. It was that of one bored, half-contemptuous, and on the verge of disgust. Neither did he display evidence of a truly harmonious spiritual frame of mind when Madame L'Astra, shaking off her possession, stood with one knee under the piano and summoned by her word stout spirits, who lifted and bumped the heavy instrument in time to music. It was only when she stretched two heavy shawls across one end of the room that a spark of interest seemed to flash in his face.

"Now, Roger," said he, "you may think what you like about the Indian and the piano. I know you could do as well as that yourself. But you must believe this."

"My friends," spoke Madame L'Astra, "the spirits that have been with us this evening have not all acquired the high development necessary to enable them to become visible to earthly eyes; but I have the promise of Lilian, one who has reached a higher plane, that she will materialize so far as the conditions permit."

There was a brief silence, during which there was evidently much magnetism proceeding from the medium, whose spasmodic twitchings and flutterings were even painful.

"I am not sure that Lilian will be able—"

Here her speech was cut short by a white hand that protruded from between the shawls, and laid itself gently across her lips. Something glittered on the round arm. A sigh went up from the entire company.

"My bracelet!" murmured Tom.

I looked at my friend in indignant wonder.

"Have you been wasting your substance on a shadow in that way?"

But he was gazing in a sort of ecstasy at the swaying shawls. Two hands, shapely, and attached to arms whose symmetry was unquestioned, now appeared, flickered, and vanished. The dim light—for the lamps had been turned down and smelled vilely—permitted only shapes to be seen; when suddenly, seeming to glow as if by the light of its own beauty, there sprang out, framed between those musty shawls, a face whose bright, joyous loveliness was better worthy of the spirit land than of dull earth. The folds of the drapery were gathered close beneath the chin. Slowly they parted downward for the space of two or three handbreadths, giving a glimpse of a throat as white and as round as was fitting for such a face. In her hair were flowers, and a spray hung down toward her bosom. The vision seemed to melt rather than to draw back within the curtains; and now, for the first time, I noticed that its eyes had never been diverted from my fascinated companion. They were still upon him as the shawls seemed about to close over the fair face, when, by a sudden movement, the full head and bust came quickly into view; a hand carried what seemed to be a small bunch of flowers to the lips, and with a movement as if wafting a kiss in Tom's direction, the whole vanished.

He was on his feet in an instant, dragging me after him.

"That is all. Come! come!" And he pulled me out of the now stifling den, down the stairs, past the intelligence office, the patent agency and the dentist's room, dark and dismal enough for the haunts of veritable ghosts, into the street.

"I can't stay and hear their doubts and ridicule, or their twaddling belief either, after that," he at last spoke, as we buttoned up our coats and turned down the street toward my office. "Now, what do you say, Roger?"

"I should like to see the young lady in a less dramatic situation—without so much of stage effect, if I may say so—for it is rather distracting to sober judgment upon her."

"But you understand me. I mean, what do you say about me? Am I under an hallucination, or is that the loveliest creature in the world?"

Although fully confident that the apparition of the fair young girl with which the exhibition closed was of the same fictitious character as the spirit revelations and the tippings that had preceded, it was impossible for me to dislodge from Tom's mind the ridiculous notion that the purity and beauty of the face guaranteed its celestial origin, and that, where all else might be deception, Lilian was a truth. He tried to explain to me the difference in the feeling which he experienced toward this inaccessible spirit-love as compared with that which he must feel toward one of less evanescent flesh and blood. The hopelessness of all thought of possession, the intangibility of the object of his affection except for a few moments at a time, the brief interviews permitted, all tended to give an elevation to his passion such as no earthly conditions could produce.

I began to fear that my friend was indeed touched with a mania on this subject; and as the weeks wore on, this impression was confirmed, and gave me exceeding pain. For Tom neglected his law reading, neglected me, neglected everything, apparently, except the ghostly Lilian. He was a constant visitor at Madame L'Astra's; and twice, as I passed the door-way, did I encounter him coming out with a countenance expressive of such exaltation of soul that his failure to recognize me, his old friend, was no surprise.

My anxiety was at its height, when one afternoon there came a hasty ring at my office bell. It was not office hours, to be sure, but at that time those distinctions had

little meaning in my practice. I was wanted by Mrs. Lunt. No other doctor on the street was to be found, and I must come at once. The girl who brought the message wore a water-proof cloak—for it was raining—with the hood put up over her head. She waited in the passage while I hastily armed myself with rubbers and umbrella, and then hurried me along. She led me through a passage, up a staircase, then turning and up again, until she placed her hand on the rattling knob of a door, on which were the words: "Madame L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium."

"Isn't there some mistake here?" I asked, for I was young in the profession, and more sensitive to possible association with quackery, and to other violations of the code of ethics, than I am now.

"No, sir," answered the girl, in a voice of rather coarse and metallic quality. "This is where Mrs. Lunt lives. Her other name is Madame L'Astra. Come right in."

It was the same room, with but a slight change in appearance, while the odor of a stew of some medicinal herbs was added to the compound scent which I had analyzed on my former visit. The sofa-bed was in its bed form, and on it lay Madame L'Astra, evidently much nearer the spirit world than she ever before suspected herself of being.

As I raised my head from a brief examination of the sick woman to ask a question of the girl, who had thrown off her cloak and was standing at the side of the couch, I was conscious of a puzzling reminiscence. The face I had certainly seen before, yet I utterly failed to recall the circumstances. It was youthful and fresh; rather too fresh and obtrusively rosy for refinement, in fact; the texture of the skin seemed healthy, but coarse; the expression was that of self-consciousness with a tinge of boldness; and in the manner of dressing the hair there was a somewhat unpleasant suggestion of frowsy display. The features were in their shape not without beauty of a rather striking character, and this was what agitated my memory.

As I looked I became conscious that the feeble eyes of the seeress were upon me, evidently with recognition in their gaze. I bent my head to hear what she was struggling to utter.

"Do—you—know—her?" rolling her eyes in the direction of the girl.

At once it flashed through my mind. Here was the original of the spirit Lilian, in her permanently materialized form, as seen without the accessories of shadows and flowers, and probably pearl powder and chalk.

"Don't—expose—her. I—did it all—for her. She—will not—starve when I'm gone," gasped out the old woman. "Lucy!"

"Well, mother?"

But whatever the poor woman had to say to her daughter was left unsaid. Her strength was exhausted by the short effort to excite my sympathy for her helplessness. The maternal instinct was strong even to the verge of death, and would have employed the last breath in the service of the child.

When I returned to my office there was Tom. Had he at this time put to me the question regarding his sanity my answer would have been less confident than it had been a month before. His delusion had grown apace. He had indulged in fancies that were actually wild at times. One of these was, that since he could never possess Lilian in this world, he would serve his own happiness by getting himself into the spirit world as quickly as possible. He would become restive under opposition; and when, as I met him now, he advanced with the statement that he had come to say good-bye, wished me to take the key of his room and deliver in the morning a package I would find on the table, as he was to take the night train and wouldn't be back for some days, I thought the crisis had come. It required a sharp awakening, or his mania might indeed push him on to suicide.

"Have you bade good-bye to Lilian and the Madame?" I asked, with as close an imitation of pleasantry as I could summon up.

"Lilian, Lilian?" said Tom, with the strangest yearning in his voice and eyes. "No; Madame has been too sick to give sittings for a fortnight past. But I hope to see Lilian before I return."

"When does your train leave?"

"Oh, it makes no difference—I mean, about nine o'clock, I believe."

"Then you will have time to walk a little way with me. I have a patient to whom I must return at once."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, wearily; "I'll walk along with you."

Now, I thought to myself, for an experiment that will either kill or cure. If Tom would not yield his morbid fancy to reason, he must to startling fact.

"Here? You're surely not going up here?" said he, as I turned into the doorway of the passage leading to Madame L'Astra's apartments.

"Yes," I replied. "The Madame is my patient. Come up with me. It is a curious case, and I know she won't object to my bringing you in for a minute."

"It makes no difference! It makes no difference now!" I heard Tom mutter, as he followed me along the dim passages.

I presumed upon my professional privilege for a purpose of my own, and entered without knocking. Madame lay as before, and the filial Lucy was engaged in ministering, with camphor and other such common medicaments, to the sick woman's fancied comfort. She was tender enough in her care, but outwardly she was even less attractive than when I had seen her a few hours before. She had changed her gown for one of calico, which, without being absolutely slatternly, had a leaning in that direction. Her hair, which she had worn loose, had become tangled and was askew over her forehead. Her face looked redder and coarser than ever; and, but for those large and brilliant eyes, I doubt if Tom would have recognized the Lilian of his fancy.

Perhaps the eyes themselves would have been insufficient, had not a startled look come into them as their glance fell upon Tom; but that he saw it all, and took it all in at once, I was conscious.

It was, in my opinion, an even chance whether his mania would burst out into evident insanity on the spot, or whether his physical strength would collapse, and then probably a run of fever to work off his trouble. But Tom neither yelled nor fainted. All the man in him rose up at once and saved him, half crazed though he had been. This is what he said, speaking low in my ear:

"Don't hurry yourself, Roger; but when you get through with your patient you needn't wait for me. I want to speak with that young woman."

What was spoken at that interview Tom never told me exactly. It was enough to know, from the manner in which Madame sounded his praises at my subsequent visit, that he had behaved both handsomely and discreetly; and, from Tom himself, that his delusion was over.

Madame L'Astra, perhaps I ought to say unfortunately, paid tribute to Lucy's nursing and my medical skill by recovering; and if the spirits that have gone before thus lost by the postponement of what would doubtless have been a distinguished arrival, the materialized ghosts visiting this sphere endured perhaps greater bereavement, for Lilian never reappeared. I think this must have been one of the conditions imposed by Tom for his silence on the subject; and whatever may have been Madame L'Astra's ambition for her very substantial familiar spirit, it could hardly have been that of which Tom shortly brought me news, in the announcement of the marriage of Lucy Lunt to the keeper of a small restaurant around the corner.

LAURA.

"O HATEFUL Death!" my angry spirit cries,
"Who thus couldst take my darling from my sight,
Shrouding her beauty in sepulchral night;
O cruel! unto prayers, and tears, and sighs
Inexorable." "Hush!" my soul replies;
"Be just, O stricken heart!—the mortal strife
Which we call 'death' is birth to higher life.
Safe in the Father's mansion in the skies
She bides thy coming; only gone before,
A little while, that at thy parting breath,
Thou may'st endure a lighter pain of death,
And gladlier pass beyond this earthly shore;
For, with thy Laura calling from on high,
It cannot, sure, be very hard to die!"

A GHOST'S STORY.

WITHIN a shadowed angle near the door,
I stood beside the chattering stream that passed,
And waited for her coming; but once more
To see her face, a moment and the last.

As from afar, I saw the crowd that came,
As in a dream, I marked the throbbing light,
That touched the narrow windows into flame,
And with its golden wedges cleft the night.

The organ overhead, so low and sweet,
Dropped down, as from a cloud, soft flakes of sound,
Till in the swinging clash of horses' feet
And whirr of wheels its harmony was drowned.

I swear to you I had not meant her harm,
My dagger was but destined for my breast;
But as they came, with tingling, tightening arm,
I stepped before them—well, you know the rest.

Two thrusts, shrieks, sudden clamor, spreading fright,
White faces, whirling lights—and all was o'er:
The blood which could not in our lives unite,
In a broad stream was mingled on the floor.

LA FONTAINE AND HIS FABLES.

MONTAIGNE said that "our minds discover at twenty years of age what they are to be and promise all their future greatness," adding that, "no mind, that does not at this age give an evident pledge of its powers, will ever after prove their existence." Exactly the reverse was the case of La Fontaine, who, at the age named, gave no indication of the work he was to do afterward. Neither himself nor any of his friends knew that he was a poet at this time. Most young men possessed of poetic feeling go mooning about in their adolescent days making rhymes, but La Fontaine did not. His first knowledge of his until then latent admiration of the muse, came to him from hearing an ode of Malherbe read by an officer who was in winter quarters in his native place of Château-Thierry. Malherbe was the fashion, and he at once found an ardent admirer in this listener, who fell to reading everything that he had written and was writing. More, he took him as his model, declaring this rather ordinary songster to be the greatest poet of his time. He began to write and tried to follow in the footsteps of his model, but before long, as it became revealed to him that he possessed the sacred fire, he discovered that he was on the wrong path. As he tells us himself, he was nearly led astray by him whom he had adopted as a master with so much enthusiasm, for he copied his defects as well as his perfections. After this discovery he studied the old French poets, and did much toward saving Rousseau from oblivion. He also became enamored of Marot, of whom he made excellent imitations. Like a true poet, he naïvely and gushingly admired the work of another whenever he thought it was well done.

At the first public acknowledgment of La Fontaine's poetic faculty, his father consulted a literary relation, who, after examining the son's work, put into his hands

Horace, Virgil, Terence and Quintilian, and advised him to take these as his guides. He did so, and by the time he became familiar with these writers, readily discovered the imperfections of his model —Malherbe. According to his own account, he owed his artistic education to the study of the classics. The poet being lazy and fond of pleasure, the father thought marriage and an occupation would be a remedy for such inclinations. He was accordingly married to a girl of sixteen—more probably the choice of the father than the son. To make a regular round of duties for him, the father resigned his place of Master of the Water and the Forest in favor of the new husband. It appears that neither of these steps was followed by the results hoped for; the wife and the woods were both more or less neglected. When he should have been afoot going over the domain, he was lying under the shade of a tree; when he should have been at home, alongside of his marital companion, he was off in the village chucking the maidens under the chin. He had a universal admiration for the gentle sex, and found it difficult to confine its expression to one—of which his wife naturally complained. The father tried to pour oil on this troubled water, but without much effect; then he gave up the task in giving up his life, and left the twain to manage as they could. It is difficult to say which of the two was wrong—probably both were. He alleged that she had a bad temper, and she that he was a faithless husband—perhaps both were right. She was young and handsome, and in the hands of an ordinary man might have made a good helpmeet; he was a kind-hearted, indolent fellow, who would possibly have made a tolerable husband in the hands of a clever woman. As it was, the poet grew lazier, and more gallant to the village maidens, and the wife more severe and exacting. In the conjugal domicile, the husband was like a canary-bird in its cage, longing for liberty and the green fields. The routine of every day was tiresome to the last degree—the marital cackle as well as the functions of Master of the Woods and Water. And here, at this opportune moment, while the poet was yawning over his good-for-nothing life an episode occurred which changed the course of everything. The fairy with the magic wand was the Duchesse de Bouillon, for a time exiled to Château-Thierry, where some of the poetic lounger's verses fell under her eye. She was so much pleased with them that she made the acquaintance of the author,

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

and sentimentalized with him about poetry and nature in the environs of Château-Thierry. It is hardly necessary to add that Madame La Fontaine had no part therein. The society of the poet was the principal resource of the young and handsome duchess during her exile. As soon as the pain of banishment was withdrawn, she hurried back to Paris—taking La Fontaine with her, much to the chagrin of his wife. He was fortunate in knowing an uncle of his wife who was employed under the Superintendent Fouquet, and who presented him to this powerful minister as a poet of promise. The love of letters being the passion of the day, La Fontaine turned a few complimentary verses in honor of the minister, which pleased him so much that he granted a pension to the poet, with the stipulation, in view of La Fontaine's laziness, that he should write a certain number of verses for his patron every quarter. Thus provided for, and holding on to his sinecure of Master of the Water and the Woods, he entered with zest upon a life of pleasure in the Capital.

His relations with the Duchesse de Bouillon continued in Paris, and it is probable that she exercised considerable influence over him in his first productions, called the "Contes," then in vogue. She was a niece of Mazarin and one of the worldly women of a very worldly court. It is probable, that at her instigation he seasoned his little stories with more wickedness than he otherwise would have done—always with that *naïveté* and absence of moral sense which characterized him.

The age in which the poet lived was licentious and free of speech, and in his "Contes" he went as far as Rabelais. The gayety of these unchaste stories is apparently the expression of one who is not aware of doing any harm, and their amiable ingenuousness renders them all the more mischievous. His success in writing these little stories was remarkable, although he never recited them himself in society, as was the custom, not probably because he saw any harm in doing so, but because he was indolent and indifferent. When asked to tell one of them in a salon he usually alleged a faulty memory as an excuse for declining, and recommended one of his companions, a certain Gaches, as one who knew his stories better than he did himself; and while Gaches recited amidst general applause, our author was in a corner thinking about something else.

Still these "Contes" partook of the general coloring of the time, and this excuse is the only one that can be offered in extenuation of this particular work of the author. Scenes which would not be tolerated for a moment now were produced in the theater, in the book; if people talked in the drawing-room now as they did then, their objection would follow; and if Gaches were to tell one of the contes at which the dames laughed and clapped their hands, he would probably go out of the window. Polite France, at the time, was reading such literature as the "Decameron" and the "Heptameron;" and La Fontaine had nourished himself in such books as these. When Honoré Balace, twenty-five or thirty years ago, published his "Contes Drolatiques" in imitation of those of the seventeenth century, he was severely criticised, and this work probably prevented him from becoming a member of the French Academy, which shows the change which literature has undergone in this respect.

The *vers de société* were also much in vogue. Every man who wore ruffles and a sword was held to be able to make verses for his mistress. The incidents of every-day life were turned into epigrams, and few letters between the sexes were entirely written in prose. Those who excelled in rhymed compliments were favored by the women, and here is furnished one of the principal reasons of La Fontaine's popularity among them, for much of what he wrote was on trivial subjects to please some woman whom he admired or to whom he owed a debt of gratitude. Through the solicitations of the Duchesse de Bouillon, for example, he wrote a poem on Peruvian bark, which he dedicated to her, she having become enthusiastic over the curative properties of the South American importation, then just introduced into France. As one can fancy, the task was an ungrateful one, and the poem mediocre. It was a strange request on the part of the woman, yet she was in the general movement. The doctors had got to battling over the bark, and the Grand Monarch had taken some of it for one of his ills, with good results, and this made of it one of the principal topics of the court. Having passed into the royal stomach, it consequently passed into those of the courtiers, for, in their relations with their sovereign, they were like the Japanese before the Tycoon. In a word, they put themselves *à plat ventre* before their master, the amiable

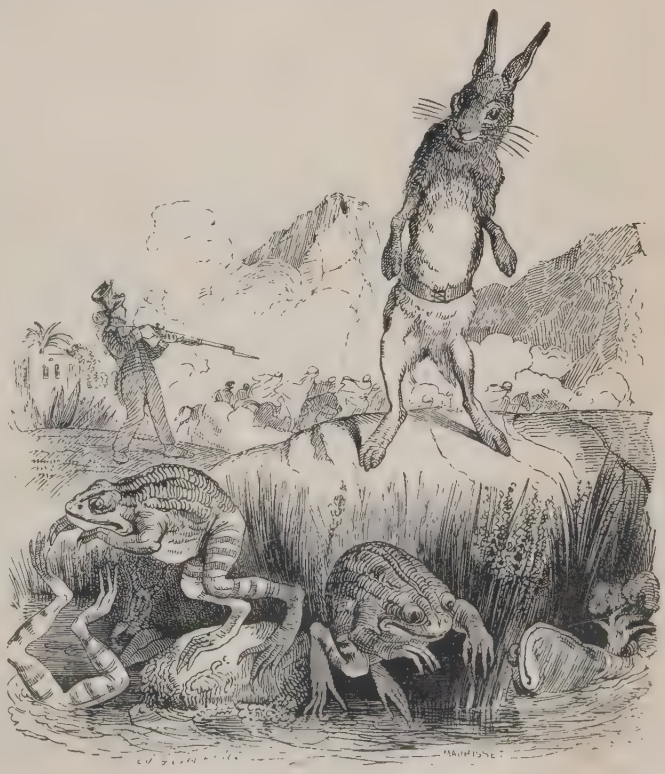
Duchesse with the rest, and in this way came La Fontaine to sing Peruvian bark.

He became an habitué of the magnificent hotel of his protector Fouquet, where he made the acquaintance of celebrated people, with whom he was soon popular. La Bruyère, in his portrait of him, said that he was plain in feature and ungracious in person, and that in society he said nothing. This is only true in part according to others, La Bruyère's tendency to exaggerate being well known. His most trustworthy biographer, Walckenaer, affirms that he was passable in appearance, and charming in conversation when once interested.

After this introduction into the brilliant society of the capital he returned no more to his native place, where his wife continued to dwell, except from time to time, to sell a portion of his patrimony, and in these journeys he was usually accompanied by Boileau and Racine, with whom he had become intimate. He had an antipathy to anything in the way of business, and he tried to turn these visits into pleasure junketings, in the company of these gay fellow-poets. In time, these journeys ceased, because there was nothing more to sell, and his patron, Fouquet, became a prisoner of state and powerless to render him further aid. After the minister's fall and disgrace the poet invoked the king's clemency for him, in an elegy called "The Nymphs of Vaux," but to no purpose.

At this time one of his friends, Madame de la Sablière, who was fond of letters, seeing the poet's incapacity to take care of himself, generously took charge of him and gave him a home in her own house, where he remained for twenty years. It was in her house that he wrote most of his fables and where he did his best work, usually submitting whatever he did to his hostess for criticism, of which he always entertained a high opinion. It was Madame de la Sablière who once said to him after a dinner, through which he had sat silent and absorbed, "Really, my dear La Fontaine, you would be stupid, if you had not so much *esprit*."

History furnishes no example of four distinguished men of letters living united in such close intimacy as Boileau, Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. In character the four differed widely. Boileau was frank and noisy; Racine was of a gentle gayety, and a quiet turn, dashed with cynicism; Molière, naturally thoughtful and melancholy; La Fontaine, often absent-minded, but occasionally very jovial, and always simple and *naïf*. There was a fifth, less famous, but who enjoyed the privilege of their intimacy, whose name was Chapelle. The last named was the stimulator of the group—"*boute-en-train*" of the table. Inferior to any of the four in mental gifts and attainments, he was their superior as a man of society, being an accomplished courtier, of the mode of Louis XIV. The five usually met in a little apartment of the Faubourg Saint Germain two or three times a week for supper, literary discussion, and general gossip. At this time Molière sat on the summit of the



THE HARE AND THE FROGS.

THE LION AND THE RAT.

French Parnassus, and Boileau, Racine and La Fontaine were hardly half way up.

At these re-unions the absent-mindedness of La Fontaine was often the cause of mirth. They called him "*Bonhomme*," on account of his unsuspecting *naïveté*, and the name adhered. One evening when he was more than usually lost in dreamy abstraction Boileau and Racine made him the target of so many facetious epigrams that Molière said, in speaking to a guest who happened to be present, "They laugh at the '*Bonhomme*,' but he will live longer than they." To-day Molière's prophecy is partially fulfilled, for the readers of Boileau and Racine are few compared to those of La Fontaine.

At a dinner with Molière and Boileau, there was a discussion on the drama. La Fontaine was at length roused from his habitual lethargy, and spoke against the practice of the "asides" employed in the theater. He warmed to his theme and it was impossible to interrupt him, at which Boileau repeated at intervals in a loud voice, "La Fontaine is a thief and a scoundrel." Boileau went on repeating the same words and La Fontaine continued to speak. At last the two forced listeners burst into a laugh, when La Fontaine, like one waking out of a dream, asked what they were laughing about. "What!" said Boileau, "I exhaust myself in calling you names, and you don't hear me, although I am standing alongside of you, and you are surprised that one actor should not hear what another says on the stage." La Bruyère tells, that La Fontaine, having attended the funeral of one of his friends, a few days afterward called at his house as if he were still in the flesh. But this is possibly another of La Bruyère's exaggerations.

Like the members of the French Academy in its origin, the five friends sought to correct each other's faults in other things besides literature. La Fontaine was earnestly talked to by the other four in reference to the separation between him and his wife, and was urged to bring about a reconciliation. After an exhortation from Boileau and Racine on the subject,

his instincts being good, he started off to Château-Thierry. When he asked for his wife, he was informed that she was at vespers, when he went to the house of a friend who gave him supper and lodging and with whom he remained two days, then he returned to Paris without seeing his wife. On being questioned by Boileau and Racine as to his mission he answered that his wife was at vespers when he visited the house, the answer being given with the embarrassment of a school-boy. This appears to be the last step he ever took toward a reconciliation.

Time and death broke up the intimate relations of the five; Chapelle sank into a debauché of drunkenness which estranged him from his companions; Molière died, and Boileau, possibly through literary rivalry, grew less intimate with the fabler, but he who remained a sincere and close friend as long as he lived was Racine. Boileau left La Fontaine out of his work of the French Parnassus, making no mention of the apologue or fable on the ground that it was not a creation but something borrowed from the ancients. The response of La Harpe to this at a later day was apt: "He invented his style and the secret died with him." This omission was unjust as well as unfriendly, and was so considered by contemporaries, some of whom attributed it to Boileau's failure in his attempt in the same field, he having endeavored to remodel La Fontaine's fable of "The Woodcutter and Death," with the idea of improving upon it, but without success. Jean Baptiste Rousseau also endeavored to do the same thing, and it was followed by the same result. After this, the futility of competing with La Fontaine in fable versification was generally recognized.

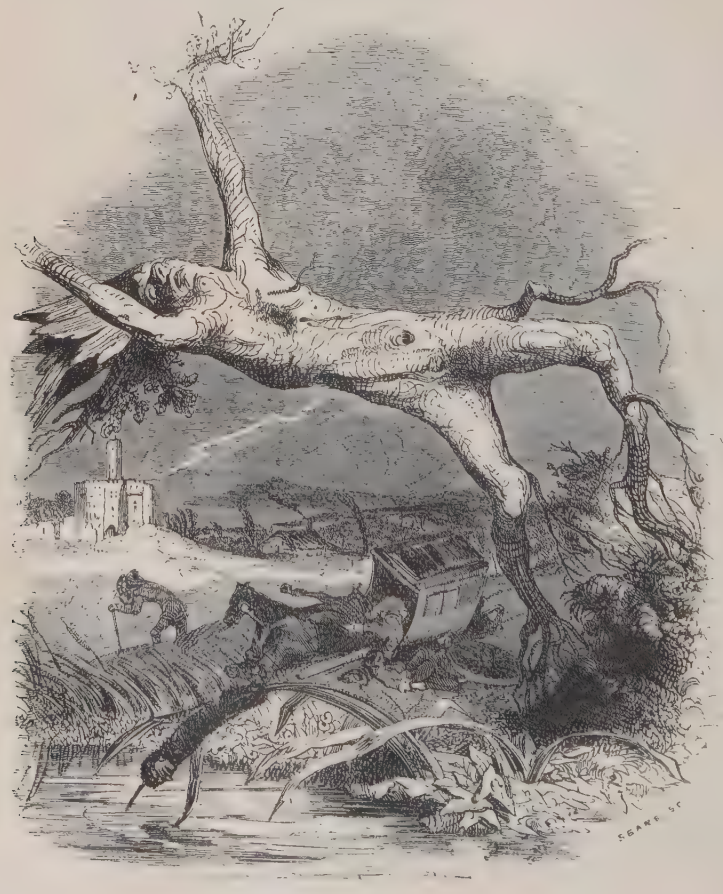
Boileau and La Fontaine were rival aspirants to a seat in the Academy, the former being favored by the king. Notwithstanding the royal protection, La Fontaine secured sixteen votes to seven cast for Boileau. Before the ballot, the president of the Academy, throwing down a copy of the "Contes" on the table, asked his colleagues if they dared to propose the author of such a book for the approbation of the king (his majesty having at this time "reformed"); when one of La Fontaine's friends answered, "It is not for his 'Contes' that we vote for him,—although there is merit in them,—but for the 'Apologues,' which will be the eternal glory of the French language." When the choice of the Academy was made known to the king he refused to sanction it. La Fontaine endeavored to soften him with some flat and adulatory verses, but to no purpose. Another vacancy soon afterward occurring in the Academy, Boileau was elected to it; the king then gave his approval for both, saying of La Fontaine as he did—"You may receive him—he has promised to be good," referring, doubtless, to his writings, for in his life there was as yet no evidence of change.

THE DOG AND HER COMPANION.

The fables of La Fontaine

please the young and old of both sexes. Two hundred years have affirmed the judgment of his contemporaries and something more. He has stood the most critical of all tests, time, and will probably be a favorite author as long as the world reads. Sainte-Beuve says that, in certain respects, he is the French Homer. And what is singular in such popularity is that the original subjects were, to a great extent furnished by others, as in the fables, most of which came from Æsop; but he clothed them in a form that has never been equaled. His genius was in the form, and he took his material wherever he found it. He turned the rough-hewn images of Æsop's Fables into graceful and immortal statues. A dry, and somewhat crude fable, after passing through his hands became as perfect as words could make it. The word was found whose place could not be supplied by any other. In almost all his fables, as in Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," a word may not be changed or misplaced without marring the clearness and symmetry of the whole.

La Fontaine himself said that he put much time on his verses, and it was true. A proof of this is shown in the fable of "The Fox, the Flies, and the Hedgehog," of which the manuscripts have been preserved, that from which the proof-sheet was taken containing only two verses of the original draft. The "Enchanted Cup," which appeared in one edition, re-appeared in a subsequent almost entirely changed; and the copy of a poem entitled "Adonis," preserved in the archives of the descendants of Fouquet, differs widely from the poem of that name which appears in La Fontaine's works. Walckenaer, who examined the manuscripts of the poet, said that they bore many changes and erasures. Thus the reputation of facility given him was unfounded; and this shows the artist—the effects, only, were seen, the causes being hidden. This fact furnishes, indeed, the best illustration of art.



THE OAK AND THE REED.

The difference between his work and his life is remarkable. His fables are marked by wisdom and a healthy moral tone, and his life by folly and licentiousness. He must have kept one corner of his mind free from the contamination of bad habits and bad intercourse, for his work is full of lessons of prudence and virtue. Fénelon was so impressed with them, that he taught his royal pupil, the Duke of Bourgogne, to learn some of them by heart, to serve as precepts in the conduct of life. In reading his apologues one feels as if the author spoke in a quiet, pastoral scene, in sight of peaceful

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

sheep and oxen, and in sound of buzzing insects and singing birds, far away from all that by which he was surrounded. In his mouth the words of wisdom were gentle and the ways of virtue smooth. He never struck the high note of heroism, nor descended to that of despair; the tone of passion was foreign to his nature.

There is no assumption of superior wisdom, no desire to appear in the character of a philosopher; the moral follows the story with a natural and logical sequence, and one reads a lesson in philosophy almost without knowing it. He did not show the path to glory, he did not teach men how to die; he taught them how to live with prudence, economy, and the natural pleasures which are attached to healthful life. There are no forced notes in all these pleasant songs—nothing horrible, ghastly nor ecstatic; no expression of hatred, no scream of agony, no shout of victory.

In his "Psyché" he endeavored to give an idea of his taste under the name of Polyphile, who is fond of "gardens, flowers, shades, music, poetry, and is possessed of all the gentle passions which fill the heart with tenderness." All this was different enough from the man in actual life. Yet the rake, haunting the boudoirs, the coulisses, and frequenting the society of all kinds of people, was the same man who produced the fables.

To an American who sees La Fontaine through democratic spectacles, one of the blemishes in his character is a want of independence and dignity. Through the greater part of his life he was making overtures of a fulsome kind to Louis XIV., who scarcely took any notice of him, and certainly did not appreciate him. He was always holding on to the skirts of some great man for favors or relief. He availed himself of any avenue to approach the sovereign, and one of these is exhibited in his absurd eulogy of the Dauphin, a child of five or six years. He was always under the wing of some grand signor or grand dame, and had to be looked after like a lad of tender years. His attitude before great people was one of deprecation—the spirit of manhood was wanting. Like most easy persons, he was good-natured and almost without resentment to those who behaved badly toward him. Anger requires energy, and of this he had very little. He evidently thought with Théophile Gautier of later days, that there was too much trouble and discomfort in hatred, and in order to make his life as smooth as possible he seldom attacked any one with tongue or pen.

In extenuation it should be observed that it was the chief business of the gentlemen of that day to pay court to some personage for protection or preferment, and success in life came usually from a skillful faculty for intrigue. La Fontaine sang the virtues of men in power, which they did not possess. Some of his admirers have writ-

THE RAT RETIRED FROM THE WORLD.

ten that he was sincere in this, but it is difficult to reconcile this want of penetration with the clairvoyance which he usually shows in the study of nature. The truth is probably, that in his indolent, indulgent sense of right and wrong he did not care to discern the faults of those whom he praised. Besides, his own acts did not warrant him in holding others to a strict accountability. A man of pleasure, year by year he ate up his patrimony; lived separately from his wife, and had a son whom he scarcely ever saw; his life was made up of *liaisons* and debts; he wrote the "Contes," which even in that day of social corruption were considered immoral and mischievous. Living in a house of glass, he could not very well throw stones.

Poets are usually sensitive, often morbidly so, but La Fontaine was not. Neither was he envious nor jealous. An injury he pardoned or soon forgot. He was generous and sympathetic and simple. These qualities, in the estimation of most critics, more than balanced the debit side of his account; add these to his healthy organization and blunted moral sensibilities and you have a happy man—of a certain kind.

Any appearance of erudition in his fables is carefully avoided, as well as complicated ideas. His philosophy is universal, being taken from the proverbial wisdom which runs through all languages, and which is the experience of all ages. Some of this which floated about through lack of form, he molded into undying verse of easy application. The work attributed to Æsop and Phædrus, somewhat objectionable on account of nakedness of style, under his hands appeared in new and beautiful garments, of simple and delicate pattern. Over two thousand years the slave Æsop had been the master of the fable, but the seventeenth century produced a fabler who forced him to abdicate; and yet this modest modern, as Fénelon said, had the "*bêtise*" to believe himself inferior to Phædrus—owing probably to the fetichism of his age for the classics; for whatever has been said to the contrary, La Fontaine was conscious of his merit, as genius always is.

Loving idleness, one of his pleasures was to lie under the shade of a tree the greater part of the day. He was fond of sleep, and remained more than the usual number of hours abed. It was difficult to arouse him from his laziness; the wants of a family and a dwindling patrimony left him indifferent. Most of his life was objectless. Occasionally love, friendship, or poesy lifted him up from his bed of indolence. A calm forgetfulness was his normal state; he was like a man who had drunk of the waters of Lethe. None could appreciate better than he the pleasure of lying on one's back and looking at the

stars, dreaming by the hour, until nature reminded him that he wanted to eat or drink. He incurred many reproaches from his contemporaries for his laziness and consequent unproductiveness — too many, I think, for doubtless some of the time he was accused of wasting was devoted to mental conception.

To write about the fables of La Fontaine, is to go over what is, to many, familiar ground; but there are certain authors of whom the reader seldom tires, and La Fontaine is one of them. His apologues find an application now as well as in the seventeenth century; and a thousand years hence it will be the same. He wrote about two hundred and fifty of them; over two hundred are *chefs-d'œuvre*, all of which have passed into the proverbial rhymes of the French nation. The one which he himself preferred was "The Oak and the Reed," but some critics have assigned the first place to "The Animals sick with the Plague"—"*Les Animaux malades de la Peste*,"—holding it to be wider and deeper as a subject, and in versification equal to "The Oak and the Reed." An able critic of the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions, Walckenaer, however, thought that "Death and the Dying" was the best, maintaining that in this one was embraced a part of the genius of Molière and Pascal; in this is the well-known closing line,

"Le plus semblable aux morts meurt le plus à regret."

Most French children are taught to recite from memory the beauties of La Fontaine, as our children give verses from the Bible. In presence of friends, the mother persuades the little blushing girl of seven or eight, to stand up before the company and give the account of "The Industrious Ant and the Impoverished Grasshopper." The little one, with the lisp of childhood and the soft sounds of the French tongue, essays two or three times, and halts; mother comes to the rescue and gives the next word and perhaps two, before the fading lines go out of memory's sight; then the eyes brighten, the lisp and soft sounds continue, and when the end is reached the coy fable-teller is caught up and kissed by several listeners and called all sorts of pet names, after which, the mother makes rather an awkward application of the moral in enjoining the offspring to study her lessons diligently or she will have nothing to eat, like the poor grasshopper.

Although this fable is often quoted, —probably from being the first in the collection,—it is not considered up to the poet's usual work. The subject—the poor trying to borrow from the rich—is of course good for all time.

To a pleasure-loving people, like the French, the lesson of this fable may be beneficial, but by the Americans, who work too much, it is not needed. For my own part, I am persuaded that this ant was a toiling, avaricious, hard, dry, selfish, unlovely insect, and the gay grasshopper was a poet, thinking neither of herself nor the

THE COCK, THE CAT, AND THE YOUNG MOUSE.

future, who hopped about in the golden grain and the flowers, and sang the song of happiness. The festive songster, of course, never thought of providing for the hard times,—those who sing seldom do,—and she applied to the ant for food to prevent her from starving, and here a fine opportunity was offered for the exercise of charity, but the ant was stingy and hard-hearted, and she turned this applicant away with a rebuke that lacked the common form of politeness. To me, therefore, the example of the ant is unworthy of emulation, and the grasshopper enlists my sympathy as an unfortunate Bohemian, thoughtless, improvident, and lazy, if you will, but entirely unselfish. La Fontaine, himself, was not unlike this very grasshopper.

In "The Fox and the Stork," the former bethinking himself of a plan to play the host at little cost, invites the bird to a repast consisting of soup, which is poured into a flat plate, the fox lapping up the whole because his neighbor cannot manage it with her long bill. Some time afterward the stork, in her turn, invites the fox to her table, where the soup is poured into a long glass, which the hostess drains with facility, and into which the animal cannot introduce his muzzle, and he returns to his home with an empty stomach, dropped ears and tail, as shameful as a fox that has been taken in by a chicken. This is written for the deceivers, the sharpest of whom are caught at last in their own traps. It also furnishes the proverb: "Honteux comme un renard qu' une poule aurait pris."

In "The Oak and the Reed," the tree said to the reed: You have good cause for accusing Nature; to you the smallest bird is a burden, the slightest wind which wrinkles the face of the water compels you to bow your head, whilst my front not only arrests the rays of the sun, but braves the fury of the tempest. If you were only born under the shelter of my foliage, you would suffer less; but unfortunately you grow on the humid borders of the kingdom of the wind. It seems to me that Nature has indeed been unjust to you. "Your compassion," answered the small plant, "comes from a good heart, but your apprehensions are groundless. The winds are less redoubtable to me than to you; I bend and do not break. You have until now resisted their strongest efforts without bending your back, but wait until the end." As the reed said these words, from the very edge of the horizon one of the most terrible children which the north had until then borne in its flanks, burst forth. The tree still stood the shock; the reed bent. The wind redoubled its efforts, and at last it uprooted him, whose head towered toward heaven and whose feet touched the empire of the dead.

As far as I am able to judge, I think the poet was right in regarding this apologue as the brightest gem of the collection. Chamfort affirms that it will always remain a *chef-d'œuvre* of the French tongue and French literature. In his design, the artist has well caught its spirit, and put much

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

THE TWO COCKS.

expression into the tree, which throws aloft its limbs in despair and falls back in the agony of death, as if it were a living being.

In "The Dog and her Companion," one poor dog, in view of an approaching increase of family, begs her neighbor to allow her the use of her house. The obliging neighbor consents, and at the expiration of a certain time returns, when she who is in possession solicits a prolongation of the term, as her young ones are only beginning to walk. The charitable neighbor grants the request as before, and at the end of the second term asks for her house, when the mother in possession, surrounded by her young ones, well grown, shows her teeth and says: "I am ready to go out with all my band—if you can put us out." From which the poet concludes that one always regrets what is given to the evil-disposed; to get back what is lent to them one is obliged to come to blows. Give them a foot in your house, and they soon take four. This is taken from Phædrus, and is a neat satire on the law of might, by which the affairs of the world are usually regulated.

That the weak can sometimes lend a hand to the strong, is shown in the fable of "The Lion and the Rat." A thoughtless little rat pops out of the earth into the paws of the lion, who, with the majesty which belongs to the true king of the forest, suffers the creature to depart unharmed, little thinking that it would ever be in the power of so insignificant an animal to do him any service. The lion is caught in a net which has been spread for him, from which he struggles in vain to extricate himself. Here the grateful rat appears, attracted by the roars of the great animal, gnaws through a knot or two, undoes the net, and releases the prisoner. Thus we learn that patience and perseverance sometimes accomplish much more than rage and strength. This apologue is also found in Marot as well as Æsop.

In "The Hare and the Frogs," the hare makes his reflections, in his hole, on the misfortune of those like himself who are cowards by nature. They can never eat their food in tranquillity; they never have an unalloyed pleasure. This cursed fear prevents him from sleeping; a breath, a shadow, a nothing, gives him a fever. The melancholy animal, thus thinking, hears a slight noise, which is a signal to him to fly to his hole, and in doing so, passes by the border of a pond where a group of frogs dive into the water, and seek refuge in their grottoes. "Oh," says he, "I produce the effect on them which others produce on me. My presence frightens these people; I alarm the whole camp. How come I to be so valiant? What! there are animals that tremble before me, as if I were

a thunder-clap of war! I now see that in this world, however much of a coward one may be, there is always some one else still more cowardly." This last remark of the timid animal has passed into a proverb.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

"The Wolf turned Shepherd" is a very old fable, and one familiar to every schoolboy. The wolf in emulation of the tricks of the fox, clothes himself in the garments of the shepherd, while the latter, his dog, and his flock are asleep. To make the deception more complete, he endeavors to imitate the voice of the shepherd, and this unmasks the interloper. The sleepers are all aroused, and the wolf embarrassed in his coat, is unable to defend himself or escape from man and dog. Conclusion: rascals always have a weak side by which they are caught. Whoever is a wolf should remain one.

The artist gives a new design for the familiar fable of "The Fox and the Grapes." Besides the natural grapes, that are sour because beyond reach, in the distance there are grapes in the form of a couple of handsome young pullets, to whom a monkey calls his attention; but as they are accompanied by a trusty dog, armed with a stout club, the fox, turning away his head with indifference, says that they are sour. Was not this, asks the poet, better than to complain?

The foxiest of old foxes—one of the most skillful of rabbit and chicken stealers—narrowly escapes being taken in a trap, in which he leaves his tail as a souvenir. At the next council of his fellows, carefully keeping his rear out of view, he discourses on the uselessness of a tail; it is an unnecessary weight, a sweeper of dust and mud, and he favors an immediate cutting off of the appendage. "Your opinion is good," says one, "but turn round and let us see yours before pronouncing on so grave a question." When the want of a tail is seen, there is a shout of ironical laughter, and the diplomatic fox cannot find another word to say in behalf of his project. And thus, as the author says, the fashion of wearing a tail continues. The moral of "The Fox without a Tail" is so obvious that the author did not deem it necessary to write it.

The form of "The Cock, the Cat, and the Young Mouse" is one of the best. An inexperienced, *naïf* little mouse tells his adventure to his mother. He had crossed the boundaries of the mouse domain, and trotted along the high road to amuse himself, when two animals arrested his attention. One was gentle, benign and gracious; the other turbulent and unruly, with a rude and piercing voice, his head crowned with a piece of sanguinary flesh, a kind of arm on each side of him, which he raised in the air as if to fly, and a curved tail behind. "He beat his flanks with his arms with such noise and fracas," said the mouse, "that I was scared, and fled, cursing him with all my heart, for if it had not been for him I would have made the acquaintance of the other sweet and gentle animal.

He is velvet-skinned like us, mother, with a long tail and a humble countenance, a modest regard and yet a shining eye. I think he is sympathetic to our people, for his ears are shaped like ours. I was on the point of addressing him when the feathery animal frightened me away with his loud cry." "My son," said the mother, "the gentle creature is a cat, who, under the hypocritical mask, hides an eternal passion for our destruction. The other animal, on the contrary, does us no harm—so far from it that he will, perhaps, one day be served up to us as food; while as to the cat, we are the staple of his kitchen. From which learn, my son, not to judge people only by appearances."

The legend of Levantine origin is presented in a new form in "The Rat retired from the World"—that is to say, in a Dutch cheese, which the English have changed into a Cheshire cheese. According to the rat's account, he is tired of the pomps and vanities of the world, and flees from them into profound solitude. He works so well in the rich, solidified cream, that he is soon provided with food and lodging, and grows fat; Heaven protects those who devote themselves to her cause. One day several deputies of the rat people call on this devout personage to ask for alms, for the purpose of going into a foreign country in quest of aid against the cat people; Ratopolis is blocked; they are constrained to leave without money, owing to the indigent condition of the attacked republic. They ask for very little, sure that the succor they are going for will be ready in four or five days. "My friends," answers the solitary, "the things of earth occupy me no longer. In what can a poor recluse assist you? What can he do but pray heaven in your behalf? I trust it will take you under its charge." Thus speaking, the saintly rat shuts his door. Here the author observes that if the reader thinks the rat is a monk, he is mistaken; that a dervis is meant, adding that he supposes a monk to be more charitable. This saintly rat recalls the "Tartuffe" of Molière, and was evidently a satire upon some one nearer France than an Eastern dervis.

Two cocks lived in peace, a hen came, and with her, war. Love lost Troy—from it arose the quarrel in which the Xanthus was stained with the blood of the gods. The cocks maintained the combat for a long time, the noise thereof went abroad in the neighborhood, and the people who wore combs ran to behold the spectacle; more than one Helen of beautiful plumage was the prize of the conqueror. The vanquished disappeared, and hid himself alone in obscurity to weep over his lost loves and his glory. Every day he saw from afar his victorious rival surrounded by the hens, and this sight kept alive his hate

THE WOLF TURNED SHEPHERD.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

and lifted his courage. He sharpened his beak, beat the air and his flanks, exercised himself against the winds, and armed himself with a jealous rage. Of all this he had no need. His conqueror perched himself on a roof to sing his victory, and a vulture heard his voice. Adieu love and glory; all this pride perished under the talons of the vulture, and the vanquished took the place of the victor among the hens amidst a general cackle of joy. Thus Fortune often leads the insolent conqueror to his destruction; therefore let him look well to himself after the victory, for then the battle really begins. There was temptation here to make a point on the gentle sex as a disturbing element, but the author gallantly refrained. The lesson as it stands, is a good one, and the account, given in the tone of Homer, is one of the most amusing.

"The Cat and the Fox," like worthy saints, started on a pilgrimage together, stealing much cream and many chickens by the way. The road was long and tiresome, and to shorten it, they entered into a dispute. After much discussion the fox said to the cat, "You pretend to be very skillful, but you are far behind me—I have a hundred tricks in my head." The cat answered, "I have only one, but I maintain that it is worth a thousand of yours." In the midst of the dispute a pack of hounds came barking toward them, when the cat said, "My friend, seek for a sure strategy in that fertile brain of yours; as for my trick, here it is;" and with these words he rapidly climbed a tree, around whose base the other turned in vain, then ran into a hole, whence he was smoked out to be mangled by the dogs. Too many expedients often bring failure instead of success; have only one, but let it be a good one.

A young mouse of little experience thought to soften an old cat in imploring his clemency. "Let me live," said the small animal, "a mouse of my size and wants cannot be a charge in this house; what I take can never be missed; I feed myself with a grain of wheat, a nut makes me fat. At present I am thin; wait some time and reserve this repast for your children." The other answered, "It is useless to employ such words with me; you might as well speak to the deaf. A cat, and an old one at that, is not given to pardoning. So you must die; as for my children they will look

out for themselves." And this was the last of the unfortunate mouse. Thus, youth flatters itself with hope and old age is pitiless. This was written at the age of seventy-four, at the request of his patron the Duke of Bourgogne, preceded by a poem of which the refrain was "the cat and the mouse," the poet playing with his subject as the larger animal with the smaller.

The apologues here roughly but literally translated, may be regarded as fair specimens of two hundred, the remaining fifty being somewhat inferior —that is, for such a fabler as La Fontaine.

Up to his seventieth year we find him still continuing his orgies, passing much of his time with a dissolute abbe and a certain disreputable Madame Ulrich, and in close relation with the Princes Conti, from whom he secured a pension, as well as from the Duke of Vendôme. Notwithstanding Louis the Fourteenth's love of letters, the poet never succeeded in getting into his good graces. His work, from its simple genre, did not attract the king, who was fond of the grandiose in letters as well as fine arts. Besides, the king was undergoing a change, and the poet's manner of life did not meet with his approval. Behind the king stood his pious mistress, Madame Maintenon, whom La Fontaine had known well when she was the wife of Scarron, and she is believed to have set his majesty still more against him, as she would have nothing to do with those who had known her in the days of her poverty. Thus, while his majesty was toiling up the narrow path of virtue in expiation of his sins, the poet was following the broad and easy road of pleasure. The difference between them was that the king got old before La Fontaine.

In France of the seventeenth century there were few of what we now call Positivists. The fashionable population of Paris was mainly composed of tepid Christians—those who gave an intellectual assent to Scriptural truths but did not practice them until death was thought to be near at hand. Thus, when age or sickness seized upon them, like scared children they cried out for the succor of the Church they had neglected in health and pleasure, and at the last hour the Church stretched forth its powerful arm and bore the repentant sinners into Paradise. La Fontaine was one of these. At three score and ten this votary of pleasure found himself dangerously sick. A priest became a regular visitor at his bedside, and induced him to read the Evangelists, which he had either forgotten or never read. After getting through, he observed to one of his friends: "I have been reading the New Testament; I assure you it is a very good book—yes, by my faith, a very good book." Diderot affirms that he said to the priest: "I presume the damned get used to the fire, and in the end find themselves in their natural element as fish do in the water;" and this without any intention of being irreverent. Still, this *naïf* soul could not reconcile the goodness of the Maker with eternal punishment. The assiduous and persuasive priest ended, however, in removing the difficulty. It was in the midst of these discussions that the nurse said to the physician of the mind, "Don't torment him so much—he is more stupid (*bête*) than he is wicked; God will never have the courage to damn him." And he to whom this was said, afterward wrote that the poet was as simple in his wickedness as he was in his goodness.

He yielded to every demand of the Church, withdrew a new edition of the "Contes" on which he had relied for handsome returns, burnt an unpublished comedy, and expressed repentance for having written both before a deputation of the Academy. On recovery, had he been younger, it is possible that there would have been some backsliding; as it was, the fire of nature had burnt out, and he remained consistent with his vows. He gave what was left of his vitality to religion, turned some of the blank-verse hymns into rhymes, and read a paraphrase of the "Dies Iræ" before the Academy. It was only known at his death to what austerity he had subjected his poor body, then found enveloped in a rude hair shirt. Thus, the author of "Joconde" at last ended in a garment of self-punishment! It is a commentary on his life and the age in which he lived.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

MR. BELCHER IS PRESENTED TO MRS. DILLINGHAM.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH JIM AND MIKE CONLIN PASS THROUGH A GREAT TRIAL AND COME OUT VICTORIOUS.

"THERE, Turk, there they be!" said Jim to his dog, pointing to his passengers, as he stood caressing him, with one foot on the land and the other holding the boat to the shore. "There's the little chap that I've brung to play with ye, an' there's the sick man that we've got to take care of. Now don't ye make no row."

Turk looked up into his master's face, then surveyed the new comers with a wag of his tail that had all the force of a welcome, and, when Harry leaped on shore, he smelt him over, licked his hand, and accepted him as a satisfactory companion.

Jim towed his boat around a point into a little cove where there was a beach, and then drew it by a long, strong pull entirely out of the water. Lifting Benedict and carrying him to his own cabin, he left him in charge of Harry and the dog, while he went to make his bed in "Number Ten." His arrangements completed, he transferred his patient to the quarters prepared for him, where, upheld and pillowed by the sweetest couch that weary body ever rested upon, he sank into slumber.

Harry and the dog became inseparable companions at once; and as it was necessary for Jim to watch with Benedict during the night, he had no difficulty in inducing the new friends to occupy his cabin together. The dog understood his responsibility and the lad accepted his protector; and when both had been bountifully fed they went to sleep side by side.

It was, however, a troubled night at Number Ten. The patient's imagination had been excited, his frame had undergone a great fatigue, and the fresh air, no less than the rain that had found its way to his person through all his wrappings on the

previous night, had produced a powerful impression upon his nervous system. It was not strange that the morning found Jim unrefreshed, and his patient in a high, delirious fever.

"Now's the time," said Jim to himself, "when a feller wants some sort o' religion or a woman; an' I hain't got nothin' but a big dog and little boy, an' no doctor nearer 'n forty mile."

Poor Jim! He did not know that the shock to which he had subjected the enfeebled lunatic was precisely what was needed to rouse every effort of nature to effect a cure. He could not measure the influence of the subtle earth-currents that breathed over him. He did not know that there was better medicine in the pure air, in the balsamic bed, in the broad stillness, in the nourishing food and the careful nursing, than in all the drugs of the world. He did not know that, in order to reach the convalescence for which he so ardently longed, his patient must go down to the very basis of his life, and begin and build up anew; that in changing from an old and worn-out existence to a fresh and healthy one, there must come a point between the two conditions where there would seem to be no life, and where death would appear to be the only natural determination. He was burdened with his responsibility; and only the consciousness that his motives were pure and his patient no more hopeless in his hands than in those from which he had rescued him, strengthened his equanimity and sustained his courage.

As the sun rose, Benedict fell into an uneasy slumber, and, while Jim watched his heavy breathing, the door was noiselessly opened, and Harry and the dog looked in. The hungry look of the lad summoned Jim to new duties, and leaving Harry to watch his father, he went off to prepare a breakfast for his family.

All that day and all the following night Jim's time was so occupied in feeding the well and administering to the sick, that his own sleeplessness began to tell upon him. He who had been accustomed to the sleep of a healthy and active man began to look haggard, and to long for the assistance of a trusty hand. It was with a great, irrepressible shout of gratification that, at the close of the second day, he detected the form of Mike Conlin walking up the path by the side of the river, with a snug pack of provisions upon his back.

Jim pushed his boat from the shore, and ferried Mike over to his cabin. The Irishman had reached the landing ten miles below to learn that the birch canoe in which he had expected to ascend the river had either been stolen or washed away. He was, therefore, obliged to take the old path, worn in former years by the lumbermen, at the side of the river, and to reach Jim's camp on foot. He was very tired, but the warmth of his welcome brought a merry twinkle to his eyes and the ready blarney to his tongue.

"Och! divil a bit wud ye be glad to see Mike Conlin if ye knowed he'd come to arrist ye. Jim, ye're me prisoner. Ye've been stalin a pauper—a pair av 'em, faith—an' ye must answer fur it wid yer life to owld Belcher. Come along wid me. None o' yer nonsinse, or I'll put a windy in ye."

Jim eyed him with a smile, but he knew that no ordinary errand had brought Mike to him so quickly.

"Old Belcher sent ye, did he?" said Jim.

"Be gorry he did, an' I've come to git a reward. Now, if ye'll be dacint ye shall have part of it."

Although Jim saw that Mike was apparently in sport, he knew that the offer of a cash reward for his own betrayal was indeed a sore temptation to him.

"Did ye tell 'im anything, Mike?" inquired Jim, solemnly.

"Divil a bit."

"An' ye knowed I'd lick ye if ye did. Ye knowed that, didn't ye?"

"I knowed ye'd thry it faithful, an' if ye didn't do it there'd be niver a man to blame but Mike Conlin."

Jim said no more, but went to work and got a bountiful supper for Mike. When he had finished he took him over to Number Ten, where Harry and Turk were watching. Quietly opening the door of the cabin, he entered. Benedict lay on his bed, his rapt eyes looking up to the roof. His clean-cut, deathly face, his long, tangled locks, and the comfortable appointments about him, were all scanned by Mike, and, without saying a word, both turned and retired.

"Mike," said Jim, as they retraced their way, "that man an' me was like brothers. I found 'im in the devil's own hole, an' any man that comes atween me an' him must look out fur 'imself forever arter. Jim Fenton's a good-natered man when he ain't riled, but he'd sooner fight nor eat when he is. Will ye help me, or won't ye?"

Mike made no reply, but opened his pack

and brought out a tumbler of jelly. "There, ye bloody blaggard, wouldn't ye be afther lickin' that now?" said he, and then, as he proceeded to unload the pack, his tongue ran on in comment. (A paper of crackers.) "Mash 'em all to smithereens now. Give it to' em, Jim." (A roasted chicken.) "Pitch intil the rooster, Jim. Crack every bone in 'is body." (A bottle of brandy.) "Knock the head off his shoolders and suck 'is blood." (A package of tea.) "Down with the tay! It's insulted ye, Jim." (A piece of maple sugar.) "Och! the owld, brown rascal! ye'll be afther doin' Jim Fenton a bad turn, will ye? Ye'll be brakin 'is teeth fur 'im." Then followed a plate, cup, and saucer, and these were supplemented by an old shirt and various knick-knacks that only a woman would remember in trying to provide for an invalid far away from the conveniences and comforts of home.

Jim watched Mike with tearful eyes, which grew more and more loaded and luminous as the disgorgement of the contents of the pack progressed.

"Mike, will ye forgive me?" said Jim, stretching out his hand. "I was afeared the money'd be too much for ye; but barrin' yer big foot an' the ugly nose that's on ye, ye'r an angel."

"Niver ye mind me fut," responded Mike. "Me inimies don't like it, an' they can give a good raison fur it; an' as fur me nose, it'll look worser nor it does now when Jim Fenton gets a crack at it."

"Mike," said Jim, "ye hurt me. Here's my hand, an' honors are easy."

Mike took the hand without more ado, and then sat back and told Jim all about it.

"Ye see, afther ye wint away that night I jist lay down an' got a bit uv a shnooze, an' in the mornin' I shtarted for me owld horse. It was a big thramp to where ye lift him, and comin' back purty slow, I picked up a few shticks and put intil the wagin for me owld woman—pine knots an' the like o' that. I didn't git home much afore darruk, and me owld horse wasn't more nor in the shtable an' I 'atin' me supper, quiet like, afore Belcher druv up to me house wid his purty man on the seat wid 'im. An' says he: 'Mike Conlin! Mike Conlin! Come to the dour wid ye!' So I wint to the dour, an' he says, says he: 'Hev ye seen a crazy old feller wid a b'y?' An' says I: 'There's no crazy owld feller wid a b'y been by me house in the daytime. If they wint by at all, at all, it was when me family was aslape.' Then he got out of his wagin and come in, and he looked 'round in all the corners careless like, and thin he said he wanted to go to the barrun. So we wint to the barrun, and he looked all about purty careful, and he says, says he: 'What ye been doin' wid the owld horse on a Sunday, Mike?' And says I to him, says I: 'Jist a pickin' up a few shticks for the owld woman.' An' when he come out he see the shticks in the wagin, and he says, says he: 'Mike, if ye'll find these fellers in the woods I'll give ye five hundred dollars.' And says I: 'Squire Belcher,' says I (for I knowed he had a wake shpot in 'im), 'ye are richer nor a king, and Mike Conlin's no betther nor a pauper himself. Give me a hundred dollars,' says I, 'an' I'll thry it. And be gorry I've got it right there' (slapping his pocket). 'Take along somethin' for 'em to ate,' says he, and faith I've done that same and found me min; an' now I'll stay wid ye fur a week an' 'arn me hundred dollars."

The week that Mike promised Jim was like a lifetime. To have some one with him to share his vigils and his responsibility lifted a great burden from his shoulders. But the sick man grew weaker and weaker every day. He was assiduously nursed and literally fed with dainties; but the two men went about their duties with solemn faces, and talked almost in a whisper. Occasionally one of then went out for delicate game, and by alternate watches they managed to get sufficient sleep to recruit their exhausted energies.

One morning, after Mike had been there four or five days, both stood by Benedict's bed, and felt that a crisis was upon him. A great uneasiness had possessed him for some hours, and then he had sunk away into a stupor or a sleep, they could not determine which.

The two men watched him for a while, and then went out and sat down on a log in front of the cabin, and held a consultation.

"Mike," said Jim, "somethin' must be did. We've did our best an' nothin' comes on't; an' Benedict is nearer Abram's bosom nor I ever meant he should come in my time. I ain't no doctor; you ain't no doctor. We've nussed 'im the best we knowed, and I guess he's a goner. It's too thunderin' bad, for I'd set my heart on puttin' 'im through."

"Well," said Mike, "I've got me hundred dollars, and you'll git yer pay in the nixt wurruld."

"I don't want no pay," responded Jim.

"An' what do ye know about the next world, anyway?"

"The praste says there is one," said Mike.

"The priest be hanged! What does he know about it?"

"That's his business," said Mike. "It's not for the like o' me to answer for the praste."

"Well, I wish he was here, in Number Nine, an' we'd see what we could git out of 'im. I've got to the eend o' my rope."

The truth was that Jim was becoming religious. When his own strong right hand failed in any enterprise, he always came to a point where the possibilities of a superior wisdom and power dawned upon him. He had never offered a prayer in his life, but the wish for some medium or instrument of intercession was strong within him. At last an idea struck him, and he turned to Mike and told him to go down to his old cabin, and stay there while he sent the boy back to him.

When Harry came up, with an anxious face, Jim took him between his knees.

"Little feller," said he, "I need comfortin'. It's a comfort to have ye here in my arms, an' I don't never want to have you go 'way from me. Your pa is awful sick, and perhaps he ain't never goin' to be no better. The rain and the ride, I'm afeared, was too many fur him; but I've did the best I could, and I meant well to both on ye, an' now I can't do no more, and there ain't no doctor here, an' there ain't no minister. You've allus been a pretty good boy, hain't ye? and don't ye s'pose ye can go out here a little ways behind a tree and pray? I'll hold on to the dog, an' it seems to me, if I was the Lord, I sh'd pay 'tention to what a little feller like you was sayin'. There ain't nobody here but you to do it now, ye know. I can nuss your pa and fix his vittles, and set up with 'im nights, but I can't pray. I wasn't brung up to it. Now, if you'll do this, I won't ax ye to do nothin' else."

The boy was serious. He looked off with his great black eyes into the woods. He had said his prayers many times when he did not know that he wanted anything. Here was a great emergency, the most terrible that he had ever encountered. He, a child, was the only one who could pray for the life of his father; and the thought of the responsibility, though it was only dimly entertained, or imperfectly grasped, overwhelmed him. His eyes, that had been strained so long, filled with tears, and, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, he threw his arms around Jim's neck, where he sobbed away his sudden and almost hysterical passion. Then he gently disengaged himself and went away.

Jim took off his cap, and holding fast his uneasy and inquiring dog, bowed his head as if he were in a church. Soon, among the songs of birds that were turning the morning into music, and the flash of waves that ran shoreward before the breeze, and the whisper of the wind among the evergreens, there came to his ear the voice of a child, pleading for his father's life. The tears dropped from his eyes and rolled down upon his beard. There was an element of romantic superstition in the man, of which his request was the offspring, and to which the sound of the child's voice appealed with irresistible power.

When the lad reappeared and approached him, Jim said to himself: "Now, if that won't do it, ther' won't nothin'." Reaching out his arms to Harry, as he came up, he embraced him, and said:

"My boy, you've did the right thing. It's better nor all the nussin', an' you must do that every mornin'—every mornin'; an' don't ye take no for an answer. Now jest go in with me and see your pa."

Jim would not have been greatly surprised to see the rude little room thronged with angels, but he was astonished, almost to fainting, to see Benedict open his eyes, look about him, then turn his questioning gaze upon him, and recognize him by a faint smile, so like the look of other days—so full of intelligence and peace, that the woodsman dropped upon his knees and hid his face in the blankets. He did not say a word, but leaving the boy passionately kissing his father, he ran to his own cabin.

Seizing Mike by the shoulders, he shook him as if he intended to kill him.

"Mike, said he, "by the great horned spoons, the little fellow has fetched 'im! Git yer partridge-broth and yer brandy quicker'n lightnin'. Don't talk to me no more 'bout yer priest; I've got a trick worth two o' that."

Both men made haste back to Number Ten, where they found their patient quite able to take the nourishment and stimulant they brought, but still unable to speak. He soon sank into a refreshing slumber, and gave signs of mending throughout the day. The men who had watched him with such careful anxiety were full of hope, and gave vent to their lightened spirits in the chaffing which, in their careless hours, had become habitual with them. The boy and the dog

rejoiced in sympathy, and if there had been ten days of storm and gloom, ended by a brilliant, outshining sun, the aspect of the camp could not have been more suddenly or happily changed.

Two days and nights passed away, and then Mike declared that he must go home. The patient had spoken, and knew where he was. He only remembered the past as a dream. First, it was dark and long, and full of horror, but at length all had become bright, and Jim was made supremely happy to learn that he had had a vision of the glory toward which he had pretended to conduct him. Of the fatherly breast he had slept upon, of the golden streets through which he had walked, of the river of the water of life, of the shining ones with whom he had strolled in companionship, of the marvelous city which hath foundations, and the ineffable beauty of its Maker and Builder, he could not speak in full until years had passed away; but out of this lovely dream he had emerged into natural life.

"He's jest been down to the bottom, and started new." That was the sum and substance of Jim's philosophy, and it would be hard for science to supplant it.

"Well," said Jim to Mike, "ye've been a godsend. Ye've did more good in a week nor you'll do again if ye live a thousand year. Ye've arned yer hundred dollars, and ye haven't found no pauper, and ye can tell 'em so. Paul Benedict ain't no pauper, an' he ain't no crazy man either."

"Be gorry ye're right!" said Mike, who was greatly relieved at finding his report shaped for him in such a way that he would not be obliged to tell a falsehood.

"An' thank yer old woman from me," said Jim, "an' tell her she's the queen of the huckleberry bushes, an' a jewel to the side o' the road she lives on."

"Divil a bit will I do it," responded Mike. "She'll be so grand I can't live wid her."

"An' tell her when ye've had yer quarrel," said Jim, "that there'll allus be a place for her here in Number Ten."

They chaffed one another until Mike passed out of sight among the trees; and Jim, notwithstanding his new society, felt lonelier, as he turned back to his cabin, than he had ever felt when there was no human being within twenty miles of him.

The sun of early May had begun to shine brightly, the willows were growing green by the side of the river, the resinous buds were swelling daily, and making ready to burst into foliage; the birds returned one after another from their winter journeyings, and the thrushes filled the mornings and the evenings alike with their carolings. Spring had come to the woods again with words of promise and wings of fulfillment, and Jim's heart was full of tender gladness. He had gratified his benevolent impulses, and he found upon his hands that which would tax their abounding energies. Life had never seemed to him so full of significance as it did then. He could see what he had been saving money for, and he felt that out of the service he was rendering to the poor and the distressed was growing a love for them that gave a new and almost divine flavor to his existence.

Benedict mended slowly, but he mended daily, and gave promise of the permanent recovery of a healthy body and a sound mind. It was a happy day for Jim when, with Harry and the dog bounding before him, and Benedict leaning on his arm, he walked over to his old cabin, and all ate together at his own rude table. Jim never encouraged his friend's questions. He endeavored, by every practical way, to restrain his mind from wandering into the past, and encouraged him to associate his future with his present society and surroundings. The stronger the patient grew, the more willing he became to shut out the past, which, as memory sometimes—nay, too often—recalled it, was an unbroken history of trial, disappointment, grief, despair, and dreams of great darkness.

There was one man whom he could never think of without a shudder, and with that man his possible outside life was inseparably associated. Mr. Belcher had always been able, by his command of money and his coarse and despotic will, to compel him into any course or transaction that he desired. His nature was offensive to Benedict to an extreme degree, and when in his presence, particularly when he entered it driven by necessity, he felt shorn of his own manhood. He felt him to be without conscience, without principle, without humanity, and that it needed only to be known that the insane pauper had become a sound and healthy man to make him the subject of a series of persecutions or persuasions that would wrest from him the rights and values on which the great proprietor was foully battening. These rights and values he never intended to surrender, and until he was strong and independent enough to secure them to himself, he did not care to expose his gentler will

to the machinations of the great scoundrel who had thrived upon his unrewarded genius.

So, by degrees, he came to look upon the woods as his home. He was there at peace. His wife had faded out of the world, his life had been a fatal struggle with the grossest selfishness, he had come out of the shadows into a new life, and in that life's simple conditions, cared for by Jim's strong arms, and upheld by his manly and cheerful companionship, he intended to build safely the structure of his health, and to erect on the foundation of a useful experience a better life.

In June, Jim did his planting, confined almost entirely to vegetables, as there was no mill near enough to grind his wheat and corn should he succeed in growing them. By the time the young plants were ready for dressing, Benedict could assist Jim for an hour every day; and when the autumn came, the invalid of Number Ten had become a heavier man than he ever was before. Through the disguise of rags, the sun-browned features, the heavy beard, and the generous and almost stalwart figure, his old and most intimate friends would have failed to recognize the delicate and attenuated man they had once known. Jim regarded him with great pride, and almost with awe. He delighted to hear him talk, for he was full of information and overflowing with suggestion.

"Mr. Benedict," said Jim one day, after they had indulged in one of their long talks, "do you s'pose you can make a house?"

"Anything."

"A raal house, all ship-shape for a woman to live in?"

"Anything."

"With a little stoop, an' a bureau, an' some chairs, an' a frame, like, fur posies to run up on?"

"Yes, Jim, and a thousand things you never thought of."

Jim did not pursue the conversation further, but went down very deep into a brown study.

During September, he was in the habit of receiving the visits of sportsmen, one of whom, a New York lawyer, who bore the name of Balfour, had come into the woods every year for several successive years. He became aware that his supplies were running low, and that not only was it necessary to lay in a winter's stock of flour and pork, but that his helpless *protégés* should be supplied with clothing for the coming cold weather. Benedict had become quite able to take care of himself and his boy; so one day Jim, having furnished himself with a supply of money from his long accumulated hoard, went off down the river for a week's absence.

He had a long consultation with Mike Conlin, who agreed to draw his lumber to the river whenever he should see fit to begin his enterprise. He had taken along a list of tools furnished him by Benedict, and Mike carried him to Sevenoaks with the purpose of taking back whatever, in the way of stores, they should purchase. Jim was full of reminiscences of his night's drive, and pointed out to Mike all the localities of his great enterprise. Things had undergone a transformation about the poor-house, and Jim stopped and inquired tenderly for Tom Buffum, and learned that soon after the escape of Benedict the man had gone off in an apoplectic fit.

"He was a pertickler friend o' mine," said Jim, smiling in the face of the new occupant, "an' I'm glad he went off so quick he didn't know when he was goin'. Left some rocks, didn't he?"

The man having replied to Jim's tender solicitude, that he believed the family were sufficiently well provided for, the precious pair of sympathizers went off down the hill.

Jim and Mike had a busy day in Sevenoaks, and at about eight o'clock in the evening, Miss Keziah Butterworth was surprised in her room by the announcement that there was a strange man down stairs who desired to see her. As she entered the parlor of the little house, she saw a tall man standing upright in the middle of the room, with his fur cap in his hand, and a huge roll of cloth under his arm.

"Miss Butterworth, how fare ye?" said Jim.

"I remember you," said Miss Butterworth, peering up into his face to read his features in the dim light. "You are Jim Fenton, whom I met last spring at the town meeting."

"I knowed you'd remember me. Women allus does. Be'n putty chirk this summer?"

"Very well, I thank you, sir," and Miss Butterworth dropped a courtesy, and then, sitting down, she pointed him to a chair.

Jim laid his cap on the floor, placed his roll of cloth upright between his knees, and, pulling out his bandana handkerchief, wiped his perspiring face.

"I've brung a little job fur ye," said Jim.

"Oh, I can't do it," said Miss Butterworth at once. "I'm crowded to death with work. It's a hurrying time of year."

"Yes, I knowed that, but this is a pertickler job."

"Oh, they are all particular jobs," responded Miss Butterworth, shaking her head.

"But this is a job fur pertickler folks."

"Folks are all alike to me," said Miss Butterworth, sharply.

"These clo'es," said Jim, "are fur a good man an' a little boy. They has nothin' but rags on 'em, an' won't have till ye make these clo'es. The man is a pertickler friend o' mine, an' the boy is a cute little chap, an' he can pray better nor any minister in Sevenoaks. If you knowed what I know, Miss Butterworth, I don't know but you'd do somethin' that you'd be ashamed of, an' I don't know but you'd do somethin' that I sh'd be ashamed of. Strange things has happened, an' if you want to know what they be, you must make these clo'es."

Jim had aimed straight at one of the most powerful motives in human nature, and the woman began to relent, and to talk more as if it were possible for her to undertake the job.

"It may be," said the tailoress, thinking, and scratching the top of her head with a hair-pin, "that I *can* work it in; but I haven't the measure."

"Well, now, let's see," said Jim, pondering. "Whar is they about such a man? Don't ye remember a man that used to be here by the name of—of—Benedict, wasn't it?—a feller about up to my ear—only fleshier nor he was? An' the little feller—well, he's bigger nor Benedict's boy—bigger, leastways, nor he was then."

Miss Butterworth rose to her feet, went up to Jim, and looked him sharply in the eyes.

"Can you tell me anything about Benedict and his boy?"

"All that any feller knows I know," said Jim, "an' I've never telled nobody in Sevenoaks."

"Jim Fenton, you needn't be afraid of me."

"Oh, I ain't. I like ye better nor any woman I seen."

"But you needn't be afraid to tell me," said Miss Butterworth, blushing.

"An' will ye make the clo'es?"

"Yes, I'll make the clothes, if I make them for nothing, and sit up nights to do it."

"Give us your hand," said Jim, and he had a woman's hand in his own almost before he knew it, and his face grew crimson to the roots of his bushy hair.

Miss Butterworth drew her chair up to his, and in a low tone he told her the whole long story as only he knew it, and only he could tell it.

"I think you are the noblest man I ever saw," said Miss Butterworth, trembling with excitement.

"Well, turn about's fa'r play, they say, an' I think you're the most genuine creetur' I ever seen," responded Jim. "All we want up in the woods now is a woman, an' I'd sooner have you thar nor any other."

"Poh! what a spoon you are!" said Miss Butterworth, tossing her head.

"Then there's timber enough in me fur the puttiest kind of a buckle."

"But you're a blockhead—a great, good blockhead. That's just what you are," said Miss Butterworth, laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, ye can whittle any sort of a head out of a block," said Jim imperturbably.

"Let's have done with joking," said the tailoress solemnly.

"I hain't been jokin'," said Jim. "I'm in 'arnest. I been thinkin' o' ye ever sence the town-meetin'. I been kinder livin' on yer looks. I've dreamt about ye nights; an' when I've been helpin' Benedict, I took some o' my pay, thinkin' I was pleasin' ye. I couldn't help hopin'; an' now, when I come to ye so, an' tell ye jest how the land lays, ye git rampageous or tell me I'm jokin'. 'Twon't be no joke if Jim Fenton goes away from this house feelin' that the only woman he ever seen that he thought was wuth a row o' pins feels herself better nor he is."

Miss Butterworth cast down her eyes, and trotted her knees nervously. She felt that Jim was really in earnest—that he thoroughly respected her, and that behind his rough exterior there was as true a man as she had ever seen; but the life to which he would introduce her, the gossip to which she would be subjected by any intimate connection with him, and the uprooting of the active social life into which the routine of her daily labor led her, would be a great hardship. Then there was another consideration which weighed heavily with her. In her room were the memorials of an early affection and the disappointment of a life.

"Mr. Fenton," she said, looking up—

"Jest call me Jim."

"Well, Jim—" and Miss Butterworth smiled through tearful eyes—"I must tell

you that I was once engaged to be married."

"Sho! You don't say!"

"Yes, and I had everything ready."

"Now, you don't tell me!"

"Yes, and the only man I ever loved died—died a week before the day we had set."

"It must have pretty near finished ye off."

"Yes, I should have been glad to die myself."

"Well, now, Miss Butterworth, if you s'pose that Jim Fenton wouldn't bring that man to life if he could, and go to your weddin' singin' hallelujer, you must think he's meaner nor a rat. But ye know he's dead, an' ye never can see him no more. He's a goner, an' ye're all alone, an' here's a man that'll take care on ye fur him; an' it does seem to me that if he was a reasumble man he'd feel obleeged for what I'm doin'."

Miss Butterworth could not help smiling at Jim's earnestness and ingenuity, but his proposition was so sudden and strange, and she had so long ago given up any thought of marrying, that it was impossible for her to give him an answer then, unless she should give him the answer which he deprecated.

"Jim," she said at last, "I believe you are a good man. I believe you are honorable, and that you mean well toward me; but we have been brought up very differently, and the life into which you wish to bring me would be very strange to me. I doubt whether I could be happy in it."

Jim saw that it would not help him to press his suit further at that time, and recognized the reasonableness of her hesitation. He knew he was rough and unused to every sort of refinement, but he also knew that he was truthful, and honorable, and faithful; and with trust in his own motives and trust in Miss Butterworth's good sense and discretion, he withheld any further exhibition of his wish to settle the affair on the spot.

"Well, Miss Butterworth," he said, rising, "ye know yer own business, but there'll be a house, an' a stoop, an' a bureau, an' a little ladder for flowers, an' Mike Conlin will draw the lumber, an' Benedict 'll put it together, an' Jim Fenton 'll be the busiest and happiest man in a hundred mile."

As Jim rose, Miss Butterworth also stood up, and looked up into his face. Jim regarded her with tender admiration.

"Do you know I take to little things wonderful, if they're only alive?" said he. "There's Benedict's little boy! I feel 'im fur hours arter I've had 'im in my arms, jest because he's alive an' little. An' I don't know—I—I vow, I guess I better go away. Can you git the clo'es made in two days, so I can take 'em home with me? Can't ye put 'em out round? I'll pay ye, ye know."

Miss Butterworth thought she could, and on that promise Jim remained in Sevenoaks.

How he got out of the house he did not remember, but he went away very much exalted. What he did during those two days it did not matter to him, so long as he could walk over to Miss Butterworth's each night, and watch her light from his cover in the trees.

Before the tailoress closed her eyes in sleep that night her brisk and ready shears had cut the cloth for the two suits at a venture, and in the morning the work was parceled among her benevolent friends, as a work of charity whose objects were not to be mentioned.

When Jim called for the clothes, they were done, and there was no money to be paid for the labor. The statement of the fact embarrassed Jim more than anything that had occurred in his interviews with the tailoress.

"I sh'll pay ye some time, even if so be that nothin' happens," said he; "an' if so be that somethin' does happen, it'll be squar' any way. I don't want no man that I do fur to be beholden to workin' women for their clo'es."

Jim took the big bundle under his left arm, and extending his right hand took Miss Butterworth's, and said: "Good-bye, little woman; I sh'll see ye agin, and here's hopin'. Don't hurt yerself, and think as well of me as you can. I hate to go away an' leave every thing loose like, but I s'pose I must. Yes, I don't like to go away so"—and Jim shook his head tenderly—"an' arter I go ye musn't kick a stone on the road or scare a bird in the trees, for fear it'll be the heart that Jim Fenton leaves behind him."

Jim departed, and Miss Butterworth went up to her room, her eyes moist with the effect of the unconscious poetry of his closing utterance.

It was still early in the evening when Jim reached the hotel, and he had hardly mounted the steps when the stage drove up, and Mr. Balfour, encumbered with a gun, all sorts of fishing-tackle and a lad of twelve years, leaped out. He was on his annual vacation; and with all the hilarity and heartiness of a boy let loose from

school greeted Jim, whose irresistibly broad smile was full of welcome.

It was quickly arranged that Jim and Mike should go on that night with their load of stores; that Mr. Balfour and his boy should follow in the morning with a team to be hired for the occasion, and that Jim, reaching home first, should return and meet his guests with his boat at the landing.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MR. BELCHER VISITS NEW YORK, AND BECOMES THE PROPRIETOR OF "PALGRAVE'S FOLLY."

THE shadow of a mystery hung over Sevenoaks for many months. Handbills advertising the fugitives were posted in all directions throughout the country, but nothing came of them but rumors. The newspapers, far and near, told the story, but it resulted in nothing save such an airing of the Sevenoaks poor-house, and the county establishment connected with the same, that Tom Buffum, who had lived for several years on the border-land of apoplexy, passed suddenly over, and went so far that he never returned to meet the official inquiry into his administration. The Augean stables were cleansed by the Hercules of public opinion; and with the satisfied conscience and restored self-complacency procured by this act, the people at last settled down upon the conviction that Benedict and his boy had shared the fate of old Tilden—that they had lost themselves in the distant forest, and met their death alike beyond help and discovery.

Mr. Belcher found himself without influence in the adjustment of the new administration. Sevenoaks turned the cold shoulder to him. Nobody went to him with the reports that connected him with the flight and fate of the crazed inventor, yet he knew, through instincts which men of his nature often possess in a remarkable degree, that he was deeply blamed for the causes of Benedict's misfortunes. It has already been hinted that at first he was suspected of knowing guiltily more about the disappearance of the fugitives than he would be willing to tell, but there were only a few minds in which the suspicion was long permitted to linger. When the first excitement passed away and men began to think, it was impossible for them to imagine motives sufficiently powerful to induce the rich proprietor to pursue a lunatic pauper to his death.

Mr. Belcher never had encouraged the neighborly approaches which, in an emergency like this, might have given him comfort and companionship. Recognizing no equals in Sevenoaks—measuring his own social position by the depth of his purse and the reach of his power—he had been in the habit of dispensing his society as largess to the humble villagers. To recognize a man upon the street, and speak to him in a familiar way, was to him like the opening of his purse and throwing the surprise of a dollar into a beggar's hat. His courtesies were charities; his politeness was a boon; he tossed his jokes into a crowd of dirty employés as he would toss a handful of silver coin. Up to this time he had been sufficient unto himself. By money, by petty revenges, by personal assumption, he had managed to retain his throne for a long decade; and when he found his power partly ignored and partly defied, and learned that his personal courtesies were not accepted at their old value, he not only began to feel lonesome, but he grew angry. He held hot discussions with his image in the mirror night after night, in his lonely library, where a certain measure which had once seemed a distant possibility took shape more and more as a purpose. In some way he would revenge himself upon the people of the town. Even at a personal sacrifice, he would pay them off for their slight upon him; and he knew there was no way in which he could so effectually do this as by leaving them. He had dreamed many times, as he rapidly accumulated his wealth, of arriving at a point where he could treat his splendid home as a summer resort, and take up his residence in the great city among those of his own kind. He had an uneasy desire for the splendors of city life, yet his interests had always held him to Sevenoaks, and he had contented himself there simply because he had his own way, and was accounted "the principal citizen." His village splendors were without competition. His will was law. His self-complacency, fed and flourishing in his country home, had taken the place of society; but this had ceased to be all-sufficient, even before the change occurred in the atmosphere around him.

It was six months after the reader's first introduction to him that, showily dressed as he always was, he took his place before his mirror for a conversation with the striking-looking person whom he saw reflected there.

"Robert Belcher, Esquire," said he, "are

you played out? Who says played out? Did you address that question to me, sir? Am I the subject of that insulting remark? Do you dare to beard the lion in his den? Withdraw the dagger that you have aimed at my breast, or I will not hold myself responsible for the consequences. Played out, with a million dollars in your pocket? Played out, with wealth pouring in in mighty waves? Whose name is Norval still? Whose are these Grampian Hills? In yonder silent heavens the stars still shine, printing on boundless space the words of golden promise. Will you leave Sevenoaks? Will you go to yonder metropolis, and there reap, in honor and pleasure, the rewards of your enterprise? Will you leave Sevenoaks howling in pain? Will you leave these scurvy ministers to whine for their salaries and whine to empty air? Ye fresh fields and pastures new, I yield, I go, I reside! I spurn the dust of Sevenoaks from my feet. I hail the glories of the distant mart. I make my bow to you, sir. You ask my pardon? It is well! Go!"

The next morning, after a long examination of his affairs, in conference with his confidential agent, and the announcement to Mrs. Belcher that he was about to start for New York on business, Phipps took him and his trunk on a drive of twenty miles, to the northern terminus of a railroad line which, with its connections, would bear him to the city of his hopes.

It is astonishing how much room a richly dressed snob can occupy in a railway car without receiving a request to occupy less, or endangering the welfare of his arrogant eyes. Mr. Belcher occupied always two seats, and usually four. It was pitiful to see feeble women look at his abounding supply, then look at him, and then pass on. It was pitiful to see humbly dressed men do the same. It was pitiful to see gentlemen put themselves to inconvenience rather than dispute with him his right to all the space he could cover with his luggage and his feet. Mr. Belcher watched all these exhibitions with supreme satisfaction. They were a tribute to his commanding personal appearance. Even the conductors recognized the manner of man with whom they had to deal, and shunned him. He not only got the worth of his money in his ride, but the worth of the money of several other people.

Arriving at New York, he went directly to the Astor, then the leading hotel of the city. The clerk not only knew the kind of man who stood before him recording his name, but he knew him; and while he assigned to his betters, men and women, rooms at the top of the house, Mr. Belcher secured, without difficulty, a parlor and bedroom on the second floor. The arrogant snob was not only at a premium on the railway train, but at the hotel. When he swaggered into the dining-room, the head waiter took his measure instinctively, and placed him as a figure-head at the top of the hall, where he easily won to himself the most careful and obsequious service, the choicest viands, and a large degree of quiet observation from the curious guests. In the office, waiters ran for him, hackmen took off their hats to him, his cards were delivered with great promptitude, and even the courtly principal deigned to inquire whether he found every thing to his mind. In short, Mr. Belcher seemed to find that his name was as distinctly "Norval" in New York as in Sevenoaks, and that his "Grampian Hills" were movable eminences that stood around and smiled upon him wherever he went.

Retiring to his room to enjoy in quiet his morning cigar and to look over the papers, his eye was attracted, among the "personals," to an item which read as follows:

"Col. Robert Belcher, the rich and well-known manufacturer of Sevenoaks, and the maker of the celebrated Belcher rifle, has arrived in town, and occupies a suite of apartments at the Astor."

His title, he was aware, had been manufactured, in order to give the highest significance to the item, by the enterprising reporter, but it pleased him. The reporter, associating his name with fire-arms, had chosen a military title, in accordance with the custom which makes "commodores" of enterprising landsmen who build and manage lines of marine transportation and travel, and "bosses" of men who control election gangs, employed to dig the dirty channels to political success.

He read it again and again, and smoked, and walked to his glass, and coddled himself with complacent fancies. He felt that all doors opened themselves widely to the man who had money, and the skill to carry it in his own magnificent way. In the midst of pleasant thoughts, there came a rap at the door, and he received from the waiter's little salver the card of his factor, "Mr. Benjamin Talbot." Mr. Talbot had read the "personal" which had so attracted and delighted himself, and had made haste to pay his respects to the principal from whose productions he was coining a fortune.

Mr. Talbot was the man of all others whom Mr. Belcher desired to see; so, with a glance at the card, he told the waiter promptly to show the gentleman up.

No man in the world understood Mr. Belcher better than the quick-witted and obsequious factor. He had been in the habit, during the ten years in which he had handled Mr. Belcher's goods, of devoting his whole time to the proprietor while that person was on his stated visits to the city. He took him to his club to dine; he introduced him to congenial spirits; he went to the theater with him; he went with him to grosser resorts, which do not need to be named in these pages; he drove with him to the races; he took him to lunch at suburban hotels, frequented by fast men who drove fast horses; he ministered to every coarse taste and vulgar desire possessed by the man whose nature and graceless caprices he so carefully studied. He did all this at his own expense, and at the same time he kept his principal out of the clutches of gamblers and sharpers. It was for his interest to be of actual use to the man whose desires he aimed to gratify, and so to guard and shadow him that no deep harm would come to him. It was for his interest to keep Mr. Belcher to himself, while he gave him the gratifications that a coarse man living in the country so naturally seeks among the opportunities and excitements of the city.

There was one thing, however, that Mr. Talbot had never done. He had never taken Mr. Belcher to his home. Mrs. Talbot did not wish to see him, and Mr. Talbot did not wish to have her see him. He knew that Mr. Belcher, after his business was completed, wanted something besides a quiet dinner with women and children. His leanings were not toward virtue, but toward safe and half-reputable vice; and exactly what he wanted consistent with his safety as a business man, Mr. Talbot wished to give him. To nurse his goodwill; to make himself useful, and, as far as possible, essential to the proprietor, and to keep him sound and make him last, was Mr. Talbot's study and his most determined ambition.

Mr. Belcher was seated in a huge arm chair, with his back to the door and his feet in another chair, when the second rap came, and Mr. Talbot, with a radiant smile, entered.

"Well, Toll, my boy," said the proprietor, keeping his seat without turning, and extending his left hand. "How are you? Glad to see you. Come round to pay your respects to the Colonel, eh? How's business, and how's your folks?"

Mr. Talbot was accustomed to this style of greeting from his principal, and, responding heartily to it and the inquiries accompanying it, he took a seat. With hat and cane in hand he sat on his little chair, showing his handsome teeth, twirling his light mustache, and looking at the proprietor with his keen gray eyes, his whole attitude and physiognomy expressing the words as plainly as if he had spoken them: "I'm your man; now, what are you up to?"

"Toll," said Mr. Belcher deliberately, "I'm going to surprise you."

"You usually do," responded the factor, laughing.

"I vow, I guess that's true! You fellows, without any blood, are apt to get waked up when the old boys come in from the country. Toll, lock the door."

Mr. Talbot locked the door and resumed his seat.

"Sevenoaks be hanged!" said Mr. Belcher.

"Certainly."

"It's a one-horse town."

"Certainly. Still, I have been under the impression that you owned the horse."

"Yes, I know, but the horse is played out."

"Hasn't he been a pretty good horse, and earned you all he cost you?"

"Well, I'm tired with living where there is so much infernal babble, and meddling with other people's business. If I sneeze, the people think there's been an earthquake; and when I whistle, they call it a hurricane."

"But you're the king of the roost," said Talbot.

"Yes; but a man gets tired being king of the roost, and longs for some other rooster to fight."

Mr. Talbot saw the point toward which Mr. Belcher was drifting, and prepared himself for it. He had measured his chances for losing his business, and when, at last, his principal came out with the frank statement, that he had made up his mind to come to New York to live, he was all ready with his overjoyed "No!" and with his smooth little hand to bestow upon Mr. Belcher's heavy fist the expression of his gladness and his congratulations.

"Good thing, is n't it, Toll?"

"Excellent!"

"And you'll stand by me, Toll?"

"Of course I will; but we can't do just

the old things, you know. We must be highly respectable citizens, and keep ourselves straight."

"Don't you undertake to teach your grandmother how to suck eggs," responded the proprietor with a huge laugh, in which the factor joined. Then he added, thoughtfully: "I haven't said a word to the woman about it, and she may make a fuss, but she knows me pretty well; and there'll be the biggest kind of a row in the town; but the fact is, Toll, I'm at the end of my rope there. I'm making money hand over hand, and I've nothing to show for it. I've spent about everything I can up there, and nobody sees it. I might just as well be buried; and if a fellow can't show what he gets, what's the use of having it? I haven't but one life to live, and I'm going to spread, and I'm going to do it right here in New York; and if I don't make some of your nabobs open their eyes, my name isn't Robert Belcher."

Mr. Belcher had exposed motives in this little speech that he had not even alluded to in his addresses to his image in the mirror. Talbot saw that something had gone wrong in the town, that he was playing off a bit of revenge, and, above all, that the vulgar desire for display was more prominent among Mr. Belcher's motives for removal than that person suspected.

"I have a few affairs to attend to," said Mr. Talbot, rising, "but after twelve o'clock I will be at your service while you remain in the city. We shall have no difficulty in finding a house to suit you, I am sure, and you can get everything done in the matter of furniture at the shortest notice. I will hunt houses with you for a week, if you wish."

"Well, bye-bye, Toll," said Mr. Belcher, giving him his left hand again. "I'll be 'round at twelve."

Mr. Talbot went out, but instead of going to his office, went straight home, and surprised Mrs. Talbot by his sudden reappearance.

"What on earth!" — said she, looking up from a bit of embroidery on which she was dawdling away her morning.

"Kate, who do you suppose is coming to New York to live?"

"The Great Mogul."

"Yes, the Great Mogul—otherwise, Colonel Robert Belcher."

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed the lady.

"Well, and what's to be done?"

"Oh, my! my! my! my!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot, her possessive pronoun stumbling and fainting away without reaching its object. "*Must* we have that bear in the house? Does it pay?"

"Yes, Kate, it pays," said Mr. Talbot.

"Well, I suppose that settles it."

The factor and his wife were very quick to comprehend the truth that a principal out of town, and away from his wife and family, was a very different person to deal with from one in the town and in the occupation of a grand establishment, with his dependents. They saw that they must make themselves essential to him in the establishment of his social position, and that they must introduce him and his wife to their friends. Moreover, they had heard good reports of Mrs. Belcher, and had the impression that she would be either an inoffensive or a valuable acquisition to their circle of friends.

There was nothing to do, therefore, but to make a dinner-party in Mr. Belcher's honor. The guests were carefully selected, and Mrs. Talbot laid aside her embroidery and wrote her invitations, while Mr. Talbot made his next errand at the office of the leading real estate broker, with whom he concluded a private arrangement to share in the commission of any sale that might be made to the customer whom he proposed to bring to him in the course of the day. Half-an-hour before twelve, he was in his own office, and in the thirty minutes that lay between his arrival and the visit of the proprietor, he had arranged his affairs for any absence that would be necessary.

When Mr. Belcher came in, looking from side to side, with the air of a man who owned all he saw, even the clerks, who respectfully bowed to him as he passed, he found Mr. Talbot waiting; also, a bunch of the costliest cigars.

"I remembered your weakness, you see," said Talbot.

"Toll, you're a jewel," said Mr. Belcher, drawing out one of the fragrant rolls and lighting it.

"Now, before we go a step," said Talbot, "you must agree to come to my house tomorrow night to dinner, and meet some of my friends. When you come to New York you'll want to know somebody."

"Toll, I tell you you're a jewel."

"And you'll come?"

"Well, you know I'm not rigged exactly for that sort of thing, and, faith, I'm not up to it, but I suppose all a man has to do is to put on a stiff upper lip, and take it as it comes."

"I'll risk you anywhere."

"All right! I'll be there."

"Six o'clock, sharp;—and now let's go and find a broker. I know the best one in the city, and I'll show you the inside of more fine houses before night than you have ever seen."

Talbot took the proprietor's arm and led him to a carriage in waiting. Then he took him to Pine street, and introduced him, in the most deferential manner, to the broker who held half of New York at his disposal, and knew the city as he knew his alphabet.

The broker took the pair of house-hunters to a private room and unfolded a map of the city before them. On this he traced, with a well-kept finger-nail, a series of lines,—like those fanciful isothermal definitions that embrace the regions of perennial summer on the range of the Northern Pacific Railroad,—within which social respectability made its home. Within certain avenues and certain streets, he explained that it was a respectable thing to live. Outside of these arbitrary boundaries, nobody who made any pretense to respectability should buy a house. The remainder of the city was for the vulgar—craftsmen, petty shopkeepers, salaried men, and the shabby-genteel. He insisted that a wealthy man, making an entrance upon New York life, should be careful to locate himself somewhere upon the charmed territory which he defined. He felt in duty bound to say this to Mr. Belcher, as he was a stranger; and Mr. Belcher was, of course, grateful for the information.

Then he armed Mr. Talbot, as Mr. Belcher's city friend and helper, with a bundle of permits, with which they set off upon their quest. They visited a dozen houses in the course of the afternoon, carefully chosen in their succession by Mr. Talbot, who was as sure of Mr. Belcher's tastes as he was of his own. One street was too quiet, one was too dark; one house was too small, and one was too tame; one house had no stable, another had too small a stable. At last, they came out upon Fifth avenue, and drove up to a double front, with a stable almost as ample and as richly appointed as the house itself. It had been built, and occupied for a year or two, by an exploded millionaire, and was an elephant upon the hands of his creditors. Robert Belcher was happy at once. The marvelous mirrors, the plate glass, the gilded cornices, the grand staircase, the glittering chandeliers, the evidences of lavish expenditure in every fixture and in all the finish, excited him like wine. "Now you talk!" said he to the smiling factor; and as he went to the window, and saw the life of the street, rolling by in costly carriages, or sweeping the sidewalks with shining silks and mellow velvets, he felt that he was at home. Here he could see and be seen. Here his splendors could be advertised. Here he could find an expression for his wealth, by the side of which his establishment at Sevenoaks seemed too mean to be thought of without humiliation and disgust. Here was a house that gratified his sensuous nature through and through, and appealed irresistibly to his egregious vanity. He did not know that the grand and gaudy establishment bore the name of "Palgrave's Folly," and, probably, it would have made no difference with him if he had. It suited him, and would, in his hands, become Belcher's Glory.

The sum demanded for the place, though very large, did not cover its original cost, and in this fact Mr. Belcher took great comfort. To enjoy fifty thousand dollars, which somebody else had made, was a charming consideration with him, and one that did much to reconcile him to an expenditure far beyond his original purpose.

When he had finished his examination of the house, he returned to his hotel, as business hours were past, and he could make no further headway that day in his negotiations. The more he thought of the house, the more uneasy he became. Somebody might have seen him looking at it, and so reached the broker first, and snatched it from his grasp. He did not know that it had been in the market for two years, waiting for just such a man as himself.

Talbot was fully aware of the state of Mr. Belcher's mind, and knew that if he did not reach him early the next morning, the proprietor would arrive at the broker's before him. Accordingly, when Mr. Belcher finished his breakfast that morning, he found his factor waiting for him, with the information that the broker would not be in his office for an hour and a-half, and that there was time to look further, if further search were desirable. He hoped that Mr. Belcher would not be in a hurry, or take any step that he would ultimately regret. Mr. Belcher assured him that he knew what he wanted when he saw it, and had no fears about the matter, except that somebody might anticipate him.

"You have determined, then, to buy the house at the price?" said Talbot.

"Yes; I shall just shut my eyes and swallow the whole thing."

"Would you like to get it cheaper?"

"Of course."

"Then, perhaps you had better leave the talking to me," said Talbot. "These fellows all have a price that they ask, and a smaller one that they will take."

"That's one of the tricks, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then go ahead."

They had a long talk about business, and then Talbot went out, and, after an extended interview with the broker, sent a messenger for Mr. Belcher. When that gentleman came in, he found that Talbot had bought the house for ten thousand dollars less than the price originally demanded. Mr. Belcher deposited a handsome sum as a guaranty of his good faith, and ordered the papers to be made out at once.

After their return to the hotel, Mr. Talbot sat down to a table and went through a long calculation.

"It will cost you, Mr. Belcher," said the factor, deliberately, "at least twenty-five thousand dollars to furnish that house satisfactorily."

Mr. Belcher gave a long whistle.

"At least twenty-five thousand dollars, and I doubt whether you get off for less than thirty thousand."

"Well, I'm in for it, and I'm going through," said Mr. Belcher.

"Very well," responded Talbot, "now let's go to the best furnisher we can find. I happen to know the man who is at the top of the style, and I suppose the best thing, as you and I don't know much about the matter, is to let him have his own way, and hold him responsible for the results."

"All right," said Belcher; "show me the man."

They found the arbiter of style in his counting-room. Mr. Talbot approached him first, and held a long private conversation with him. Mr. Belcher, in his self-complacency, waited, fancying that Talbot was representing his own importance and the desirableness of so rare a customer, and endeavoring to secure reasonable prices on a large bill. In reality, he was arranging to get a commission out of the job for himself.

If it be objected to Mr. Talbot's mode of giving assistance to his country friends, that it savored of mercenariness amounting to villainy, it is to be said, on his behalf, that he was simply practicing the morals that Mr. Belcher had taught him. Mr. Belcher had not failed to debauch or debase the moral standard of every man over whom he had any direct influence. If Talbot had practiced his little game upon any other man, Mr. Belcher would have patted his shoulder and told him he was "a jewel." So much of Mr. Belcher's wealth had been won by sharp and more than doubtful practices, that that wealth itself stood before the world as a premium on rascality, and thus became, far and wide, a demoralizing influence upon the feverishly ambitious and the young. Besides, Mr. Talbot quieted what little conscience he had in the matter by the consideration that his commissions were drawn, not from Mr. Belcher, but from the profits which others would make out of him, and the further consideration that it was no more than right for him to get the money back that he had spent, and was spending, for his principal's benefit.

Mr. Belcher was introduced, and the arbiter of style conversed learnedly of Tuscan, Pompeiian, Elizabethan, Louis Quatorze, buhl, *marqueterie*, &c., &c., till the head of the proprietor, to whom all these words were strangers, and all his talk Greek, was thrown into a hopeless muddle.

Mr. Belcher listened to him as long as he could with patience, and then brought him to a conclusion by a slap upon his knee.

"Come, now!" said he, "you understand your business, and I understand mine. If you were to take up guns and gutta-percha, I could probably talk your head off, but I don't know anything about these things. What I want is something right. Do the whole thing up brown. Do you understand that?"

The arbiter of style smiled pityingly, and admitted that he comprehended his customer.

It was at last arranged that the latter should make a study of the house, and should furnish it according to his best ability within a specified sum of expenditure, and a specified period of time, and then the proprietor took his leave.

Mr. Belcher had accomplished a large amount of business within two days, but he had worked according to his habit. The dinner party remained, and this was the most difficult business that he had ever undertaken, yet he had a strong desire to see how it was done. He learned quickly what he undertook, and he had already "discounted," to use his own word, a certain

amount of mortification connected with the affair.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. TALBOT GIVES HER LITTLE DINNER PARTY, AND MR. BELCHER MAKES AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

MRS. Talbot had a very dear friend. She had been her dear friend ever since the two had roomed together at boarding-school. Sometimes she had questioned whether in reality Mrs. Dillingham was her dear friend, or whether the particular friendship was all on the other side; but Mrs. Dillingham had somehow so manipulated the relation as always to appear to be the favored party. When, therefore, the dinner was determined upon, Mrs. Dillingham's card of invitation was the first one addressed. She was a widow and alone. She complemented Mr. Belcher, who was also alone.

Exactly the position that Mrs. Dillingham occupied in society it would be hard to define. Every body invited her, and yet every body, without any definite reason, considered her a little "off color." She was beautiful, she was accomplished, she talked wonderfully well, she was *au fait* in art, literature, society. She was superficially religious, and she formed the theater of the struggle of a black angel and a white one, neither of whom ever won a complete victory, or held whatever advantage he gained for any considerable length of time. Nothing could be finer than Mrs. Dillingham in her fine moods; nothing coarser when the black angel was enjoying one of his victories, and the white angel had sat down to breathe. It was the impression given in these latter moments that fixed upon her the suspicion that she was not quite what she ought to be. The flowers bloomed where she walked, but there was dust on them. The cup she handed to her friends was pure to the eye, but it had a muddy taste. She was a whole woman in sympathy, power, beauty, and sensibility, and yet one felt that somewhere within she harbored a devil—a refined devil in its play, a gross one when it had the woman at unresisting advantage.

Next came the Schoonmakers, an elderly gentleman and his wife, who dined out a great deal, and lived on the ancient respectability of their family. They talked much about "the old New Yorkers," and of the inroads and devastations of the parvenu. They were thoroughly posted on old family estates and mansions, the intermarriages of the Dutch aristocracy, and the subject of heraldry. Mr. Schoonmaker made a hobby of old Bibles, and Mrs. Schoonmaker of old lace. The two hobbies combined gave a mingled air of erudition and gentility to the pair that was quite impressive, while their unquestionably good descent was a source of social capital to all of humbler origin who were fortunate enough to draw them to their tables.

Next came the Tunbridges. Mr. Tunbridge was the president of a bank, and Mrs. Tunbridge was the president of Mr. Tunbridge—a large, billowy woman, who "brought him his money," according to the speech of the town. Mr. Tunbridge had managed his trust with great skill, and was glad at any time, and at any social sacrifice, to be brought into contact with men who carried large deposit accounts.

Next in order were Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish. Mr. Cavendish was a lawyer—a hook-nosed, hawk-eyed man, who knew a little more about everything than any body else did, and was celebrated in the city for successfully managing the most intractable cases, and securing the most princely fees. If a rich criminal were brought into straits before the law, he always sent for Mr. Cavendish. If the unprincipled managers of a great corporation wished to ascertain just how closely before the wind they could sail without being swamped, they consulted Mr. Cavendish. He was everywhere accounted a great lawyer by those who estimated acuteness to be above astuteness, strategy better than an open and fair fight, and success more to be desired than justice.

It would weary the reader to go through with a description of Mrs. Talbot's dinner party in advance. They were such people as Mr. and Mrs. Talbot naturally drew around them. The miñister was invited, partly as a matter of course, and partly to occupy Mr. Schoonmaker on the subject of Bibles. The doctor was invited because Mrs. Talbot was fond of him, and because he always took "such an interest in the family."

When Mr. Belcher arrived at Talbot's beautiful but quiet house, the guests had all assembled, and, clothing their faces with that veneer of smile which hungry people who are about to dine at another man's expense feel compelled to wear in the presence of their host, they were chatting over the news of the day.

It is probable that the great city was never the scene of a personal introduction

that gave more quiet amusement to an assemblage of guests than that of the presentation of Mr. Belcher. That gentleman's first impression as he entered the room was that Talbot had invited a company of clergymen to meet him. His look of surprise as he took a survey of the assembly was that of a knave who found himself for the first time in good company; but as he looked from the gentlemen to the ladies, in their gay costumes and display of costly jewelry, he concluded that they could not be the wives of clergymen. The quiet self-possession of the group, and the consciousness that he was not *en règle* in the matter of dress, oppressed him; but he was bold, and he knew that they knew that he was worth a million of dollars.

The "stiff upper lip" was placed at its stiffest in the midst of his florid expanse of face, as, standing still, in the center of the room, he greeted one after another to whom he was presented, in a way peculiarly his own.

He had never been in the habit of lifting his hat, in courtesy to man or woman. Even the touching its brim with his fingers had degenerated into a motion that began with a flourish toward it, and ended with a suave extension of his palm toward the object of his obeisance. On this occasion he quite forgot that he had left his hat in the hall, and so, assuming that it still crowned his head, he went through with eight or ten hand flourishes that changed the dignified and self-contained assembly into a merry company of men and women, who would not have been willing to tell Mr. Belcher what they were laughing at.

The last person to whom he was introduced was Mrs. Dillingham, the lady who stood nearest to him—so near that the hand-flourish seemed absurd even to him, and half died in the impulse to make it. Mrs. Dillingham, in her black and her magnificent diamonds, went down almost upon the floor in the demonstration of her admiring and reverential courtesy, and pronounced the name of Mr. Belcher with a musical distinctness of enunciation that arrested and charmed the ears of all who heard it. It seemed as if every letter were swimming in a vehicle compounded of respect, veneration, and affection. The consonants flowed shining and smooth like gold-fish through a globe of crystal illuminated by the sun. The tone in which she spoke the name seemed to rob it of all vulgar associations, and to inaugurate it as the key-note of a fine social symphony.

Mr. Belcher was charmed, and placed by it at his ease. It wrought upon him and upon the company the effect which she designed. She was determined he should not only show at his best, but that he should be conscious of the favor she had won for him.

Before dinner was announced, Mr. Talbot made a little speech to his guests, ostensibly to give them the good news that Mr. Belcher had purchased the mansion, built and formerly occupied by Mr. Palgrave, but really to explain that he had caught him in town on business, and taken him at the disadvantage of distance from his evening dress, though, of course, he did not say it in such and so many words. The speech was unnecessary. Mrs. Dillingham had told the whole story in her own unapproachable way.

When dinner was announced Mr. Belcher was requested to lead Mrs. Talbot to her seat, and was himself placed between his hostess and Mrs. Dillingham. Mrs. Talbot was a stately, beautiful woman, and bore off her elegant toilet like a queen. In her walk into the dining-room, her shapely arm rested upon the proprietor's, and her brilliant eyes looked into his with an expression that flattered to its utmost all the fool there was in him. There was a little rivalry between the "dear friends;" but the unrestricted widow was more than a match for the circumspect and guarded wife, and Mr. Belcher was delighted to find himself seated side by side with the former.

He had not talked five minutes with Mrs. Dillingham before he knew her. The exquisite varnish that covered her person and her manners not only revealed, but made beautiful, the gnarled and stained wood beneath. Underneath the polish he saw the element that allied her with himself. There was no subject upon which she could not lead or accompany him with brilliant talk, yet he felt that there was a coarse under-current of sympathy by which he could lead her, or she could lead him—where?

The courtly manners of the table, the orderly courses that came and went as if the domestic administration were some automatic machine, and the exquisite appointments of the board, all exercised a powerful moral influence upon him; and though they did not wholly suppress him, they toned him down, so that he really talked well. He had a fund of small wit and drollery that was sufficient, at least, for a single dinner; and, as it was quaint and fresh, the guests were not only amused, but pleased. In the first place, much could be forgiven to the

man who owned Palgrave's Folly. No small consideration was due to one who, in a quiet country town, had accumulated a million dollars. A person who had the power to reward attention with grand dinners and splendid receptions was certainly not a person to be treated lightly.

Mr. Tunbridge undertook to talk finance with him, but retired under the laugh raised by Mr. Belcher's statement that he had been so busy making money that he had had no time to consider questions of finance. Mr. Schoonmaker and the minister were deep in Bibles, and on referring some question to Mr. Belcher concerning "The Breeches Bible," received in reply the statement that he had never arrived any nearer a Breeches Bible than a pocket handkerchief with the Lord's Prayer on it. Mr. Cavendish simply sat and criticised the rest. He had never seen any body yet that knew any thing about finance. The Chamber of Commerce was a set of old women, the Secretary of the Treasury was an ass, and the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means was a person he should be unwilling to take as an office-boy. As for him, he never could see the fun of old Bibles. If he wanted a Bible he would get a new one.

Each man had his shot, until the conversation fell from the general to the particular, and at last Mr. Belcher found himself engaged in the most delightful conversation of his life with the facile woman at his side. He could make no approach to her from any quarter without being promptly met. She was quite as much at home, and quite as graceful, in bandying badinage as in expatiating upon the loveliness of country life and the ritual of her church.

Mr. Talbot did not urge wine upon his principal, for he saw that he was excited and off his guard; and when, at length, the banquet came to its conclusion, the proprietor declined to remain with the gentlemen and the supplementary wine and cigars, but took coffee in the drawing-room with the ladies. Mrs. Dillingham's eye was on Mrs. Talbot, and when she saw her start toward them from her seat, she took Mr. Belcher's arm for a tour among the artistic treasures of the house.

"My dear Kate," said Mrs. Dillingham, "give me the privilege of showing Mr. Belcher some of your beautiful things."

"Oh, certainly," responded Mrs. Talbot, her face flushing, "and don't forget yourself, my child, among the rest."

Mrs. Dillingham pressed Mr. Belcher's arm, which said: "Oh, the jealous creature!"

They went from painting to painting, and sculpture to sculpture, and then, over a cabinet of bric-à-brac, she quietly led the conversation to Mr. Belcher's prospective occupation of the Palgrave mansion. She had nothing in the world to do. She should be so happy to assist poor Mrs. Belcher in the adjustment of her housekeeping. It would be a real pleasure to her to arrange the furniture, and do anything to help that quiet country lady in inaugurating the splendors of city life. She knew all the caterers, all the confectioners, all the modistes, all the city ways, and all the people worth knowing. She was willing to become, for Mrs. Belcher's sake, city-directory, commissionaire, adviser, director, everything. She would take it as a great kindness if she could be permitted to make herself useful.

All this was honey to the proprietor. How Mrs. Dillingham would shine in his splendid mansion! How she would illuminate his landau! How she would save his quiet wife, not to say himself, from the *gaucheries* of which both would be guilty until the ways of the polite world could be learned! How delightful it would be to have a sympathetic friend whose intelligent and considerate advice would be always ready!

When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, and disturbed the confidential *tête-à-tête* of these new friends, Mrs. Dillingham declared it was time to go, and Mr. Belcher insisted on seeing her home in his own carriage.

The dinner party broke up with universal hand-shakings. Mr. Belcher was congratulated on his magnificent purchase and prospects. They would all be happy to make Mrs. Belcher's acquaintance, and she really must lose no time in letting them know when she was ready to receive visitors.

Mr. Belcher saw Mrs. Dillingham home. He held her pretty hands at parting, as if he were an affectionate older brother who was about to sail on a voyage around the world. At last he hurriedly relinquished her to the man-servant who had answered her summons, then ran down the steps and drove to his hotel.

Mounting to his rooms, he lit every burner in his room, then surveyed himself in the mirror.

"Where did she find it, old boy? Eh? Where did she find it? Was it the figure? Was it the face? Hang the swallow tails!

Must you, sir, come to such a humiliation? How are the mighty fallen! The lion of Sevenoaks in the skin of an ass! But it must be. Ah! Mrs. Belcher—Mrs. Belcher—Mrs. Belcher! You are good, but you are lumpy. You were pretty once, but you are no Mrs. Dillingham. By the gods! Wouldn't she swim around my house like a queen! Far in azure depths of space, I behold a star! Its light shines for me. It doesn't? It must not? Who says that? Did you address that remark to me, sir? By the way, how do you think you got along? Did you make a fool of yourself, or did you make a fool of somebody? Honors are easy. Let Robert Belcher alone! Is Toll making money a little too fast? What do you think? Perhaps you will settle that question by and by. You will keep him while you can use him. Then, Toll, my boy, you can drift. In the meantime, splendor! and in the meantime let Sevenoaks howl, and learn to let Robert Belcher alone."

From these dizzy heights of elation Mr. Belcher descended to his bed and his heavy dreams, and the next morning found him whirling away at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but not northward. Whither was he going?

(To be continued.)

LATTER-DAY BRITISH POETS.

In Two Parts: Part II.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Ten years have passed since this poet took the critical outposts by storm, and with a single effort gained a laurel crown, of which no public envy, nor any lesser action of his own, thenceforth could dispossess him. The time has been so crowded with his successive productions,—his career, with all its strength and imprudence, has been so thoroughly that of a poet,—as to heighten the interest which only a spirit of most unusual quality can excite and long maintain.

We have just observed the somewhat limited range of William Morris's vocabulary. It is composed mainly of plain Saxon words, chosen with great taste and musically put together. No barrenness, however, is perceptible, since to enrich that writer's language from learned or modern sources would disturb the tone of his pure English feeling. The nature of Swinburne's diction is precisely opposite. But here is a rare genius indeed! Reflecting upon his work and the chances of his future, it is difficult for any one to write with cold restraint who has an eye to see, an ear to hear, and the practice which forces an artist to wonder at the luster, the superb melody, the unstinted fire and movement of his imperious song.

I.

I wish to speak at some length upon the one faculty in which Swinburne excels any living English poet; in which I doubt if his equal has existed among recent poets of any tongue, unless Shelley be excepted, or, possibly, some lyrist of the modern French school. This is his miraculous gift of rhythm, his command over the unsuspected resources of a language. That Shelley had a like power is, I think, shown in passages like the choruses of "Prometheus Unbound," but he flourished half a century ago, and did not have (as Swinburne has) Shelley for a predecessor! A new generation, refining upon the lessons given by himself and Keats, has carried the art of rhythm to extreme variety and finish. Were Shelley to have a second career, his work, if no finer in single passages, would have, all in all, a range of musical variations such as we discover in Swinburne's. So close is the resemblance in quality of these two voices, however great the difference in development, as almost to justify a belief in metempsychosis. A master is needed to awake the spirit slumbering in any musical instrument. Before the advent of Swinburne we did not realize the full scope of English verse. In his hands it is like the violin of Paganini. The range of his fantasias, roulades, arias, new effects of measure and sound, is incomparable with any thing hitherto known. The first emotion of one who studies even his immature work is that of wonder at the freedom and richness of his diction, the susurrus of his rhythm, his unconscious allit-

erations, the endless change of his syllabic harmonies—resulting in the alternate softness and strength, height and fall, riotous or chastened music, of his affluent verse. How does he produce it? Who taught him all the hidden springs of melody? He was born a tamer of words: a subduer of this most stubborn, yet most copious of the literary tongues. In his poetry we discover qualities we did not know were in the language—a softness that seemed Italian, a rugged strength we thought was German, a blithe and debonair lightness we despaired of capturing from the French. He has added a score of new stops and pedals to the instrument. He has introduced, partly from other tongues, stanzaic forms, measures and effects untried before; and has brought out the swiftness and force of meters like the anapestic, carrying each to perfection at a single trial. Words in his hands are like the ivory balls of a juggler, and all words seem to be in his hands. His fellow-craftsmen, who alone can understand what has been done in their art, will not term this statement extravagance. Speaking only of his command over language and meter, I have a right to reaffirm, and to show by many illustrations, that he is the most sovereign of rhythmists. He compels the inflexible elements to his use. Chaucer is more limpid, Shakespeare more kingly, Milton loftier at times, Byron has an unaffected power—but neither Shelley nor the greatest of his predecessors is so dithyrambic, and no one has been in all moods so absolute an autocrat of verse. With equal gifts, I say, none *could* have been, for Swinburne comes after and profits by the art of all. Poets often win distinction by producing work that differs from what has gone before. It seems as if Swinburne, in this ripe period, resolved to excel others by a mastery of known melodies, adding a new magic to each, and going beyond the range of the farthest. His amazing tricks of rhythm are those of a gymnast outleaping his fellows. We had Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge, after Collins and Gray, and Tennyson after Keats, but now Swinburne adds such elaboration, that an art which we thought perfected seems almost tame. In the first place, he was born a prodigy—as much so as Morphy in chess; added to this he is the product of these latter days, a phenomenon impossible before. It is safe to declare that at last a time has come when the force of expression can no further go.

I do not say that it has not gone too far. The fruit may be too luscious, the flower of an odor too intoxicating to endure. Yet what execution! Poetry, the rarest poetic feeling, may be found in simpler verse. Yet again, what execution! The voice may not be equal to the grandest music, nor trained and restrained as it should be. But the voice is there, and its possessor has the finest natural organ to which this generation has listened.

Right here it is plain that Swinburne, especially in his early poems, has weakened his effects by cloying us with excessive richness of epithet and sound: in later works, by too elaborate expression and redundancy of treatment. Still, while Browning's amplification is wont to be harsh and obscure, Swinburne, even if obscure, or when the thought is one that he has repeated again and again, always gives us unapproachable melody and grace. It is true that his glories of speech often hang upon the slightest thread of purpose. He so constantly wants to stop and sing that he gets along slowly with a plot. As we listen to his fascinating music, the meaning, like the libretto of an opera, often passes out of mind. The melody is unbroken: in this, as in other matters, Swinburne's fault is that of excess. He does not frequently admit the sweet discords, of which he is a master, nor relieve his work by simple, contrasting interludes. Until recently his voice had a narrow range; its effect resulted from changes upon a few notes. The richness of these permutations was a marvel, yet a series of them blended into mannerism. Shelley could be academic at times, and even humorous; but Swinburne's monotone, original and varied within its bounds, was thought to be the expression of a limited range of feeling, and restricted his early efforts as a dramatic lyrist.

The question first asked, with regard to either a poet or singer, is—Has he voice? and then—Has he execution? We have lastly to measure the passion, imagination, invention, to which voice and method are but ministers. From the quality of the latter, the style being the man, we often may estimate the higher faculties that control them. The principle here involved runs through all the arts of beauty and use. A fine vocal gift is priceless, both for itself and for the spiritual force behind it. With this preliminary stress upon Swinburne's most conspicuous gift, let us briefly examine his record, bethinking ourselves how difficult it is to judge a poet who is obscured by his

own excess of light, and whose earlier verses so cloyed the mind with richness as to deprive it of the judicial taste.

II.

THERE is a resemblance, both of temperament and intellect, between Swinburne and what is known of Landor in his youth. Each remained for a comparatively brief time at college, but the younger poet, like the elder, was a natural scholar and linguist. His intuitive command of languages is so unusual, that a year of his study must be worth a lustrum of other men's, and he has developed this gift by frequent and exquisite usage. No other Englishman has been so able to vary his effects by modes drawn, not only from classical and Oriental literatures, but from the haunting beauty of medieval song. I should suppose him to be as familiar with French verse, from Ronsard to Hugo, as most of us are with the poetry of our own language,—and he writes either in Greek or Latin, old and new, or in troubadour French, as if his thoughts came to him in the diction for the time assumed. No really admirable work, I think, can be produced in a foreign tongue, until this kind of lingui-naturalization has been attained.

His first volume, "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," published in 1861, gave him no reputation. Possibly it was unnoticed amid the mass of new verse offered the public. We now see that it was of much significance. It showed the new author to be completely unaffected by the current idyllic mode. Not a trace of Tennyson; just a trace, on the other hand, of Browning; above all, a true dramatic manner of the poet's own—like nothing modern, but recalling the cadences, fire, and action of England's great dramatic period. There were many faults of construction, but also very strong and beautiful characterizations, in this youth's first essays: a manifest living in his personages for the time; such fine language as this, in "Rosamond:"

> "I see not flesh is holier than flesh,
> Or blood than blood more choicely qualified,
> That scorn should live between them."

And this:

> "I that have roses in my name, and make
> All flowers glad to set their color by;
> I that have held a land between twin lips
> And turned large England to a little kiss;
> God thinks not of me as contemptible."

"The Queen Mother" (Time: The massacre of St. Bartholomew) is a longer and more complex tragedy than that from which the foregoing lines are taken. Catherine de' Medici is strongly and clearly delineated —a cruel, relentless, yet imposing figure. The style is caught from Shakespeare, as if the youth's pride of intellect would let him go no lower for a model. Study, for example, the language of Teligny, Act III., Scene 2; and that of Catherine, Act V., Scene 3, where she avows that if God's ministers could see what she was about to do, then

> "Surely the wind would be as a hard fire,
> And the sea's yellow and distempered foam
> Displease the happy heaven; * *
> * * * * * *
> * * Towers and popular streets
> Should in the middle green smother and drown,
> And Havoc die with fullness."

In another scene, the king says of Denise:

> "Yea, dead?
> She is all white to the dead hair, who was
> So full of gracious rose the air took color,
> Turned to a kiss against her face."

The scene in which Catherine poisons her clown, and the whole of the closing portion of Act V., are full of strength and spirit. Scattered through the two plays are some of the curious Latin, old French, and old English lyrics which the author already was so deft at turning. The volume was inscribed to Rossetti. It reveals to a penetrative eye many traits of the genius that has since blazed out so finely, and shows the nature of Swinburne's studies and associates. The man had come who was to do what Browning had failed to do in a less propitious time, and make a successful diversion from the idyllic lead of Tennyson. The body of recent minor verse fully displays the swift and radical character of the change.

Three years later Swinburne printed his classical tragedy, "Atalanta in Calydon." Whatever may be said of the genuineness of any reproduction of the antique, this is the best of its kind. One who undertakes such work has the knowledge that his theme is removed from popular sympathy, and must be content with a restricted audience. Swinburne took up the classical dramatic form, and really made the dry bones live—as even Landor and Arnold had not; as no man had, before or after Shelley; that is to say, as no man has, for the "Prometheus Unbound," grand as it is, is classical only in some of its personages and in the mythical germ of its conception—a glorious poem, full of absorbing beauty, but antique neither in spirit nor in form. "Atalanta" is upon

the severest Greek model, that of Æschylus or Sophocles, and reads like an inspired translation. We cannot repeat the antique as it existed, though a poem may be better or worse. But consider the nearness of this success, and the very great poetry involved.

Poetry and all, this thing has for once been done as well as possible, and no future poet can safely attempt to rival it. "Atalanta" is Greek in unity and simplicity, not only in the technical unities—utterly disregarded in "Prometheus Unbound," but in maintenance of a single pervading thought, the impossibility of resisting the inexorable high gods. The hopeless fatalism of this tragedy was not the sentiment of the joyous and reverential Greeks, but reminds us of the Hebrews, whose God was of a stern and dreadful type. This feeling, expressed in much of Swinburne's early verse, is the outcome of a haughty and untamed intellect chafing against a law which it cannot resist. Here is an imperious mind, requiring years of discipline and achievement to bring it into that harmony with its conditions through which we arrive at strength, happiness, repose.

The opening invocation of the Chief Huntsman, with its majestic verse and imagery, alone secures the reader's attention, and the succeeding chorus, at the height of Swinburne's lyric reach, resolves attention to enchantment:

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half-assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain."

Read this divine chorus, and three others equally perfect of their kind, deepening in grandeur and impressiveness: "Before the beginning of years," "We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair," "Who hath given man speech?"—and we have read the noblest verse of a purely lyric order that has appeared since the songs and choruses of the "Prometheus." How much more dithyrambic than the unrhymed measures of Arnold! Rhyme is free as the air, that chartered libertine, to this poet, and our language in his mouth becomes not only as strong, but as musical, as the Greek. The choric spirit is here, however inharmonious the thought that God is the "supreme evil," covering us with his "hate," or the conclusion of the whole matter:

"Who shall contend with his lords
Or cross them or do them wrong?
Who shall bind them as with cords?
Who shall tame them as with song?
Who shall smite them as with swords?
For the hands of their kingdom are strong."

Finally, the conception of the drama is large, the imagination clear, elevated, of an even tone throughout. The herald's account of the hunt is finely poetic. The choric responses of the last dialogue form a resonant climax to the whole. As a work of art, it still remains the poet's flawless effort, showing the most objective purpose and clarified by the necessity of restraint. It is good to know that a work of pure art could at once make its way. It appealed to a select audience, but the verdict of the few was so loud and instant as to gain for "Atalanta" popular reading—especially in rude America, with her strange, pathetic, misunderstood yearning for a rightful share of the culture and beauty of the older world.

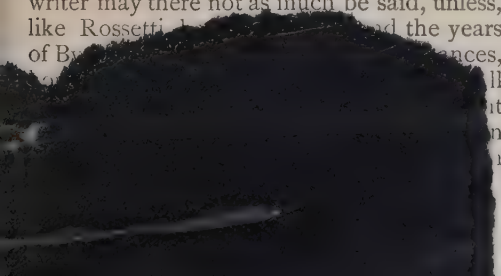
"Chastelard" appeared in the ensuing year, but as I wish to mention this poem in some discussion of the larger work to which it holds the relation of the first division of a trilogy, and of Swinburne's character as a dramatist, let us pass to the miscellaneous productions of the ten years intervening between "Atalanta" and "Bothwell."

III.

SWINBURNE'S work revived the interest felt in poetry. His power was so evident that the public looked to see what else had come from his pen. This led to the collection under the title of "Poems and Ballads," of various lyrical pieces, some of which had been contributed to the serials, while others now were printed for the first time. Without fair consideration, this volume was taken as a new and studied work of the mature poet, and there was much astonishment over its contents. Here began a notable literary discussion. If unmeasured praise had been awarded to Swinburne for the chastity and beauty of "Atalanta," he now was made to feel how the critical breath could shift to the opposite extreme and balance its early favor with reprehension of the severest kind. Here was a series of wild and Gothic pieces, full of sensuous and turbid passion, lavishing a prodigious wealth of music and imagery upon the most perilous themes, and treating them in an openly defiant mann-

Sense was everywhere exalted above spirituality; and to them who did not consider the formative nature of the book and the dramatic purpose of the least restrained ballads, it seemed as if the young author was lusting after strange gods, and had plunged into adoration of Venus and Priapus; or that he had drunk of Circe's goblet, and was crowning himself with garlands ere his transformation into one of the beasts that follow in her train. Rebukes were freely uttered—indeed, a storm of denunciation began. Friends and partisans rushed to his defense; and at last the poet spoke for himself, with no doubtful force of satire and scorn, in reply both to the reviewers and to an able but covert attack made against him by a rival singer. So fierce a literary antagonism has not been known since the contests of Byron and the Lake School. Of course it gave the book a wide reading, followed by a marked influence upon the style of fledgling poets. The lyrics were reprinted in America, with the new title of "Laus Veneris"—taken from the opening poem, another presentment of the Tannhäuser legend that has bewitched so many of the recent French and English minstrels. The author's reputation, hitherto confined to the admirers of "Atalanta," now extended to the masses who read from curiosity. Some were content to reprehend, or smack their lips over, the questionable portions of the new book; but many, while perceiving the crudeness of the ruder strains, rejoiced in the lyrical splendor that broke out here and there, and welcomed the poet's unique additions to the metric and stanzaic forms of English verse.

That Swinburne fairly provoked censure he must himself have been aware, if he cared enough about the matter to reflect at all. I have no doubt he was astonished at its vehemence, and in truth the outcry of the moralists may have been overloud. People did not see, what now is clear enough, that these poems and ballads represented the primal stages of the poet's growth. Good or bad, they were brought together and frankly given to the public. Doubtless, were the author now to make up a library edition of his works, there are several of these pieces he would prefer to omit. Of what writer may there not as much be said, unless, like Rossetti [illegible] and the years of B[illegible]nces, [illegible]ll [illegible]t [illegible]n [illegible]



no ethical objections can lie, are weakened by the author's feeblest affectations. All young poets have sins to answer for: to Swinburne men could say, as Arthur to Guenevere, "And in the flesh thou hast sinned!" so morbid and absurd are some of the phrases in this collection. Certainly there was an offense against good taste and discretion, and, if some of the poems were open to the interpretation given them, an offense of a more serious nature, for all indecency is outlawed of art. The young poet, under a combination of influences, seems to have had a marked attack of that green-sickness which the excited and untrained imagination, mistaking its own fancies for experience, undergoes before gaining strength through the vigor of healthy passion, mature and self-contained. Still there are those who can more easily forgive the worst of Swinburne's youthful antics than those unconscious sins of commonplace, plagiarism, turgidity—the hundred weak offenses that are pardoned in the early verse of men who make their mark as poets.

After all, "Poems and Ballads" *was* a first book, though printed later than "Atalanta." It is of great interest, because it contains the germs of every thing for which the author has become distinguished. Its spirit is that of unbounded freedom, of resistance to an established ideal—for Swinburne, with Shelley and kindred poets, has seen that finer ideals will take the place of those that are set aside. Meantime, in advance of a new revelation, he devoted himself to the expression of sensuous, even riotous, beauty. Unequal as they are, these lyrics led up to work like "Atalanta," "Songs before Sunrise," and "Bothwell." They were the ferment of the heated fancy, and, though murky and unsettled, to be followed by clarity, sweetness and strength. The fault of the book is excess. This poet, extravagant in spiritual or political revolt, in disdain, in dramatic outbursts, was no less so in his treatment of sensuous themes. He could not be otherwise, except when restrained by his artistic conscience in work modeled upon accepted forms.

Among the earlier lyrics are to be numbered, I imagine, those medieval studies near the close of the volume, which belong to the same class with much of Rossetti's and Morris's verse, yet never could be thought to come from any hand but Swinburne's own. Such are "The Masque of Queen Bersabe" (a miracle play), "A Christmas Carol," "St. Dorothy," and various ballads—besides the "Laus Veneris," to which

I already have referred. In other pieces we discover the influence which French life and literature had exerted upon the author. His acquaintance with the round of French minstrelsy made it natural for him to produce a kind of work that at first would not be relished by the British taste and ear. The richness of the foreign qualities brought into English verse by Swinburne has made amends for a passing phase of Gallic sensualism. What now crosses the Channel is of a different breed from the stilted formalism of Boileau. With the rise of Hugo and the new Romantic School came freedom, lyrical melody, and dramatic fire. Elsewhere in this volume we note the still more potential Hebraic influence. "Aholibah" is closely imitated from Hebrew prophecy, and "A Ballad of Burdens" is imbued with a similar spirit, reading like the middle choruses in "Atalanta." More classical studies, "Phædra" and "At Eleusis," approach the grade of Landor's "Hellenics." The "Hymn to Proserpine" is a beautiful and noble poem, dramatically reviving the emotion of a Pagan who chooses to die with his gods, and musical with cadences which this poet has made distinctly his own. "Anactoria" and "Dolores," two pieces against which special objection has been made, exhibit great beauty of treatment, and a mystical though abnormal feeling, and are quite too fine to lose. The author holds them to be dramatic studies, written for men and not for babes, and connects them with "The Garden of Proserpine" and "Hesperia," in order to illustrate the transition from passion to satiety, and thence to wisdom and repose. The little sonnet, "A Cameo," suggests the rationale of this conception, and the latter, I may add, is practically illustrated by a review of Swinburne's own productions, from the "Poems and Ballads" up to "Bothwell."

The value of the book consists in its fine poetry, and especially in the structure of that poetry, so full of lyrical revelations, of harmonies unknown before. Take any stanza of an apostrophe to the sea, in "The Triumph of Time:"

"O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain."

Or take any couplet from "Anactoria," that musical and fervent poem, whose imagination and expression are so welded together, and wherein the English heroic verse is long sustained at a height to which it rarely has ventured to aspire:

"Thine amorous girdle, full of thee and fair,
And leavings of the lilies in thine hair.
* * * * *
Yea, thou shalt be forgotten like spilt wine,
Except these kisses of my lips on thine
Brand them with immortality; but me—
Men shall not see bright fire nor hear the sea,
Nor mix their hearts with music, nor behold
Cast forth of heaven with feet of awful gold
And plumeless wings that make the bright air blind,
Lightning with thunder for a hound behind,
Hunting through fields unfurrowed and unsown—
But in the light and laughter, in the moan
And music, and in grasp of lip and hand,
And shudder of water that makes felt on land
The immeasurable tremor of all the sea,
Memories shall mix and metaphors of me."

A certain amount of such writing is bold and fine. The public knows, however, that it was carried by Swinburne to excess; that in erotic verse a confection of luscious and cloying epithets was presented again and again. At times there was an extravagance which would have been absent if this poet, who has abundant wit and satire, had also then had a hearty sense of humor, and which he himself must smile at now. But go further, and observe his original handling of meters as in the "Hymn to Proserpine:"

"Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breasts of the nymphs in the brake;"

and in "Hesperia:"

"Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is,
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fullness of joy,
As a wind sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of stories,
Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories beloved from a boy."

Examine, too, the remarkable group of songs, set to melodies so fresh and novel: among others, "Dedication," "The Garden of Proserpine," "Madonna Mia," "Rococo," and "Before Dawn." If these have their faults, what wrinkle can any Sybarite find in such a [illegible] called "A Ma[illegible]

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He rarely takes up the critical pen
pay honor to a work he admir

The te[illegible] some foe with danger[illegible] memory of Landor are include[illegible] language is g[illegible] these lyrics. The collection, after we have noted its weaknesses, extravagance, lack of technical and moral restraint, still remains the most striking, the most suggestive volume of miscellaneous poems that has been offered by any poet of the younger schools. And let it be observed that since its appearance, and after the period of growth which it represents, not a note has been uttered by its author to which the most rigid of moralists can honestly object.

The full bloom of his lyrical genius appears not only in the choruses of "Atalanta," but in that large-molded ode, "Ave atque Vale," composed in memory of Charles Baudelaire. It is founded on the model of famous English prototypes, to wit, the "Epitaph of Bion." If unequal to "Lycidas" in idyllic feeling, or to "Adonais" in lofty scorn and sorrow, it is more imaginative than the former, and surpasses either in continuity of tone and the absolute melody of elaborate verse. Arnold's "Thyrsis" is a wise and manly poem, closely adjusted to the classic phrase; but here is an ethereal strain of the highest elegiac order, fashioned in a severe yet flexible spirit of lyric art. In stanzaic beauty it ranks, with Keats's odes, among our rarest examples. Critics who have sat at the feet of Wordsworth should remember that Swinburne, in youth, was powerfully affected by the poetry of the wild and gifted author of "Les Fleurs du Mal." This threnody comes as directly from the heart as those of Shelley or Arnold lamenting Keats or Clough. Baudelaire and his group constituted what might be termed the Franco-Sapphic school. Their spirit pervades many of the "Poems and Ballads;" but Swinburne, more fortunate than his teacher, has lived to outlive this phase, and is nearing his visioned "Hesperia" of strength and luminous calm. The "Ave atque Vale" is a perfect example of the metrical affluence that renders his verse a marvel. It is found in the opening lines:

"Shall I strew on thee rose, or rue, or laurel,
Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?"

The second stanza, recalling the dead poet's favorite ideal, is highly characteristic:

"For always thee the fervid, languid glories
Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;
Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs
Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories,
The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave,
That knows not where is that Leucadian grave
Which hides too deep the supreme head of song."

An imagination like that of "Hyperion" is found in other stanzas:

"Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
Dreams and desires and somber songs and sweet,
Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet
Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,
Such as thy vision here solicited,
Under the shadow of her fair vast head,
The deep division of prodigious breasts,
The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,
The weight of awful tresses that still keep
The savor and shade of old-world pine-forests
Where the wet hill-winds weep?"

In one sense the motive thought is below the technical grandeur of the poem. Its ideals are Sappho, Proserpine, Apollo, and the Venus of Baudelaire—not the Cytherean, but the Gothic Venus "of the hollow hill." The round of Baudelaire's conceptions is thus pursued, after the antique fashion, with exquisite and solemn power. The tone is not one of high laudation, but of a minstrel who recalls the dead as he was—a chant of sorrow and appreciation, not of hope. What extravagance there may be is in the passion and poetry lavished upon the theme. It is an ode written for persons of delicate culture; no one else can grasp the allusions, though who so dull as not to be captivated by the sound! But the same may be said of "Adonais" or "Hylas;" and here again recurs the question asked concerning Landor, Shall not the wise, as well as the witless, have their poets?

The "Memorial Verses on the Death of Théophile Gautier" are also very beautiful. They are composed in a grave form of quatrain familiar to those who have read the anonymous version of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." The elegy is the longest of our author's contributions to a volume in which eighty poets of France, Italy, and England united to lay upon the tomb of Gautier a wreath more profuse with laurels than any other of which we have record in the history of elegiac song. Swinburne's portion of this remarkable tribute included, also, an English sonnet, a sonnet and an

ode in French, and Greek and Latin verses such as, I think, no other of the chanting multitude could have composed. A word in respect to his talent for this kind of work. Possibly Landor was a more ready Latinist, but no Englishman has written Greek elegiac to equal either the dedication of "Atalanta," or the Gautier "inscriptions" contained in this memorial volume. Having spoken of the uselessness of Landor's classical exploits, I would here add that their uselessness relates to the audience and not to the poet. The effect of such practice upon himself and Swinburne would of itself argue for this amendment. The younger poet's own language is so modest and suggestive, that in repeating what was privately uttered I simply do him justice by stating his position better than it can otherwise be stated. "The value of modern Latin or Greek verse," he says, "depends, I think, upon the execution. Good verse, at any time, is a good thing, and a change of instrument now and then is good practice for the performer's hand. * * * * I confess that I take delight in the metrical poems of any language of which I know any thing whatever, simply for the meter's sake, as a new musical instrument; and, as soon as I can, I am tempted to try my hand or my voice at a new mode of verse, like a child trying to sing before it can speak plain." In short, to a poet like Swinburne diversions of this kind have a practical value, even though they seem to be those of a knight tilting at a wayside tournament as he rides on his votive quest.

We have dwelt so long upon the lyrics as to have little space for examination of more recent and important works. My object has been to observe the development of the poet's genius, and thence derive an estimate of his present career. From 1867 to 1871 he gave his ardent sympathy to the cause of European freedom, exerting himself in laudation, almost in apotheosis, of the republican heroes and martyrs. The democratic poets of this century,—men like Landor, Shelley, Hugo, Swinburne,—are to be found among those of most patrician birth and culture. Swinburne, as if tired of art followed for its own sake, threw his soul into the struggle of the French and Italian patriots. "A Song of Italy" is marked by sonorous eloquence, and carries us buoyantly along; yet, despite its splendid apostrophes to Mazzini and Garibaldi, it was not a poem to be widely received and to stir the common heart. It appeals to the lover of the Republic, and not to the stamp of [illegible] as plainly as Southey's or Wordsworth's laureate odes. We may apply to it a portion of Swinburne's own censure of a far nobler poem, Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," of which many an isolated line is worth more to a great nation than the whole French ode can ever be to them that love France. "Songs before Sunrise" may be taken as the crowning effort of the author during the period just named. It is a series of lofty and imposing odes, exhibiting Swinburne's varied lyrical powers and his most earnest traits of character. The conflict of day with night before the sunrise of freedom is rehearsed in two-score pieces, which chant the democratic uprising of Continental Europe and the outbreak in Crete. Grouped together, the effect is that of a strong symphonic movement; yet much of it is tumultuous and ineffective. The prolonged earnestness fags the reader, and helps a cause less than might some popular lyric or soldier's hymn. A trace of the spasmodic manner injures much of Swinburne's revolutionary verse. Yet here are powerful single poems: "The Watch in the Night," "Hertha," the "Hymn of Man," and "Perinde ac Cadaver." "The Eve of Revolution" is like the sound of a trumpet and charged with fiery imagination, a fit companion-piece to Coleridge's finest ode.

In Swinburne's poems we do not perceive the love of nature which was so passionate an element in the spirit and writings of Shelley, that exile from the hearts and households of his fellow-men. Were he compelled to follow art as a means of subsistence and to suit his work to the market it would be more condensed and practical, yet would, I think, lose something of its essential flavor. After all, he has been an industrious man of letters, devoted to literature as a matter of love and religion. The exhaustive essay upon Blake, his various prefaces and annotations, and his criticisms of Arnold, Morris, and Hugo, among other professional labors, are fresh in mind. The prose, like the poetry, is unflagging and impetuous beyond that of other men. He sustains it easily and with cumulative force through passages which strain the reader's mental power. His organ of expression is so developed that no exercise of it seems to produce brain-weariness, and he does not real-

ize that others are subject to that kind of fatigue.

He rarely takes up the critical pen unless to pay honor to a work he admires, or to confront some foe with dangerous satire and wrath. His language is so enthusiastic that it does not always convince; in fact, his rhetoric and generous partisanship lessen his judicial authority. His writings often are too learned. Scholarship is a second nature with him; he is not obscure, like Browning, but his allusions are so familiar to himself that he cannot bring them to the level of popular comprehension. Nor can he, however laudatory of the masters he affected in youth, look upon other poets except with the complacency felt by one who listens to a stranger's rude handling of the native tongue. His command of verse is so beyond that of any Englishman that poets of different grades must seem to him pretty much alike, and their relative gifts scarcely worth distinguishing. By the law of attractions I should expect to see him interested in verse of the most bald and primeval form. Many excel him in humor, simplicity, range of inventive power. But contend with him in rhythm, and, though you are Thor himself, you are trying to drain the horn of which one end is open to the sea.

While recognizing his thorough honesty, we do not assent to his judgment of American poetry. In "Under the Microscope," he pays a tribute to Poe, and has a just understanding of the merits and defects of Whitman. His denunciation of all the rest, as either mocking-birds in their adherence to models, or corn-crakes in the harshness and worthlessness of their original song, results, it is plain, not from prejudice, but ignorance of the atmosphere which pervades American life. A poet must sing for his own people. Whitman, for instance, well and boldly avows himself the mouthpiece of our democratic nationality. Aside from the unconscious formalism that injures his poems, and which Swinburne has pointed out, he has done what he could, and we acknowledge the justice shown to one, at least, of our representative men. But to cite other examples,—and a few are enough for this digression,—if Swinburne thoroughly understood the deep religious sentiment, the patriotism, the tender aspiration, of the best American homes, he would perceive that our revered Whittier had fairly expressed these emotions; would comprehend the national affection which discerns quality even in his faults, and originality and music in his fervent strains. And if he could feel the mighty presence of American woods and waters, he would see how simply and grandly the author of "Thanatopsis," "A Forest Hymn," and "The Night Journey of a River," had communed with nature, and acknowledge the Doric strength and purity of his imaginative verse. Our figure-school is but lately founded; landscape-art and sentiment have had to precede it; but, again, cannot even a foreign critic find in poems like Lowell's "The Courtin'" an idyllic truth that Theocritus might rejoice in, all that can be made of the New England dialect, and pictures full of sweetness and feeling? Of this much I am confident, and this much will serve. America is not all frontier, and her riper thought and life are reflected in her literature. Our poets may avail themselves of "the glory that was Greece" with as much justice and originality as any British minstrel. The artist claims all subjects, times, and places, for his own. Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow—to cite no lesser or younger names—are esteemed by a host of their countrymen who can read between the lines; their poems are the music of a land to which British authors now must look for the largest and ever-growing portion of their own constituency. Each one of these poets as truly represents his country as any of their comrades who secure foreign attention by claiming a special prerogative in this office.

IV.

To return to "Chastelard," which followed close after "Atalanta." The classical drama seemed flooded with moonlight, but "Chastelard" is warm-blooded and modern, charged with lurid passion and romance. As a historical tragedy, it was a direct test of the dramatic powers of the author, and it is as a dramatic poet that he must be chiefly regarded. In this play we see the ripening of the genius that in youth produced "The Queen Mother," and to me it has far more interest than Swinburne's political lyrics. Mary Stuart and her "four Maries" are the women of the piece; Chastelard—her minstrel-lover, and Darnley, the leading men; Knox, who is to figure so grandly in another and greater work, drifts as a gloomy and portentous shadow across the scene. The poem opens with an exquisitely light French song of the period. A fine romantic flavor, smacking of the "dance and Provençal song," pervades the interludes of the tragedy.

The interest centers in the charm wrought by Mary upon Chastelard, although he knows the cruelty of one who toys with him while her ambition suffers him to be put to death. The dungeon-scene, in which he foregoes the Queen's pardon, is very powerful. Swinburne may almost be said to have *discovered* Mary Stuart. Upon his conception of her character he lavishes his strength; she becomes the historic parallel of the Gothic Venus, loving love rather than her lover, full of passion, full of softness and beauty, full of caprice, vengeance, and deceit. She says of herself:

> "Nay, dear, I have
> No tears in me; I never shall weep much,
> I think, in all my life; I have wept for wrath
> Sometimes, and for mere pain, but for love's pity
> I cannot weep at all. I would to God
> You loved me less; I give you all I can
> For all this love of yours, and yet I am sure
> I shall live out the sorrow of your death
> And be glad afterward."

Yet this royal Lamia, when with a lover (and she never is without one), is so much passion's slave as to invite risks which certainly will be the death of her favorite, and possibly her own ruin. In depicting her as she moves through the historic changes of her life, Swinburne has fortunately chosen a theme well suited to him. Mary Beaton, who in secret adores Chastelard, serves as a foil to the Queen, and is an equally resolute character. The execution scene is strongly managed, with thrilling dialogue between this Mary and Mary Carmichael; at the end, room is made for my lord of Bothwell, next the Queen. Though alive with poetry and passion, this play, like "Atalanta," is restrained within artistic bounds. It has less mannerism than we find in most of the author's early style. The chief personages are drawn strongly and distinctly, and the language of the Scottish citizens, burgesses, courtiers, &c., is true to the matter and the time. The whole play is intensely emotional, the scenes and dialogue are vigorously conceived, and it must be owned that "Chastelard" was a remarkable essay for a poet of Swinburne's age at the date of its production.

Nevertheless, youth is the time to feel, and therefore for a poet to illustrate, the extreme abandonment of delirious but unselfish passion. The second and greater portion of the Stuart trilogy required a man to write it. Now that almost a decade of creative and somewhat tempestuous experience has strengthened, calmed, and otherwise perfected Swinburne's faculties, he completes the grand historical poem of "Bothwell;" a prodigious work in every way—possibly the longest five-act drama ever written, and, at least, longer than any whose power and interest have not given out before the close. The time has not yet come to determine its place in English literature. But I agree with them who declare that Swinburne, by this massive and heroic composition, has placed himself in the front line of our poets; that no one can be thought his superior in true dramatic power. The work not only is large, but written in a large manner. It seems deficient in contrasts, especially needing the relief which humor, song and by-play afford to a tragic plot. But it is a great historical poem, cast in a dramatic rather than epic form, for the sake of stronger analysis and dialogue. Considered as a dramatic epic, it has no parallel, and is replete with proofs of laborious study and faithful use of the rich materials afforded by the theme. Artistically speaking, this painstaking has checked the movement; even so free and ardent a genius is hampered by scholarship, which Jonson honored, though imagination served Shakespeare's turn.

On the other hand, "Bothwell" is a genuine contribution to history. The subject has grown upon the poet. This section of the trilogy is many times the length of "Chastelard." "Things, now, that bear a weighty and a serious brow" are set before the reader. Great affairs of state hang at poise; Rizzio, Darnley, Murray, Gordon, Knox, Bothwell, and the Queen, are made to live or die in our presence, and the most of them are tangled in a red and desperate coil. Mary's character has hardened; she has grown more reckless, fuller of evil passion, and now is not only a murderess by implication, but, outraged by the slaughter of Rizzio, becomes a murderess in fact. The sum of her iniquities is recounted by Knox in his preachment to the citizens of Edinburgh. That wonderful harangue seems to me the most sustained and characteristic passage in modern verse; but even this Mary Stuart, who "washed her feet" in the blood of her lovers—even she has found her tamer in the brutal and ruthless Bothwell, who towers like a black demon throughout the play. Nevertheless, amid her cruelties and crimes, we discover, from her very self-abandonment to the first really strong man she has met, that her falseness has been the reaction of a fine nature warped and degraded by the feeble creatures hitherto

imposed upon her. Such love as she had for the beautiful was given to her poet and her musician, to Chastelard and Rizzio; but only the virile and heroic can fully satisfy her own nature and master it for good or evil. Under certain auspices, from her youth up, she might have been a paragon of love, sovereignty, and womanhood.

Among the various notable passages in this drama are: the death of Rizzio, the scenes before and after the murder of Darnley, the interviews between Bothwell and Mary in Hermitage Castle and elsewhere, the populace harangued by Knox; finally, the closing speech of the Queen to Mary Beaton, whose sinister avowal,

"But I will never leave you till you die!"

connects the entire plot with that ominous future, whose story, ever deepening in gloom, has yet to make the trilogy complete. "Bothwell" exhibits no excess but that of length, and no mannerism; on the contrary, a superb manner, and a ripe, pure, and majestic style. To show the strength, richness, and dramatic variety of Swinburne's mature language, let us take a few extracts from the dialogue of this historical play, with its threescore personages and as many shifting scenes. The first portrays the soldier, Bothwell:

"*Queen.* Does your wound pain you?
Bothwell. What, I have a wound?
Queen. How should one love enough, though she gave all,
Who had your like to love? I pray you tell me,
How did you fight?
Bothwell. Why, what were this to tell?
I caught this riever, by some chance of God,
That put his death into mine hand, alone,
And charged him; foot to foot we fought some space,
And he fought well; a gallant knave, God wot,
And worth a sword for better soldier's work
Than these thieves' brawls; I would have given him life
To ride among mine own men here and serve,
But he would nought; so being sore hurt i' the thigh,
I pushed upon him suddenly, and clove
His crown through to the chin."

The second is from the lips of Mary, shut up in Lochleven Castle:

"*Queen.* Ay, we were fools, we Maries twain, and thought
To be into the summer back again
And see the broom blow in the golden world,
The gentle broom on hill. For all men's talk
And all things come and gone yet, yet I find
I am not tired of that I see not here,
The sun, and the large air, and the sweet earth,
And the hours that hum like fire-flies on the hills
As they burn out and die, and the bowed heaven,
And the small clouds that swim and swoon i' the sun,
And the small flowers."

Lastly, a few powerful lines from Knox's terrific indictment of the Queen:

"*John Knox.* * * * Then shall one say,
Seeing these men also smitten, as ye now
Seeing them that bled before to do her good,
God is not mocked; and ye shall surely know
What men were these and what man he that spake
The things I speak now prophesying, and said
That if ye spare to shed her blood for shame,
For fear or pity of her great name or face,
God shall require of you the innocent blood
Shed for her fair face' sake, and from your hands
Wring the price forth of her blood-guiltiness."

* * * * * *

* * * "Her reign and end
Shall be like Athaliah's, as her birth
Was from the womb of Jezebel, that slew
The prophets, and made foul with blood and fire
The same land's face that now her seed makes foul
With whoredoms and with witchcrafts; yet they say
Peace, where is no peace, while the adulterous blood
Feeds yet with life and sin the murderous heart
That hath brought forth a wonder to the world
And to all time a terror; and this blood
The hands are clean that shed, and they that spare
In God's just sight spotted as foul as Cain's."

The exceptions taken against poems of Swinburne's youth will not hold in respect to this fine production. The most serious charge that can be brought is that of its undue length, and as to this the judgments of different readers will be as various as their temperaments. "Bothwell" is a work for vigorous minds, and to such it must always seem the bloom of beauty and power. I think it would be fortunate if some new outlet of expression could be made for the dramatic spirit of our time. Men like Browning and Swinburne do not readily become playwrights; the stage now requires of a drama that it shall be written in sparkling prose or the lightest of verse, and, of the author, cleverness and ingenuity rather than poetic greatness. It would not injure this writer to shape his work for a direct hearing, to be restricted by the limits of an arbitrary system; but might have upon these historical tragedies a gracious effect like that which resulted from the antique method ap-

plied to his "Atalanta." Ritualism, the bane of less prolific natures, is what such a man need not fear. Ease of circumstances has not made an amateur of the artist and enthusiast; nevertheless, in his case, the benefits of professional independence are nearly balanced by the ills.

V.

Taine brings a great cloud of examples to show that each period shapes the work and fortunes of its authors, but it is equally true that men of genius create new modes, and often determine the nature of periods yet to come. Swinburne may live to see the time and himself in correspondence. To me he seems the foremost of the new order of British poets. The fact that a man is not yet haloed with the light that comes only when, in death or in hoary age, he recalls to us the past, need not debar him from full recognition. A critic must be quick to estimate the present. For some years, as I have observed the successive efforts of this poet, a feeling of his greatness has grown upon me, derived not only from his promise, but from what he actually has done. If he were to write no more, and his past works should be collected in a single volume—although, as in the remains of Shelley, we might find little narrative-verse, what a world of melody, and what a wealth of imaginative song! It is true that his well-known manner would pervade the book; we should find no great variety of mood, few studies of visible objects, a meager reflection of English life as it exists to-day. Yet a subtle observer would perceive how truly he represents his own time, and to a poet this compendium would become a lyrical hand-book, a treasured exposition of creative and beautiful design.

Acknowledging the presence of true genius, minor objections are of small account. A poet may hold himself apart, or from caprice may do things unworthy of his noblest self, but we think of him always as at his best. The gift is not so common; let us value it while it is here. Let us also do justice to the world—to the world that, remembering its past errors, no longer demands of great wits that they should wholly forego madness. Fifty years ago, and Swinburne, for his eccentricities and disdain, might have been an exile like Byron and Shelley, or, for his republicanism, imprisoned like Leigh Hunt. We have learned that poets gather from strange experiences what they teach in song. If rank unwholesome flowers spring from too rich a soil, in the end a single fruitful blossoming will compensate us for the sterile *fleurs du mal* of youth. Lastly, Swinburne has been said to lack application, but ten years of profuse and consecutive labors refute the charge. Works like his are not produced without energy and long industrious hours. If done at a heat, the slow hidden fire has never ceased its burning. Who shall dictate to a poet his modes and tenses, or his choice of work? But all this matters nothing; the entire host of traditional follies need not abash us if, with their coming, we have a revival of the olden passion and the olden power. Swinburne is rightly measured by his own guild. Shortly after "Atalanta" and "Chastelard" appeared, I heard a distinguished writer say: "I know my betters, and have nothing but admiration for the author of these poems!" It was Andrea del Sarto, with humble pride, acknowledging "the insight and the stretch" of one who seemed to him the new Rafael of our beloved and venerated minstrel art.

CONSECRATION.

A LOVER'S MOOD.

All the kisses that I have given,
I grudge from my soul to-day,
And of all I have ever taken,
I would wipe the thought away.

How I wish my lips had been hermits,
Held apart from kith and kin,
That fresh from God's holy service,
To Love's, they might enter in.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

It was six o'clock in the morning when the settlers, after a hasty breakfast, set out by the shortest way to reach the western coast of the island, having first carefully secured the canoe. And how long would it take to do this? Cyrus Smith had said two hours, but of course that depended on the nature of the obstacles they might meet. As it was probable that they would have to cut a path through the grass, shrubs, or creepers, they marched, axe in hand, and with guns ready, wisely taking warning from the cries of the wild beasts heard in the night. The exact position of the encampment could be determined by the bearing of Mount Franklin, and as the volcano rose in the north at a distance of less than three miles, they had only to go straight toward the south-west to reach the western coast.

At half-past nine the way was suddenly found to be barred by an unknown stream, from thirty to forty feet broad, whose rapid current dashed foaming over the numerous rocks which interrupted its course. This creek was deep and clear, but it was absolutely unnavigable.

"We are cut off!" cried Neb.

"No," replied Harbert, "it is only a stream, and we can easily swim over."

"What would be the use of that?" returned Smith. "This creek evidently runs to the sea. Let us remain on this side and follow the bank, and I shall be much astonished if it does not lead us very quickly to the coast. Forward!"

They advanced more rapidly and easily along the bank of the river than in the forest. From time to time they came upon the traces of animals of a large size who had come to quench their thirst at the stream, but none were seen, and it was evidently not in this part of the forest that the peccary had received the bullet which had cost Pencroff a grinder.

In the meanwhile, considering the rapid current, Smith was led to suppose that he and his companions were much further from the western coast than they had at first supposed. In fact, at this hour, the rising tide would have turned back the current of the creek, if its mouth had only been a few miles distant. Now, this effect was not produced, and the water pursued its natural course. The engineer was much astonished at this, and frequently consulted his compass, to assure himself that some turn of the river was not leading them again into the Far West.

However, the creek gradually widened, and its waters became less tumultuous. The trees on the right bank were as close together as on the left bank, and it was impossible to distinguish any thing beyond them; but these masses of wood were evidently uninhabited, for Top did not bark, and the intelligent animal would not have failed to signal the presence of any stranger in the neighborhood.

At half-past ten, to the great surprise of the engineer, Harbert, who was a little in front, suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"The sea!"

In a few minutes more, the whole western shore of the island lay extended before the eyes of the settlers.

But what a contrast between this and the eastern coast, upon which chance had first thrown them. No granite cliff, no rocks, not even a sandy beach. The forest reached the shore, and the tall trees bending over the water were beaten by the waves. It was not such a shore as is usually formed by nature, either by extending a vast carpet of sand, or by grouping masses of rock, but a beautiful border consisting of splendid trees. The bank was raised a little above the level of the sea, and on this luxuriant soil, supported by a granite base, the fine forest trees seemed to be as firmly planted as in the interior of the island.

The colonists were then on the shore of an unimportant little harbor, which would scarcely have contained even two or three fishing-boats. It served as a neck to the new creek, the waters of which, instead of joining the sea by a gentle slope, fell from a height of more than forty feet, which explained why the rising tide was not felt up the stream. In fact the tides of the Pacific, even at their maximum of elevation, could never reach the level of the river, and, doubtless, millions of years would pass before the water would have worn away the granite and hollowed a practicable mouth.

It was settled that the name of Falls River should be given to this stream. Beyond, toward the north, the forest border was prolonged for a space of nearly two miles; then the trees became scarcer, and beyond that again the picturesque heights described a nearly straight line, which ran north and south. On the contrary, all the part of the shore between Falls River and Reptile End was a mass of magnificent trees, some straight and others bent, so that the long sea-swell bathed their roots. Now, it it was this coast, that is, all the Serpentine Peninsula, that was to be explored, for this part of the shore offered a refuge to castaways, which the other wild and barren side must have refused.

The weather was fine and clear, and from the height of a hillock on which Neb and Pencroff had arranged breakfast, a wide view was obtained. There was, however, not a sail in sight; nothing could be seen along the shore as far as the eye could reach. But the engineer would take nothing for granted until he had explored the coast to the very extremity of the Serpentine Peninsula.

Breakfast was soon dispatched, and at half-past eleven the captain gave the signal for departure. Instead of proceeding over the summit of a cliff or along a sandy beach, the settlers were obliged to remain under cover of the trees so that they might continue on the shore.

The distance which separated Falls River from Reptile End was about twelve miles. It would have taken the settlers four hours to do this, on a clear ground and without hurrying themselves; but as it was, they needed double the time, for what with trees to go round, bushes to cut down, and creepers to chop away, they were impeded at every step.

There was, however, nothing to show that a shipwreck had taken place recently. It is true that, as Gideon Spilett observed, any remains of it might have drifted out to sea, and they must not take it for granted that because they could find no traces of it, a ship had not been cast away on the coast.

Toward seven o'clock the weary explorers arrived at Reptile End. Here the seaside forest ended, and the shore resumed the customary appearance of a coast, with rocks, reefs, and sands. It was possible that something might be found here, but darkness came on, and the further exploration had to be put off to the next day.

Harbert and the sailor had not to look long for a place in which to pass the night. The rocks, which must have been violently beaten by the sea under the influence of the winds of the south-west, presented many cavities in which shelter could be found against the night air. But just as they were about to enter one of these caves, a loud roaring arrested them.

"Back!" cried Pencroff. "Our guns are only loaded with small shot, and beasts which can roar as loud as that would care no more for it than for grains of salt!" And the sailor, seizing Harbert by the arm, dragged him behind a rock, just as a magnificent animal showed itself at the entrance of the cavern.

It was a jaguar of a size at least equal to its Asiatic congeners, that is to say, it measured five feet from the extremity of its head to the beginning of its tail. The yellow color of its hair was relieved by streaks and regular oblong spots of black, which contrasted with the white of its chest. Harbert recognized it as the ferocious rival of the tiger, as formidable as the puma, and the rival of the largest wolf!

The jaguar advanced and gazed around him with blazing eyes, his hair bristling as if this was not the first time he had scented men.

At this moment the reporter appeared round a rock, and Harbert, thinking that he had not seen the jaguar, was about to rush toward him, when Gideon Spilett signed to him to remain where he was. This was not his first tiger, and advancing to within ten feet of the animal he remained motionless, his gun to his shoulder, without moving a muscle. The jaguar collected itself for a spring, but at that moment a shot struck it in the eyes, and it fell dead.

They all rushed toward the jaguar, and remained for some instants contemplating the animal as it lay stretched on the ground.

"And now," said Gideon Spilett, "since the jaguar has left its abode, I do not see, my friends, why we should not take possession of it for the night."

"But others may come," said Pencroff.

"It will be enough to light a fire at the entrance of the cavern," said the reporter, "and no wild beasts will dare to cross the threshold."

"Into the jaguar's house, then," replied the sailor, dragging after him the body of the animal.

While Neb skinned the jaguar, his companions collected an abundant supply of dry wood from the forest, which they heaped up at the cave.

Cyrus Smith, seeing a clump of bamboos, cut a quantity, which he mingled with the other fuel.

This done, they entered the grotto, the floor of which was strewn with bones; the guns were carefully loaded, in case of a sudden attack; they had supper, and then, just before they lay down to rest, the heap of wood piled at the entrance was set fire to. Immediately a regular explosion, or, rather, a series of reports broke the silence. The noise was caused by the bamboos, which, as the flames reached them, exploded like fire-works. The noise was enough to terrify even the boldest of wild beasts.

It was not the engineer who had invented this way of causing loud explosions, for according to Marco Polo, the Tartars have employed it for many centuries to drive away from their encampments the formidable wild beasts of Central Asia.

CHAPTER V.

At sunrise all were on the shore at the extremity of the promontory, and their gaze was directed toward the horizon, of which two-thirds of the circumference were visible. For the last time the engineer could ascertain that not a sail nor the wreck of a ship was on the sea, and even with the telescope nothing suspicious could be discovered.

The southern coast of the island still remained to be explored. Now, should they undertake it immediately, and devote this day to it?

This was not included in their first plan. In fact, when the boat was abandoned at the sources of the Mercy, it had been agreed that after having surveyed the west coast, they should go back to it and return to Granite House by the Mercy. Smith then thought that the western coast would have offered refuge, either to a ship in distress, or to a vessel in her regular course; but now, as he saw that this coast presented no good anchorage, he wished to seek on the south what they had not been able to find on the west.

At six o'clock in the morning the little band set out. As a precaution the guns were loaded with ball, and Top, who led the van, received orders to beat about the edge of the forest.

From the extremity of the promontory which formed the tail of the peninsula the coast was rounded for a distance of five miles, which was rapidly passed over, without even the most minute investigations bringing to light the least trace of any old or recent landing; no *débris*, no mark of an encampment, no cinders of a fire, not even a footprint!

From the point of the peninsula on which the settlers now were, their gaze could extend along the south-west. Twenty-five miles off, the coast terminated in the Claw Cape, which loomed dimly through the morning mists, and which, by the phenomenon of the mirage, appeared as if suspended between land and water.

Between the place occupied by the colonists and the other side of the immense bay, the shore was composed, first, of a tract of low land, bordered in the background by trees; then the shore became more irregular, projecting sharp points into the sea, and finally ended in the black rocks which, accumulated in picturesque disorder, formed Claw Cape.

"If a vessel ran in here," said Pencroff, "she would certainly be lost. Sand-banks and reefs everywhere! Bad quarters!"

"But at least something would be left of the ship," observed the reporter.

"There might be pieces of wood on the rocks, but nothing on the sands," replied the sailor.

"Why?"

"Because the sands are still more dangerous than the rocks, for they swallow up every thing that is thrown on them. In a few days the hull of a ship of several hundred tons would disappear entirely in there!"

"So, Pencroff," asked the engineer, "if a ship has been wrecked on these banks, is it not astonishing that there is now no trace of her remaining?"

"No, Captain, with the aid of time and tempest. However, it would be surprising, even in this case, that some of the masts or spars should not have been thrown on the beach, out of reach of the waves."

"Let us go on with our search, then," returned Cyrus Smith.

At one o'clock the colonists arrived at the other side of Washington Bay, having now gone a distance of twenty miles.

They then halted for breakfast.

Here began the irregular coast, covered with lines of rocks and sand-banks. The long sea-swell could be seen breaking over the rocks in the bay, forming a foamy fringe. From this point to Claw Cape the beach was very narrow between the edge of the forest and the reefs.

Walking was now more difficult, on ac-

count of the numerous rocks which encumbered the beach. The granite cliff also gradually increased in height, and only the green tops of the trees which crowned it could be seen.

Toward three o'clock, Smith and his companions arrived at a snug little creek. It formed quite a natural harbor, invisible from the sea, and was entered by a narrow channel.

At the back of this creek some violent convulsion had torn up the rocky border, and a cutting, by a gentle slope, gave access to an upper plateau, which might be situated at least ten miles from Claw Cape, and consequently four miles in a straight line from Prospect Heights. Gideon Spilett proposed to his companions that they should make a halt here. In a few minutes the settlers, seated under a clump of fine sea pines, were devouring the provisions which Neb produced from his bag.

This spot was raised from fifty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. The view was very extensive, but beyond the cape it ended in Union Bay. Neither Prospect Heights nor the islet was visible, for the rising ground and the curtain of trees closed the northern horizon.

Just as they were starting, Top began barking loudly, and issued from the wood holding in his mouth a rag soiled with mud.

Neb seized it. It was a piece of strong cloth!

Top still barked, and by his going and coming, seemed to invite his master to follow him into the forest.

"Now there's something to explain the bullet!" explained Pencroff.

"A castaway!" replied Harbert.

"Wounded, perhaps!" said Neb.

"Or dead!" added the reporter.

All ran after the dog, among the tall pines on the border of the forest. Smith and his companions made ready their fire-arms, in case of an emergency.

They advanced some way into the wood, but, to their great disappointment, they as yet saw no signs of any human being having passed that way. Shrubs and creepers were uninjured, and they had even to cut them away with the axe, as they had done in the deepest recesses of the forest. In about seven or eight minutes Top stopped in a glade surrounded with tall trees. The settlers gazed around them but saw nothing, neither under the bushes nor among the trees.

"What is the matter, Top?" said Cyrus Smith.

Top barked louder, bounding about at the foot of a gigantic pine. All at once Pencroff shouted:

"Ho, splendid! capital!"

"What is it?" asked Spilett.

"We have been looking for a wreck at sea or on land."

"Well?"

"Well; and here we've found one in the air."

And the sailor pointed to a great white rag caught in the top of the pine, and of which Top had brought a piece that had fallen to the ground.

"But that is not a wreck!" cried Gideon Spilett.

"I beg your pardon," returned Pencroff.

"Why? is it—?"

"It is all that remains of our airy boat, of our balloon which has been caught up aloft there, at the top of that tree."

Pencroff was not mistaken, and he gave vent to his feelings in a tremendous hurrah, adding:

"There is good cloth. That will furnish us with linen for years. That will make us handkerchiefs and shirts. Ha, ha, Mr. Spilett! What do you say to an island where shirts grow on the trees?"

It was certainly a lucky circumstance for the settlers in Lincoln Island that the balloon, after having made its last bound into the air, had fallen on the island and thus given them the opportunity of finding it again, whether they kept the case under its present form, or whether they wished to attempt another escape by it, or whether they usefully employed the several hundred yards of cotton, which was of fine quality. Pencroff's joy was therefore shared by all.

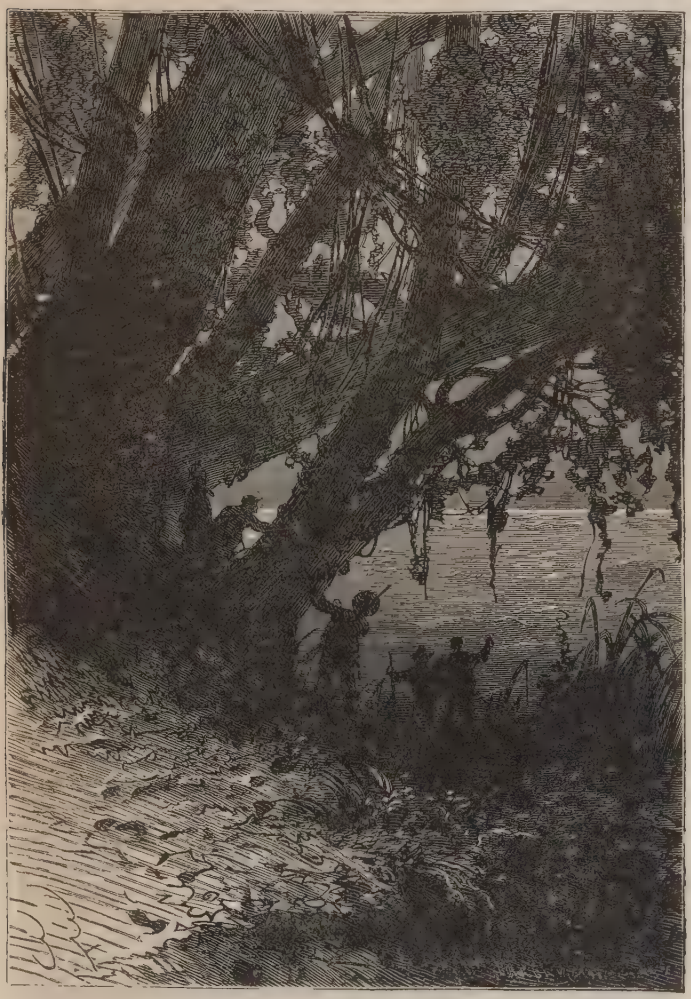
But it was necessary to bring down the remains of the balloon from the tree, to place it in security, and this was no slight task. Neb, Harbert, and the sailor, climbing to the summit of the tree, used all their skill to disengage the now reduced balloon.

The operation lasted two hours, and then not only the case, with its valve, its springs, its brass-work, lay on the ground, but the net—that is to say, a considerable quantity of ropes and cordage, and the circle and the anchor. The case, except for the fracture, was in good condition, only the lower portion being torn.

It was a fortune which had fallen from the sky.

They certainly could not think of carrying this load of cloth, ropes and cordage, to Granite House, for the weight of it was very

considerable, and while waiting for a suitable vehicle in which to convey it, it was of importance that this treasure should not be left long exposed to the mercies of the first storm. The settlers, uniting their efforts, managed to drag it as far as the shore, where they discovered a large rocky cavity, which, owing to its position, could not be visited either by the wind or rain.



A VIEW FROM THE WESTERN SHORE.

At six o'clock all was stowed away, and after having given the creek the very suitable name of "Port Balloon," the settlers pursued their way along Claw Cape. Pencroff and the engineer talked of the different projects which it was agreed to put into execution with the briefest possible delay. It was necessary first of all to throw a bridge over the Mercy, so as to establish an easy communication with the south of the island; then the cart must be taken to bring back the balloon, for the canoe alone could not carry it; then they would build a decked boat, and Pencroff would rig it as a cutter, and they would be able to undertake voyages of circumnavigation round the island.

In the meanwhile night came on, and it was already dark when the settlers reached Flotsam Point, the place where they had discovered the precious chest.

The distance between Flotsam Point and Granite House was another four miles, and it was midnight when, after having followed the shore to the mouth of the Mercy, the settlers arrived at the first angle formed by the Mercy.

There the river was eighty feet in breadth, which was awkward to cross; but, as Pencroff had taken upon himself to conquer this difficulty, he was compelled to do it. The settlers certainly had reason to be pretty tired. The journey had been long, and the task of getting down the balloon had tired both their arms and legs. They were anxious to reach Granite House for food and sleep, and if the bridge had been constructed, in a quarter of an hour they would have been at home.

The night was very dark. Pencroff prepared to keep his promise by constructing a sort of raft on which to make the passage of the Mercy. He and Neb, armed with axes, chose two trees near the water, and began to attack them at the base.

Cyrus Smith and Spilett, seated on the bank, waited till their companions were ready for their help, while Harbert roamed about, though without going far away. All at once the lad, who had strolled up the

river, came running back, and, pointing up the Mercy, exclaimed:

"What is floating there?"

Pencroff stopped working, and, seeing an indistinct object moving through the gloom, cried out:

"A canoe!"

All approached, and saw, to their extreme surprise, a boat floating down the current.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the sailor, without thinking that perhaps it would be best to keep silence.

No reply. The boat still drifted onward, and it was not more than twelve feet off, when the sailor exclaimed:

"Why, it is our own boat! She has broken her moorings and floated down the current. I must say she has arrived very opportunely."

"Our boat?" murmured the engineer.

Pencroff was right. It was, indeed, the canoe, of which the rope had undoubtedly broken, and which had come alone from the sources of the Mercy. It was very important to seize it before the rapid current should have swept it away out of the mouth of the river, but Neb and Pencroff cleverly managed this by means of a long pole.

The canoe touched the shore. The engineer leaped in first, and found, on examining the rope, that it had been really worn through by rubbing against the rocks.

"Well," said the reporter to him in a low voice, "this is a strange thing."

"Strange indeed," returned Cyrus Smith.

Strange or not, it was very fortunate. Harbert, the reporter, Neb, and Pencroff embarked in turn.

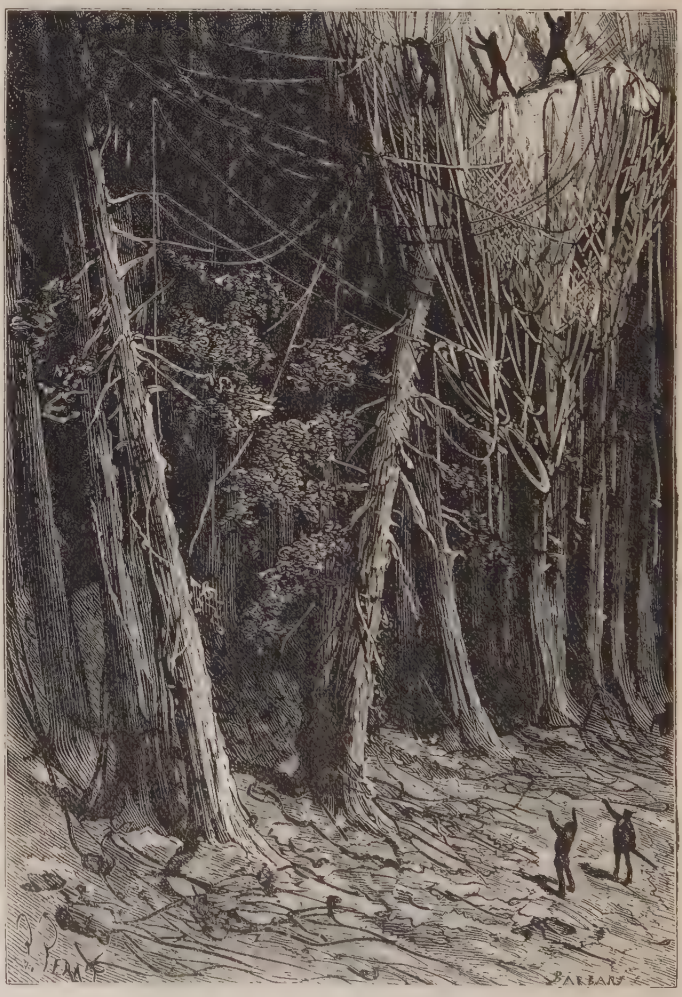
A few strokes of the oar brought the settlers to the mouth of the Mercy. The canoe was hauled up on the beach near the Chimneys, and all proceeded toward the ladder of Granite House.

But at that moment Top barked angrily, and Neb, who was looking for the first steps, uttered a cry.

The ladder had vanished!

CHAPTER VI.

WITHOUT a word Cyrus Smith stopped short. His companions looked about in the darkness, scanning the walls of the cliff, in the hope that the wind had displaced the ladder, and carefully examining the ground, in case the rope had broken. But the ladder was gone. As to seeing whether a gust of wind had raised it up till it had caught half-way on a projection, that was impossible in the dark night.



A WRECK IN THE AIR.

"If this is a joke," cried Pencroff, "it is a sorry one. Pleasant fix to be in! To arrive at home and find no ladder for getting to your room! This is no laughing matter for tired folks."

Neb, for his part, indulged in exclamations.

"But there has been no wind," observed Harbert.

"I begin to think that very queer things happen on Lincoln Island," said Pencroff.

"Queer?" answered Gideon Spilett. "No, Pencroff; nothing is more natural. Some one has come during our absence, and taken possession of our house and pulled up the ladder."

"Some one, indeed!" cried the sailor. "And who, may I ask, could—"

"Why, the hunter who gave you that grain of shot," answered the reporter. "What is your shot good for, if not to explain this mishap?"

"Well," said Pencroff, if there is any one up there I am going to hail him, and he has got to answer.'

In a loud voice the sailor gave a "Halloo there!" which the echoes vigorously repeated. The colonists listened and really thought they heard a sort of harsh laughter, but from what point they could not tell.

"My friends," said Cyrus Smith, "we have one thing only to do: wait for day and act as circumstances bid. Let us go to the Chimneys, for there we shall be safe, and if we cannot sup, at least we can sleep."

"But who has dared to play us such a trick as this?" again asked Pencroff, unable to accept the situation.

However, there was nothing to do except what the engineer advised: regain the Chimneys and wait for day. Top was ordered to remain under the windows of Granite House, and when Top received an order he obeyed without comments.

To say that the settlers slept well on the sand at the Chimneys in spite of their weariness would be far from the truth. Granite House was more than their dwelling—it was their warehouse. All the outfit of the colony was there—arms, instruments, tools, ammunition, stores, etc. Should all these things be pillaged, the colonists would be compelled to begin anew their labors and make fresh arms and tools. So each one yielded to anxiety, and went out in turn to see if Top held strict watch. Cyrus Smith, with his usual imperturbability, alone remained quiet, although he was exasperated at coming up against an absolutely inexplicable fact. Pencroff was really in a furious temper.

"It is a joke some one is playing on us. Well, I for my part do not like practical jokes, and the joker had better look out if he gets within my reach."

At the first gleams of day in the east the settlers returned to the beach by the edge of the reef. Granite House, which was exposed to the direct rays of the rising sun, was soon to be lighted brightly by the morning, and, sure enough, before five o'clock, the windows with their closed sashes appeared between the curtains of leaves. On that side all was in order, but a cry arose when it was seen that the door, which they had shut before their departure, stood wide open. Some one had penetrated into Granite House; that was certain.

The upper ladder which ran between the door and the landing-place was in its place, but the lower ladder had been removed and raised as high as the threshold. It was plain the intruders proposed to remain safe from any sudden surprise. As to finding out who or what they were, and what their number, that was also impossible, for nothing showed itself.

Pencroff gave a loud hail.

No answer.

"The beggars!" cried the sailor. "Would you believe they could sleep as quietly as if they were in their own house? Halloo! Pirates, bandits, corsairs up there!" But within and without all was silent and calm at Granite House.

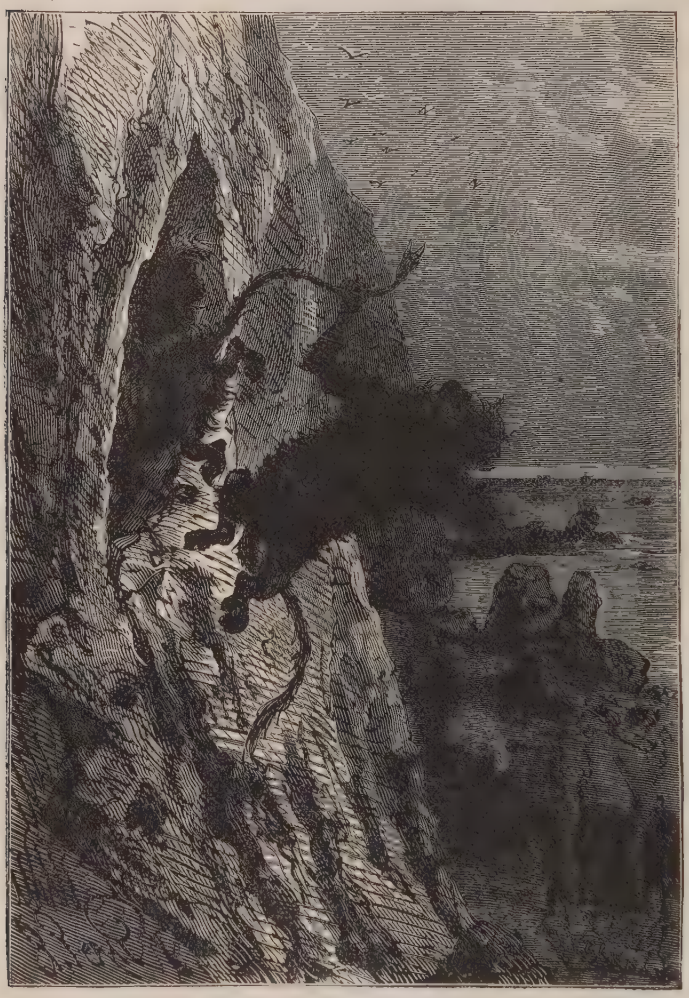
Then Harbert had an idea. It was to tie a cord to an arrow, and shoot the arrow between the upper bars of the ladder which hung from the sill of the door. With the cord it would be possible to pull the ladder down, and thus get access once more. Very fortunately, bows and arrows had been left in the Chimneys, where were also some twenty fathoms of light hibiscus cord. Pencroff unrolled the cord and fastened one end to an arrow which Harbert placed on his bow. Then he sighted the hanging ladder with great care. The others retired so that they could observe what would occur at the windows. The reporter, his gun at his shoulder, covered the door-way.

The bow bent, the arrow whistled, dragged the cord with it, and slipped between the two farthest bars of the raised ladder. The attempt was a success.

Harbert immediately seized the end of the cord, but at the moment that he gave it a jerk, an arm passed suddenly out between

door and wall and caught it, and pulled it back into Granite House.

"Oh, you brutes!" cried the sailor, "if a bullet can send you to Paradise you shall not wait long."



A SHOT AT THE PIRATES.

"But what was it?" said Neb.

"What? Why, did you not recognize it?"

"No."

"Why, it is a monkey, a jocko, a baboon, an orang-outang, a gorilla! Our house is full of monkeys who have climbed up in our absence."

At that instant, as if to confirm the sailor's words, three or four monkeys showed themselves at the windows, whose sashes they had pushed aside, and saluted the real proprietors of the place with a hundred contortions and grimaces.

"I knew it was a joke," cried Pencroff. "But there is one joker who must pay for the others."

The sailor, bringing his gun to bear on one of the monkeys, fired. All vanished except one, which fell mortally wounded on the sands.

This monkey, which was of great stature, plainly belonged to the first order in the family of quadrumana. Whether it was a chimpanzee, an orang-outang, a gorilla, or a gibbon, it evidently belonged among those anthropomorphous apes, so called because of their resemblance to man. Besides, Harbert declared it was an orang-outang, and we know the boy was well read in zoölogy.

Two hours passed, during which the monkeys kept out of sight, but they were always there, and three or four times a muzzle or a paw showed itself at the door or windows, and was greeted by shots.

"Let us hide," said the engineer. "Perhaps the monkeys will think we are gone, and will begin to show themselves. But let Spilett and Harbert lie in ambush behind the rocks and fire on every thing that appears."

The orders of the engineer were executed, and while the reporter and the young boy, the two best shots of the colony, posted themselves advantageously out of sight of the monkeys, Neb, Pencroff, and Smith ascended the plateau, and entered the forest in search of game, for breakfast-time was at hand and nothing was ready to eat. In half an hour the hunters returned with a few rock pigeons, which were roasted in the best way possible. Not a monkey had appeared. Suddenly the engineer spoke.

"Let us try to descend once more into

Granite House by way of the old outlet of the lake."

In truth, it was the only means of getting into Granite House, in order to fight with and throw out the troop. The mouth of the outlet was, it is true, closed by cemented stones, which would have to be sacrificed; but they could be replaced. However, fifty steps had not been taken in the direction of the lake before they heard furious barking from the dog. It was a despairing call for their return. They stopped.

"Let us run for it," said Pencroff, and all ran down the incline at full speed. Arriving at the bend of the cliff they saw that the situation was altered.

The monkeys, seized by some sudden fear, the cause of which it was impossible to divine, were trying to escape. Two or three ran and jumped from one window to the other with the agility of clowns in a circus. Soon five or six were in positions where they could be hit, and the colonists, taking careful aim, fired. Some, wounded or dead, fell back into the rooms with sharp cries; the others, falling outside, were killed by the descent. A few moments afterward one might have felt sure that there was not a monkey in Granite House alive.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroff. "Now for the outlet."

"Yes, yes," said the engineer. "But still it would have been better—"

At that moment, as if in answer to Cyrus Smith's observation, the ladder was seen to slip on the threshold of the door, and, unrolling its length, to fall down to the sand.

"I'll be hanged if that isn't coming it pretty strong," cried Pencroff, looking at Cyrus Smith.

"Pretty strong!" murmured the engineer, who was the first to spring on the ladder.

"Take care, Mr. Smith!" cried Pencroff. "Perhaps some of those baboons—"

"Well, we shall see," answered the engineer, without stopping.

All his companions followed and were in a moment at the door. The place was searched and no one was found in the rooms or in the store-closet, which had not been touched by the band of monkeys.

THE CAPTURE OF "JUPE."

"Well, how about the ladder, then?" cried the sailor. "Who may the gentleman be who threw it down for us?"

But at that moment there was a shout, and a great monkey who had hidden himself away in the outlet rushed into the room followed by Neb.

"Oh, you pirate!" cried Pencroff. Axe in hand he made ready to split the brute's head, but Cyrus Smith stopped him.

"Spare him, Pencroff."

"What! spare that blackamoor?"

"Yes. Did he not throw us the ladder?"

Hereupon they all fell upon the monkey, who, after making a brave defense, was thrown down and garroted.

"There!" cried Pencroff. "And what shall we make of him now?"

"A servant," answered Harbert.

In so speaking the young boy was not entirely in jest, for he knew the services which can be got from that intelligent race of the quadrumana. Then the colonists stood about the ape and examined him carefully. He belonged to that species of ape whose facial angle is not sensibly inferior to that of Australians and Hottentots. He was an orang-outang, and therefore had neither the ferocity of the baboon nor the stupidity of the ape.

"A fine fellow!" said Pencroff. "If we knew his language we could speak to him."

"So you are in earnest?" asked Neb. "We are to have him for a servant?"

"Yes, Neb," said the engineer, smiling. "But do not be jealous."

"And I hope he will be an excellent servant," added Harbert. "He seems to be young; his education will, therefore, be easy, and we shall not be required to use force to break him in. He will learn to like masters who are good to him."

"Well, we shall be," answered Pencroff, who had forgotten all his animosity against the "jokers." Then he approached the orang, and spoke to him.

"Well, my boy, how are you getting on?"

The orang answered with a little grunt, which did not indicate a bad temper.

"So you would like to join our colony? You would like to enter Mr. Smith's service?"

A fresh grunt of approbation from the ape.

"And you will be content with your board for all wages?"

A third affirmative grunt from the monkey.

"His conversation is a little monotonous," said Gideon Spilett.

"All right," said Pencroff. "The best servants are those who talk the least. Remember, no wages."

It was in this way that the colony added a new member to its ranks, who was destined to serve in more ways than one. As to the name they should give him, the sailor asked that, in memory of another monkey he had known, he should be called "Jupiter," and by abbreviation "Jupe."

Behold, then, without further ceremony, Master Jupe installed at Granite House.

(To be continued.)

IMMANENT IMPERFECTION.

WHOLESOME Death, thy somber funeral car
Looms ever dimly on the lengthening way
Of life; while, lengthening still in sad array,
My deeds that go in long procession are
As mourners of the man they helped to mar.
I see it all in dreams, such as waylay
The wandering fancy, when the solid day
Has sunk in smoldering ruins, and night's star,
Aloft there, with its steady point of light
Mastering the eye, has wrapt the brain in sleep.
Ah, when I die, and planets take their flight
Above my grave, still let the spirit keep
Sometimes its vigil of divine remorse,
'Midst pity, praise, or blame heaped o'er my corse!

SOME OLD LETTERS.

PART THIRD.

"LONDON, March, 1833.—Yesterday we went at seven to dine with Lady Listowell, and had a delightful time. Her house is magnificent. It is at 'Knightsbridge,' with very extensive grounds about it—a fruitery, a green-house, a conservatory; they raise mutton, pork, and in fact everything, about them, and unite all the elegance, comforts, and luxuries of both town and country. On the first floor there are the servants' halls, the hall of the house, etc. Upstairs the entries are lighted with high painted windows. There are three rooms in a line; one very long, opening with glass folding-doors into the conservatory, as I have described before. All three rooms communicate by high folding-doors; leading from the last at right angles is the dining-room. A library and Lady Listowell's boudoir are on the same floor. We sat at a long table.

"Tom Moore was invited to Lord Lansdowne's, but when Lady Lansdowne told him he would meet us at Lady Listowell's he said he was invited there too, so he would go. He is very little—the face of that picture you have is exactly like him. He rode home with us. We went out in a little close carriage with one horse, called a 'fly.' The hackney coaches are dreadful, wretchedly dirty, and we have just discovered that this little vehicle can be hired. It has but one seat, and Moore came into town between us. He said he was made 'for a bodkin.' He is a merry little person, and says he is to be in town only sixteen days, but whenever he can find an hour we must sing together. I told him that you had intended to write him a letter to thank him for the pleasure you had received from him. He said he should have been exceedingly gratified; that he had received more pleasure from letters from America than from almost anything else; that he had had several letters from ladies; one from an 'Ianthe,' whom he answered as 'my dear Ianthe,' and who sent him a volume of very pretty poems. X. asked him if the ladies proved young and pretty. 'Oh!' he said, 'they *never are*.' I could hardly realize that we had Moore sitting between us chatting for half-an-hour. He seems to be engaged every minute; but he has promised to come in and breakfast, dine, or sup with us whenever he can.

"Lord Listowell is the Irish Earl of Listowell. It is quite delightful to see him. He is eighty-five, and in perfect health. He is very fond of painting, and amuses himself with it in the winter, though he makes horrid pictures, and with yachting in the summer. He says the days are too short for him. He says, the first thing in the summer I must go down with them to their villa in the Isle of Wight; and as I am so good a sailor, he shall be delighted to take me out every day in his yacht, 'The Lovely Anne' (his wife's name), and then we are to have some picnic parties. He seems to be the happiest old man I ever saw.

"Last evening came up from the custom-house our apples, nuts, buckwheat, and the chair. The apples are delicious—nothing like them here. A good many of them are decayed, and these we shall have freed from the spots and pies or puddings made of them. I shall send some nuts and apples to the Fergussons and Tunnos. The chair is a beauty. X. says there is no possibility of having any chair made after it; they cannot make them here. Mrs. Baring imported two from America and tried to have one made from them, and could not. Oh, this is the prince of rocking-chairs."

It seemed that not only the Fergussons and Tunnos benefited from the American apples, for we find a note of this date from the old wit Jekyll, in a queer, clear hand, which we copy exactly here:

"DEAR MADAM: a Thousand Thanks for what I take to be beautiful specimens of American Produce, a Kinder Present of Apples than the first Lady gave to the first Gentleman.

Yrs very truly

JOSEPH JEKYLL."

"Spring Garden, Thursday.—Lady Mary Fox sent me for Monday evening the Queen's private box for Drury Lane."

This was the cause of an amusing mistake. X. being out, the little American lady, unadvised, wrote the following note:

"Dear Lady Mary Fox: I do not know the Queen, and so could not go alone to her box," etc.

"Sunday, March 24, 1833.—The Colonel and Jekyll dined with us on Wednesday, and

I surprised Jekyll with our American hickory-nuts. He had never seen any before. Our rocking-chair is the delight of all who come in. X. says, next to having a house, this chair is the most important thing. * * * Hallam called Wednesday to see how my cold was, and sat with us an hour. He talks so fast, and so inarticulately, that I can hardly understand what he says. We neither of us went to Lady Philips's. Thursday Sydney Smith came to see me. He is enormously fat, and loves good eating and drinking as well as any one can. He said he hoped I had been able to abide England; he was very entertaining, but left upon me the impression of a hard, grave man, who is expected to be witty, and say good things, and forces himself to do so." * * * This was a false impression, afterward reversed. On this occasion, he seated his unwieldy body upon a tiny Venetian chair made of cherry-wood, so slender that it could be lifted by one finger. Perhaps descrying in his young hostess's face her fear lest it should break under him, he raised his finger and said, smiling: "Never fear, I'm nicely balanced."

"In the evening, X. went to Mrs. Hallam's, but I did not, as my cold is not quite well. Sydney Smith brought X. home. Friday was a dismal day. But in the midst of snow and sleet came Lady Davy to call upon me. I would give anything to be able to describe in person, the visit. It was as good as any comedy. In fact it seems as if Lady Davy thought she should never see you again and wanted to tell you all she knew. It made me think of Mr. Rose's servant's apt remarks about her."

The servant of Mr. William Rose, a literary man of that time, had an opinion about all Mr. Rose's friends. Mr. Coleridge called one day when Mr. Rose was out and waited for him. The servant came in to put coal on the fire and see that his master's guest was comfortable, when Coleridge, who cared more for an audience than its quality, opened upon the astonished man one of his lofty wandering, metaphysical monologues. The poor servant, not liking to withdraw, listened, coal-scuttle in hand, and on Mr. Rose's return and the departure of the guest, asked: "Is Mr. Coleridge thought a clever man, sir?" "A great man." "It's a pity he talks so much nonsense, sir."

Apropos of Lady Davy, our friend recalls an anecdote that shows the sharp and severe side of old Mr. Rogers, whom she found so mild and affectionate a friend. He told a story always with a wonderful conciseness and elegance of phrase, and disliked interruption. Lady Davy, at a large dinner, sitting at the further end of the table from the old poet, and feeling herself overlooked, leaned forward during one of Mr. Rogers's anecdotes, and said: "I know you're abusing me, Mr. Rogers." "On the contrary, my time is taken up in defending your ladyship," he answered, in his clear, low voice.

"Tuesday we dined at seven with the Blakes—a party of twelve, one of them our Mr. Welles, of Redleaf—a dear old man, little and slender, as neat as a pin, a close, brown wig; he is over seventy, and a widower. Here were Turner, the artist, a rough-looking man enough, and Miss Blake, a very accomplished, amiable girl, who paints really beautiful water-colors: X. says they are the finest and most original amateur paintings he has ever seen, and better than most artists' landscapes. After dinner, Mr. Turner made her get them to show to me. There was also Sir Martin Shee, President of the Royal Academy, an Irishman, who wears powder and small-clothes, and is very much of a gentleman.

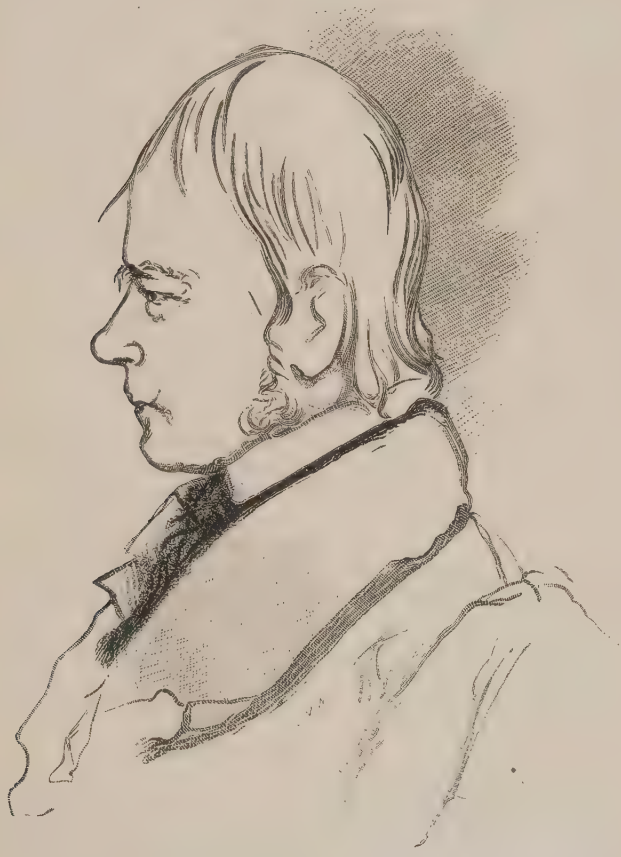
"We go at half-past ten to a ball at Lady Listowell's, which I shall give you an account of to-morrow. This is the third she has had within ten days, and I have missed two on account of my cold.

"Friday evening, March 29th.—We left here last evening at half-past ten, and arrived at Lady Listowell's at about eleven, but dancing did not commence till nearly twelve. They had delightful music, consisting of a harp, piano, octave flute, violin, and castinets; but they played so fast, and the dancing was so ungraceful, that a party of Boston girls would have been ashamed of it—and the waltzing was shocking. They flew round, and seemed to have caught hold of each other to whirl by. I danced one cotillon with a Mr. Bushe, a nephew of Lady Listowell's, but would not have danced another for any inducement. For 'right and left,' they galloped through the quadrille sidewise without offering a hand; it was very ugly to my eye. * * * Vercellini, the singer, had sent me a beautiful bouquet in the morning and I wore part of it. * * * The charming Lady Dacre was introduced to me—a person of great literary and fashionable reputation. She has written several tragedies, and has just published a book entitled 'The Recollections of a Chaperon.' She translated 'Petrarch,' also. She is very handsome—about forty-five.

"Monday.—Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Fer-

gusson came in the morning, and Mr. Welles, our apple friend. * * * About five o'clock the Countess of Morley, Miss Villiers's aunt, came to call for the second time. She said she was determined never again to tell any one that she had not seen me. She speaks loud, but seems to be the most clever, cordial, straightforward, blunt person you can imagine; shook hands with me most heartily, admired your picture with all her heart; said she should love to go to America if it were only to *rock;* seated herself herself: 'Il n'y a q'une voix contre moi et c'est la mienne.' * * * At half-past six we went to dine with the Fergussons. The Doctor was quite ill with a cold. Sir Adam Fergusson, Sir Walter Scott's intimate and confidential friend, dined there; ourselves, Mrs. L., and one of her daughters.

"We had a very charming dinner, for Sir Adam has the most marvelous powers of description. He made us laugh heartily, and told us, too, a great many interesting anecdotes about Sir Walter Scott. He is a



SIR WALTER SCOTT—FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY GILBERT STUART NEWTON.

in the rocking-chair and screamed, thinking she was going over, and had the manner of a person who was quite sure that she had nothing to conceal, and that we should like her; and she is, though at the height both of rank and fashion, a great favorite in society. She said Mrs. Lyster had been dreadfully ill, but would probably be down-stairs ere long. X. says that there is nothing truer of Lady Morley, than what a popular French lady, with the same harshness of voice, said of very remarkable person himself. He is the original of Dugald Dalgetty." This is all I find in the old letters about the dinner, but I must tell what I can recollect of the account Mrs. X. gave me of it in later years. Sir Adam, she said, was a tall, gray-haired man, with a broad Scotch accent. He described how one early morning, in Sir Walter Scott's library, when he and Sir Walter tried to make the fire of peat burn, and, after many efforts, succeeded in some degree, at

this moment one of the dogs, dripping from a plunge in the lake, scratched and whined at the window. At last Sir Walter let the "puir creature" in, who, coming up before the little fire, shook his shaggy hide, sending a perfect shower-bath over the fire and over a great table of loose manuscripts. Sir Walter, eyeing the scene with his usual serenity, said, slowly: "Oh! dear, ye've done a great deal of mischief." It reminds us of the tale related of Newton. On this same occasion of the dinner, Sir Adam Fergusson told of traveling with Sir Walter on the Continent and going to see the troops on donkeys, and he performed both donkeys and riders with his fingers on the table until his audience was in an agony of laughter.

"Wednesday.—Jekyll came in before dinner, and Peter Powell dined with us—a little old friend of X's, whom he is not willing to neglect."

A reminiscence of this dinner, not set down in the letters, is delightfully characteristic of little Peter Powell. After dinner, at the table, he sang an oratorio, performing all the parts, vocal and instrumental, himself, in imitation of Haydn. The subject was the Egyptians crossing the Red Sea. Mr. Powell got them safely over, describing their supper on the other side in the following distich, Moses being the principal actor:

> "He spread the bread and butter nice,
> And gave each dirty Jew a slice"

which went through many variations in the true oratorio style, with cadenzas on the words "spread," "butter," "slice," etc.

"Everything is quiet this week in London—the Easter holidays—all the fashionables at Richmond. We shall take our "fly" at one to-day, and go to Knightsbridge, Kensington, etc.

"Saturday, April 6th.—I have a little *world* to tell you about. Yesterday we sent for our 'fly' and couldn't get it, most luckily for us, for Good Friday is a holiday. So X. seated himself for a long painting, and I at my work. About one o'clock Moore broke in upon us, and not ten minutes after, Rogers. They remained here about an hour looking at and admiring 'the picture,' and talking most entertainingly, when Rogers said:

"'Come, get your bonnet, and we will go to the Zoölogical Gardens, and if you will, we'll finish the day by dining together at my house.'

"X. and I were ready in about ten minutes, and Rogers said: 'I have my chariot at the door, we can all go in it, for I can take that little thing (meaning me) on my knee.'

"We got into the 'chariot,' Rogers, Moore, and X. on one seat, and I on X's knee. I could not help remarking: 'If I had been told a year ago that I should be riding through Regent's Park with Rogers, Moore, and X. to-day, I should have thought it a vision.'

"It was a most delightful day, the air as mild and balmy as possible, every one out, the leaves just budding—nothing could be happier. We rode through the Park, walked through the Zoölogical Gardens, looked at all the animals and birds, which were innumerable and indescribable."

Not in the letters, is a memory of some little Chinese peacocks, who strutted about in the sunlight of the spring day—the admiration of the spectators. Moore was immensely delighted with them, and as the party were about to return to the carriage, he said:

"Oh! I must go back and have one more look at those peacocks," and they stood waiting for him.

"Ah!" said Rogers, watching Moore's hurrying figure, "he sees the resemblance."

"We returned to the carriage, and dropped Moore in the 'New Road.'

"'We dine at six, Moore,' said Rogers. 'Yes; I've an engagement with Lady ——, but I'll be with you,' and he ran off. 'Poor Moore,' said Rogers, 'there's always some Lady Dolly or other interfering with his true pleasure, and taking him away from his friends.'" This gay little pleasure-party, after leaving Moore, stopped somewhere to buy a pair of grouse, which were hung up in the carriage by the host and taken home for the dinner.

"I took my seat between Rogers and X., and we drove through Hyde Park, which was full of gayety, dropping Rogers in the Park—he was going to Holland House; drove home, dressed, and at six dined with Rogers in his beautiful house—we four, X. and Rogers *vis-à-vis*, and Moore and I. We had a most gay, delightful, and intellectual dinner. They all three seemed to bring one another out. I sat with them all the time and enjoyed it as much as possible, and we all went up into the drawing-room together.

"Moore was to have left town Monday, but I said: 'Shall we have just such a dinner on Monday at six?' and Moore said, 'Yes, and I'll not go home till Tuesday.'

"The whole day was delightful. They all seemed in their element. Moore spoke of 'Lalla Rookh,' and I told him you had said that nothing had oftener brought tears into your eyes than that touching idea of the flower-gathering in 'The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,' and he was evidently very much pleased and flattered by it, and said: 'I like to touch such a chord.'

"How you would have enjoyed yesterday! It was the most desirable and entertaining day I have passed since I came to London."

I cannot forbear making here an extract from a letter of X. relating in part to this rare little dinner, and one later at his own table, to which we shall come in our fourth number.

* * * * "She has no doubt told you of two dainty days with Rogers and Moore, but I doubt if she mentioned the happiness of a quotation she made, on the day when Rogers unexpectedly took us from our employments, which we finished at his house.

"'Pleasure that comes unlooked-for is thrice welcome.'

"'I thought of it,' said the venerable Bard of Memory, 'but scarcely hoped that you would so far honor me.'"

"Fergusson passed the evening with us, and we had some music. I asked him, as he was so fond of listening, if he didn't sing a little himself. 'I'll tell you an anecdote of Sir Walter Scott,' said he, 'that will answer your question. One night, when I was staying at Abbotsford, Anne Scott had been singing to the accompaniment of her harp a Scotch ballad with a wail for the chorus. Sir Walter turned to me, saying in his strong Scotch accent: "Noo, Fergusson, gie us a howl.'"

"'During one of my visits there,' continued Dr. Fergusson, 'among other guests was Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd." I heard a horrible noise in an adjoining room, and, after listening some moments to it, became alarmed, and said to my host: "What is that noise?" "Oh!" said he, "it's Hogg—just Hogg composing his verses. He always sings them as he writes them.'"

"Though he liked some rude strains, Scott could well attune his ear to softer music, and was very fond of the Moore song X. sings, that ends:

"'Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,
Should be each vow of love's repeating.
Quick let him worship beauty's precious ray,
E'en while he kneels that ray is fleeting.'

"He used to say, 'Come X., let me have that Persian's prayer;' and he would listen with great delight to the singing of it.

"They recalled an amusing story of an old servant who had lived with Scott for nearly a lifetime, and became very much spoiled. Sir Walter at last, out of patience with his sins of omission and commission, said:

"'Donald, I think we must part.'

"'Part! why? Where's your honor going?'

"Of course peace was made, and Donald remained.

"They told sadly of the dear old man returning from Italy (where he went for his health), with his memory impaired. Mrs. Arkwright, who had set his 'Pirate's Farewell to Minna' to music, sang it to him. 'Those are very pretty verses,' said Sir Walter.' 'Who wrote them?'

"Charles Scott, Sir Walter's second son, is a very clever, agreeable man. I see a good deal of him at the Lockharts', here and elsewhere. Sir Walter was most proud of his eldest son Walter, who is rather a dull fellow, but large and fine-looking. His father used to say that it was enough if a boy knew how to ride and speak the truth; those were the most important things.

"Charles Scott made me laugh about the visitors at Sir Walter's house and Melrose Abbey. See the Abbey by moonlight they must, because of the lines:

"'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.'

"'And many a time,' said Charles Scott, 'when the moon was not convenient, I took a lantern to produce the effect.'"

[A few errors have crept into these letters, as published in the magazine, among them the following: On page 355 of the January No. the writer in speaking of Christopher Hughes and Mr. Coke is made to say, that "the former was afterward made Earl of Leicester." The reference was to Mr. Coke, who received his peerage in 1837 and died in 1842. Hughes, as is stated immediately after, was an American.]

THE POETESS OF CLAP CITY.

THE editor of "The Clap City Gazette" called on me a week or two ago, and I must acknowledge that I have not seen a coat so aggressively fashionable, nor heard such wholesale political doctrines since I last visited that progressive town. The Clapites (as the editor remarked during this very call) "are always tip-top as to style, and they know how to hit the bull's-eye in weightier matters, too—politics, religion, and so on. Outside opinions, madam, that are not recognized in Clap City, I always find won't hold water."

Among other reminiscences of old acquaintances he gave me some information of Maria G. Heald. He regretted that her life had been so commonplace, for he had once confidently anticipated that she would take rank as the first poetess in America. "She had the ear-marks of genius from a child," he said, spreading his fingers furtively to look at the fit of his new kid gloves. "There can be no doubt that she possessed at one time a large share of—of the divine afflatus. She carried that with her, indubitably."

There are so many people outside of Clap City who knew Maria in her youth, and formed similar high expectations of her future, that it occurs to me it might interest them to know what she really was.

Everybody who saw this girl at seventeen had, I think, a vague idea that they had met an exceptional character, whom some unusual destiny awaited, though they might not perhaps have diagnosed the "afflatus" as sharply as did the "Gazette" editor. I saw her first at a ball given by Mrs. Crawford, of "Crawford & Soss," the wholesale grocers in Clap City. Mrs. Crawford had just furnished the parlors of her new house with the gorgeous Brussels carpets, lace curtains, and Parian urns from Viti Viti's last auction, which were the outward types and things signified of Clap City aristocracy. The occasion was felt to be supreme in the world of fashion, and "culminated," according to a "Gazette" local item, "in a blaze of splendor. Everything was in perfect taste, from the glittering robes of satin embroidered in silver of the ladies, to the dulcet strains breathed by our friend Aleck Sower's brass band. Judge Hall of the Supreme Court, with his grand jury (selected from the best families of the State) now in the city, contributed to the brilliancy of the occasion. The table was superb, especially the webs of spun sugar (from Stiles & Co., Main street). The hostess impressed all her guests with her high-breeding, and the justice of her claim to be leader of the *haut ton*." Such personal notices as this were not usual, however, and the reporter was loudly condemned by Mrs. Crawford as "a low fellow, who had no knowledge of the usages of genteel society."

Miss Heald was pointed out to me by Mrs. Crawford that evening. She sat in a corner, attired in the gray dress with lace at the throat, inevitable to heroines. The dress was a little shabby and the lace frayed. Her eyes were large, dark, and soft, her face singularly delicate in outline. "A girl who is a neighbor and very kind in sickness," Mrs. Crawford said, affably nodding toward her. "Remarkable for her intellectuality, but not—not precisely—you understand—not of our circle. In fact, the daughter of—*a tailor*," in a whisper. "Poor thing! she does not care for dancing. Just observe how wrapped she is in the music! When that melancholy strain ended, her eyes were full of tears. Maria is always a prey to her emotions."

Maria's eyes were full of tears. When I knew her afterward she told me that music revealed to her the emptiness of life; led her, as Carlyle says, "to the edge of the Infinite, and bade her look down on that." But if she had been footing it away on the floor with the other girls, or if the miserable little parlor at home had been gorgeous with Brussels carpet and yellow brocatel, life would not have seemed so empty, perhaps, and infinity would have engrossed less of her attention. Mrs. Crawford, being a good-natured little body, invited the girl to her balls; but Clap City was not to be wheedled into any recognition of the offspring of tailors. She was under a social ban, trivial perhaps to us—but just as stringent and bitter to the soul as that borne by any other pariah.

Three or four years passed in this isolation, unnatural and unwholesome for any young creature. Certain low-lying hills surrounded the gaudy, dirty little mill town, and they seemed to her heated, morbid fancy to be impregnable bars—prison walls that shut her in, shut in her whole life. Outside was a

world—that was *not* Clap City. She thought there was a place waiting there for her. I do not really know how high she supposed that place to be. If it was on a level with Shakespeare we must remember that she had nothing by which to measure herself. Even the Clapites had come to regard her as the ugly duck that might turn out to be a swan. She had, in growing older, found the balls and satin trains—the whole scale of respectability and glory about her—shrink into an inch measure. She was open to influences of which these people knew nothing. The woods and the sky, music, and books had sights and sounds which they kept only for her.

Her final resolve to be an author was brought about by meeting young Roggin, one of the Concord, Mass., Roggins, you know, who all talk of standing on the primal verities, and are authorities on the limitations of human nature outside of New England, by virtue of having lived across the street from Emerson and Channing. This Adams Roggin came to Clap City to lecture. He wrote home to a Boston paper amusing, satirical letters of his tour through the backwoods, and dilated at length on the social atmosphere of this inland town, which "reminded him irresistibly of the flaring gas and stench of a kerosene lamp. It was refreshing to find a breath of genuine air and gleam of sunshine, which he had done in the person of a young and gifted girl. Her position among these people was as uncomfortable—not as that of the well-known bull in a china shop—but rather, let us say, as a bit of china in the bull's pen. This girl had something to say to the world, and when the day came, would, he prophesied, speak her message." He sent a copy of the paper to Maria, with his respects and best wishes.

After that accolade she felt that her long vigil was over; the hour had come for deeds of high emprise and victory. She began to send poems and essays off by every mail to all the magazines then known—"The Knickerbocker," "Atlantic," "Sartain," etc., etc. Back came the big yellow envelopes, sometimes with the editor's (printed) thanks for the opportunity of reading the manuscript, and always—the manuscript. Maria's heart was wrenched, but not appalled; success was sure. Had she not heard the voice calling her to utter her message? To what purpose would have been these years of neglect, of solitude, of suffering, and all the immortal longings within, if not to fit her for this high and noble work?

Just about this time an accident happened to Maria which will occur to women with vocations—she married. Her husband was a son of this very Mrs. Crawford: Tatham, or Tat, as he was popularly called. The way it came about was this: Tat had gone off to New Orleans, according to the habit of young fellows in the West and South at that time, to "see life." He came back in such a condition that old Mr. Crawford (a moderate drinker and elder in the First Church) would not let him cross his virtuous threshold. Tat disappeared into the purlieus of the city, and one hot day, Maria, passing through "the Commons," saw him literally in the gutter fighting with some black fellow, well pummeled already, and in danger of being killed outright. She passed through the crowd, took him by the arm and led him away; and I have no doubt that Tat, who was a silly, affectionate fellow at bottom, even when sober, thought she looked, white dress and all, like a saint or Madonna, or something of like heavenly quality. The end of it was, that he took the pledge and went to work, but came clothed, and in his right mind, to sit at Maria's feet, and never thereafter budged from that position. She was his saviour, his hope, his all. He had swept and garnished his heart for her to enter in; if she forsook him he would take back the seven devils again. Whereupon Maria, who always had loved the lad, "turned her back on her vocation for the present," as she wrote to me, and married him. Clap City was astonished at the good luck of the tailor's daughter, Tat being indisputably of the *haute volée*. It was but a month or two after the marriage that Crawford & Soss became bankrupt, and Tatham and Maria went their way to the muddy little town of Cairo, Illinois, to scratch for themselves. I heard of them from year to year. The children came fast; I never knew just how many, as they always were bulletined in platoons. "Four had the measles," or "five were getting through with the chicken-pox." Maria opened a boarding-house, did machine sewing by the yard, taught a primer school, sold "truck" and butter,—in one way or another kept the wolf from the door. Tat was quite as indefatigable in his way; he was the best-natured, most energetically friendly fellow in Cairo. He built chicken coops for all the neighbors, planted trees in the public square, was ready to drive a nail, put on a coat of paint, or make a speech for anybody who asked him. And, as he (being one of the blue blood) could not be paid

except in drinks, they were plenty enough—from champagne at the Judge's suppers, to his morning's bitters, shared with Staggs, the drayman.

There is no need to dwell on this part of the story. I saw Maria when, for the third time, she brought Tat to the inebriate asylum in Media. I dreaded to go down, when she sent up her name, picturing a gaunt, haggard creature, the very ideal of the drunkard's wife. Instead, a picturesquely dressed beautiful woman hurried to meet me, with healthy changing color, dark eyes ready to melt or flash, and a curiously tender, magnetic voice and smile.

"She had accompanied Tatham to consult his physician about his disease. It *was* a disease, oinomania,—and hereditary. Nobody could blame him, poor fellow! certainly. The children were well, except the twins, who were teething. And she—oh! busy, of course. But this part of her life was only play," with sudden earnestness, "only accumulating material for her real work."

She was the most live human being I had met for years. She threw off suggestive ideas as a battery would electric flashes. Her observations on the fraction of the world which she had seen were shrewd as intuitions; her emotions were as ready to master her as of old, but the tear and laugh were healthy, and no more morbid than those of a child. An hour's talk with her was as exhilarating as new-made wine.

"But, in all your money-making schemes, why did you never go back to your vocation, and write for publication, Maria?"

She blushed. She never used to blush when she was a girl.

"Because it *is* my vocation" she said, "I could not bring myself to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. If fortune comes to me through my pen, that is all very well; but I must write with a higher success as my aim. I have—" coughing nervously—"I have begun a poem; a book in which I shall utter myself; all that has been given to me to say."

"Meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile we are living very comfortably on the proceeds of our truck-patch, even saving money. I am a close business manager."

"I think you are wrong—"

But, before I could argue the point, Miss Aiken came in, known to the reading world as the author of "Words of Woods and Waters." I knew what these words had been to Maria and many other women of affluent, sensitive nature. Her eyes darkened and her breath came quicker, as she discovered who was the spare, spectacled little woman. Presently, a good deal frightened, in a few simple words she thanked her for the help her book had given her.

"Yes, yes," said Miss Aiken, nodding sharply. "A great many people say so; very profuse in thanks, very profuse. Don't buy the book, though. Put my best work on that vollum, half my mental capital, compacted it down. The publisher (you know old Z., he's a man to skin a flea, as you Western people would put it), he told me women were too diffuse; so I wasted stuff in that book which would have made a dozen magazine articles at ten dollars the page. These papers on our city charities which I'm furnishing to the 'Sunday Age' pay me fifteen per cent. better, besides the honorarium which the president or philanthropist puffed, almost always sends me the next day. Gave the Whitton asylum a superb notice yesterday, and only got twenty dollars this morning. I call that shabby in old Whitton."

Maria rose hastily. Her plump cheeks were quite pale when we reached the hall. "You see I was right," she said. "Let me keep to my cabbages and potatoes as long as I want to turn a penny. Some day—*some day*—" and her eyes burned.

Tat was sent home "improved," and came back again the next year. His disease was unconquerable, and so was his good-nature. Like so many others who come to this asylum, he was the most lovable, helpful fellow in the world. The last summer he spent there he employed in making a doll-house for the child of the washerwoman, that was a fairy palace, a marvel of skill and industry.

Soon after that, Maria came back to Clap City to live, and invested her little savings in a factory for making plantation carts. Then the war began, and the firm took a contract for army wagons.

"That is nearly fifteen years ago," said the editor of the "Gazette," "and Maria Crawford is now a very wealthy woman. Tatham is dead long ago. He had a happy life, poor fellow! after all. She kept him clean in body and soul; tried to make a Christian of him in spite of his weakness, and she has taught her children to look on him as a model of every manly virtue. The worst of it is, she believes it too. She loved him so, and her imagination colors everything, undoubtedly. She belongs to the

genus irritabile vatum. Pardon me! I don't often use the dead languages before the fair sex, but they express our ideas with such nicety. Yes, Mrs. Crawford has made a great success in life—has placed one of her boys in West Point, another at Annapolis. Oh, all kinds of good luck fall in her way. She is such a magnetic, attractive woman. Her children absolutely worship her. Honest, honorable fellows, the boys; the girls, beautiful creatures! They are thoroughly taught by their mother. Mrs. Crawford, in fact, leads the town. New people have moved in—Yankees—during the war, who appreciate culture and that sort of thing beyond birth. For her boys' sake she makes her house gay. She molds the young people as she pleases, and the tone of society is much quieter than it used to be; simply rich people cannot push themselves in. Society, you will think, is terribly disintegrated in Clap City when the house of a tailor's daughter is considered the gate of admission to all that is really refined and well bred. But we can hope for nothing better in this chaotic country," with a sigh, rubbing his knees. "Besides, her children ought to occupy a good position. Tatham belonged indisputably to the aristocracy."

The editor had risen to go. I ventured on another question.

"Mrs. Crawford has given up her intention of writing a poem?"

"On the contrary," with a delighted air of mystery, patting his coat pocket, "I have it here. It is her life work, the expression of herself. I am going to dispose of it in New York. I shall ask a fine price for it, I assure you. These crowing cocks of publishers are sharp-eyed. They know a diamond from a grain of corn."

P. S. I received a letter from the "Gazette" editor to-day. He had "offered the manuscript to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston publishers, but in vain. It 'was not the right length;' 'poetry was a drug;' 'the season was unfavorable,' were the reasons I was to give Mrs. Crawford. Privately they told me it was trash. Can it be that this gifted woman has waited too long and so missed her vocation? Is she to die nameless, her work undone? Is her message to the world never to be delivered?"

So ran the editor's lament. But as I folded his letter, I felt inclined to question whether Maria's message had not been delivered in words more full of life than any which printer had ever set in type, and were not as sure of carrying their weight of meaning to coming generations as any immortal ode or epic.

After all, was not Dr. Holmes's dirge sung over an empty grave? Were there ever "voiceless singers" since time began? Would it be possible for them to "die, with all their music in them"—even in Clap City?

TWO ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

THE KNOX MANSION.

THE command, "Remove not the ancient landmark," is held in light esteem in our day and generation. The recent destruction of General Knox's old home, in Maine, is perhaps not generally known, though the long indifference with which it had been regarded foretold its slow but sure decay.

The Knox House stood on the banks of the St. George's River, in Thomaston, near the site of an old fort erected in colonial times, for defense against the French and Indians. In the rear of the mansion there were several neat buildings—the stables, the servants' lodgings, and the cook-house.

"Beautifully at the water's edge sat this sumptuous villa," writes the old historian of the town, "as it first caught the eye and struck the lofty mind of Mrs. Knox." A French nobleman who was a guest here describes the mansion as "a handsome, though not magnificent structure." But the enthusiastic chronicler hastens to explain that the Duke brought his ideas of magnificence from degenerate and luxurious France.

General Knox took up his abode here, in 1795, and the family made the journey from Philadelphia to Thomaston in a sloop. "Montpelier," as Mrs. Knox called her new home in the wilderness, excited the wonder and admiration of the village. The General owned a vast tract of land in this vicinity, which he wished to settle with a tenantry,

after the English fashion. To encourage the speedy settlement of the country, he interested himself in various kinds of business.

THE KNOX MANSION, THOMASTON, MAINE.

He built ships and saw-mills, and engaged in brick-making and lime-burning; he imported game from Massachusetts, and new breeds of cattle and sheep from England. His hospitality was unbounded, and his house was thronged with guests, many of whom were distinguished foreigners. Wonderful stories are told of the grand style of living in vogue at the mansion. It is said that twenty sheep were often consumed in a week, and that oxen were roasted whole before the immense fire-places; that the General kept twenty saddle-horses in his stable; and that he had a road cut for a pleasure party to a neighboring mountain, still a favorite place for picnics, at the expense of five hundred dollars, a great sum in those days. It is even stated that he extended his hospitality so far as to invite the whole tribe of Penobscot Indians to make him a visit; and that when these strange visitors had feasted for weeks on the General's bounty, he remarked, "Now we have had a good time, and you'd better go home." How much of all this is true, and how much mere tradition, it is now impossible to determine. But it is certain that the General was very extravagant, and no doubt the family lived in a style which in those days seemed little short of princely. Mrs. Knox was a haughty Englishwoman, and had little intercourse with the towns-people, who always called her Lady Knox. She entertained her aristocratic friends, and visited them in turn, spending the winters in Boston, where she was fond of risking large sums of money at the card-table. She was small in person, but had so stately an air that people were apt to think her very tall. Many anecdotes are told in illustration of Lady Knox's pride. One day, says tradition, her carriage, the only one in the village, broke down, and it was necessary to dismount while some temporary repairs were made. A kind-hearted woman, who lived near the scene of the accident, invited Lady Knox to take refuge in her house, but she preferred to stand in the muddy street. Near the mansion was an ancient burial-ground, and the gravestones were a constant eye-sore to the pleasure-loving lady According to the village historian quoted above, "they interrupted her gayety by the

THE CORNWALLIS HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

unwelcome thoughts of death;" but her husband would not consent to have them removed. After his death the offending stones were thrown down. Another version has it that the deed was done in the General's absence from home, and that when he returned, in his vexation "he tore his hair with both hands."

The General was personally very popular, but many of his enterprises failed, and little by little his land slipped from his grasp. His death was caused by swallowing a chicken bone. His proud lady lived to see the fickleness of fortune, and then was laid by her husband's side.

Hawthorne visited "Montpelier" in 1837, and pronounced it "a ruinous old mansion, with some grandeur of architecture." It was then occupied by the youngest daughter of General Knox, a very agreeable and amiable woman. But family pride forbade her to sell an inch of land, and she contrived to live and keep up a certain appearance of style on her small income of six hundred a year. The daughters of Lady Knox were not so exclusive as their mother, and sometimes invited a neighbor in to spend the day. On such occasions, great baskets of old letters were produced, after dinner, for the entertainment of the guest. Many of these letters bore the signatures of Washington, Lafayette, and other celebrities, and one can imagine the glow of pride with which they were unfolded. There is something pathetic in the picture,—that little group of women in the desolate old mansion, trying to forget the present in the faded glories of the past.

In 1854 the last child of Knox died, and the heirs sold the house and furniture at auction. The latter was bought by people of the town, who exhibit with pride the old-fashioned, well-worn sideboards, the handsome plate and dainty wine-glasses that once belonged to Lady Knox. Even the remains of the honored dead were not suffered to rest in the family vault, but were transported, without any ceremony, to the village church-yard. These proceedings caused not a little indignation among the townspeople.

In 1860 "Montpelier" was occupied by the families of ship-builders, and was fast crumbling into ruins. All but two of the outbuildings—the brick stable and the farm-house—had been removed. The woodbine, which clung to the walls as if trying to hide the ravages of time, only added to the general appearance of desolation. No traces remained of the piazzas and balconies which formerly surrounded the mansion, and the American Eagle which once guarded the entrance to the spacious grounds had folded his carved wings and fallen from his perch. The view from the flat roof was perhaps as beautiful as when Lady Knox stood there to survey her broad domains, and watch the course of the river past its wild banks. But thrifty villages had sprung up where the General intended to have forests and parks. The very entrance to the grounds was known as Knox street, and was lined with rows of handsome houses. The front yard, which sloped to the water, had been transformed from a smooth lawn to a ship-yard, and was filled with piles of lumber and the noise of busy workmen. A few trees were left standing before the old house, to toss their great branches in mute protest at the desecration of what should be sacred ground. A long flight of rickety steps led up to the front of the mansion, but the huge brass knocker which was wont to announce the stranger, and which bore the General's peculiar signature, "HKnox," had fallen a prey to curiosity hunters. A few years later the mansion was abandoned by its tenants. The large oval reception-room, where Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, and other distinguished guests had been welcomed, was used for a carpenter's shop. The wall-paper originally bore some faint resemblance to tapestry, but many of the antique figures had been torn down, or mutilated, by the ruthless hands of visitors. An air of sadness pervaded the rooms where once thronged brilliant assemblies. Up and down the long, wide staircases trooped shadows of the past. It was like "some banquet hall deserted." Strangers scolded and mourned in turn over this neglect. People acknowledged that it was a disgrace to the town, and then forgot all about it. At one time an effort was made to obtain, by subscription, the necessary funds with which to restore the noble old ruin, and it was proposed to keep it in repair by charging an admission fee to the numerous strangers who visited it every summer. But the people, however disposed in theory to reverence past greatness, were bound up in the present, and the project failed.

About three years ago the tottering structure, stately even in its decay, was pulled down, to make way for the Knox & Lincoln Railroad, and the farm-house was converted into a dépôt. Thus the shrill whistle of the engine has drowned the voices of the past, and the busy tide of American life has swept away every vestige of this ancient landmark, the home of Washington's friend.

THE CORNWALLIS HOUSE.

It is well known to every reader of American history that Camden, South Carolina, with the circumjacent country, was the scene of two of the most important battles of the Revolution, as well as of no less than fourteen skirmishes. Here the self-confident Gates met with his memorable defeat, and many of the old trees in the vicinity yet bear scars of the battle, as monuments commemorating the humiliation of selfish pride, or more properly, perhaps, the death of the unselfish and illustrious Baron De Kalb. Here Greene was defeated by the British in the battle of Hobkirk's Hill; and William Washington, Marion, Sumter, and Lee fought in its vicinity many of the partisan encounters which gave them so just a title to the admiration and esteem of their fellow-countrymen.

There are some legends based upon the exploits of these conflicts still extant among the credulous denizens of the nursery, who never weary of hearing from the awe-inspiring old nurses, of a combatant who was carried by his horse, after complete decapitation, from Hobkirk's Hill, the northern boundary of the present town, to Pine Tree Creek, two miles south; or of certain supernatural sounds which had been heard by some in parts of the territory on which the battle of Hobkirk had been fought.

On a gentle eminence south of the town stood a handsome old residence (the subject of the accompanying sketch), which, though possessing no intrinsic value, was highly prized by all as a very interesting relic of the Revolution. Its dilapidated apartments; its deserted halls; its creaking, infirm stairways; and its walls, which echoed back, with startling distinctness, each footstep or utterance of the visitor, possessed a charm for the young and superstitious.

The house was built by Col. Joseph Kershaw, an enterprising pioneer of central South Carolina, several years prior to the Revolution, with materials imported from England, and was his elegant and comfortable residence until shortly after the fall of Charleston, in 1780, when the British troops overran the State. Lord Cornwallis, upon his arrival in Camden, during the summer of the same year, took possession of it as his headquarters, and Mrs. Kershaw (Col. Kershaw, her husband, being at that time a prisoner in the West Indies) was subjected to the many trials and indignities inseparable from the circumstances. Each subsequent arrival of British officers in Camden, among them the merciless Lord Rawdon, brought a repetition of the same indignities, only in an intensified degree, until Mrs. Kershaw, unable longer to endure them, with the permission of the commanding officer, sought refuge in a small house, built in the swamp of the Wateree River.

The mansion fronted to the west, and immediately south of it, only a few hundred yards distant, in the thick pine grove, stretched the long line of American fortifications, the remains of which are still to be seen. Tradition says that an American sharpshooter, hidden in the thicket, aimed at a party of British officers, who were playing cards in the south-eastern room of the third story, and killed one. A spot of blood on the floor, said to have been the Englishman's, always remained an object of interest to visitors. After the evacuation of Camden by the British, the old mansion was again occupied by its owners, and General Greene's wife, who was then passing through the country on horseback, protected by a detachment of cavalry, became an inmate of its hospitable walls for several days. Upon the open slope in front of the house Gen. Lafayette was received, on his visit to Camden, in 1825, by a large concourse of citizens. And most of the public gatherings, military and other reviews, since the Revolution, were held there.

The name of the old residence, "Cornwallis House," and its history, together with the remains of the old revolutionary cannon which had been planted in front of the house, were ever a fruitful source of interest to strangers visiting Camden.

In the latter part of the late war many commissary stores were placed in the house, on which account it fell a prey to the flames when Howard's corps of Gen. Sherman's army passed through Camden, in 1865.

Around the prostrate ruins the same pleasant associations cluster, and the old cannon yet remains to tell to future generations the same old story which has been told here.

NEW ENGLAND AND HER CHURCH.*

THAT small district of our country called New England is certainly very peculiar. Its characteristics are worth anybody's studying up. For two hundred and fifty years now, a steady, hardy people, up there among the hills and mountains, have been working out their problems, and pushing their purposes into success.

A philosopher will put his knuckle to the knob of a Leyden jar, and at one rapid flash will get all the electricity there is in it, whether it be enough to amuse a pupil or enough to kill an ox. But no one will be able to fully discharge New England of its inexplicable majesty and force by merely touching it with the epithet of Yankee. Something more than shrewd ingenuity lies at the bottom of Connecticut character; just as there is something more than wooden clocks which comes out of Connecticut industry.

A stranger visiting any one of those Eastern States, would meet no gushing welcome at the start. A sedate quiet reigns almost everywhere, not easily disturbed unless some one comes to settle down. Yet he would make a vast mistake if he called the people stolid, or imagined them cold. When somebody asked Tom Brown at Rugby what he supposed it was to be a man, he answered in substance that he thought it was the holding out against something, and the not giving in. There is a good deal of that sort of manhood in the Yankee region. And there is a good deal of that sort of womanhood alongside of it, with a slight difference—it consists of holding in. Reserved power is the secret of New England education. And when the result is distributed, it would seem as if men got the best part of the power, and women the largest part of the reserve.

During the late war, we all heard such rough things said as men's maliciousness prompted. Most of us remember the gentle suggestion that if somebody would just scuttle New England and let it sink, we could settle our difficulties in a season. Cold, rigid conscientiousness concerning right and wrong, was really at a discount among peace men in 1864. But everybody knows that the latest and honestest effort for full harmony and help came from the same men who once deemed it their highest honor to go to old John Brown's funeral. Not a year ago, I saw in Mount Auburn Cemetery, a month after Decoration Day, the broad bars of a Confederate flag at the head of one of the graves, and nobody thought of disturbing it.

One thing is certain: out of these singular customs, hard theologies, social repressions, enumerate them as you will, has come a race of the grandest men and women on this Western continent. One does not get through with his conversation when he has told his witty stories about the irrepressible peddlers, and the embarrassing tricks and the nasal twang. When he has finished the ridicule, he is ready for the common sense. When he has said Yankee, he has something to say besides Doodle. He has a fresh picture to paint after he has dashed off the familiar caricature, representing the white hat, the expansive umbrella, the striped pantaloons held down with sheepskin straps, the blue coat with brass buttons—all the adornments, forsooth, which grace the figure, with the inevitable peaked nose, keen eyes, long hair, and lank wrists of Brother Jonathan. That may be New England; but there is a mighty measure more of New England than that, and better worth the time of sensible people to talk of.

The truth is, the strength and attractiveness of all real character "down East" center in the preservation of personal individuality. Men and women rub against each other, but manage to keep unchanged. Last summer we saw on the beach of Cape Ann that singular tract of sea-shore called the Musical Strand. The grains of sand send up a faint musical sound as the foot slides over them. We were told that in the night, when the air is still, the waves, pushing up against the dry particles, and then receding, will urge out at least three distinct notes in turn. The only explanation of this phenomenon seems to be that the sand is composed of particles of granite, worn off the surface of the ridge with which the shore is barricaded, and that their edges are not at all rounded by attrition. They have been rolled up and down for these unreckoned years, just as any other mass is rolled, under the action of tide and tempest; but they have kept their shape without being worn away. Examine them carefully, and one sees as well as feels that they remain sharp at every point, often keen

* "The Genesis of the New England Churches." By the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D. Harper & Bros.

as a pin and thin as a wafer. Hurry them, when hot and dry, against each other, and they will vibrate like so many pieces of steel.

A not unfitting figure this of New England people. They owe the hardness they exhibit to the nature they bear. They keep the essentials of the original rock. They must have come into being by cooling after some volcanic action of fire; it is not possible they could ever have been stratified in the ooze. Their independence of preserved personality constitutes their integral character. They have all the jostling that other folks have, but they do not wear down. And if rhetoric will let us this once force the fancy, we may say it is their individualism which gives them the true ring, their strong originality which makes them musical.

When the venerable Dr. Bacon dedicated his volume to "all who love the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers," he probably understood perfectly that such a summons gave him a magnificently wide audience. And he would have reached pretty much the same class of persons had he spoken of those who loved and cherished New England. Not much given to sentimentalism are we all, scattered through the land and the world; but it may as well be said once in awhile that there are hearts loyal and true, in many a clime far away from those six little States by the Atlantic, whose breasts swell with emotion, and whose eyes are sometimes moist with tears, as they think of their early homes and friends among New England hills. There are in this world some quiet people, who can never believe there is anywhere a stream more beautiful than the Connecticut—or that there can be any fairer meadows than those around Northampton, elms nobler than those shadowing the avenue in New Haven, mountains greener than those remembered slopes in Vermont—or that there ever were or will be manlier men or purer women in the world, than dwell to-day in that Yankee region where the graves of our fathers lie beneath the shadows of the village church. And we are ready to listen, with all reverence and affection, when one so competent to speak as the author of this volume seeks to get our ear.

The reason why outsiders cannot understand New England is, that they suppose that all our States in this Union are republican. Whereas, those six Eastern States are purely monarchical. They have a sovereign of their own up there—a queen —and her name is Public Opinion. She belongs to the ancient dynasty of *On Dit.*

No reigning majesty ever wielded a more absolute sway. On the whole, generous and genteel, sometimes hard, and, unfortunately, unjust; not infrequently mistaken, but commonly quick to make reparation and correct failures; settled, hereditary, and unquestionably ubiquitous and prompt in rendering decisions—Public Opinion is the Monarch of New England, and has been throned from the beginning. She assumed majesty the moment the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock; and she passes in royal visitation every season through the length of the land, and pauses for liege honors at the foot of each liberty-pole in the town. Very decent and respectable are her ways; but she knows how to govern.

Now here is a book, religious and yet readable—intensely denominational, yet provoking nobody to contention—bristling with statistics and dates, yet never dry in details —written by a minister, pastor of one church more than forty years, under the eaves of a great college, yet never heavy with sermonizing, nor dull with useless learning; on the whole, as interesting as a story—indeed, just a story.

Thirty-five years ago, Dr. Bacon published a volume of "Historical Discourses" on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the honored church in New Haven whose pastor he was. These made him in wide measure known as a diligent and successful student of New England history. The characteristics he then displayed are evident in the volume before us. To the thoroughness and microscopic fidelity of an antiquary, he has added a shrewdness in the discernment of character and the weighing of events, which could only belong to a man of active and close familiarity with practical life, yet enthusiastic and thoroughly sympathetic in all that concerns the faith, the fidelity, the heroism, of those early founders of New England. Anybody can see in this book what has fashioned Dr. Bacon; and anybody can see in Dr. Bacon what has fashioned this book. It tells, to be sure, the story which has been often told; but it is a grand story, which will bear telling and telling again.

The peculiarity of the narrative, as now presented, lies in the adroit arrangement with reference to an end. It takes hold of a series of facts—gathered from annals of more than eighteen centuries in age—and compacts them into argument. It is simply,

therefore, a treatise on Congregationalism —nothing more, nothing less. Yet in it no fair man can find an unfair sentence. It is admirable in its absence of self-consciousness.

The interesting thing to us in the volume is this: it assumes to tell us where New England got New Englandism; at any rate, it does tell us where Dr. Bacon believes it got it.

When he used the word "Genesis" in the title, one expected him to begin pretty far back in the rehearsal. In tender mercy for Israel, however, the "elders" of which might be sensitive, he commences the story of the Pilgrims with the "New Testament." He finds his and their theory of church polity there; then he finds it elsewhere; then he finds it everywhere. And, certainly, we all admit he finds it now in perfect trim in most high places of good old New England.

Now, not in irony, least of all in contradiction, but in simple-hearted content, one feels constrained to call attention to the ease and vivacity with which his pen glides along over this congenial recapitulation. He seems happy as a prince. Really, it is glorious to contemplate a man who believes something, and is satisfied to state it.

And those who have continued to follow Dr. Bacon's long history are quite aware that he never is so much at home as when at this familiar work of identifying the principles of Apostolic and Puritan times. His acquaintance with other themes is wide, and his experience valuable. But this is the field of his delighted choice.

When I was at Princeton, I remember we used to look out of the windows of the seminary, and just next door, half hidden by the bushes, the beloved Dr. Addison Alexander would often be out on his favorite walk for exercise. It was a most unromantic path; short, straight as an arrow, stone-flagged, having a thick hedge on each side, and a picket-fence at each end. His study-door opened directly upon it. In the intervals of laborious research, he would suddenly start out for an hour's perambulation. There he would promenade backward and forward, till we grew nervous with watching. We used to call that line in the front yard Addison's Walk. They said he loved it very, very much indeed. And, certainly, he knew every inch of it. And when his short, thick-set form would grow erect, and his step beat firmly, we knew that there he felt he was not only his own master, but master of the position.

Reading this book reminded me of that sight. There is certainly one place where Dr. Bacon feels at home. If he understands anything, he understands the Congregational polity. If he loves anything, he loves the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. The very hymn with which he prefaces this volume, all New England people have been singing for years. He walks in this path as if he were keeping time to its long-meter rhythm, and humming "Duke Street." Not that he is a bigoted or narrow-minded man; not that he is a sectarian at all. He knows as much of what is the other side of the hedge and the picket as any other man; and, I believe, respects everybody, and cherishes all the charities. But he likes this path he walks in. For years he has taken his exercise, perambulating in it to and fro; and gone out for a stroll whenever he has had a chance. He steps up briskly. Here is a man who believes in his church. And even to us, who do not absolutely follow him (living out of New England), it is a comfort to watch him so happy in his chosen "walk."

Living out of New England—for that is the exact point. For there are only two Congregational churches in fifty years in New York; and during the last ten years six Presbyterian and several Episcopal congregations have been set up in Boston. Why is this? Anybody of quiet inquisitiveness would ask after reading this volume, why the Pilgrim traditions, with all the New Testament behind them, have not established themselves everywhere. With all deference, I think some explanation is found in the characteristic peculiarity of New England, as has been pointed out. Nowhere out of those six States is public opinion the ruling power. It is said by some that even this is on the wane. But public opinion was the queen bee of the Pilgrims, who swarmed out of Leyden and lodged over the sea.

In every scheme of government, whether civil or ecclesiastical, it is evident there must be strength somewhere. Once in conversation I was told by one of the leaders of New England that the main glory of the Congregational order was centered in its weakness. It was not possible it could oppress anybody. Just at the supreme moment when it was likely to bear hard it suddenly ceased to bear at all. It had no power to pursue; it could only retire away from a culprit. It could not be unjust, for it simply said at the utmost, you take your way and we take ours.

How can such a government be expected to live? Why, it could live admirably in the millennium. And the next thing to it would be a fine, high, sensitive popular sentiment. And New England public opinion sustained the New England church as the hoops sustain a barrel they cling to—outside force around interior nothingness. And that day will be a hard, sad day for New England, if ever public opinion becomes—what it is in some quarters I am not writing about.

When I was a boy, there was a man in our town who had been "disciplined" in the village church. Now, understand; discipline in Vermont and Connecticut means only the withdrawal of fellowship. And the minister and his Christian people simply said, we are to have no more to do with you in religious life. But that fixed an awful remembrance upon him. Afterward everybody spoke sorrowfully, plaintively of him, with hushed breath. There was something awful in the careful kindness with which he was always treated. We children looked upon him with half pity and half alarm. Nobody who has not lived under the pressure of a social force like this can possibly appreciate it. Any true account of it seems like an exaggeration. A man here in New York may be excommunicated from a church and not one person in two thousand hear of it, and not one in ten thousand care. But in my early days an act of non-intercourse was as effective as Cain's mark.

New England is one vast Congregational church and society, modeled after a pattern given in the Puritan mount. It atones for its intense individualism by a loyalty quite as intense to conserve its violence. It was no sarcasm that twenty years ago called *thinking* the "Connecticut sin." But then remember that thinkers respect thought as Buddhists respect Buddha. Public opinion is made up of what the great public opines. And so even the best thinker can kneel before public opinion with a feeling queerly composed of a subject's loyalty and a devotee's worship.

The living product of this singular training is found in a most remarkable race—firm, true, original, bright, self-possessed, and strong beyond estimate. It is to be hoped that this volume will help much to strengthen the sentiment which has made the Atlantic States what they are, from Maine to Rhode Island.

For a man who has been so long a somewhat conspicuous figure in the history of his times, both civil and ecclesiastical, as Dr. Bacon has, it was likely that there would be found little after his departure in the way of literary remains. He must be now over seventy years of age. Hitherto he has not committed much of his acquisitions to paper. And the worst of it is, he has never seemed to care for such considerations.

Half a century ago Dr. Bacon's public life may be said to have commenced. He early had the sagacity to discern his own gift, and foresaw in what way he could be most useful. His friends then knew that he somewhat deliberately chose to be a man of affairs rather than a man of letters; to make his mark—whether that should prove to be more or less considerable—upon his own generation; to "act for the living present." Into the very midst of the heaviest activities of his professional association, this young man, full of energy, and hope, and fire, came somewhat unexpectedly. He was a leader at the start.

And what a personal history he has made since for these inexhaustible seasons! He has labored industriously and incessantly, and this has put him into prominence everywhere where there was work to be done. In New England, if you want any one of a thousand Yankee notions, you can go anywhere. But if you are after biographies, and society histories and college annals, you will save time by just looking up Dr. Leonard Bacon.

It is of the greatest moment that such a man is now, being relieved of his pastorate, getting into print. He has a practical knowledge worth its weight in gold. As an observer of current events he is wonderfully attentive and acute. Discussion of vexed questions has not been considered ended till he has had his say; and generally his opponents preferred to speak after he sat down. There is one man in New York of whom his neighbors are very proud, and he has been called "the best parade-horse ever ridden on review." Dr. Bacon has been a most notable General in his day, and he has usually preferred something besides sham-fights in a meadow.

Now, we hear much about theories of history and philosophies of events. It is refreshing to meet a work by a practical man with a half century of common-sense behind him. If he would follow this "Genesis of the New England Churches" with just four other volumes of a New England Pentateuch, he would stir Cotton Mather's

soul, which still lives somewhere in New England, with satisfaction. Indeed, it is intimated in private circles that he expects to publish a "Puritan Exodus." And if he would go into the mixed relations of Church and State in those old colonies, it would make a quite respectable Leviticus.

But what many of us would relish more than this would be a biography of his own life and times. If some sketchy and truthful man would give us the history, not so much of that forty years' pastorate as of the man that filled it, putting in something of his incomparable table-talk, rehearsing some of his debates, picturing him alongside of contemporaries,—that would be worth reading. He might call that book Joshua, if he wanted a name for it.

THE THRONE OF ATTILA.

O WRINKLED lion of St. Mark,
Sailing through thine thousand isles
Some sunny summer yesterdays,
By unknown boats through unknown bays,
Whose sad sweet beauty still beguiles
My somber, silent, hearse-like bark,—
My bark of crossed and yellow sail
And prow in steely coat of mail,—
Below the Tyrol's peaks of snow
And grass-grown causeways well below,
Did touch Torcello.

Once a-land,
I took a sea-shell in my hand,
And blew like any trumpeter.
My gondolier leaned on his oar,
Looked up amazed, but did not stir.
Back from a further island shore
Came rolling on in echoes clear
Mine own wild note, but nothing more
Was heard or seen in all the land.
Yet here stood Venice once, and here
Attila came with sword and flame,
And set his throne of hollowed stone
In her high mart.

And it remains.
The crowded city, cruel king,
Has long since passed; yet all alone
There sits that massive, empty throne.
I turned me down the grassy lanes,
By cattle paths grass-grown and dim,
And through the lone wood silent walked.
A bent, old beggar, white, like one
For better fruitage blossoming,
Came on. And as he came he talked
Unto himself, for there were none
In all that isle to answer him.

I climbed and sat that throne of stone.
Alas for prophecy! Alone,
In silent mockery of this,
It stands in wild sweet grasses set;
Aye, girdled deep in long strong grass
And Spanish clover, such as has
Usurped the Occident and grows
On Sacramento's sundown hills,
And all the verdant valley fills
With fragrance sweet and delicate
As wooing breath of woman is.

What prophecy was his! He said
"No grass shall grow where my steeds tread!"
O King! thy very throne to-day
Is hid and sunk in waving grass.
Sometimes the careless gypsies pass,
And wonder at this hollowed stone.
Betimes some pilgrim steers this way,
And wearied sits him here alone,
And contemplates the rise and fall
Of proud and puny man.

You hear
The sometime song of gondolier
Afar and faint. Then fishermen
Sometimes draw boats upon this shore,
When sudden storms blow sharp, and then
Sometimes the Celt or turbaned Turk,
Half pirate, has some midnight work
To do herein, but that is all—
A grass-grown throne and nothing more.

Some snails had climbed the throne and writ
Their silver monograms on it
In unknown tongue. I sat thereon
And blew again my loud sea-shell;
Blew loud, and strong, and long and well;
Then rested, waiting for reply.

Some cows that fed in lanes hard by
Looked up. A cow-herd came
From out the grass in hairy skin,
Half clad, nor yet half tame,
And wildly stared; then turned and fled.
The gay old beggar bared his head,
My only subject, brave and true,
Then spoke—and asked me for a *sou*.

Venice, 1874.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Indecencies of Criticism.

THE uses of competent and candid criticism are various. The first is to assist the public in arriving at a just judgment of the various productions of literature and art, and the enlightenment and correction of their producers. Nothing that passes for, or pretends to be, criticism, is worthy of the name, that does not accomplish these objects; and these results, in various forms, may be grouped under the head of information. The next object is one of education. The processes of criticism are educational, both to the critic and to the public. The study of the various forms of art—literary, architectural, pictorial, plastic; the discussion of relations, proportions, details; the exposition of the rules of construction as they relate to the body of a work, and of vitalizing principle, purpose and taste, as they relate to its spirit—all these are educational. They fit not only the public, but the critic himself, to judge of other works. They assist in building up a public judgment, and in training the public mind for the trial of that which comes before it for sentence. The office of criticism is one of the most important, dignified, and difficult, that a writer is ever called upon to assume. It requires not only a sound head but a good heart. It calls not only for wide knowledge, fine intellectual gifts, and a closely discriminating judicial mind, but for a catholicity of sympathy and a broad good-will that will enable a man to handle his materials without prejudice, and lead him to his work with the wish to find, and the purpose to exhibit, all of worthiness it possesses. A critic must be able to find the inside of an author's design, and to get his outlook from the inside. In brief, he must be a very rare man. He need not be able to produce the works upon which he sits in judgment, but he should, at least, be able sympathetically to apprehend the nature and purpose of the producer, and large and many-sided enough to grasp and entertain the great variety of human genius and power and their multifarious products.

How many competent critics have we in America? Not many. The critical judgment furnishes the most notable jargon of the literary world. There is not a work of art worth noticing at all that does not use up, in its critical characterization, all the adjectives of praise and dispraise. To one, a book may be a farrago of nonsense; to another, the finest flight of human genius. So ludicrous do these contrarieties of opinion appear, and so little do publishers and the public care for them, that they are published side by side in the advertisements of booksellers as "the unbiased opinions of the press." So ludicrous are they, indeed, that the public have ceased to be guided by them. It is often the case that books which win the widest praise find no market whatever, while those which are greeted with critical derision reach no end of editions. The shameful fact is, or seems to be, that the public have no faith in the criticism of the day. They read criticism for amusement, as they would read a novel, and straightway buy the book, the record of whose condemnation is fresh in their minds, tolerably sure of finding the worth of their purchase-money. Who are these men of warning counsels and conclusions?

A. runs a country paper. He writes no criticisms himself, but there is a young man at his elbow, fresh from college, who is literary, or nothing. He has read little, and thought less; but criticism gives him practice in writing; so he writes. He has no well-formed opinion on anything, but he must express an opinion. The solid work of some old man of letters comes into his hands, and then the young progressive gets his chance. Woe to the old fogy who presumes to write a book! Incapable of writing his mother tongue well, with nothing in his head but the contents of his college text-books, with no experience of life, with no culture, with no practical knowledge of the great questions that engage the thinkers of the age, the young man sits down and demolishes the work of one by the side of whom he is but an infant of days. He parades what little knowledge he possesses, through legitimate study or illegitimate cram, and when his critique appears, he prances around it and parades it before his friends. This sort of job is supposed to assist the public in forming an intelligent opinion!

B. writes his own criticisms. He edits a country paper by downright hard work. He is fond of receiving the favors of publishers, and anxious to please them. All the week long the books accumulate upon his table until, on Friday or Saturday, they must be attended to, or they will overwhelm him. So he starts at the top of the pile and works down through. Up to the moment of his beginning, he has not looked inside of a cover. He copies the titles, looks at the preface, glances at an expression here and there, and then records his judgment. In three hours he has finished; and the batch of "book notices" goes in, with the knowledge on the part of the writer that there is not a competent criticism in the number, though there may be twenty *ex cathedrâ* opinions. Not a book has been read, and nothing beyond a first impression has been recorded; and, again, the public is supposed to have been very much enlightened!

C. is the editor of a feeble sheet to which he wishes to attract attention. He knows that his candid judgment is not accounted for much, so he tries an uncandid one. He will win notice by the amount of fur which he can strip off and set flying; by the streams of blood he can set flowing; by the hurts he can inflict; by the outrages he can commit. To him, an author or an artist is fair game. His paper must live. His paper shall live. He sails under a black flag, and, because people think a pirate interesting, they flock around to look upon his ugly craft and examine his ensanguined shirt-sleeves. He is a man who stands no nonsense, and acknowledges no loyalty to the amenities of life. He caricatures women in his pages, or tells them that they are old and ugly. He perpetrates personal affronts, for which he ought to be knocked down like a dog; and when taken to task for them, he talks about the sacrifices that all men suffer who undertake thorough criticism! So here is another manufacturer of public opinion.

D. is a dyspeptic, who simply voids his spleen on paper. He is obliged to write for a living, and his breakfast invariably rises sour in his gorge. His physician can prescribe for him as well by reading his criticisms as a quack can by examining his glandular secretions in a phial, and can see just where an antacid, or a mercurial, or a tonic, would tone down a judgment, or modify an expression, or

elevate him to appreciation. He uses a sharp pen, and tempers his ink with vinegar. He is cross and crotchety. It is as hard for an author or an artist to get along with him as it is for his wife and children. He must have vent for his humor, and the innocent books that come to him must suffer. The boy who pounds his thumb with a hammer, throws his hammer through the nearest mirror, purely as an expression of his mingled pain and anger. The mirror is not in the least to blame, but something must be smashed to avoid swearing. The dyspeptic critic operates in the same way, and his criticisms are the natural outcome of the horrors and irritations of his indigestion.

E. is a partisan, and the member of a clique. All that is done inside the circle in which, by choice or circumstances, he finds himself placed, is rightly done. The pets of that clique can do no wrong. To exhibit their excellences, to paint their superiorities, to cackle vicariously over their eggs, is one-half of the business of his life. The other half is to cheapen, pick in pieces, ridicule, condemn, and, so far as he can, destroy the work of all outside of the charmed line which circumscribes the area of his sympathies. Within his field, all growths are divine: sun-flowers are suns, daisies are dahlias, crab-apples are pomegranates, and an onion is the fountain of tearful emotion. Outside of his field, the land is desert, and the people barbarians, who not only do nothing well, but who are guilty of great presumption in attempting to do anything at all. It is the land of the thorn and the thistle. There dwells the wild ass. There hammers, among senseless echoes, the lonely bittern. There poisonous waters break on barren shores, and there dwell the graceless infidels who do not worship toward the holy hill, humbly at whose foot he has reared his tabernacle.

F. is a man whose theory of criticism compels him to simple fault-finding. He may have brains, culture, acumen, or none or little of all these, but it has never entered into his head that criticism calls for the discrimination of excellences. His business is to pick flaws, and he does it without reference to any man's standard of taste, or point of purpose, but his own. He takes no account of an author's peculiar power, or the kind of audience he addresses and seeks to move. He belongs to no clique; vaunts his independence; and demonstrates that independence by finding all the fault possible with everything that comes to him. He assumes to be a sort of inspector-general of literary and artistic wares, and sorts them, as they come along, by their defects. A rose may be beautiful and fragrant, but if he finds a petal over-colored or under-colored, or decayed, or imperfectly formed, it is tossed aside among the worthless. If it have a rose-bug in it, or a worm, it is thrown among those infested with insects or vermin. The more faults he can find, the more pride he takes to his eyes for their discovery. It is not his business to nurse art, or to encourage merit. It is not his business, perhaps, to depress either, but he has an office like the English sparrow, which is to kill vermin. If he also drives away all the singing birds, it is not his affair. The blue-bird may flee his society, the robin may build his nest otherwhere, the songs of the summer morning may cease; it matters not, so long as he can swab his greedy throat with a caterpillar, and save the tree on which he holds his perch, and in which he builds his nest.

G. is a man of learning, whose simple effort in criticism is to prove to an author and the public how much more than the author he knows of the subject which he discusses. His criticisms are disquisitions, expositions, treatises. The book in hand is the occasion of his performance, not in any way the subject of it. It is simply a peg on which he hangs his clothes for an airing, or a graceful apology for calling attention to himself. In short, he uses the book in hand for the purpose of putting himself forward, not as a critic, but as an author! Of the dreariness and essential indecency of this kind of criticism, we have left ourselves no room to speak. Its egotism and arrogance would be ludicrous, if they were not disgusting.

H. regards criticism as an instrument of rewards and punishments. He pays his friends with it, and revenges himself upon those whom he chooses to consider his enemies. He approaches either task without the slightest conscience. Every book, and every work of art, is handled without any regard to its merits, and only with relation to his own selfish interests and feelings. He "takes down" a man by assailing his productions, and lifts him up by praising them. In the whole range of what, by courtesy, is called "criticism," there is nothing more indecent than this. The only thing that makes it tolerable is, that its motive is too apparent to permit it to have any marked effect on public opinion.

There are other classes of indecent critics and indecent criticism that we should be glad to notice, but the list is already long, and when we have fairly exhausted it—when we have assigned to these classes all the critics and all the criticism that justly belong to them—what have we left? It is a painful question to ask, and a hard one to answer. We certainly have not much left, but we have something. Let us be grateful, at least, to those men and women, scattered here and there over the country, who, with well-cultured brains and catholic hearts, make criticism a careful, conscientious, discriminating task—who, with sympathy for all who are honestly trying to build up their country's literature and add to its treasures of native art, approach their work with kindness and candor, and so perform it as to educe the best that every worker can do. Such men and women are public benefactors, the dignity and importance of whose office it would be hard to exaggerate. We need more of them—need them sadly. In the meantime it is probable that incompetence, flippancy, arrogance, partisanship, ill-nature, and the pertinacious desire to attract attention, will go on with their indecent work until criticism, which has now sunk to public contempt, will fall to dirtier depths beneath it.

Christianity and Science.

In the current discussions of the relations of Christianity to science, there is one fact that seems to have dropped out of notice; yet it is full of meaning, and deserves, for Christianity's sake, to be raised and kept before the public. Who, or what, has raised science to its present commanding position? What influence is it that has trained the investigator, educated the people, and made it possible for the scientific man to exist, and the people to comprehend him? Who built Harvard College? What motives form the very foundation-stones of Yale? To whom, and to what, are the great institutions of learning, scattered all over this country, indebted for their existence? There is hardly one of these that did not have its birth in, and has not had its growth from, Christianity. The founders of all these institutions, more particularly those of greatest influence and largest facilities, were Christian men, who worked simply in the interest of their

Master. The special scientific schools that have been grafted upon these institutions are children of the same parents, reared and endowed for the same work. Christianity is the undoubted and indisputable mother of the scientific culture of the country. But for her, our colleges would never have been built—our common schools would never have been instituted. Wherever a free Christianity has gone, it has carried with it education and culture.

The public, or a considerable portion of it, seems to forget this, or has come to regard Christianity as opposed to science in its nature and aims. It is almost regarded, by many minds, as the friend of darkness, as the opponent of free inquiry and the enslaver of thought. The very men who have been reared by her in some instances turn against her, disowning their mother and denying the sources of their attainments, and to-day she has herself almost forgotten that it is her hand that has reared all the temples of learning, framed the educational policy of the nation, and, with wide sacrifice of treasure, reared the very men who are now defaming her.

Now, if Christianity is the foe of science, has she not taken a singular method of demonstrating her enmity? To-day, as freely as ever, she is feeding the fountains of scientific knowledge. Her most devoted ministers, crowned with the finest culture of the time, preside over the schools which educate her enemies. Where is the sign of her illiberality, the evidence of her timidity, the show of a lack of confidence in ultimate results in all this? The easily demonstrable, nay, the patent truth is, that Christianity was the first, as she remains the fast and fostering, friend of science, and all attempts to place her in a false position will be sure to react upon those who engage in them. The devotion of the Christian Church of this country to education is one of the most notable facts in its history; and there is nothing to which it points with so much pride and satisfaction as to its educational institutions.

The radical difference in the stand-points of the two parties in this great controversy explains the controversy, and shows its motives at their sources. To the man of faith all science is a knowledge of God, through a knowledge of his works and his processes. That which increases the knowledge of the great Creator of all, through the study of His creations and His methods, is regarded as a purely Christian work. That which enlarges the mind of man, gives him power over nature, carries him farthest toward the Being in whose image he was made, comes within the office of Christian teaching. Science is thus the handmaid of Christianity, and will, in all coming ages, be cherished as such. To the man of science who rejects faith, science is simply the study of nature. He sees no God where the Christian apprehends him. He finds in matter all the potencies which produce its combinations, qualities, life. He dismisses a personal God from the universe, and makes of himself only an exalted brute, whose physical death ends him. The real controversy touches simply the question of the existence of a God. The question of revelation is practically nothing to the ultra scientist, because he does not believe in the personality revealed.

Now, if this is simply a question of opinion, we would like to ask—granting for the nonce that there has been no demonstration on either side—which opinion has been and is most fruitful of good results to the world? Can motives be found in that of the ultra scientist sufficient to elevate a race to knowledge and culture? Would our country be as learned, enlightened, scientific, and polite as it is to-day, if a community of ultra scientists had settled Plymouth colony and Massachusetts Bay? We presume that no man would be so simple as to suppose it would. Where, in that science which recognizes no personal God, is to be seen the motive of self-sacrifice which would have founded the institutions of learning that are the glory of our country? It is not there; and, if not, is a lie better than the truth? Has it more vitality, more munificence, a better estimate of human nature, more power for human good, more liberality, than the truth? These are questions that it would be well for scientific men to answer in a scientific way. Simply to show that the Christian idea of a personal God is one which leads to the abnegation of self in devotion to the common good; simply to show that there is something in the Christian scheme which furnishes motives for making mankind happier and better, and happier and better than any scientific affirmation or negation can make them, is scientifically to demonstrate that a personal God lives, and that Christianity is a scheme of truth. Would it be hard to show this? It certainly would be impossible to show the contrary.

The strife between science and Christianity is misunderstood on the part of Christianity. It goes deeper than Christianity. It is a strife between those who do not believe in a personal God and those who do, of all faiths, all over the world. That settled, the scientific opponents of Christianity would leave the field or occupy it. Until their proposition is proved or abandoned, we suggest that it will be a decent thing for them to treat with respect the mother who bore them, and cover with their charity the paps they have sucked.

The Dragon of the Pews.

A LITTLE direction to the popular imagination is only necessary to point out to it a dragon that, every Sunday, enters every church. It is handed like Briareus, headed like Hydra, and footed like the centiped. It is beautiful to look at, with its silken scales of many colors flashing in the sun, but its stomach, like that of all respectable dragons, is the seat of an insatiable greed. Its huge bulk fills the church, and the moment it is at rest it opens its mouth. It gorges prayers, hymns, exhortations and sermons, as the pale man in the desk tosses them out, and opens its mouth for more and better. But for this pale man, who is under a contract to feed it, and is at his wits' and strength's end to accomplish his work, it could not live. When, in the morning, he has done all he can for it, it crawls out again, to come back in the afternoon, with its maw just as empty, its feverish eyes just as expectant, its mouth just as wide open, as it was in the morning. It swallows more prayers, more hymns, another sermon, other exhortations. It crawls out again, to go somewhere in the evening, to glut, or try to glut, its horrible greed. Like those young women of veterinary parentage it cries, "give! give!" But the sermon is the special object of its awful appetite. Prayer is but a prelude to the solid dish of the feast. Singing is only the Yorkshire-pudding that goes with the beef, and the plum-pudding that comes after it. Sermons, sermons, sermons!—it swallows them whole. They are taken at a gulp, without mastication or digestion, and wide open spring the mouths again, in marvelous multiplication.

To drop the dragon, for he is a clumsy fellow, and a somewhat bulky figure to drag on through a whole article, let us have a plain word about the greed for

sermons, so prevalent in these latter days. We doubt whether there ever was a time in the history of the Christian Church when its ministers were placed in so awkward, difficult, and unjust a position as they are to-day. Great, expensive edifices of worship are built, for which the builders run heavily in debt. That debt can only be handled, the interest on it paid, and the principal reduced, by filling it with a large and interested congregation That congregation cannot be collected and held without brilliant preaching. Brilliant preaching is scarce, because, and only because, brilliant men are scarce, and scarcer still the brilliant men who have the gift of eloquence. So soon, therefore, as a man shows that he cannot attract the crowd, "down goes his house." He may be a scholar, a saint, a man whose example is the sweetest sermon that a human life ever uttered, a lovely friend, a faithful pastor, a wise spiritual adviser, and even a sermonizer of rare attainments and skill, but if he cannot draw a crowd by the attractive gifts of popular eloquence, he must be sacrificed to the exigencies of finance. The church must be filled, the interest on the debt must be paid, and nothing can do this but a man who will "draw." The whole thing is managed like a theater. If an actor cannot draw full houses, the rent cannot be paid. So the actor is dismissed and a new one is called to take his place.

There is an old-fashioned idea that a church is built for the purposes of public worship. It is not a bad idea; and that exhibition of Christianity which presents a thousand lazy people sitting bolt upright in their best clothes, gorging sugar-plums, is not a particularly brilliant one. It was once supposed that a Christian had something to do, even as a layman, and that a pastor was a leader and director in Christian work. There certainly was a time when the burden of a church was not laid crushingly upon the shoulders of its minister, and when Christian men and women stood by the man who was true to his office and true to them. We seem to have outlived it, and a thousand American churches, particularly among the great centers of population, are groaning over discomfiture in the sad results. Instead of paying their own debts like men, they lay them on the backs of their floundering ministers, and if they cannot lift them, they go hunting for spinal columns that will, or tongues that hold a charm for their dissipation. It is a wrong and a shame which ought to be abolished, just as soon as sensible men have read this article.

Who was primarily in the blame for this condition of things, we do not know; but we suspect the ministers themselves ought to bear a portion of it. Beginning in New England years ago, the sermon in America has always been made too much of. The great preachers, by going into their pulpits Sunday after Sunday with their supreme intellectual efforts, have created the demand for such efforts. Metaphysics, didactics, apologetics, arrayed in robes of rhetoric, have held high converse with them. The great theological wrestlers have made the pulpit their arena of conflict. Homilies have grown into sermons and sermons into orations. Preachers have set aside the teacher's simple task for that of the orator. Even to-day, they cannot see, or they will not admit, that they have been in the wrong. With a knowledge of the human mind which cannot but make them aware that no more than a single good sermon can be digested by a congregation in a day, and that every added word goes to the glut of intellect and feeling, and the confusion of impressions, they still go on preaching twice and thrice, and seem more averse than any others to a change of policy. It is all intellectual gormandizing, and no activity, and no rest and reflection. It is all cram and no conflict, and they seem just as averse to stop cramming as they did before they apprehended and bemoaned the poverty of its results.

But we are consuming too much of their time. The great dragon, with its multitudinous heads, and arms, and feet, is to meet them next Sunday with its mouths all open. It has done nothing all the week but sleep, and it is getting hungry. Woe to him who has not his two big sermons ready! Insatiate monster, will not one suffice?

"No," says the dragon; "No," says his keeper and feeder. Brains, paper, ink, lungs—he wants all you can give, and you must give him all you can. The house must be filled, the debt must be paid, and you *must* be a popular preacher, or get out of the way. Meantime, the dragon sleeps, and meantime the city is badly ruled; drunkenness debauches the people under the shield of law, harlotry jostles our youth upon the sidewalks, obscene literature stares our daughters out of countenance from the news-stands, and little children, with no play-ground but the gutter, and no home but a garret, are growing up in ignorance and vice. If this lazy, overfed, loosely articulated dragon could only be split up into active men and women, who would shut their mouths and open their eyes and hands, we could have something different. But the sermon is the great thing; the people think so, and the preachers agree with them. We should like to know what the Master thinks about it.

Woman Suffrage.

THE recent defeat of the Woman Suffrage Amendment to the State Constitution of Michigan has attracted comparatively little attention, owing mainly, we suppose, to the general political revolution that accompanied it. The greater swallowed the less; yet the significance of this defeat ought not to pass unappreciated. In a fair fight, on a free field, the advocates of the change were overwhelmingly beaten, and that in a State where there was no such preponderance of female population as to arouse the fears of the men that they should be placed by the proposed reform in a minority. It finishes up the matter for Michigan for many years, if not for all time, and cannot fail to have a most discouraging effect upon the whole movement. That that movement is waning in power must be painfully evident to its friends; and we trust the time may come when they will rejoice in the fact as heartily as we do.

It has had a good many burdens to carry that it did not anticipate—burdens which, however, in the nature of the case, will always encumber it. Wherever the movement has come to a social head, it has come to an abscess or an ulcer. It has always had special attractions for those entertaining loose social theories, and the good and pure men and women engaged in it have been obliged, again and again, to wash their hands, and protest. Bright women who have lost caste socially, in any way, have seized upon the movement to keep them from sinking. In short, it has seemed impossible to keep it out of social bad odor. There is a reason for this deeper than what appears, but it involves a broader discussion than we have space for at present. So, we do not mention it. We have before us a private letter from a public man in Wyoming Territory; and as it seems to be written without prejudice, we reproduce some passages that are very instructive:

"As to the question of woman suffrage, I have

no hesitation in saying that experience has demonstrated the truthfulness of some of the arguments of its friends in its favor. The women vote in the worst crowds without any danger of insult. It is neither demoralizing to them, nor in any degree degrading. Most of them vote as do their husbands, except in cases where candidates are of notoriously bad character. However, in such cases we find the vote of the respectable portion of the women offset, to some extent, by the disreputable classes; and when we take into consideration that women occupy all the various places in the social and moral scale that men do, and that they are generally influenced by like considerations, we are not surprised that experience should establish the fact that the general results of an election are not materially changed by woman suffrage. It also has its evils or burdens, which are felt most by that class of women who prefer not to enter the political arena, yet whose services there are the most valuable. When the disreputable classes turn out to vote on one side, it becomes a matter of necessity on the part of the better classes to go out and counteract their votes. So they are forced to go out, much against their will, and to their great inconvenience. On the whole, therefore, I think that woman suffrage adds to the burden of a campaign, without materially affecting its results.

"As to the other aspect of the case, that of having them on juries, we tried the experiment in 1870 in two counties, but have never since repeated it. Women do not make as good jurors as men, for a good many reasons. * * * * Under our laws women never were competent jurors; but so anxious were some of the judges to try the experiment that they allowed them to sit, over the protest of the bar, as a piece of judicial legislation, and that kind of legislation does not stand unless the end sought warrants it. In this case, the experiment was not a success, and so the whole matter fell at once into disuse."

In all this letter, the highest evidence of the success of the movement seems to be that the women can vote without being insulted by the men. It does not seem particularly remarkable to us that men stand by and protect their wives, mothers and daughters, but perhaps it is. The facts that, on the whole, election results are unchanged and jury duty a dead failure, are very suggestive; and it seems far more likely to us that within ten years Wyoming will "go back" on her woman suffrage record, than that any State of the Union will follow her present example.

THE OLD CABINET.

If a deputation of clergymen had gone on New Year's Eve to what is popularly supposed to be the most depraved and depraving institution in the city, they would have passed shudderingly beneath the frightful painted signs which curdle the blood of the Bowery street-car passengers, and they would have paid seventy-five cents apiece for balcony seats in the Old Bowery Theater itself.

Seated, they look down upon a pit full of ruffians engaged in seven-up and poker, pocket-picking and occasional sparring-matches, while on all sides resound the great American oaths; hats fly freely in the air, and the respectable parties in the balcony are severally invited to shoot that neck-tie, or come down for a friendly polishing off.

Not so fast, gentle reader. None of these—but instead, an audience not at all like that of Wallack's in the matter of dress, but very much like that in some other respects; a sad-faced, American audience, quietly awaiting the rising of the curtain.

After the two violinists and the cornet-player have come up out of a little door on the right, and the pianist has come up out of two little doors on the left, one of which, being a trap-door, he shuts behind him and sits upon with his chair; and after the orchestra has played an overture dear to the hearts of the reverend clergy, for it reminds them of the jingly hand-organs of their childhood—waltzing manikins, little man with brass plate no bigger than a penny, chirping monkey and all—after this the laughable farce of "A Pleasant Neighbor," whose cheerful but untimely songs disturb the rest of my lord and lady, whose midnight revelries in turn mar the repose of the honest and tuneful shoemaker.

Down comes the curtain upon the "Pleasant Neighbor," in all the triumph of domestic virtue and proverbial philosophy; and up it rolls again, revealing "the beautiful play of Ingomar, the Barbarian!" Cold indeed must be the hearts of the reverend clergy, if they do not leap in their sacerdotal bosoms when Ingomar himself bounds upon the stage, and all the galleries send up a welcoming shout! But behold the power of virgin innocence and beauty—the fierce barbarian does not devour the lovely Parthenia! Oh, no; he shaves his horrid beard and makes her his own lovely bride:

> "Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one."

Then come the Olio, the double essence, and Serio-Comic Songs and Dances by Miss Alice, and the gorgeous spectacular pantomime entitled the "Three Dwarfs," in the midst of which, at twelve of the clock, the reverend clergy bid good-bye to Good Angel Columbine, Pantaloon, Harlequin and the rest, and go their ways, after four hours of amusement, without having heard one word that would bring the blush to the cheeks of the most reverend of clergy or the most modest of her sex. But they have heard enough moral maxims to give weight to next Sunday's morning and evening discourses, although the moral maxims will, on neither of these occasions, meet with the hearty applause that greets them to-night as they drop from the lips of the cheerful Shoemaker, the lovely Parthenia, or Ingomar, the Barbarian.

If the professional gentlemen of our little party, instead of taking seats in the balcony, had gone down into the parquet, they would have had some neighbors, red as to their shirts, and not conventional as to their tobacco; some neighbors who would have been more at home in the nursery, if there had been any nursery at home for them to be in; and their clerical garments would have been brushed against by orange and lemonade boys. They could not, however, have munched peanuts after the traditional fashion unless they had come provided to the play, or unless they were luckier than the present writer; and if the reverend gentlemen—forgetting for a moment their high calling, and having come

so provided—had proceeded to make merry over their peanuts, and grow hilarious at the novel situation, they would have been called to order, not only by the gentlemanly usher, but by the public opinion of the Old Bowery Theater.

If, again, our little party had climbed into the crowded gallery, where the gentle presence of woman (arrayed in calico and feathers) is, alas, not permitted to extend, he would have found a rough and noisy set of boys, still less comely in dress and manners, but all attention to the play, shrilly applauding every triumph of virtue over vice, and weeping bitter tears at every touching and tender passage.

Sitting, as they do, in the balcony, our parsons in search of knowledge hear little indication of whatever jollity the galleries may afford, other than the sharp rap of the policeman's rattan on the backs of the benches.

THE commonplace is very differently apprehended among men. From one point of view, indeed, it might not be hard to prove that the commonplace is an attribute of genius; even, in a certain sense, an element of the sublime.

In Philadelphia, the Boston school, so called, is probably considered far from tame and ordinary. It is rather exciting; just a little wicked; very wicked, indeed, it used to be. But sail eastward for Paris, and you hear them talking of "cette ennuyeuse école Bostonienne." To discover that Paris itself is commonplace, you may have to turn your face westward again and behold the true unconventional under the immemorial shadow of the British throne.

Some of Longfellow's critics have called his last poem "commonplace." If they should turn back to "The Golden Legend," they would see that "The Hanging of the Crane" is written in the same method with that noble and enchanting story. It is the theme that is changed, not the poet or his manner. The vision is distinct and clear; the statement is equally clear and distinct, and the verse is more or less interesting, according to the poet's theme, and your own mood and temperament.

The thought we wish to suggest is, that it is the same faculty of seeing clearly and calmly, which leads not only to expressions which appear commonplace, but to expressions that are undeniably extraordinary and sublime.

The verse of Bryant, against which the charge of commonplace is often brought, well illustrates the thought we desire to indicate. The poet stands gazing upon the landscape; he describes all that he beholds, and he beholds everything with equal clarity of vision—the humble, ordinary grasses at his feet, and

> "—all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills."

He sees everything from

> "—the sluggish clod which the rude swain
> Turns with his share and treads upon."

From this to

> "Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

But it is in Wordsworth that we may find the most striking illustrations of our thought. He tells us, for instance, in "The Excursion," with thankless care:

> "Across a bare wide common I was toiling,
> With languid steps that by the slippery ground
> Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse
> The host of insects gathering round my face,
> And ever with me as I paced along."

A good line that last, by the way, and worthy of a less sordid office. But soon the poet's eye is lifted from the slippery ground and from the bothering clouds of insects, to behold

> "—some tall crag
> That is the eagle's birthplace, or some peak
> Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
> Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,
> Upon its bleak and visionary sides,
> The history of many a winter storm,
> Or obscure records of the path of fire."

And it is the author of the tiresome "Ecclesiastical Series" that has given the world this, one of the half-dozen noblest sonnets in the language:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

It might not be impossible to discover illustrations in other arts—even the arts of war and statesmanship. We are inclined to think that this view of the commonplace, as an attribute of greatness, will help to the understanding of some notable examples of civil and military distinction. Without pursuing the subject farther, we merely suggest the familiar and frequently associated names of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant—puzzles and stumbling-blocks as they are to psychological students.

PERHAPS you have noticed, by the way, how a commonplace adjective, when simply and truthfully applied, takes on and holds perennially a fresh and peculiar meaning. What could be more commonplace than "admirable," "silent," "pious," "venerable," "great," "yellow," "blue," "primeval." Who would think that the application of these qualifications to names of persons, places, or things, could make epithets that time cannot outwear! And yet this is the way that we get the Admirable Crichton, William the Silent, Pious Æneas, the Venerable Bede, Peter the Great, the Yellow Tiber, the Blue Danube, the Forests Primeval, and a thousand undying phrases of prose and verse.

GABRIEL OAK, in "Far from the Madding Crowd," was assisted in waking, just before dawn, by the ringing of sheep-bells. He went out in the fog to find two hundred of his ewes lying dead in a chalk-pit, over the brink of which they had been hurried by one of the dogs. The poor young dog, says the story, under the impression that since he was kept for running after sheep, the more he ran after them the better, had collected all the ewes into a corner, driven the timid creatures through the hedge, across the upper field, and, by main force of worrying, had given them momentum enough to break down a portion of the rotten railing, and so hurled them over the edge. The dog "had done his work so thoroughly, that he was considered too good a workman to live, and was, in fact, taken and tragically shot at twelve o'clock that same day—another instance of the untoward fate which so often attends dogs and other philosophers who follow out

a train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and attempt perfectly consistent conduct in a world made up so largely of compromise."

To every reader, doubtless, a different "instance" will be suggested; but in coming upon this, we were reminded of some pregnant sentences in the biographical preface to the American edition of Shelley's works. The wreck that Shelley made out of his consistent philosophies is one of those melancholy episodes in the intellectual life that no one cares to dwell upon. We cannot forbear, however, giving further currency to the words we have referred to in the biography; they have a very wide and an always present application:

"A woman's heart is too delicate a thing to serve as a fulcrum for the lever with which a man would overturn any system, however conventional. The misery of the elective affinity scheme is, that men are not chemical substances, and that in nine cases in ten the force of the attraction works more constantly and lastingly upon the woman than the man."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Some Curious Things in Housekeeping.

EVERY branch of science has its marvels; but, expecting to meet in nature with wonders that baffle knowledge, we are not so much astonished at these as at the startling facts that are forced upon us from day to day in social life. Some of the most surprising of these confront us in the developments of the science of housekeeping. They are entirely beyond explanation, and would be beyond belief if they rested upon mere assertion; but as all of us, unfortunately, have tested them by our own senses, we accept them with wonder, and with some show of resignation.

Take an important branch of housekeeping—cooking. How inexplicable are some of the results of culinary study. A woman, with whom we once lived for a time, had kept house for thirty-five years, had never had a servant, and had, during that time, as she informed us, "baked twice a week regular." Consequently, to go into the statistics of the matter, bread had been baked in that establishment 3,640 times. Deducting 240 for occasional sickness or absence of the mistress (a large allowance, for she was healthy, and seldom went from home), and we have 3,400 times that this woman had made and baked bread.

She used good flour, and yet her bread was invariably damp, sticky, and unfit for a savage to eat, and no Christian stomach could possibly digest it with comfort. Now, surely this was a wonderful thing! By what methods, unfathomable to ordinary reason, could she have avoided, in thirty-five years' practice, learning how to make good yeast, how much to work the dough, how long it should stand to get light, what temperature the oven should be, and the proper length of time to bake it? How could she help doing it right the three thousand four hundredth time? It would seem that a vast amount of labor would be necessary to do it badly! She was a woman of average good sense, and, no doubt, conscientious. She had no aspirations, and no "mission," and read nothing but a weekly religious newspaper. Her whole mind was in her housekeeping, and here was the result!

Another woman, now over fifty years of age, has cooked, more or less (generally more), since she was twelve. She has a special liking for lamb chops, and has cooked them very many times. And, to this day, she serves up liver-colored chops, fried, and swimming in a greasy liquid! Merely looking at them will give a right-minded person the dyspepsia. This woman has eaten lamb chops elsewhere, cooked according to the best civilized methods, and has praised them; but each time she returns serenely to her frying-pan and grease. Now, upon what hypothesis can this be explained? Can it be possible that there are human beings so constituted that their minds and bodies act independently, so that the sensation of taste has no mental effect whatever? For in these instances the results were not the effect of carelessness or indifference—they both thought their horrid abominations were feasts for the gods.

And not the least curious thing in these cases is, that these poor cooks have sharp eyes for the faults of the butcher and baker. The butcher knows better than to offer a stale or tough chop to No. 2; and if the baker were to serve No. 1 with such bread as she makes herself, she would refuse to pay for it, entirely unconscious of the reflection she would thus cast upon herself.

Why do some housekeepers continue, week after week, month after month, and year after year, to use raw flour for "thickening?" Would it not be reasonable to suppose that after a number of years—say ten—the raw flavor, and the stickiness of the compound, would suggest to them the possibility of altering their manner of preparing it?

We have suggested but a few things that happened to occur to us, and these belong only to one branch of housekeeping; but, if we were to pursue our inquiries into other departments, we should be met at every turn with phenomena similar to the above. They indicate the existence, in the midst of our home life, of marvels that science has, so far, failed to explain, and for which reason can find no law.

The Children's Pennies.

A SHORT time ago there was an appeal in one of our daily papers for a dollar subscription in aid of the sufferers from the grasshopper plague in the West, and it is pleasant to know that the response was quick and generous, and that several thousand dollars were raised in this way alone. So far, it is all very well, but it suggests a subject worth a little thought. The appeal was made just before Christmas, when the children's money-banks had begun to rattle bravely with the pennies that were to go toward their holiday fund. These little people, however, have very vague ideas about money, and it really represents to them but little practical pleasure. They understand the excitement of saving, but the delights of buying, of choosing and giving, are not as yet very real, and they are apt to share some of the indefinite feeling of a little yellow-haired lady who refused to spend her hoard for cups and saucers for her sister, as she had saved it on purpose to buy "a present." What "a present" meant

she did not explain, but it was not china, that was certain. But if these young folks are not practical, they are tender-hearted, and when their fathers read the appeal, and told them of the sufferings of the children in the West, they were ready enough to count out their pennies and send them to the general fund. So far, the picture is very pretty and good to think about. But leaving this, is it not fair to ask if these generous little givers really knew what they were doing. They had no idea of the pleasures they were surrendering, so it was really no self-sacrifice, and, of course, they could take no count of what it might mean in the way of family union to have spent this money for each other. But little as they may think of the value of loving deeds, and of practical charity, education in these virtues is important, and worth thought from parents. We are glad for our children to have kindly impulses, and to be benevolent, but we hardly recognize how much want of purpose there is in their charities. It is for us to help the poor around us, to see that our little second cousins have clothes in which to go to school, and to send the washerwoman a doctor when her baby is sick; but we are content to let the children contribute to the mite-box at Sunday-school, and to dispense their charities through a Board of Missions, or a self-appointed agent. We teach them to give, but not how to give, and we rob them of the happiness of seeing the results of their gift. It is all very well to send money to India, or to a Home Mission, but it is best for the child to take its old shoes over to the cobbler, who is out of work, and, after having paid him for the mending, to give the shoes to little Joe, who comes for scraps. It is possible that the child may, in this way, learn a not unimportant lesson in social economy, and perhaps in the future help to solve the vexed question of how to help the poor. As far as his heart is concerned, it would not be a bad idea for him to give the penny that lies loose in his pocket to little Bob, who looks longingly at the game of marbles, thinking how many good shots he could make if he only had a "white alley" to start with.

There might be a word also said for the fathers who sent their children's money off to Kansas and Nebraska, but added none of their own. To be sure they had demands on their charities at home, and the children performed this duty, but vicarious benevolence is not always the most satisfactory, and when Nellie's father sent the ninety-seven cents out of her bank, he might have realized some of the pleasure of co-operative charity if he had added a hundred and three more to the fund.

Sleeplessness.

To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements, the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a very full dinner; the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, or cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the tone of the system—is all that is necessary.

We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bed-time. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not awake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescription has generally been attended with happy results.

Around the Dinner-Table.

A MERELY bounteous table is not always welcome or appetizing. Two or three dishes, well prepared and daintily arranged, are superior to a dozen carelessly and inartistically put on. Hospitality is often confounded with profusion; and some of us are apt to believe that we play the host ill, unless we persuade our guests into eating a great deal. This sort of entertainment is simply material, though it is commoner than we think.

The pleasures of the table should appeal to the eye and mind as well as to the palate. Form should be consulted; grace should be indispensable. The savor of food gains much from its setting, and its accompaniments. A few flowers, perfect order and neatness, with congeniality and sympathy about the board, will insure what an Apician feast might not.

The day of uniformity in table, as well as other furniture, has passed, the present fancy being for oddness and variety. This, apart from picturesqueness, is both convenient and economical, since the breaking of one or two pieces does not necessitate the purchase of an entire new set. It is not unusual now to see on elegant breakfast tables each coffee-cup different from its neighbor, and no two of the plates alike. But it is at tea—most informal of meals—that the greatest variety, and the prettiest effects, may be produced.

Flowers have come to be indispensable to many tables, and they will be, ere long, let us hope, indispensable to all. They need not be rare nor costly. They are so beautiful, even the plainest and poorest of them, that nothing else can supply their place. A few green leaves, a dozen way-side daisies, a bunch of violets, impart a charm, and awake in us the touch of Nature.

But, more than all that is on the table, is the spirit brought to it. There can be no high enjoyment of the senses unattended by sympathy. Disquietude of mind at table is the precursor of indigestion. They who are invited to dinner, and take thereto anxiety and discontent, defraud the host of a proper return for his hospitality. No one has a right to go socially where he does not hope to give some sort of compensation. The table-cloth should be the flag of truce in the battles of every-day life. We should respect it, and, in its presence, commend ourselves to peace.

In Memoriam.

OUR "Christmas Suggestion," in the January number, has brought to our notice two other beautiful instances in which the memory of the dead has been truly honored by devotion to the living. A correspondent writes:

"We know a tender and mourning mother that, after the loss of her only son, added, in his name, to the town library, a department of valuable books of reference for the use of mechanics, who, but for her liberality, would have been unable to consult the

authorities of which they have so great need. How much more likely are they to remember him, and to associate his memory with love, than if they were to read a swelling epitaph on a stately monument dedicated to his memory?

"Another lady, a most dutiful and devoted daughter, marked her mother's grave by a simple slab, and appropriated the money, that might have purchased a costlier stone, toward educating, in her mother's name, a poor blind girl, who, when she grew up, was enabled largely to provide for herself, and so keep out of the alms-house, from which she had been taken."

These are but two of many instances that might be mentioned of affectionate and noble tributes to the dead, not by shaft or statue, but by lifting up the lowly, and helping those in need of help.

How to Keep House on a Small Salary.

A CLERK'S WIFE sends us the following bit of experience, which may have for many of our readers an interest both timely and practical:

After many years of married life passed in comparative affluence reverses came, and my husband was obliged to accept a situation in a large city, with a small salary of eight hundred dollars per year. I felt that this could suffice for our maintenance only by the exercise of the strictest economy. A little over fifteen dollars a week! How many times I divided that eight hundred dollars by fifty-two and tried to make it come out a little more! Still I determined to solve the problem of the day—namely, whether one could keep house on a small salary, or whether boarding-house life was a necessity, as so many clerks' wives assert. We had neither of us been accustomed to economizing, and I felt it was but just, if my husband worked hard for his salary, that I should perform the labor of making it go as far as possible.

Thirty replies were received to our advertisement for two unfurnished rooms, without board. Looking them over carefully, I selected half-a-dozen which came within our means, and started on an exploring expedition. In a pleasant house and neighborhood I found a lady willing to rent two adjoining rooms, with closets and water conveniences, for the modest sum of twelve dollars per month. In one room there were two deep south windows, where I could keep a few plants in the winter. I consulted my husband, and with his approval engaged the rooms.

We had one hundred and seventy-five dollars, ready money. With this we bought bright, but inexpensive carpets, a parlor cook stove, an oiled black walnut set of furniture, a table, a student lamp, a few dishes, and some coal. With the few pictures, a rack of books, and some ornaments in our possession, we decked the rooms tastefully, and commenced the serious business of keeping house on eight hundred dollars per year. We determined from the first that we would not have any accounts, but would pay cash for everything, and when we could not afford an article, do without it. After paying rent and washerwoman we had fifty dollars per month for other expenses. Twenty dollars of this furnished us a plentiful supply of food and paid car fare. I learned to love my work. Strength came with each day's labor, and renewed health repaid each effort put forth to make my little home pleasant and restful to my husband. And how we did enjoy that little home!

When the stormy nights came, we drew our curtains, shutting out the world, with a bright fire, and the soft glow of our reading-lamp upon the crimson cloth, reading a magazine or evening paper (in which we were able to indulge), with a "God pity the poor this dreadful night," forgetting in our cozy and comfortable home how many there were in the great city who would call us poor. We always kept within my husband's salary, wearing plain but good and respectable clothing, and eating simple but substantial food. And now, as circumstances have been improving with us, and we are living in a house all our own, with servants, and thousands instead of hundreds a year, we look back to the year spent in our simple, frugal little home, and know that it will always be the happiest portion of our lives.

*** The readers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY are invited to send to the magazine brief records of experience, and practical suggestions appropriate to this department. Address "Home and Society," SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, New York.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The "Sex in Education" Controversy.*

WHETHER one is to agree with Dr. Clarke or not in his views in regard to the important matter, to the discussion of which he has contributed his two little volumes, it is impossible not to admire the calm audacity with which he has entered on his work. He could not have been unaware of the seriousness of his subject, nor of the fact that the general matter, of which this was a part, had already, in the discussion of other and more familiar phases of it, elicited an uncommon amount of vehement and unreasonable speech. And yet he advances to the beginning of a strife which he must have foreseen, with a serenity of temper and a placidity of manner which are

*Sex in Education; or, A Fair Chance for the Girls. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., late Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard College, &c., &c. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., author of Sex in Education. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co

Sex and Education. A reply to Dr. Clarke's Sex in Education. Edited, with an introduction, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

No Sex in Education; or, An Equal Chance for both Girls and Boys. Being a review of Dr. E. H. Clarke's Sex in Education. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey, author of What Women Should Know, &c. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.

Woman's Education and Woman's Health. Chiefly in reply to Sex in Education. By George F. Comfort, A. M., of Syracuse University, N. Y., and Mrs. Anna M. Comfort, M. D. Syracuse: Thos. W. Durston & Co.

The Education of American Girls. Considered in a Series of Essays. Edited by Anna C. Brackett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

certainly in keeping with the scientific character of the argument which he proposes. Even in his second treatise, published after the first had been for a year before the public, and after much denunciation and rejoinder had already reached his ears, he shows no trace of emotional disturbance, but repeats and endeavors to fortify his original statement with a suavity which, as we can easily imagine, might appear to his antagonists as deliberately and designedly provoking. Once in a while a touch of sarcasm, which does not at all strengthen his argument, suggests that this general suavity is at the cost of some self-restraint. But, on the whole, the tone of his books is not seriously open to criticism.

In considering his argument, the criticism which proceeds confessedly from an unprofessional and unfeminine stand-point, finds itself seriously embarrassed. And yet the case, as he has argued it, and as those who have replied to him have taken up the argument, is addressed to a jury neither professional nor feminine. The appeal is to the public—whether rightly or wrongly in regard to method; whether seasonably or prematurely in regard to time. And, unfortunately, as many think; or, fortunately, as in the long run the result may show—it is before an audience so large and so heterogeneous that the question is to be settled, if it is settled at all. Several of the women who have written in reply to Dr. Clarke—not those who have written most ably—have, indeed, resented the idea that the question is open for discussion or for settlement, even by physicians of the opposite sex, claiming that, from the nature of the case, only themselves can understand it, investigate it, or determine it. And they resent with especial bitterness what they call the indelicacy of Dr. Clarke's method, and his intrusion within limits where public discussion and argument are not properly to be permitted. Accepting the inevitable, however, they have taken up the public discussion, and we have already four volumes against Dr. Clarke's two, and contributions from more than twenty more or less able and effective writers, who deny either his premises or his conclusions, or both, with considerable force and vehemence. The controversy as it stands, therefore, is confessedly a matter for criticism, on its merits as a controversy.

Dr. Clarke's argument is simple enough in statement. During the years of growing youth, say between thirteen and eighteen, our girls, he says, have upon them a physical obligation so serious and so burdensome, so much more serious and burdensome than any physical obligation which is upon boys of corresponding age, that they cannot give the same uninterrupted time, the same persistent strength, the same continuous methods to their intellectual education, that are indispensable to the best education of the boys. It is possible for boys to study, month in and month out, year in and year out, as it is not possible for girls. Once a month, girls are bound by natural law to give themselves a more or less prolonged respite from study. Failure to recognize and obey this law has already wrought wide-spread mischief for more than one generation of girls. And the necessity for observing this law of periodicity in the one sex, to which there is nothing corresponding in the other, renders the "identical co-education of the sexes" practically impossible, and the attempt to accomplish it not only a mistake, but, if persisted in when fairly pointed out, a sin.

But Dr. Clarke is far more successful in the statement of his position than in the proof of it. Of no statement ever made is it more apposite to quote the oracular saying of Captain Bunsby, that the bearing of that observation lies in the application on it. And some of the responses which have been offered to Dr. Clarke are so evidently inspired by dislike to this "application" of the statement, that they lose thereby something of the force to which they would otherwise be entitled. They are written in the tone of an advocate, as if in the interest of some favorite theory or scheme which was, at any rate, to be defended, rather than in the tone of a calm and earnest student, searching for truth as the test of every theory and the basis for every scheme. This is the more inexcusable, because, as is clearly evident from the essays of the abler and more learned of Dr. Clarke's antagonists, he laid himself open, at more than one point, to legitimate criticism, by his failure to make good his position. Judged by the evidence thus far presented, he must be held to have seriously overstated his case. Of course the evidence is not all in. Further discussion may change the look of the case materially. But, on a careful survey of the literature as it has thus far come before us, it certainly appears that Dr. Clarke has not yet even proved his premises. The physical periodicity is a fact, of course; but that it requires a periodical respite from study, so general, so prolonged, so serious, as to make the "identical co-education of the sexes" impossible, without injury to one sex or injustice to the other, is more than any jury, with simply these six books before them, would be willing to say. And certainly the instances which he adduces as illustrations and proofs of his position in his chapter "chiefly clinical," are even ludicrously insufficient (especially in the light of the severe criticism which is made upon his inaccuracy in regard to the "Vassar College case"). In Part II. of his second volume—"The Building of a Brain"—the facts in evidence are, indeed, more serious and convincing, and require from the writers on the other side of the question the collation of additional statistics and of facts, if they can be forthcoming, like those which in Miss Brackett's book,—in Mrs. Putnam-Jacobi's essay, for example,—are arrayed with so much effectiveness and skill.

Still less has Dr. Clarke made good the position indicated in the chapter entitled "the European way." It may be that there is, between the European methods in this particular and our own, a contrast as striking as that which he suggests, but there is hardly the least evidence of it presented, and there is considerable evidence furnished against it. And it certainly does not prepossess one in favor of the strength of Dr. Clarke's position on other points, to find that he has left his position on this point so insecure.

It may be that the exaggeration with which, on the evidence thus far presented, Dr. Clarke may be justly charged, was not unintentional, but designed to attract public attention the more surely to a subject the importance of which he deeply felt. If so, it was surely a mistake. People were not so deaf that he needed to speak so loudly. Indeed it is rumored that since the publication of his first treatise the increase of parental precaution in regard to the health of school-girls in the Boston schools has been so marked that, for some time to come, Dr. Clarke need not be disturbed by the fear of injurious results from overwork. There is certainly a danger in the other direction, if the panic of which this discussion has been the occasion should become general. It is, indeed, a sorrowful thing, to see the physical sacrificed to an overtraining, or to a disproportioned training, of the intellectual nature; and the cry of warning against this evil is certainly

necessary. But what if the health of the body is sacrificed to an insufficient education of the mind—to an *under*-training of the intellectual nature? From the women who have written in reply to Dr. Clarke there comes, with startling unanimity, the pathetic cry that the physical ailments against which he would defend our girls come not only from over-exertion at school, but also from the discontinuance of the rational and wholesome intellectual exercise to which, at school, they have been accustomed. Again and again, they say, the graduated school-girl, going home and into "society," with its excitements and irregularities, and breaking down in one or another of the ways that Dr. Clarke describes, has rightly ascribed her physical failure to the want of just that very intellectual occupation which the school, with its regular discipline, its hygienic safeguards, and its wholesome engagements, furnished to her. It is plain that there are two sides to the question, and that it is still far from being settled.

Meantime, the discussion of it is sure to be useful. Incidentally it has done good already. Both sides are agreed, for example, that there is grave danger to our school-girls from such injurious methods as incite and stimulate them by public examinations and exhibitions, by prizes and competitions, and the general "chromo" and "sewing-machine" gift mania by which American life is just now possessed. Both sides confess the viciousness of Sunday-school concerts, and evening entertainments, and the premature artificialities of our young society. And there is no reason whatever why parents and teachers should not begin at once practically to act upon the conclusions in which both parties have agreed. Taking the steps which are obviously right, to begin with, the steps which are at first uncertain will become obvious in their turn. Meantime Dr. Clarke has given us an axiom which is so admirable that it ought always to be borne in mind, not only in this discussion, but also in the more general discussion of the rights and duties of women in modern society. "The only difference between the sexes is sex," he says. It seems a truism, but it has a positive and a negative force; and it is often forgotten on both sides of the controversy.

Of the four volumes published in reply to Dr. Clarke, and which we have grouped together in this criticism, by far the ablest is that published by the Messrs. Putnam, and edited by Miss Brackett. If it contained only the learned, dispassionate, and able essay of Dr. Putnam-Jacobi, it would be worth all the other volumes put together. But it contains, besides, Miss Brackett's own essays (which are clever, and strong, and fair), and several others of less marked ability. It has little or nothing of outcry against Dr. Clarke as being insulting and indelicate, and generally malicious in his intent; and it is full of good suggestions, which parents and teachers would do well to heed. The volume compiled by Mrs. Howe ranks second, but after a considerable interval. It is less scientific in its method and spirit. It is more cantankerous in its resentments and insinuations. Several of its papers are, indeed, reasonable and forcible; and it is difficult to characterize a compilation in which the writers are so many and so various. Mrs. Duffey's book is vitiated by a latent belief that man is the natural enemy of woman, and that in Dr. Clarke this natural hostility has its typical expression. The book of Professor and Mrs. Comfort, while undertaking a professional and scientific refutation of Dr. Clarke, is disfigured by so much laborious sarcasm, and so much imputation of ignorance and disingenuousness to the author of "Sex in Education," that one is not encouraged to place the fullest confidence in the accuracy of its assertions.

It is a pity that a subject so important cannot be discussed without so much of acrimony. It is not a matter which should divide the sexes on the line of sex. Every school-girl who has a mother has a father also, and the presumption is that he is not in a conspiracy to deprive her of any privileges to which she may rightfully aspire. The question is one that does not so much need learned quotations from Plato, or stinging sarcasms from George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser, as it needs fact and testimony, and scientific argument and honest common sense. And in the settlement of it every household is deeply interested. To Dr. Clarke, for opening it and arguing it, with whatever defects may be charged upon him, those who denounce him most bitterly have reason to be deeply thankful.

"The Conflict between Religion and Science."*

Dr. Draper has acquired considerable reputation as an advocate of the theories of the school of Comte and Buckle; but his books have earned no such general respect as he appears to suppose, if we may judge from a remark in his preface. We except, of course, that International Mutual Admiration Society, of which Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer are prominent members in England, and which is not without its organs in this country. This last book of Dr. Draper is a thinly disguised attack, not only upon Christian revelation, but upon all religion outside of the creed which includes the deification of nature, "the emanation and absorption" of the soul, and a materialistic fatalism, which is the natural adjunct of such theories. In his preface he says: "A Divine revelation must necessarily be intolerant of contradiction; it must repudiate all improvement in itself, and view with disdain that arising from the progressive intellectual development of man." Here we are informed that revelation is hostile to improvement—not simply to an alteration of its own contents, but to intellectual advancement generally. The author of such a statement must have read the New Testament to little purpose. The side of religion, in this pretended conflict, is represented as that of "traditionary faith and human interests," of superstition and fancy. The author laments that when the old Græco-Roman religion broke down, the philosophers did so little for the guidance of public opinion. From his laudation of stoicism, with its pantheistic doctrine of fate, it would seem that he is inclined to do the work which he charges them with neglecting. This great neglect of duty on the part of the old heathen sages brought "an intellectual night" upon Europe. We had thought that the ruin of ancient society and civilization was due to other causes. Pray, what produced this "neglect" on the part of philosophers? Was that not an effect and part of the general decadence? So Dr. Draper, on his own principles, ought to hold. This "night" is now passing away,—thanks to Dr. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," and "History of the American Civil War,"—in which, by the way, the Rebellion is traced back to the geological structure and the climate of the Southern States. Dr. Draper's notion of the philosophy of

* History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., Professor in the University of New York, &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

history is like that of Buckle: "Human affairs present an unbroken chain in which each fact is the offspring of some preceding fact, and the parent of some subsequent fact;" "Men do not control events, but events control men." If this is the case, why denounce the theologians? Why even anathematize the Inquisition? Nay, why is not one event, one character, one institution, as right and rational as another, all being links in the "unbroken chain?" Our author, if he had been faithful to this conception, would have omitted much of his condemnation of men and things. He represents that we are now "in the midst of a controversy respecting the mode of government of the world, whether it be by incessant divine intervention, or by the operation of primordial and unchangeable law." This is utterly to misstate the case. Religious men hold to law; they deny that law excludes a personal God, its author and sustainer. They maintain that He is able to intervene supernaturally; that He made the world, and that at certain times and places He has wrought miracles. This is not to deny law, or to assert an "incessant divine intervention." The anthropomorphism, which the author charges upon religion, pertains rather to himself, and to the notion that uniformity and regularity exclude personal agency, as if there must be caprice and irregularity where the will of an Omniscient and Omnipotent Being is concerned. Dr. Draper gravely informs us that "the intellectual movement of Christendom has reached that point which Arabism (*sic*) had attained to in the tenth and eleventh centuries." Are we to infer that the intervening centuries since are a blank and a waste? The pantheistic Mohammedan Averroes is Dr. Draper's ideal philosopher! One would gather from this book that the failure of the Mohammedans to conquer Europe—which set bounds to the "Great Southern Reformation"—was the great calamity of modern history. There is something so ludicrous in these opinions that it is difficult to treat them with gravity.

In his first chapter, Dr. Draper undertakes to describe the rise of science. Science began, he tells us, with the Alexandrian Museum, which, considering the amount that is known with certainty about that establishment, is clothed with magnificent importance. An account is given of the conquests of Alexander, which brought the Greeks in contact with the Orientals, and thus gave to the former the beginnings of science. There was never a more astonishing inversion of the truth. Long before Alexander, the Greeks were sailors, colonists, travelers, and the great results of the Macedonian conquest were the diffusion of Greek knowledge and culture. The author himself, after saying that up to this time the Greeks "had neither experimented nor observed," but "had contented themselves with mere meditation and useless speculation" (p. 14), turns about (on p. 22) and tells us that "the Aristotelian philosophy was the intellectual corner-stone on which the Museum rested." Was Aristotle's philosophy derived from the East? Yet Aristotle, Dr. Draper proceeds to say, was a master of induction. In this statement, he corrects the recent blunder of Tyndall, who has so ignorantly assailed the Stagyrite; but, in doing so, he contradicts his own theory about the origin of science. In the second chapter we have a unique account of Christianity. The hierarchical system is called "a logical result of the development" of the Gospel (p. 38). The virtual apology for the bloody persecution of Diocletian is an extraordinary passage in this chapter. Dr. Draper, like Gibbon, commonly reserves his indignation for the sins and infirmities of Christians. He expatiates with fervor on the records of intolerance in the church. In this chapter he has the boldness to say that the church was "a stumbling-block in the intellectual advancement of Europe for a thousand years." How any educated man, who has read modern history, who is acquainted with books as common, for example, as the lectures of Guizot, can utter, in a confident tone, so ignorant a remark, passes our comprehension. Who converted the European nations from polytheism and idolatry? Who reduced their languages to writing, and gave them a literature? Who abolished slavery? Who preserved the remains of ancient learning after the deluge of invasion? Who founded the schools and universities of Europe? Who were the patrons of learning at the Renaissance? Who were Dante, Petrarch, Erasmus, Reuchlin, More, Colet? But we cannot stop to confute this amazing judgment respecting Christianity and the church. On p. 53 we are made acquainted with a fact, before not known, that Arius was "a disappointed candidate for the office of bishop." Dr. Draper's narratives of the history of theological controversies are mere caricatures. They are as worthless as are his estimates of men; for example, of St. Augustine, whom he knows apparently only through some chapters of "the Confessions." In the third chapter, Mohammedanism is described, but not accurately. Dr. Draper has no exact acquaintance with the theology of Nestorius (whom he calls Nestor); and he attributes to a Nestorian influence upon Mohammed much more than the evidence in the case warrants. In the fourth and fifth chapters, which treat of Arabian science, he fails to understand that it was mainly derived from the Greeks. He glorifies the pantheism and fatalism which were developed in the Moorish schools, and thinks that these tenets are much more rational than the Christian doctrine of prayer (p. 108). On pp. 134, 135, he expounds his materialistic philosophy, attributing the belief in immortality to the dreams of savages, and to the "mechanism" which we carry with us, by which impressions are registered upon the brain. On p. 215 it is erroneously said that Melancthon was determined to banish philosophy from the church. It is said that science owes nothing to the Reformation. Dr. Draper's speculations on the origin of the Books of Moses involve the remarkable proposition, which is not absolutely asserted, but evidently favored, that Ezra wrote them. His authority is the book of Esdras, which he appears to regard as not apocryphal—a feat of credulity which matches many of his exploits on the side of skepticism. Theological scholars will be somewhat astonished to learn (p. 224) that the doctrine of the Atonement originated among the Gnostic heretics, and that the Trinity was forced into Christian theology by the Egyptians. Dr. Draper gives an extended account of the Vatican Council, and seems to regard all the usurpations of the Roman Catholic Church as so many attacks of religion on science. He ignores the fact that Copernicus was a priest, and that Newton, Leibnitz, Faraday, and most of the noblest discoverers in science, were Christian believers. His book swarms with statements, either positively erroneous, or put in such a form as to be misleading. He is doubtless versed in several branches of science, but if any proof were needed of his incompetence to handle philosophical and historical problems, this volume would afford it. A more hasty, pretentious, incorrect work, claiming the title of "history," has seldom fallen into our hands. There is no real conflict be-

tween religion and science. There is something which calls itself science, but which is simply a speculation of physicists, warranted by no facts; and this it is which assumes to deride the truths and disparage the influence of Christianity. And there are theologians who strain the doctrine of inspiration so as to make the Bible an authority in science as well as religion, and who are, therefore, compelled to misinterpret it, or to deny the truths of nature. But between a sober and rational science, and an enlightened faith in the Scriptures, there is no quarrel.

"Far from the Madding Crowd."*

MR. HARDY'S latest book strikes us as being one of the most unique of modern novels; and this, not only in the point of view chosen by its author, but also in the singular, slow, and yet intimately engaging course of the action. We should be much surprised if any conscientious reader, without looking at the end, were able to divine the upshot of the narrative until reaching the chapter next to the last. But this we only mention by way of showing that Mr. Hardy has at last united to his other very striking merits, that of inducing an agreeable suspense as to the *dénouement* of his story. His chief distinction, however, is still, as in "Under the Greenwood Tree," that of his peculiarly pictorial way of looking at things, and his quiet and cultured sense of humor. There is in this novel an intermittent comedy of quaint talk among the illiterate personages, which, to our thinking, is quite as laughable as the best things of the kind in Dickens, and infinitely truer. Where Dickens would have thrown in glaring color, depending on a mask of impossible absurdity, or boisterous laughter of his own, to call our attention to the play, Hardy is content to introduce his characters with the least possible intrusion of his own fancy, yet sketching the figures with such an exquisitely graphic stroke, and so tenderly humorous a sympathy, that we stand all agog to hear them speak; and we really hear *them*—not the writer. His amazing minuteness in the speech of such persons gave us the impression in "Under the Greenwood Tree" that Hardy must rely to a singular extent upon notes of actual conversation; but in the present volume there is a freedom and swing in their talk which convinces one of his possessing such accuracy of observation and imaginative memory that he can delineate with certainty of truth in every detail. One point we must here notice; that is, an apparent discrepancy between the conversation and the social status of certain of the persons, —Bathsheba, Oak, Boldwood, and Troy. As described, they impress us in a way that makes their choice and intellectual phraseology a surprise to the reader. This, it is true, may be owing to misapprehension arising from our slight acquaintance with the special aspect of English life he is describing; but, if not, we are quite willing to accept it as a permissible artistic deviation from the line of literal fact for the sake of a legitimate and refined effect. Of this sort of liberty there is a fallacious disposition nowadays to deprive the writer of fiction; and in using it, Mr. Hardy, as in the stout, homely humor of his inferior persons, only shows himself a follower of Shakespeare in particulars. But for want of space we should say more of his treatment of Bathsheba Everdene. She is the completest study of this sort of woman which he has yet given us; and, though we cannot admire the type, it must be said that he pursues her character with a patience and impartiality that end by changing a reader's first demurrer into at least an intelligent effort to sympathize with her. The type, however, seems to have a dangerous fascination for him, and it behooves Mr. Hardy to get a new model, we think, before writing his next story. One would not quarrel with him, either, for using a better scale of proportion another time. The mechanism of the present story, also, is defective, causing it to "wobble" considerably in the middle. His elaborate descriptions we have seen censured as being affected, but we discover in them only an error of over-earnestness. This we can understand as a stage of progress; but, if it should be carried farther, indeed if not greatly modified hereafter, we should say to Mr. Hardy: "You suffer decidedly from this, as Lucio says, 'most painful feeling of thy speech.'" As yet, Mr. Hardy is perhaps more mastered by, than master of, the grotesque; but it is a valuable ally to him, and, with his breezy reproductions of physical nature, his quiet humor, and quiet, but also penetrating, dramatic force here and there, stamps him, to our mind, as the most original and impressive figure among young English fictionists.

* Mr. Hardy's books are published by Henry Holt & Co.

"Echoes of the Foot-Hills."

THE twenty pieces in Bret Harte's latest volume of verses (J. R. Osgood & Co.) are written in many keys, but are all pervaded by that delicate humor which is the subtile expression of the author's mind. The themes of most of these poems, occupying ten or twelve prosaic lines in a daily newspaper, would appear to the superficial observer quite unworthy of the poetic garniture in which we find them here endued. But the poet's pen is like the magician's wand.

Of the poems in this volume, a few are now permanently established in the popular esteem, and all are well known to the general reader. "Ramon," "Grandmother Tenterden," and "Guild's Signal," have had what the newspapers call "a great run." The last two have much sweetness and tenderness. The picture of an aged mother, startled by the apparition of her son dripping with the pale blue fires of the sea is not new; but the poem is full of pathos, color, and pictorial effect. The sighing of the waves, the changing of the wind, and the sympathetic moods of nature, are admirably introduced in a few compact phrases. The movement of this poem, "Grandmother Tenterden," is as characteristic of New England life and thought as "Concepcion de Arguello" is of that of the widely different and far off shores of the Pacific. And both these, like "Guild's Signal," have beneath their tender sadness that elusive gleam of shrewd humor which only serves to mellow the somber thought of the verse, just as a thread of silver heightens the effect of the gray web through which it runs.

Few writers, whether in prose or verse, have such a facility of giving a picture in a single swift stroke. The California winter rains, which make the land flush with sudden bloom, are said to have "dashed the whole long coast with color." Any one who has seen the marvelous change which a few showers have wrought on the Pacific hills and valleys will feel the force and beauty of that line; and the description of the cycle of the seasons is all compact in the phrase:

> "Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of dust and sky."

So, too, the engineer's signal, "sharp, intense, pierced through the shadows of Providence;" and it

> "Flew down the track when the red leaves burned,
> Like living coals from the engine spurned."

And "Luke," of Colorado, speaks of a slight slip of a girl as

> "—ez light and ez up and away
> Ez rifle-smoke blown through the woods."

On the walls of the Mission of San Luis Rey,

> "The golden lizards slip, or breathless pause
> Still as the sunshine brokenly that falls."

In one of his prose stories, the scene of the tragedy of the hapless outcasts of Poker Flat is so accurately described in ten lines, that the reader sees it as vividly as though he had gazed on the real place with his own eyes.

With such charms as these, we may well overlook some of the minor disappointments which we meet in these poems. Some of the most striking pieces come to an unsatisfactory ending. The last line of "Grandmother Tenterden" is clearer, doubtless, to the mind of the writer than to the average reader. The ballad of "For the King" has about it a vagueness that worries one who has moved through the stately verse only to be confronted at last with a moral that may, or may not, make itself understood. Some such obscurity of purpose besets "Don Diego of the South," who seems, after all, to have appeared, disappeared, and reappeared, to very little purpose.

Mr. Stillman on the Cretan Insurrection.*

ALTHOUGH unfortunate in not appearing sooner after the struggle, Mr. Stillman's volume on Crete during the last insurrection is welcome. Very little has appeared on this interesting revolt from Turkish misrule of the purest Greek race extant. With the exception of Mr. Skinner's "Roughing it in Crete," nothing is available in English; in French a young amateur insurgent wrote an account or sketch which is already forgotten. While we, in America, were taking breath after our own war, and beginning to look about, while the last vestiges of the four years' fever predisposed us to a selfish quiet, little Candia was beginning to feel that Turkish oppression and outrage were too much to bear; the subsequent armed defense which her rulers forced her Christian populace to make, found little or no echo in the United States. The peculiar condition of the sick man, Turkey, whose every step was watched by those great quacks, the Allied Powers, may be said to have made revolt in Crete possible and not entirely hopeless—at least not hopeless to the islanders, whose faith in foreign consuls Mr. Stillman amusingly describes. Just at the time of the first peaceable assemblies of Cretan Christians to petition the Sublime Porte (and the foreign legates) for remission of unjust taxes, abolition of venal courts, for schools and equal rights with Mohammedan fellow-countrymen, Mr. Stillman seems to have arrived in Candia like a torpedo charged with a possibility of explosion which was all the more alarming, because no one could foretell what a United States consul might or might not do. In spite of the gravity of interest in the fate of victims of European diplomacy, the position of the American consul cannot strike us otherwise than as droll. There he is, camped in the most important town of the narrow island, one of the small set of men who can influence the real interfering powers by their reports to their respective Governments, yet the representative of a non-intervention Republic. The Turkish Governor is used to impertinence from Russian, French, and English consuls, but naturally must be somewhat amazed to find another active meddler in the person of a citizen of that shadowy Great Republic across the Atlantic, whose people we may imagine to have held in his lazy mind the place of energetic and very uncomfortable Giaours, whom Allah had been profitably employing for four years in cutting one another's throats. What must have been his feelings when, like a *deus ex*, appeared our consul, Mr. Stillman! Partly by taste, partly by generous and classical sympathies, but more, according to his own showing, by the force of circumstances, he is made the leader of the anti-Turk faction among the foreign consuls on the island. He is by far the most positive character on the scene, and appears to have enjoyed the situation not without a sense of the humor of his predicament.

Possessed of no mean skill in putting facts and landscapes before one, Mr. Stillman, in his account of his squabbles and the serious after-facts, infuses his own positive spirit into all he writes, to the enjoyment and instruction of his audience. The reading is thus made very entertaining, and certainly impresses one with reliance on the consul's honesty, whatever one may surmise on the score of hot-headedness. His book belongs to a kind oftener met with in England than here. It is composed with great fearlessness and vigor; but it is also the work of a man of exceptional education and attainments, linguistic as well as historical.

As United States consul, Mr. Stillman's field was of course limited to that of non-combatant; he could not take part in the insurrection, as did at least one New Yorker, recently Secretary to Governor Dix. But his field was one no other writer has let us see—the petty diplomatic, or what might be called the reverse side of the heroic acts which all the world was admiring. The deeds of the Cretan mountaineers were indeed heroic, and worthy to be ranked beside those of the warriors about Troy, to whom it is probable they bear a closer relation historically than any of the inhabitants of Greece proper.

Any one who likes to "rely on Providence," and has a tendency to shove the Greek question aside with the remark, comfortable and deprecatory, that "*ces bons Turcs*," after all, are not so black as they are painted, could not do better than read Mr. Stillman's able, if somewhat hasty, book on their treatment of Candia. All accounts agree respecting the horrible and inhuman acts of the Turkish and Egyptian soldiery, countenanced, if not openly ordered, by their commanders; and while Greek reports cannot be accepted as good evidence, enough is known to show that if ever a people had just cause for revolt it was the Christian people of Crete.

Ismailia.*

THE fact that Sir Samuel Baker always takes his wife with him when he goes off on his adventurous journeys into unknown lands, gives the story of his

* The Cretan Insurrection of 1866–7–8. By Wm. J. Stillman, late U. S. Consul in Crete. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

* Ismailia: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade, Organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir Samuel White Baker, Pasha, M. A., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., etc., with maps, portraits, and upward of fifty full-page illustrations by Zwecker & Durand. New York: Harper & Brothers.

travels a romantic interest which is peculiarly its own. The attention of the reader is at once aroused, and his sympathies enlisted, by the spectacle of such feminine devotion and such more than feminine courage, combined with quiet and modest dignity, as Lady Baker exhibits. And her husband bears emphatic testimony to the fact that, so far from being in any way burdensome or inconvenient, her presence was a positive assistance, not only to himself personally, but to the whole Expedition of which he was in command. It is largely to her skillful and faithful care of the sick that the losses of the Expedition by reason of sickness were so inconsiderable. Moreover, she rendered great service by her scientific observations and registrations, and by the large botanical collection which she brought back to Cairo as one of the results of the three years' campaign in the region of the upper Nile and the great lakes.

Sir Samuel Baker undertook the great work of which he tells the story in this charming volume, not in the interests of geographical science, but in the interests of humanity. He had witnessed in his previous journeys the dreadful desolations which were being wrought in Africa by the inhuman slave-trade, and had seen, as Livingstone saw, as Schweinfurth saw, as every traveler in Africa has seen, that the thorough exploration of the continent was almost impossible, and its civilization and Christianization quite impossible, except as this "open sore of the world" (to use the pathetic words of Livingstone, in the last sentence which he ever wrote) was healed. The necessary anarchy, the steady depopulation of the continent, the poverty and wretchedness which are directly traceable to this infernal cause, are not to be described or imagined, except after careful examination of the narratives and statistics which trustworthy authorities have placed before us, and on which they invoke the deliberate judgment of the whole world.

It was to suppress this slave-trade, in one of its chief sources, and through one of its principal avenues, that Baker accepted military command under the Khedive of Egypt and conducted an armed force into the equatorial regions of Africa and almost to the shore of the Albert Nyanza, of which he was himself the discoverer. It is impossible to lay down the book in which he reports the results of his undertaking, without a feeling of disappointment—a disappointment in which Baker himself undisguisedly shares. And it is easy to see the precise point at which one great mistake was made, the avoidance of which could have brought the work of the expedition to a conclusion much less impotent. But it is not easy, and it certainly is not fair, to charge that Baker lacked in skill or in courage, or in devotion to the great object of his enterprise. Only the hinderances with which he had to contend, arising out of the insincerity and duplicity of the Egyptian Government (not so much of the Khedive personally as of his supporters and advisers), were greater than he understood or could overcome. It is yet an open question how far the results of his work may be permanent, or how far they may be thrown away by the imbecility and criminality of a Government that does not care to retain them. It is not at all a question that results of the greatest value were achieved, and that Baker placed in the hands of the Khedive the key to the situation, by the right use of which he might not only put an end to the slave-trade of the White Nile, but also greatly enrich and aggrandize his own territorial possessions.

But whatever permanent success or failure may follow from the Expedition, the story of it is of the most intense interest. Not for a long time have we had a more delightful book of travels—nor on the whole a more useful one.

Lange on the Book of Job.

THE latest volume of Dr. Lange's learned and comprehensive commentary is devoted to the book of Job; but a considerable space at the beginning of the volume is given to a general introduction to the poetical books of the Old Testament, by the American editor, Dr. Philip Schaff. This treatise by Dr. Schaff is at once learned and popular, and adds to the value of the Old Testament commentaries as a whole, and not merely to that of the book to which this volume is devoted.

Next follows an elaborate treatise by Prof. Tayler Lewis, on the "Theism of the Book of Job," and this again is followed by a rythmical English version of the book from the pen of the same author. Prof. Lewis takes the ground that "we cannot do justice to poetry unless we read it as poetry," and that "this cannot easily be done in a rough, unrythmical prose version." He has accordingly taken the pains to render the original into English meter, furnishing his version with careful exegetical notes, and adding to it, in no less than twelve *excursuses*, a wealth of scholarly discussion and criticism.

More than a third of the volume is occupied with the material thus described; and then follows the commentary, translated from the German, and enlarged and improved by Prof. Evans, of Lane Seminary. So that the student of this volume has the advantage of two independent commentaries, both of marked ability, not always in perfect harmony, but even by their differences, hardly less than by their agreement, throwing light upon the wonderful poem, which, in spite of being so often wofully misunderstood and so often neglected, has occupied, for centuries, a foremost place in the literature of the whole world.

The time has gone by already when this inspired drama is read with the unintelligent devoutness which accepts the *dicta* of Job, of Eliphaz, of Bildad, and almost of Satan in the proem, as worthy of equal reverence and confidence. But the Christian world has not yet learned the deep significance of those sorrowful speculations, that agonizing skepticism, that profoundly "honest doubt" of the afflicted patriarch, in which all the time there lived "more faith" than in the pious orthdoxy of his comforters, and more "than in half the creeds" of shallower and less earnest souls. Nor has it yet learned to recognize the grandeur of the Man of Uz, in his unconscious prophecy of the life and immortality revealed in Jesus Christ. Of all the "many prophets and righteous men" who desired to see and hear the Christian revelation, surely there was none greater than the writer of this mighty drama. And it is most pathetic to see how, as he "fights his doubts and gathers faith," and longs for light for which the fullness of the time of dawning had not yet arrived; how, as he describes what he longs for, and what he would be more than satisfied with if he could have it,—he unconsciously describes just what the gospel of our Lord has given to us, "upon whom the ends of the world are come." Toward such an intelligent appreciation of the book of Job this commentary is a most important aid.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The North Pole.

In the address before the Geographical Section of the British Association, Major Wilson, the President, says: "As regards the general subject of Arctic exploration, there can, I think, be no doubt that that by Smith's Sound would yield the most important scientific results, and would offer great facilities for reaching the Pole itself. It should not be forgotten that all recent Polar expeditions sent out from this country have been dispatched with the special object of ascertaining the fate of Sir John Franklin, and that discovery was not a principal object. When, too, we consider that in these expeditions Arctic travel was reduced to a very perfect system, and that the distance from the point reached by the 'Polaris' to the Pole is less than has already been performed in some of the sledge journeys, and that no life has ever been lost on a sledge journey, it is impossible to doubt that a well-organized expedition would be able to reach the Polar area. In the words of a well-known Arctic explorer, 'What remains to be done is a mere flea-bite to what has been already accomplished.' Morton, the second mate of the 'Polaris,' says, as the result of his third voyage, that he is more than ever convinced of the practicability and possibility of reaching the Pole; and in my own opinion it is to be done, and England ought to do it."

Fertilization and Flowers.

The self-fertilization of flowers happens in many cases, and flowers which thus fertilize themselves have evidently one great advantage—few remain sterile for want of pollen. Every one, however, who has watched flowers, and has observed how assiduously they are visited by insects, will admit that these insects must often deposit on the stigma pollen brought from other plants, generally of the same species.

I will not now enter on the question why this cross-fertilization should be an advantage; but that it is so has been clearly proved. It has long been known that hybrids between different varieties are often remarkably strong and vigorous. Kolrenter speaks with astonishment of the "*statura portentosa*" of some plants thus raised by him; indeed, says Mr. Darwin, all experimenters have been struck with the wonderful vigor, height, size, tenacity of life, precocity and hardiness of their hybrid productions. Mr. Darwin himself, however, was, I believe, the first to show that if a flower is fertilized by pollen from a different plant, the seedlings so produced are much stronger than if the plant is fertilized by its own pollen. I have had the advantage of seeing several of these experiments, and the difference is certainly most striking. It is also remarkable that, in some cases, plants are themselves more fertile if supplied with pollen from a different flower, a different variety, and even, as it would appear in some cases, as in the Passion Flower, of a different species. Nay, in some cases it would seem that pollen has no effect whatever unless transferred to a different flower. In Pulmonaria, for instance, the pollen is said to be entirely without effect on the stigma of the same plant. Fritz Muller has made a variety of experiments on this interesting subject, which seem to show that in some cases pollen, if placed on the stigma of the same flower, has no more effect than so much inorganic dust; while, which is perhaps even more extraordinary, in others the pollen, placed on the stigma of the same flower, acted on it like a poison. This he observed in several species; the flower faded and fell off; the pollen masses themselves, and the stigma in contact with them, shriveled up, turned brown, and decayed; while other flowers on the same branch, which were left unfertilized, retained their freshness.

Moreover, it appears that if a supply of pollen from another plant is secured, it is comparatively unimportant to exclude the pollen of the plant itself, for in such cases the latter is neutralized by the more powerful effect of the former. In many cases self-fertilization is still more effectually guarded against by the fact that the stamens and pistils do not ripen at the same time. In some cases the pistils ripen before the stamens. Thus the Aristolochia has a flower which consists of a long tube, with a narrow opening closed by stiff hairs which point backward, so that it resembles an ordinary eel-trap. Small flies enter the tube in search of honey, which, from the direction of the hairs, they can do easily, though, on the other hand, from the same cause, it is impossible for them to return. Thus they are imprisoned in the flower; gradually, however, the pistil passes maturity, the stamens ripen and shed their pollen, by which the flies are thoroughly dusted. Then the hairs of the tube shrivel up and release the prisoners, which carry the pollen to another flower.—[Sir John Lubbock.]

Art in Ancient Egypt.

From a report in "Nature" of the address of Professor Owen, before the Ethnological Section of the British Association, we extract the following:

Prof. Owen then passed to the consideration of the origin, antiquity, and race characters of the first scientifically known civilized people. This part of the discourse was illustrated by a diagram of the dynasties and reigns of Egyptian kings, and enlarged views from photographs of portrait-sculptures of individuals of the third and fourth dynasties, of a Hykshos Pharaoh of the sixteenth dynasty, of a monarch of the twentieth dynasty, belonging to the native race, after the expulsion of the "Shepherd Kings," and of Pharaohs of the Greek race, including one of Cleopatra, which, from the circumstances of its discovery, supported the belief of its being a true likeness of that queen. The noblest of all is the statue of Chephren, the Phra, or Pharaoh of the fourth dynasty, who built the second of the great pyramids of Ghizeh. It is of life size; the Pharaoh is seated on his throne, carved out of one block of the beautiful, intractable, and rare mineral called diorite. The face, with features as refined and intellectual as those of a modern European, has a calm, dignified expression, free from the conventionality of the statues of later monarchs. The anatomy of the frame was as true as in works of art from the chisel of Michael Angelo. According to the "table" exhibited, this king lived B. C. 4,200. The sculptor wrought thirty-seven centuries before Phidias. What was the period of incubation necessary to attain such perfection

in both the creative and mechanical departments of the noblest of arts?

The Limit of the Sun's Heat.

M. J. VIOLLE recently explained to the French Academy some experiments designed for the purpose of estimating the temperature of the sun, which he reckons at 1,354° C., without, however, allowing for the loss occasioned by the absorption of the earth's atmosphere, but for which his apparatus would have been more strongly affected, and the estimate would have been higher. His paper called forth very interesting remarks from M. St. Claire Deville and M. Berthelot as to the limits beyond which increase of temperature could not be obtained. M. Deville observed that it was not prudent to speak of higher temperatures than had been actually measured, those measured by M. Bunsen being the highest known. The heat resulting from chemical combination was limited by the temperature at which dissociation occurred, and which, according to his experiments, never exceeded a measurable quantity. When the pressure was augmented, under which two gases combined, there was usually an augmentation of the temperature produced; but the experiments of Professor Frankland, M. Cailletet, and his own, proved that the light which was disengaged increased faster than the temperature, and that the chemical rays augmented rapidly in number and intensity. It might, then, be supposed that combinations occurring under increased pressures would exhibit energy, not in the form of heat, but in waves of shorter lengths, and that a limit would be reached beyond which no calorific effects would be produced. M. Berthelot observed that as long as the law of Mariotte was considered absolute there appeared no limit to the temperature simple gases might be made to assume, unless it was supposed that they were transformed into something still simpler, or into the universal ether; but, practically, it might be found that radiations of all kinds augmented so rapidly with increase of temperature that no temperature would be realizable beyond 2,500° C. or 3,000° C., as observed in the experiments of M. St. Claire Deville. Equality of temperature and of pressure of two identical masses of gas did not necessarily imply identity of those vibratory movements which correspond to luminous or chemical radiations. One such gas might appear yellow, or red, and chiefly emit luminous or calorific rays, while the other might be blue or violet, and emit more chemical rays. They would then be in a state of equilibrium of temperature, without being in the same physical conditions. Two such masses might be compared to musical instruments emitting sounds of equal force, but composed of different harmonies. In experiments he had made with carbon heated in an atmosphere of hydrogen, first with a strong galvanic battery, and then with solar rays condensed by a lens, the effects were at first identical—dark red, bright red, reddish white and dazzling white; but as the temperature continued to increase they became different. With the electric current the carbon passed from dazzling white to the blue so well known to persons accustomed to electric illumination; but in the solar focus the change was from dazzling white to rose, which corresponds with a higher temperature, close to that at which platinum melts under very powerful lenses. Would gases treated by different means afford analogous results?

Finally, M. Berthelot said: "It is not possible to communicate to matter an active force to an extent without limits. No instrument can be made to give an indefinitely augmenting sound, no projectile can be made to acquire an indefinitely increasing velocity of rotation or translation; but we are not able to assign with any probability derived from our own experiments, what may be the limits of temperature in a body differing as the sun does from the conditions we are surrounded with."—["Academy."]

Effect of Camphor on Seeds.

CERTAIN curious and all but forgotten experiments of much interest to agriculture and gardening have lately been revived by a German savant. Very many years ago it was discovered and recorded that water saturated with camphor had a remarkable influence on the germination of seeds. As of many other useful hints, the stupid world took no notice of this intimation; but a Berlin professor, having seen the record of it, appears to have established the fact that a solution of camphor stimulates vegetables as alcohol does animals. He took seeds of various sorts, some being three or four years old, and possessing a slight degree of vitality, and placed them between sheets of blotting paper. Some of these he wetted with pure water, and others with camphorated water. In many cases the seeds did not swell at all under the influence of the simple moisture, but in every case they germinated where they were subjected to the camphor solution. The experiment was extended to different kinds of garden seeds, old and new, and always with the result of showing a singular awakening of dormant vitalism and a wonderful quickening of growth. It also appears from the Professor's researches that the young plants thus stimulated continued to increase with a vigor and vivacity much beyond that of those which were not so treated. On the other hand, when pounded camphor was mixed with the soil, it appeared to exercise a rather bad effect upon the seeds. The dose in this latter case was possibly too strong. At all events, this action of camphor is worthy of an examination by seedsmen and gardeners, and even farmers might determine how far wheat and barley may be profited by the strange power this drug appears to possess over the latent life of vegetable germs.—["The Horticulturist."]

The Song of Fishes.

IN a very interesting article on this subject, Mr. John C. Galton says: "That certain fishes produce at certain seasons sounds—nay more, that many such sounds can be brought under the category of musical notes—is known to few even in these days, though the fact did not escape the notice of that most observant of all natural historians, Aristotle.

"More recently recorded observations upon the sounds produced by fishes are but few and far between. One of the best, perhaps, of all accounts is that given by Sir J. Emerson Tennant, late Governor of Ceylon. When at Batticaloa—a place halfway down the east coast of this island—he made some inquiries about certain sounds, resembling the faint, sweet notes of an Æolian harp, which were alleged to proceed from the bottom of a neighboring lake. The fishermen said that both they and their fathers knew these sounds, which were declared to be audible during the dry season, but to cease when the lake had been swollen after the rains. These, they said, proceeded not from a fish, but from two species of mollusk, known by the Tamil name of *oorie cooleero crado*, or, the crying shell. Sir E. Tennant

took a boat and visited the lake by moonlight, and thus describes the sounds which he heard: 'They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat the vibration was greatly increased in volume.' The sounds varied considerably at different points, and could be localized, as it was possible to row away out of their influence. This fact, thought Sir E. Tennant, lends support to the view of the fishermen, that the sounds were produced by mollusks, and not by fish. Similar sounds have been heard in the harbor of Bombay, described as like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. These sounds came from all directions, almost in equal strength, and arose from the surface of the water all round the vessel. The fish which was alleged to produce them closely resembled, in size and shape, the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe.

"It appears that out of more than three thousand species of fishes no more than fifty-two are at present known to produce sound. This contrasts most singularly with that which happens among the other four vertebrate classes, containing at least twelve thousand species, every individual of which possesses a larynx or special organ of voice."

Memoranda.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, Herr Dove shows that when the temperature falls suddenly, in the latter part of December, it generally indicates a moderate and uniform temperature in the January following. Early winters, with sharp frosts in November, are generally followed by a mild January, while a warm November and December usually usher in a winter of extreme severity.

An Italian Professor, having satisfied himself that the perfumes of flowers have a chemical effect on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, thereupon recommends that dwellers in marshy localities, and near places infected with animal emanations, should surround their homes with odoriferous plants.

M. Kohlrausch finds that the expansion of hard rubber, under an increase of temperature, is three times as great as that of zinc. It is proposed to utilize this property in the construction of thermometers of great delicacy, by gluing together a strip of rubber and one of ivory. The compound bar thus formed, when fastened at one end, even though it be only twenty centimeters long, exhibits a movement of many millimeters at the opposite extremity, for an elevation of one degree of temperature.

In Tellier's apparatus for the preservation of meat in cold, dry chambers, the cold is produced by the alternate volatilization and condensation of ether. The vessel in which the vaporization is conducted is traversed by a number of metallic tubes. Through these the air is slowly driven to the chamber. As it passes over the cold metallic wall of the tubes the moisture is deposited, and the temperature at the same time reduced to the required degree. Meat may in this way be preserved perfectly for forty or fifty days. After that it acquires a greasy taste.

If the size of Encyclopedias may be regarded as an index of the extent of a nation's learning, the Chinese are certainly far in advance of the rest of the world in that respect, for we are informed that a "Cyclopedia of Ancient and Modern Literature" has just appeared at Peking, which consists of 6,104 volumes, and costs 4,000 pounds —["Academy."]

In writing of tendrils, Professor Gray says: When a fresh, active tendril in climbing comes in contact with any suitable support, it hooks or coils its end around it. Having thus secured a hold, it shortens by coiling up a part or the whole of its length. This draws up the climbing stem nearer to its support, and makes it easier for the young tendrils above to gain their hold.

M. Bérenger Feraud, a surgeon in the French navy, describes a singular custom that prevails among the Belantes, a savage people of Africa. The custom in question consists in making the marriage relation dependent on the preservation of the "pagua, or festive garment given by the husband to the wife, at the wedding. The woman who wishes to secure a divorce wears out her pagua as fast as she can, and as soon as it is in tatters she is released from the power of her husband."

It is said that albumen from blood is now used to a considerable extent in Germany for mordanting yarns and cloth.

At the close of the present century the annual income of the University of Oxford will be about one and a-quarter million of dollars, and that of Cambridge about three-quarters of a million of dollars. A portion of this it is proposed to devote to the purposes of original research.

The Brier is recommended as the best stock for roses on a clay soil, and the Marietti for stock on sandy soil.

The presence of fowls in an orchard is said to be one of the best preventives against the ravages of insects.

Nearly all the photographs taken of the solar eclipse of December 12th, 1871, show traces of a comet in the coronal structure.

Mathematics may enable us retrospectively to justify results obtained by experiment, may point out useful lines of research, and even sometimes predict entirely novel discoveries, but it will never revolutionize our laboratories. Mathematical will not replace chemical analysis.—[Prof. A. Crum Brown.]

Professor Dolbear, the inventor of the opeioscope, is of New England, and not of England, as stated in a former number.

H. Weiske and E. Wilcox find as the result of experiments on goats, that while the diminution of the supply of phosphoric acid and lime in the food does not alter the composition of the bones, it greatly reduces their size.

Hydrate of chloral has been used with success in the treatment of a case of tetanus, or lock-jaw.

Injections of aqua ammonia into the veins has been used with success in the treatment of snake-bites.

ETCHINGS.

Over the Way.

BY M. M. D.

OVER the way, over the way,
I've seen a head that's fair and gray;
I've seen kind eyes not new to tears,
A form of grace, though full of years.
Her fifty summers have left no flaw—
And I, a youth of twenty-three,
So love this lady, fair to see,
I want her for my mother-in-law!

Over the way, over the way,
I've seen her with the children play;
I've seen her with a royal grace
Before the mirror adjust her lace;
A kinder woman none ever saw;
God bless and cheer her onward path,
And bless all treasures that she hath,
And let her be my mother-in-law!

Over the way, over the way,
I think I'll venture, dear, some day
(If you will lend a helping hand,
And sanctify the scheme I've planned),
I'll kneel in loving, reverent awe,
Down at the lady's feet, and say:
"I've loved your daughter many a day—
Please, won't you be my mother-in-law?"

THE modern sculptor has a hard time of it with his portrait statues, it must be confessed. What is he to do? Shall he dress a gentleman as he finds him; go back to the toga; or go farther back still to the altogether natural man? Or shall he compromise with a cloak or water-proof—as in the case of the Savior of his Country, expiating his virtues in Union Square? They have the same trouble in England as here: *vide* Wm. B. Scott. For centuries, he says, the portrait statues of their kings appeared in the Roman cuirass with bare arms and knees, and their statesmen in the chlamys and toga. "One last step only was wanting to adopt the ideal antique and abandon clothing altogether, and this was very nearly accomplished toward the close of last century. Canova's statue of Napoleon, now in Apsley House, is absolutely naked; and the statue to Samuel Johnson, in St. Paul's, is almost undraped, the single loose covering being thrown so as to be only useful for the sculptor's supposed artistic purposes—a ludicrous spectacle in a simply rational point of view; the stout old gentleman, as he leans his head on his hand in his nakedness, seeming to be saying to himself: 'What a sad case things have come to with me at last, standing before the public in a state of nature.'"

It is a matter of tradition that the statue of Washington, by Greenough, in the grounds of the Capitol at Washington, is saying, as plain as gesture and countenance *can* say: "My sword is by my side, and my clothes are in the Patent Office"—toward which he points with majestic modesty.

MASSON revives the following incident narrated by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria." In 1796 Wordsworth and Coleridge became personally known to each other. Like Coleridge, Wordsworth, who had traveled, and resided in France during the fervors of the French Revolution, partook of the social enthusiasm of the time. The two having gone to live together for a summer in a pleasant retreat on the coast of Somersetshire, their demeanor attracted so much local attention, that Government was induced to send a spy to watch them. The poor man, however, after dogging them for some weeks in their walks, acquitted them of any disloyal intention, and even became ashamed of his office, feeling sure, as he said, from their continual talking of one *Spy*-Nosey, as they sat together for hours on a sand-bank, behind which he lay concealed, that they had detected him, and were making game of him.

MAHOMET overheard one of his followers say, "I will loose my camel and commit him to God." "My friend," said Mahomet, "*tie* thy camel and commit him to God."

A SPINSTER in a neighboring town says that this year marriage is an epidemic which spares neither age nor sex.

HERE are the eight lines which have made Bourdillon, the Oxford undergraduate, famous:

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When day is done.

APROPOS of Bacon (and Shakespeare), here are some selections from his "Apophthegms New and Old":

Sir Thomas Moore had only daughters at the first; and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last he had a boy, which after, at man's years, proved simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife: "Thou prayedst so long for a boy, that he will be a boy as long as he lives."

Sir Thomas Moore, the day he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long, which was thought would make him more commiserable with the people. The barber came to him and asked him, "Whether he would be pleased to be trimmed?" "In good faith, honest fellow," said Sir Thomas, "the King and I have a suit for my head, and till the title be cleared I will do no cost upon it."

Many men, especially such as affect gravity, have a manner, after other men's speech, to shake their heads. Sir Lionel Cranfield would say, "That it was as men shake a bottle, to see if there were any wit in their head or no."

Diogenes, having seen that the kingdom of Macedon, which before was contemptible and low, began to come aloft, when he died, was asked: "How he would be buried?" He answered, "With my face downward; for within a while the world will be turned upside down, and then I shall lie right."

Cato the elder was wont to say, "That the Romans were like sheep; A man were better drive a flock of them, than one of them."

There was a minister deprived for inconformity, who said to some of his friends; "That if they deprived him, it should cost an hundred men's lives." The party understood it as if, being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition, and complained of him. Whereupon being convented and apposed upon that speech, he said; "His meaning was, that if he lost his benefice, he would practise physic; and then he thought he should kill an hundred men in time."

Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in the Pope's chapel the portraiture of hell and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a Cardinal that was his enemy, as every body at first sight knew it: Whereupon the Cardinal complained to Pope Clement, desiring it might be defaced; Who said to him, "Why, you know very well, I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell."

Cicero was at dinner, where there was an ancient lady that spake of her years, and said, "She was but forty years old." One that sat by Cicero rounded him in the ear and said; "She talks of forty years old, and she is far more, out of question." Cicero answered him again; "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so any time these ten years."

There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar of hurts he had received in his face. Julius Cæsar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him; "You were best take heed, next time you run away, how you look back."

There was a Bishop that was somewhat a delicate person, and bathed twice a day. A friend of his said to him; "My lord, why do you bathe twice a day?" The Bishop answered; "Because I cannot conveniently bathe thrice."

Thales, as he looked upon the stars, fell into the water; Whereupon it was after said, "That if he had looked into the water, he might have seen the stars; but looking up to the stars, he could not see the water."

Mr. Popham, when he was the Speaker, and the Lower House had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him; "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Lower House?" He answered; "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

Mr. Savill was asked by my Lord of Essex his opinion touching poets; who answered my lord; "He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose."

Mr. Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book of him; who told him; "I am loth to lend my books out of my chamber; but if it please thy tutor to come and read upon it in my chamber, he shall as long as he will." It was winter; and some days after, the same fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; but Mr. Mason said to his pupil; "I am loth to lend my bellows out of my chamber; but if thy tutor would come and blow the fire in my chamber, he shall as long as he will."

Galba succeeded Nero, and his age being much despised, there was much license and confusion in Rome. Whereupon a senator said in full senate, "It were better live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful."

In Flanders by accident a Flemish tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tiler. And when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis*. Whereupon the judge said to him; "That if he did urge that kind of sentence, it must be, that he should go up to the top of the house, and thence fall down upon the tiler."

They feigned a tale of Sixtus Quintus, that after his death he went to hell; and the porter of hell said to him; "You have some reason to offer yourself to this place; but yet I have order not to receive you: you have a place of your own, purgatory; you may go thither." So he went away, and sought purgatory a great while, and could find no such place. Upon that he took heart, and went to heaven, and knocked; and St. Peter asked; "Who was there?" He said, "Sixtus Pope." Whereunto St. Peter said, "Why do you knock? you have the keys." Sixtus answered, "It is true; but it is so long since they were given, as I doubt the wards of the lock be altered."

In Chancery, one time, when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; And the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" And the counsel of the other part said, "We lie on this side:" the Lord Chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe."

Solon, when he wept for his son's death, and one said to him; "Weeping will not help;" answered; "Alas, therefore I weep, because weeping will not help."

Plato entertained some of his friends at a dinner, and had in the chamber a bed or couch, neatly and costly furnished. Diogenes came in, and got upon the bed, and trampled upon it, and said; "I trample upon the pride of Plato." Plato mildly answered; "But with greater pride."

One of the Fathers saith; "That there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men; that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."

Augustus Cæsar would say; "That he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more to conquer; as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer."

Callisthenes the philosopher, that followed Alexander's court, and hated the King, was asked by one; "How one should become the famousest man in the world?" and answered; "By taking away him that is."

Agesilaus, when one told him there was one did excellently counterfeit a nightingale, and would have had him hear him, said; "Why I have heard the nightingale herself."

One came to a Cardinal in Rome, and told him; "That he had brought his lordship a dainty white palfrey, but he fell lame by the way." Saith the Cardinal to him; "I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a Cardinal, and such a Cardinal," naming him some half a dozen Cardinals, "and tell them as much; and so whereas by thy horse, if he had been sound, thou couldest have pleased but one, with thy lame horse thou mayest please half a dozen."

There was one that died greatly in debt. When it was reported in some company, where divers of his creditors were, that he was dead, one began to say; "In good faith, then he hath carried five hundred ducats of mine with him into the other world." And another of them said; "And two hundred of mine." And some others spake of several sums of theirs. Whereupon one that was amongst them said; "Well, I see now that though a man cannot carry any of his own with him into the other world, yet he may carry other men's."

Cato Major would say; "That wise men learned more by fools, than fools by wise men."

The King of the Cannibal Islands. (Tune, "Malbrouk.")

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

THE King of the Cannibal Islands
Decided to conquer some dry lands,
So he marched over valleys and highlands
With twenty-four cannibal braves;
With two dozen man-eating knaves,
All hungry as so many graves,
He skirmished through earthlands and skylands,
Defiant of weather and waves.

He came to Atlantis the Holy,
Whose people were lamb-like and lowly,
Though growing a touch roly-poly
And languid in fasting and prayers;
They fasted while sleeping, like bears,
And prayed in their Vanity Fairs,
And walked in the narrow way slowly,
Much cumbered with Belzebub's wares.

Then followed a wonderful battle;
Good lack! how the weapons did rattle!
The women, the children, the cattle
Took part in the desperate strife;
They carried the war to the knife;
With slaughter Atlantis was rife;
About it the Muses will prattle
While Providence granteth them life.

The Cannibals turned out the winners,
They made twenty-five hearty dinners,
They gobbled the saints and the sinners
And put all Atlantis to sack;
They swallowed white, yellow and black,
The hungriest, greediest pack
Of robbers and pickers and skinners
That ever sent region to wrack.

Henceforth they were chiefs of the nation,
And lived by relief legislation;
They served up a bill for collation
And fattened a law like a beast;
Their appetites daily increased;
A lunch was a patent, at least;
While railroads and steam navigation
Scarce furnished the joints for a feast.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown"—and yet King Kalakaua has been having, for the last three months at least, about as easy a time as the most self-indulgent of uncrowned mortals could desire. To the carnal mind, there would seem to be nothing wanting for the personal delectation of our royal guest, except a little balmier air, and a somewhat milder sky. Perhaps it is because he does not wear a crown, after all, but only a feather cloak, that he can take life so lightly, and go forth to see the world clad with such ingenuous and pleasing good nature. Among all the Hawaiian regalia there is no crown. The fact is that gold is scarce among the simple islanders. It is not very long since cowries were a legal tender on those coral shores; and as for golden crowns and scepters, the islanders learned kingcraft from those grave Puritan missionaries to whom crowns and scepters were next door to idols. Gold is scarce, but if they had not gold, they had golden feathers; at least the little birds in the Hawaiian forests had them,—little blackbirds, each with two small golden feathers under each of his two wings. It took so many birds to make a cloak, at the rate of four small feathers to a bird, that the manufacture has now quite ceased; indeed the birds themselves have almost ceased to be.

There is a great deal of human nature in folks, under whatever skies they may have happened to be born. These simple children of the sun, this king and his governors, for whom our national and municipal hospitality has been so lately taxed, have seemed to show a great avidity for the innocent diversions of the Black Crook and the Hippodrome, provoking some derisive criticism on their queer taste. But then the Honoluluans declare that when an English traveler, or an American tourist, on his way to see the world, comes to Hawaii, he asks to see the hula hula, sometimes even before he goes to see the great volcano. Now the hula hula is the Hawaiian Black Crook, not so elaborate as ours probably, somewhat more unadorned perhaps, less deliberately bad, no doubt, but in its genius, not dissimilar. An English prince at Honolulu, not many years ago, is remembered as having given the prestige of his high patronage to the hula hula. The hula hula first, and the volcano afterward, if there is time. The ballet and the hippodrome, by all means, and Niagara afterward, if we have time. Let us not be too hard upon his Pacific Majesty!

WHEN we of the generation that is watching the sunset of life's sweet day—"when we were young, ah! woeful 'when!'" there used to be in our grammar-books only one or two illustrations of the dangers of careless punctuation, though it must be owned these illustrations were well chosen to make an impression on the childish mind. The reader may remember them; one was of a clergyman who was requested to read from the pulpit the following notice: "A man having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation;" where the transposition of a comma might easily have made things uncomfortable for the man, if his wife had happened to be of a sensitive turn. The other was of a barber who enticed customers by a deluding sign; but this is so universally familiar, we can't make up our mind to repeat it. Lately, however, the attention of the juvenile minds of this particular generation and locality has been called to a more pretending illustration of the dangers of neglecting the study of punctuation—an illustration so ancient, that a Darwinian, applying his test to manners, might doubt whether the *genus* school-boy have developed to any appreciable degree in the last three hundred years. The fearful warning in question is found in the play of "Ralph Roister Doister," written by Nicholas Udall, probably before 1553, and when he was Master of Eton. The play, which is the first known comedy in the English language, was probably written for the Eton boys to act, since, says the writer of a notice of Udall (Mr. W. D. Cooper), "it was the custom of Eton, about the Feast of St. Andrew, for the Master to choose some Latin stage-play for the boys to act in the following Christmas holidays, and that he might sometimes order smart and witty English plays. Warton says that about the year 1540 Udall wrote many comedies, and a tragedy, *De Papatu* (on the Papacy), written probably to be acted by his scholars." The hero of "Roister Doister" is an absurd, bragging coxcomb, whose humor it is to think he must fall in love with every woman he sees, and that the women are all as much in love with him. He falls in love, or thinks he does, with a rich young widow, and gets a letter written by a scrivener, which he sends to her by a mischievous hanger-on of his, who, out of mere monkeyish perverseness, reads it aloud to her, leaving out stops, or putting them in, in a way to make the letter a tissue of abuse and mocking insult. Of course the lady, who was disgusted enough

with Ralph already, was out of all patience with him on hearing this outrageous missive, and Ralph himself in despair when he heard what a letter he had paid for. The scrivener is called up and hauled over the coals, but he easily justifies himself by reading his letter as he wrote it. The authorship of "Roister Doister" was not fairly established—the only copy of the earliest-known edition, probably printed in 1566, which is preserved at Eton, wanting the title-page—until lately, when attention was called to Thomas Wilson's "Rule of Reason," in the third edition of which, published in 1663, the author, treating of "*The Ambiguitie*," adds to his previous examples Roister Doister's letter, with the following heading:

"An example of soche doubtful writing, whiche, by reason of poincting, maie haue double sense and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicolas Vdal." We give below the two letters, for which we are indebted to Arber's pretty reprint of the play, one of the series of "English Reprints," for which students of English literature are so much indebted to this genial scholar. We may add that the comedy itself has recently been acted with great success by a company of young people in this city. It is probable that this is the first revival of the amusing little play since it was written in the sixteenth century. It was acted without any material clipping or any important change in the text.

FIRST VERSION.

Sweete mistresse where as I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and richesse chiefe of all,
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit,
I commende me unto you never a whit.
Sorie to heare report of your good welfare.
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
That ye be worthie favour of no living man,
To be abhorred of every honest man.
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice.
Nothing at all to Vertue gyving hir due price.
Wherfore concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
And nowe by these presentes I do you advertise
That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.
For your goodes and substance, I coulde bee content
To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee my wyfe,
Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe,
I will keepe ye ryght well, from good rayment and fare,
Ye shall not be kepte but in sorowe and care.
Ye shall in no wyse lyve at your owne libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me,
But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,
When ye are sory, I will be very gladde.
When ye seeke your heartes ease, I will be unkinde,
At no tyme, in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde,
But all things contrary to your will and minde,
Shall be done: otherwise I wyll not be behinde
To speake. And as for all them that woulde do you wrong
I will so helpe and mainteyne, ye shall not lyve long.
Nor any foolishe dolte, shall cumbre you but I.
Thus good mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and kepe,
From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe.
Who favoureth you no lesse, (ye may be bolde)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfolde.

SECOND VERSION.

Sweete mistresse, where as I love you, nothing at all
Regarding your richesse and substance: chiefe of all
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and witte
I commende me unto you: Never a whitte
Sory to heare reporte of your good welfare.
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
That ye be worthie favour: Of no living man
To be abhorred: of every honest man
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice
Nothing at all: to vertue giving hir due price.
Wherfore concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
And nowe by these presentes I doe you advertise,
That I am minded to marrie you: In no wyse
For your goodes and substance: I can be content
To take you as you are: yf ye will be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,
I wyll keepe you right well: from good raiment and fare,
Ye shall not be kept: but in sorowe and care
Ye shall in nowise live: at your own libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust: ye shall never please me
But when ye are merrie: I wyll bee all sadde
When ye are sorie: I wyll be very gladde
When ye seeke your heartes ease: I will be unkinde
At no time: in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
But all things contrary to your will and minde
Shall be done otherwise: I will not be behinde
To speake: And as for all they that woulde do you wrong
I (will so helpe and maintayne ye) shall not live long.
Nor any foolishe dolte shall cumber you, but I,
I, who ere say nay, will sticke by you tyll I die.
Thus good mistresse Custance, the lord you save and kepe.
From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe,
Who favoureth you no lesse (ye may be bolde)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfolde.

"THIS," said the Inventor, in Tom Hood's "From Nowhere to the North Pole"—"this," said he, "is the 'Latest Invention for Writing Poetry by Machinery;' a most interesting process, I assure you."

"I should think so," said Frank. "I thought it always required such clever people to write poetry."

"It used to do so," said the Inventor, who added, after a pause: "I once wrote poetry myself."

"Indeed!" observed Frank, admiringly.

"Yes, a good deal; but I soon learnt to simplify the process. People would not publish my poems unless I paid them for doing so. I had no money, which, consequently, left a good deal of time on my hands. I employed it in the construction of this machine. When it is completed, and makes a success, I shall get the money to publish my poems."

He led Frank to a large shallow drawer, divided into small compartments.

"In each of these little boxes you will find a number of words rhyming together. You choose what you please, and place them along the edge of the table of this machine," and he pointed to a machine something like a printing-press.

"Above, you will see several large reservoirs. Each is filled with words, printed on small pieces of wood, just like these rhymes. Each contains words suited for the different styles of measures you have to choose from. When you have fixed on the style, you connect the feeder of its reservoir with the machine by pulling out this damper"

Frank tries his hand at an ode on Invention, and picks out his rhymes—"immense," "intense," and "reveal," and "appeal."

"Now, my young friend," continues the Inventor, "all you have to do is to depress that lever, and the engine will work. Raise it, and it is thrown out of gear."

Frank did as he was desired. There was a clank and grinding sound, and then the wheel began to revolve, and the table disappeared slowly, to return in a short time, covered with lines of carefully arranged words. This was what Frank read:

AN ODE TO INVENTION.

Amidst believes announce alas immense,
Destroy behoof confound conceits intense,
Again red-hot diverse post-haste reveal,
Unclasp revenge ——

"But I say," said Frank, letting go of the lever, "I can't understand what it's about."

"Oh, help! murder!" shouted the Inventor, springing to the machine. "You've stopped in the middle of a line, and the spare words will get into the works. There, I said so! Look, 'appeal' has got into the cogs, and there's 'assist' in the fly-wheel! Oh, what's to be done?"

"But," repeated Frank, "I can't understand it."

"Poetry isn't meant to be understood!" said the

Inventor in a tone of irritation. "There are the words, and the reader must find out their meaning. * * *"

Presently the machinery was made ready, and the lever depressed, and the table vanished and returned bearing these lines:

A SONG.

Merrily roundelay happiness blue
Sicily popular meet tumtiddy,
Popinjay calendar fiddle-strings grew,
Capering mulberry feet tumtiddy.

"I think that will do," said Frank, releasing the lever at the end of the line.

"Now," said the Inventor, "observe the ingenious system of double-feeding. You see the 'tum tiddy'—which is mere nonsense, and therefore easily distinguishable from the rest of the words—that is supplied by the second feeder, which is turned on by a small pin in the wheel, which, at the same time, applies a break to the other feeder. When all is done, you have only to remove the 'tumtiddies'—thus; and there is the poem."

Fritz und I.

MYNHERE, blease helb a boor oldt man
Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,
Mit Fritz, mine tog und only freund,
To geep me gompany.

I haf no gelt to puy mine pread,
No blace to lay me down,
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz und I,
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,
Und some dey kicks us oudt
And say: "You ton't got peesnis here
To sdroll der schtreets aboudt!"

Vot's dat you say, you puy mine tog
To gife me pread to eadt!
I vas so boor as nefer vas,
But I vas no "tead peat!"

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leetle tog,
Dot vollows me aboudt,
Und vags his dail like anydings
Vene'er I dakes him oudt?

Schust look at him, und see him schump!
He likes me pooty vell,
Und dere vas somedings 'bout dat tog,
Mynheer, I vouldn't sell.

"Der collar?" Nein, 'tvas someding else
Vrom vich I gould not bart;
Und if dot ding vas dook avay,
I dink it prakes mine heart.

"Vot vas it den aboudt dat tog,"
You ashk, 'dat's not vor sale?'
I dells you vat it ish, mine freund,
'Tish der vag off dat tog's dail!"

Epigram on Napoleon's Chair in the N. Y. Historical Society's Rooms.

THIS is the chair in which sat one
From other men alone, apart;
And though the nap is nearly gone
There still is left the bony part.

"IN his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." II. Chronicles, xvi., 12, 13.

THE following song, by Swinburne, was sung by Miss Furtado in the character of Anne Page in the recent London revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor":

Love laid his sleepless head
On a thorny rose bed;
And his eyes with tears were red,
And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear, and sorrow, and scorn,
Kept watch by his head forlorn,
Till the night was overworn,
And the world was merry with morn.

And Joy came up with the day,
And kissed Love's lips as he lay,
And the watchers, ghostly and gray,
Fled from his pillow away.

And his eyes at the dawn grew bright,
And his lips waxed ruddy as light—
Sorrow may reign for a night,
But day shall bring back delight.

LET us renew our youth in Dorry's journal, from Susan Coolidge's "What Katy Did":

March 12. Have resolved to keep a journal.

March 13. Had rost befe for diner, and cabages, and potato, and appel sawse, and rice puding. I do not like rice puding when it is like ours. Charley slack's kind is rele good. Mush and sirup for tea.

March 19. Forgit what did. John and me saved our pie to take to schule.

March 21. Forgit what did. Gridel cakes for breakfast. Debby didn't fry enuff.

March 24. This is Sunday. Corn befe for dinner. Studdied my Bibel lesson. Aunt Issy said I was gredy. Have resollved not to think so much about things to ete. Wish I was a better boy. Nothing pertikeler for tea.

March 25. Forgit what did.

March 27. Forgit what did.

March 29. Played.

March 31. Forgit what did.

April 1. Have dissided not to keep a journal more.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

SELDOM has the world witnessed such an unveiling of kingly glory as in "The Greville Memoirs," a condensation of which has been given in the Bric-à-Brac series. Of George IV., Greville writes: "His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his anteroom while he is lounging with Mount Charles, or anybody, talking of horses or any trivial matter; and when he is told, 'Sir, there is Watson waiting,' etc., he replies: 'Damn Watson, let him wait.' He does it on purpose, and likes it. This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had, that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has

a sort of capricious good nature, arising, however, out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment, and at small cost, a long score of misconduct."

Farther on we get this enchanting glimpse of life in a palace:

"The King complains that he is tired to death of all the people about him. He is less violent about the Catholic question; tired of that, too, and does not wish to hear any more about it. He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window curtains at six or seven o'clock in the morning: he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too, he reads every newspaper quite through, dozes three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won't stretch out his hand to get it. His valets are nearly destroyed, and at last Lady Conyngham prevailed on him to agree to an arrangement by which they wait on him on alternate days. The service is still most severe, as on the days they are in waiting, their labors are incessant, and they cannot take off their clothes at night, and hardly lie down. He is in good health, but irritable."

The Chancellor said to Greville, concerning the King: "The fact is, he is mad." "The fact is," Greville adds, "that he is a spoiled, selfish, odious beast, and has no idea of doing any thing but what is agreeable to himself, or of there being any duties attached to the office he holds."

Of William IV., the Memoirs say, upon his accession: "He seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad, may make a very decent king, but he exhibits oddities." Later:

"Though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he cannot stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels."

"At the late King's funeral he behaved with great indecency. * * * When they had all got together in St. George's Hall, a gayer company I never beheld; with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The King was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, it not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the Dean's stall, shook him heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. He had previously gone as chief mourner to sit for an hour at the head of the body as it lay in state, and he walked in procession with his household to the apartment. I saw him pass from behind the screen. * * * When he went to sit in state, Jersey preceded him, and he said, when all was ready: 'Go on to the body, Jersey you will get your dress coat as soon as you can.'"

"Yesterday was a very busy day with his Majesty, who is going much too fast, and begins to alarm his ministers, and astonish the world. In the morning he inspected the Coldstream Guards, dressed (for the first time in his life) in a military uniform, and with a great pair of gold spurs half-way up his legs like a game cock, although he was not to ride, for, having chalk-stones in his hands, he can't hold the reins."

"The King has been to Woolwich, inspecting the artillery, to whom he gave a dinner, with toasts and hip, hip, hurrahing, and three times three, himself giving the time. I tremble for him; at present he is only a mountebank, but he bids fair to be a maniac."

There are, to be sure, brighter colors in the portraits of these British monarchs; but there are also blacker ones, with which we need not soil these pages.

The levity and disrespect with which Greville alludes to Irving, Mr. Somerville, and, in fact, most men and women, would lead us to suppose that when he came to Pius VIII., he would not spare his Holiness:

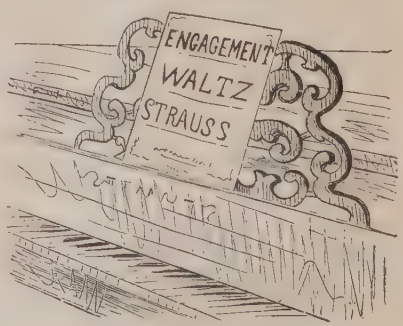
"He received us most graciously, half rising and extending his hand, which we all kissed. His dress was white silk, and very dirty, a white silk skull cap, red silk shoes with an embroidered cross, which the faithful kiss. He is a very nice, squinting old twaddle, and we liked him. He asked us if we spoke Italian, and when we modestly answered, "a little," he began in the most desperately unintelligible French I ever heard; so that, though no doubt he said many excellent things, it was nearly impossible to comprehend any of them. * * * When I said, '*Très-Saint Père, le Roi mon maître n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets catholiques*,' his eyes whirled round in their sockets like teetotums, and he grinned from ear to ear."

MODERN EPITHETS.

"A PERFECT TREASURE."

"A PERFECT LOVE."

"PERFECTLY GRAND."



"PERFECTLY SWEET."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX. APRIL, 1875. No. 6.

"DUMB WITH AMAZE SAT THE PROUD LADY
IN THE ILL-STARRED TOWN, STAVOREN."

MANY and many a year ago,
Five or six hundred—who may know?
Where the Zuyder Zee of the Netherlands
Tosses its billows and frets its sands,
Tosses and threatens, and vainly strikes
Against the massive, defiant dikes—
A wonderful city used to stand,
First in commerce of all the land;—
Stately, opulent, fair and brave,
With the gathered riches of earth and wave,
And this was the home of the Proud Lady,
This fortunate town, Stavoren.

Broad and calm was the harbor's breast,
Where the galleots swung as they lay at rest,
Or, heavily freighted, drifted slow
Out to sea on the tidal flow;—
Clumsy vessels they were, indeed,
Fashioned neither for grace nor speed—
Awkward, cumbrous, and broad of beam
To modern eyes they would doubtless seem—
Built with never a thought or dream
Of the later wonders of iron and steam,
But ably handled by men whose skill
Found never a wind adverse or ill,
But guided the rudder and trimmed the sail
To win advantage from every gale;
And they roamed the far seas up and down,
Bringing gain to the flourishing town—
Precious metals and fabrics fine,
Hard-won spoils from the wave and mine,
Fish from the north and fruit from the east;
And treasures gathered and wealth increased
In the affluent home of the Proud Lady,
The prosperous town, Stavoren.

Wide on the fertile flats were seen
Plentiful pastures, lush and green,
Whereon contentedly used to browse
Soft-eyed oxen and silky cows;—
Windmills whistled and whirled all day,
Cheerily labored and called it play;—
Flushes and driftings here and there,
Of blossoming apple, peach, and pear,
And snowy cherry and quince were seen
Clouding the margins of misty green,
Where willows bordered the clear canals,
Arched by bridges at intervals;
And bees were busy with buzz and boom
On broad white patches of buckwheat bloom,
About the home of the Proud Lady,
The pleasant town, Stavoren.

And, oh! the gardens were fair to see,
Bright elysiums of bird and bee,
Crowded with rare and beautiful flowers
Unknown to borders and beds of ours;—
Bulbs, which bourgeoned to bounteous bloom,
Burst into blossom and breathed perfume;
Hyacinths, crimson and creamy white,
Wooed the wind with a soft delight—
Deepest purple and tenderest blue,
Wonders of fragrance, and form, and hue;
Blush-red, rosy, and pearl, and pink,
Giving their sweets to the breeze to drink;—
And tulip-torches everywhere
Kindled and blazed in the sunny air,
Waving their scarlet and yellow flames;
And hosts of flowers with stranger names
Graced the home of the Proud Lady,
The brilliant town, Stavoren.

Alley and by-way, square and street
Were clean and wholesome, and fresh and sweet;
The tidy matrons with careful hand
Scoured their dwellings with soap and sand,
Till the floors were white, and the portals shone
With a glory of cleanliness all their own.
In the moist, green fields outside the town
The damsels gathered as day went down;
And lightly spread on the clover blooms,
Brown webs of linen from native looms
That the light of day and the dew of night
Might bleach the fabric to snowy white,—
For the pride of Holland, its highest praise,
Was the spotless linen of those old days,
When lived and flourished the Proud Lady
In the happy town, Stavoren.

Here, in those ages far away,
The Lady Richberta dwelt, they say;
Whether the Lady was fair or no,
The ancient legend forgets to show—
But drawing her picture, if we may,
From the Holland beauties who smile to-day,
Her mild blonde face, it is safe to think,
Was an innocent breadth of white and pink;
Her arms were creamy, her shoulders square;
Under the shine of her yellow hair
Her forehead was smooth and clear as wax;
Her eyes were blue as the blossomed flax;
But what is beauty compared with gold?
The Lady Richberta had wealth untold,
And she was known as the Proud Lady
Of the lordly town, Stavoren.

Proud of her wealth was she, and vain;
Her ships went sailing on every main,
Bringing her costliest merchandise,
And all things lovely in woman's eyes;
Gorgeous garments and textures rare,
And jewels precious beyond compare;
Proud was she of her regal state,
Her treasures of porcelain, glass, and plate—
Proud of her palace, and prouder than all
Of the royal feasts in her banquet-hall,—
Where music and fragrance filled the air,
And mirth made beauty and youth more fair;
Rare exotics their odors flung;
Minstrels fingered their harps and sung;
And bards related, in rhythmic lays,
The wild traditions of other days—
And all things pleasant to sight and taste
Were freely lavished in generous waste,
To spread the fame of the Proud Lady
Who dwelt in fair Stavoren.

One day, when the banquet lasted late,
A stranger stopped at her open gate;
He sent her greeting and craved her grace,—
He had traveled, he said, in every place,
Had seen all lands in his wanderings,
The splendor of courts and the pomp of kings;—
He had heard afar of the wealth and fame
And gorgeous state of the Holland dame,
And would she graciously permit
The nameless stranger to witness it?
And the message flattered the Proud Lady,
Proudest in all Stavoren.

Straight the stranger, at her command,
Was brought and placed at her white right hand,
To see her grandeur and share her feast;
His robe and girdle bespoke the East;
His locks were white and his face was old—
And many a marvelous tale he told
Of the far-off lands which his feet had found
In his devious journeys the world around;—
The Lady listened and smiled to hear,
Though piqued to note that her eager ear
From the eloquent lips of the stranger heard
Never a single flattering word—
Never a breath of coveted praise
For all the splendor that met his gaze
In the gorgeous home of the Proud Lady
Who dwelt in rich Stavoren.

There were costly dishes and dainty meats,
Rare confections and luscious sweets,—
Amber clusters from tropical vines,
Sirupy cordials, and odorous wines
Of foreign vintages rare and old;
Honeycomb dripping with liquid gold,
Cream from the well-kept Holland kine,
Olives from slopes of Apennine,
Spicy comfits and jellies clear,
Fruits and flowers from far and near—
Viands fit for the food of kings,
And all delicious and difficult things
Brought by sea from the south and east,
To charm her guests and adorn the feast,
And nurse the pride of the Proud Lady
Whose splendor graced Stavoren.

Queen of the feast, in conscious power
The Lady Richberta ruled the hour;—
Lavishing smiles with generous will,
And flushed with the pleasure of pleasing still;
But vexed, at last, that her honored guest
Neither wonder nor praise expressed,
She sweetly asked, with a winning air,
If he were pleased with her house and fare.
The stranger paused, with his lifted glass
Brimming with fragrant hippocras,—
"Only," he said, "in the halls of kings,
Have I seen so costly and beautiful things—
Never a richer feast than this,
Or greater grandeur and plenteousness;
Yet here in your regal banquet-hall
You lack the thing that is best of all."
He drained the cup to the latest sip,
Then wiped the stain from his bearded lip,
And rising, bowed with a smile benign,
As he had ended both words and wine;
But his speech was gall to the Proud Lady
In her palace in fair Stavoren.

Warmly and long was the stranger pressed
To name the thing that he called the best;
The Lady pleaded, the guests implored,
And all besought him with one accord
To read his riddle before he went,
And tell what mystical good he meant;
In vain—and after a little space,
He thanked his hostess with courtly grace
For the kindly cheer that had marked his stay—
And laced his sandals and went his way,
And was seen no more by the Proud Lady,
Or the stately town, Stavoren.

The Lady Richberta was sick at heart;
What were her wonders of skill and art,—
Her satins, damasks, and broideries old,
Her marvels of crystal and beaten gold,
Her princely gems and her rich attire,
Her diamonds holding their hearts of fire,
Her pearls from the ocean's caverns won,
By the gasping diver of far Ceylon—
Or plucked perchance from his lifeless hand,
As all too late he was drawn to land—
Her rare old laces, her muslins thin,
Fine as the webs which spiders spin,—
If still unpurchased and unpossessed
Were the thing more precious than all the rest?
So ran the thought of the Proud Lady
In the heedless town, Stavoren.

Gone was her olden peace of mind;—
Day and night did she strive to find
The wondrous object of priceless worth,
Better than all things else on earth:
She lavished labor and gold and time,
She sent her vessels to every clime,
And conjured her merchants everywhere
By stern command and persistent prayer,
By hope of fortune, and dread of blame,
To find the blessing she could not name;
They searched far countries and plowed the foam
Of distant oceans—while sad at home,
Absently tangling her yellow hair,
And gnawing her heart in her vexed despair,
Thoughtful and sad, mused the proud Lady
In the luckless town, Stavoren.

Up and down in their puzzling quest
Sailed her galleots east and west,
Till once it happened, by fortune's freak,
The Admiral's vessel sprung aleak,
And all the store of their wheaten flour
Was soaked by the water and spoiled and sour;
All things else had escaped the brine,—
Meat and oil, and cheese and wine;
Fruits and sweetmeats the table spread,
But how they suffered and longed for bread!
The plainest, commonest food on earth
Gained, by its absence, a priceless worth,
And they envied the poorest child on land
The hard brown crust in his dingy hand.
The Admiral pondered—and slowly wrought
Out of his musings a brilliant thought;
His doubts departed, his visage cleared,
And straight to a Baltic port he steered,
Purchased a cargo of finest wheat,
And sailed away with his clumsy fleet
To fair Stavoren's strong sea-wall;
Then sought the Lady's audience-hall,
Thinking to set her mind at rest,
And happily end her weary quest.
He told of the hungry sailors' pain,
The ruined flour and the purchased grain.
"Not a man of us all," said he,
"But would have emptied into the sea
All the dainties we had in store
For a thing we never had prized before.
Who dines on sweets may be richly fed,
But nothing can take the place of bread.
The food most precious is that, no doubt,
We find it hardest to do without,—
And chance sometimes to our notice brings
The unguessed value of common things.
Gracious Lady," the Admiral said,
"The one best thing in the world is *bread*."
Dumb with amaze sat the Proud Lady
In the ill-starred town, Stavoren.

Anger darkened her fair blue eyes,
Scornful anger and vexed surprise;
"Go at once where your vessels lie,
Take the wheat you have dared to buy—
Stupid folly!" the Lady cried,
Purpling and paling with rage and pride;
"Into the ocean let all be poured—
Throw the whole of it overboard!"
All in vain did the Admiral dare
Grave remonstrance and humble prayer—
Nothing melted the wrathful dame;
Though the poor and the hungry came
Begging hard for the precious grain,
Their sore entreaty was all in vain;
She wavered neither for curse nor plea,
And all the wheat went into the sea
At the haughty will of the Proud Lady,
Before the town, Stavoren.

Then a wonderful thing was seen;
Deep in the water, clear and green,
Sprouted the wronged and wasted grain,
Yearning up to the light again;
Forests of stalks shot up and grew,
Netted and twisted through and through;
In their tangle they caught and kept
Isles of sea-weed that landward swept,
And floating drift-wood lodged and stayed
Fast in the growing barricade;—
The spaces were filled with clinging sand,
And, stronger than work of human hand,
At the harbor's entrance, stretching far,
There grew a solid, impervious bar,
Choking and crowding its spacious mouth;
And when the ships from the north and south,
Bringing gain to the helpless town,
Tried to enter, they all went down;
And poor Richberta, day by day,
Saw her splendor and wealth decay—
Sad indeed was the Proud Lady
In the mournful town, Stavoren.

Fleets of galleots brought no more
Goods and gold to her failing store;
All her ships were the tempest's sport—
Never a vessel could enter port;
Till the storm-lashed waves, on a dreadful day,
Hindered and held from their rightful way
By the stubborn bar that dammed their path,
Burst through the dikes in merciless wrath;
Over their bounds the billows tossed,
And all the city was drowned and lost;
The conquering waters raged and surged,
And deep in their cruel tide submerged
The rich and the poor, and the Proud Lady,
And the fated town, Stavoren.

This was many a year ago,
But still, as the ships sail to and fro,
When the sky is bright and the water clear,
The shuddering sailors, with dread and fear,
Through the crystal waters gazing down,
Behold the towers of the ancient town,—
Cottages, spires, and palace walls,
Streets and turrets and princely halls,—
Fields and gardens in fadeless bloom,
All unchanged since their day of doom,—
Sleeping in silent mystery
Under the tide of the Zuyder Zee,—
The grave alike of the Proud Lady
And the beautiful town, Stavoren.

Still on the green flats, fair to view,
The fields of flax are abloom with blue—
And still on the soft sward's level reach
The damsels spread their webs to bleach,—
The hyacinths shoot and the tulips blaze,
But not as they did in the rare old days;
And the lovely Richberta looks no more
On the clear canals and the broad smooth shore;
The restless waves of the Zuyder Zee
Toss and murmur perpetually
Over the grave of the Proud Lady
And the long-lost town, Stavoren.

A CHAT ABOUT GERMAN PARLIAMENTS.

THE story of modern parliamentary life in Germany is one full of interest, because it pertains so closely to the new birth of a great and powerful nation. The history of the ancient German Empire is one of military glory and renown; but its sun set in darkness and sorrow, when it was literally crushed under the iron heel of Napoleon, who for a while ruled it by his satraps or dictated to it from his throne. During these years all liberty was so completely suppressed within its bounds, that men forgot the little parliamentary life that it had gradually acquired during its development and in the height of its power.

A generation of men thus grew up in the earlier part of the present century who practically knew nothing of the science and machinery of deliberative assemblies; for even after the nation had thrown off the trammels of a foreign ruler its own potentates proved recreant to their promises, and denied it that share in the general government which had been promised to the people in the hour of trial if they would stand beside their princes and aid them to throw off the foreign yoke. The only hearthstones of liberty were the universities, where teachers and students still strove to realize their ideal of a certain measure of self-government, and the resuscitation of the German Empire of ancient fame.

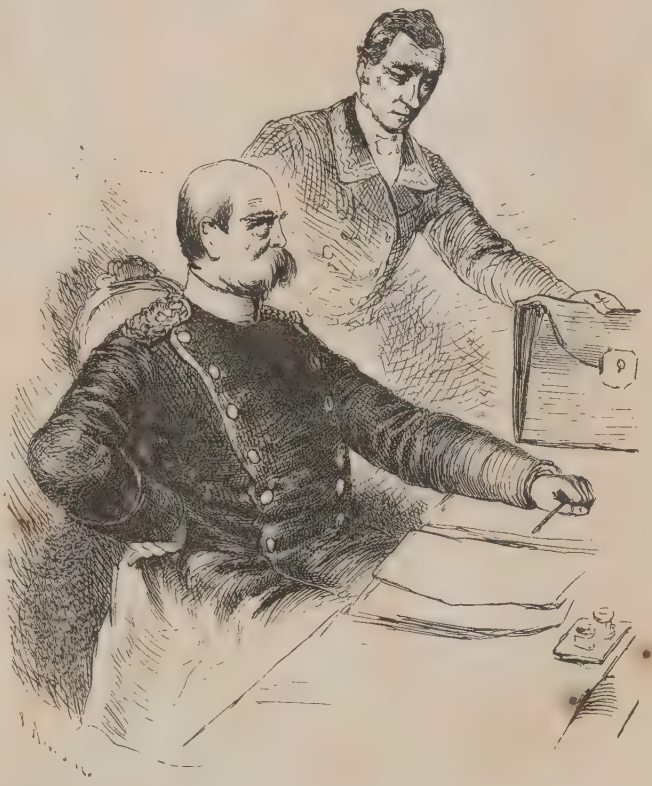
The revolution in France in 1830 agitated the German lands, but did little more, and matters soon settled down into their former gloom and torpor. The great and unexpected French uprising of 1848 was more effective in stirring up the people of Germany, and the universities were the first to feel and transmit the influence. The darling desire of the nation soon made itself known in the universal demand for a German Parliament to include all the Teutonic peoples, with a view to deliberate as to the best means of reviving the united empire. The general election was finally accomplished, notwithstanding the opposition or the indifference of most of the German potentates,

and in the summer of 1848 there assembled in Frankfort-on-the-Main a numerous body of men from the lap of the people, and largely from these same universities which had so faithfully watched the embers of liberty during the days of misrule and oppression.

And here we have the honor to appear personally on the scene. As a student at the University of Berlin during the memorable period of the famous "March Revolution" in that city, and even as a victim of one of the brutal onslaughts of the Prussian soldiery, in their endeavor to cut down the people while peacefully petitioning for their rights, we had the most emphatic reasons for taking a lively interest in their cause, and critically studying the development of their new civil life. As an American citizen, born and brought up amid the whirl of our own national and municipal activity and growth, we were, of course, quite an oracle to those who, after they had become the mouthpiece of the people, were obliged to learn all the ways and whims of legislative action. Curiosity led us to be present at some of their preliminary meetings while arranging for elections to the Parliament, and many and strange were the questions put to us as to the manner of carrying out this or that measure. The shrewdest of them read up on the question from American sources and parliamentary manuals, and were rather proud of acquirements which enabled them to be leaders and advisers; but even these were occasionally lost in the mysteries of American parliamentary rules. "We have a pretty fair comprehension of the way in which you manage these things in America," said one of them, "and we are trying to copy from you; but one institution of yours puzzles us mightily. What in the world is a caucus? What is the use of it, and how do you get it into operation?"

We need scarcely say that these days of blissful ignorance soon passed by, and have left behind them a knowledge of "ways that are dark;" it did not take long for them to learn a good many things which were better never known.

In the meanwhile the famous Frankfort Parliament had assembled, and the German people were on the *qui vive* to know what



BISMARCK AT HIS DESK.

would come of it; the masses hoped, the more intelligent doubted, and the respective rulers sneered and opposed. All eyes were turned toward the French National Assembly, sitting in Paris, and the Provisional Government at the Hotel de Ville. It will be remembered that the American Embassador at the court of France at that period stole a march on all others of the diplomatic corps by being the first to recognize the new republic as a government *de facto;* this cunning move made him very popular, and placed his name in all mouths in Europe, liberal as well as conservative. The fame of it penetrated the recesses of the American Embassy at Berlin, the only one of any rank in Germany at that time, which was presided over by the genial and jovial Andrew Jackson Donelson, adopted son of the old hero whose name he bore. His sympathies were with the new movement, and he instantly conceived the idea that it

would be a "good thing" for him to recognize in the same way the new Parliament at Frankfort. The position of the writer to the Embassy being that of a sort of amateur attaché and reporter on German affairs generally, he was called in for consultation about the grave matter.

We risked some subdued criticisms on the difference in the state of the case, both as to Embassadors and Government, and the suggestion that such good luck did not often come twice; but the Major was possessed with the notion that it was the thing to do, and therefore ought to be done. The next day found the attaché on his way to the seat of the Parliament to spy out the land and learn whether a visit and a recognition would not be acceptable. Heinrich von Gagern, the President of the Parliament, whose sagacity and good sense had already won for him the title of "the German Washington," received us kindly and expressed himself gratified with the proposition, and ready to receive the American Embassador with due honors as soon as he could make it convenient to appear in person. This he did with his accomplished wife and daughter in post haste, and, in the meanwhile, the attaché made all arrangements to procure suitable apartments for the accommodation of the party and the formal reception of the Chief of the great German movement. The Embassador soon arrived, sent his card to Von Gagern, and, in return, was informed that the latter would make a formal call on the Minister of the United States the next afternoon. For this ceremony, very elaborate preparations were made by our party; the ladies selected their toilets, the Embassador prepared his little speech, and the attaché turned it into the best Teutonic that the inspiration of the occasion could command. Beyond these parties, the reception was to be strictly private, as a mark of respect. At the hour appointed all were ready, and took their stations as the usher announced the approach of the honored representative of the German people. Von Gagern entered the saloon with a low bow, which was duly returned by the company, when, after the welcome of the Embassador, the attaché started off full tilt with the little German speech at the President without giving him time to explain. He listened respectfully until it was finished, and then, with a bow and a genial smile, requested the permission to be allowed to reply to the American Minister in English,—which he was able to speak almost as readily as any of us.

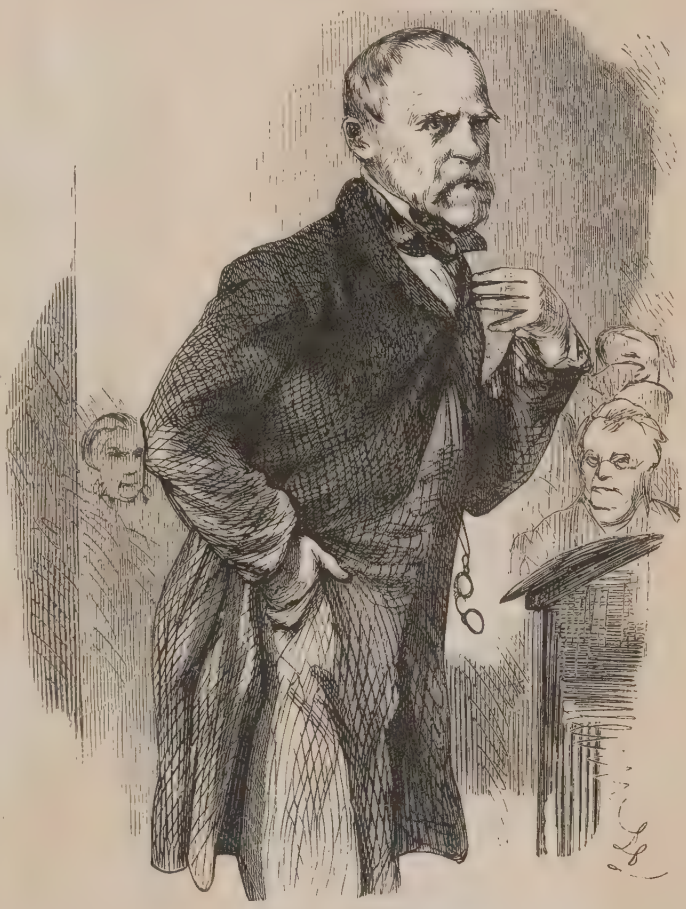
DELBRÜCK AND HIS PORTFOLIO.

It is needless to state that this exposure

of our diplomatic machinery formed the most ludicrous scene imaginable, especially the translation in the presence of Von Gagern of an address which he perfectly understood. But, to his credit be it said, he stood it all without appearing to be amused at it, and soon withdrew, leaving a cordial invitation for a return visit. How much he laughed after his release, deponent knoweth not, but is ready to affirm that for a round half-hour after he left the Provisional American Embassy, it resounded with peal after peal of laughter, at the ridiculous figure of the attaché trying to make him understand in German what he would have understood perfectly in English.

The American recognition of the German Parliament, however, did but little good, except to show our sympathy, and this was warmly reciprocated. The members were more than kind to any native-born republicans from our side of the water, and frequently appealed to them for advice. Extracts from the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution were translated, and even placarded about the streets for the general instruction of the people, and all parties concerned learned a great deal at least about the machinery of parliamentary life; but the Parliament itself was a failure for two very decided reasons: the men who composed it were theorists, rather than men of practical talent for government making—many of them university professors, from which fact it is still known in history as the "Professors' Parliament;" then the crowned heads of Germany were opposed to it to a man; the King of Prussia, to whom the crown of the Empire was offered, rejected it with a sneer, because he saw that it was not possible for him to wear it without the support of the host of little potentates that swarmed in the land, and especially without the consent of Austria. Finally, an Austrian prince, the Arch-Duke John, accepted it; but it proved an empty bauble, without power and influence, and the Duke never really placed it upon his brow.

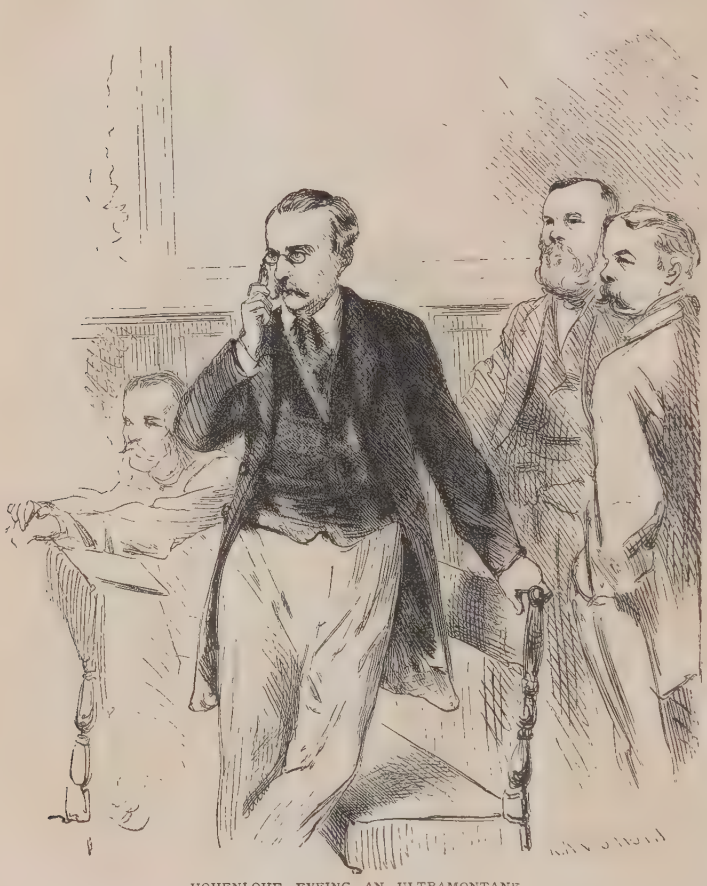
The Parliament of Frankfort was not, however, without its influence, for it permitted the representatives of the entire German nation to become better acquainted with each other, as well as to wipe out many prejudices, and make known each other's peculiar wants and merits. The influence that it left behind it proved quite a factor in the development of the parliamentary life of the nation, even during the quiet years from its demise till the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, and has been largely felt since this latter period in the great work that has been accomplished in this line in the various German States.



THE HUMOROUS CONSERVATIVE.

Until the Parliament of 1848, Prussia had nothing worthy of being called a representative assembly—the country was virtually

an absolute monarchy. But the Prussian members of the Frankfort body came home too well trained in the science of legislation not to wish for themselves and their country a field in which to enlarge on their experience, and the result was before long a Prussian House of Delegates, composed mainly of the men who had been at Frankfort. It had much to contend with, for the King was never in favor of it, and only yielded what was virtually wrested from him. But it grew in power and influence while struggling with the Crown, until the famous victories of 1866 over Austria and South Germany resulted in the North German Confederation and the Parliament of all the States composing it, holding its sessions in Berlin. This new body was scarcely warm in its seat before the Prussians succeeded in inducing all Germany, North as well as South, to unite in a Special Parliament of the whole people, with a view to discussing and settling a uniform code of duties and tariffs for all the States, so that there might be a so-called Customs Union for the whole nation. This was an important step toward the unification of the entire nation, and the Convention was a remarkably successful and fruitful one. Its success frightened Napoleon and led him into the rash effort to break up the combination, hoping to divide and thus to conquer. His total failure in this brought about just the result that he had hoped to frustrate, namely, a consolidation of all the German States into the "New Empire" with its "Imperial Parliament" for the whole realm.



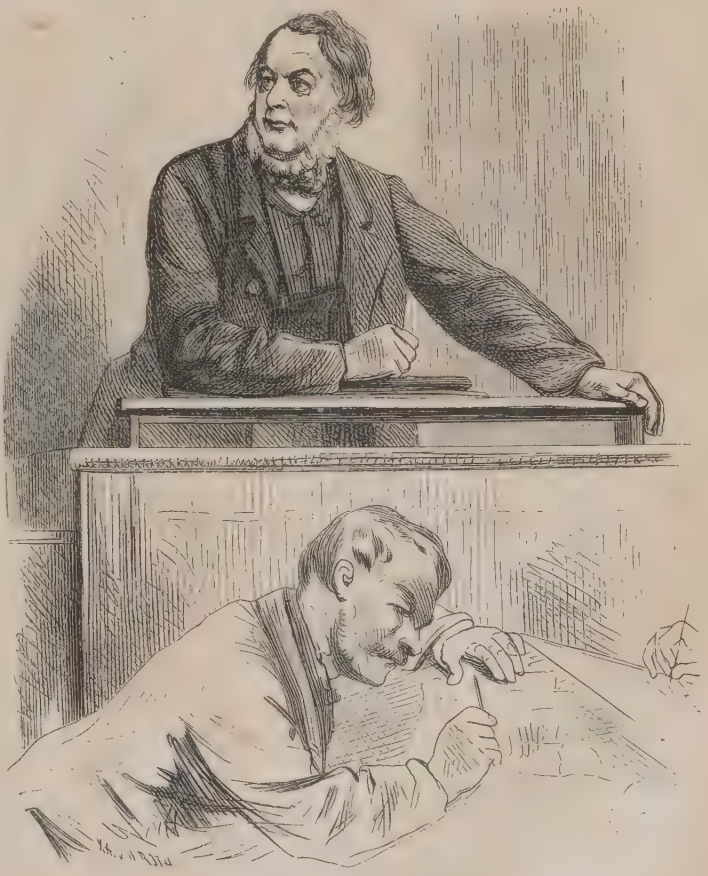
HOHENLOHE EYEING AN ULTRAMONTANE.

The development of parliamentary life in the various bodies to which we have alluded has been rapid and effective, so that the Germans now take to legislative work with comparative alacrity, and carry it forward with a perfection and system which are peculiar to the Germans. They already understand the science of "red tape" in government to an extent which puts all other civilized nations to shame; and he who would gain position must expect to pass through a great many rigorous transformations.

The "Customs Parliament" numbered about four hundred members, two-thirds of whom were from North Germany. It proved to be a very piebald body, and at first fairly frightened the Berliners with the different shades of politicians which composed it. The National Liberals and the Progressives took their places in the center of the hall, with the Particularists and the Poles on one side, and the Schleswig-Holsteiners and the Social Democrats on the other. The "Particularists," as they are called, are those who, like the Hanoverians, still struggle and squirm under their subjection to Prussia, and do nothing but fight

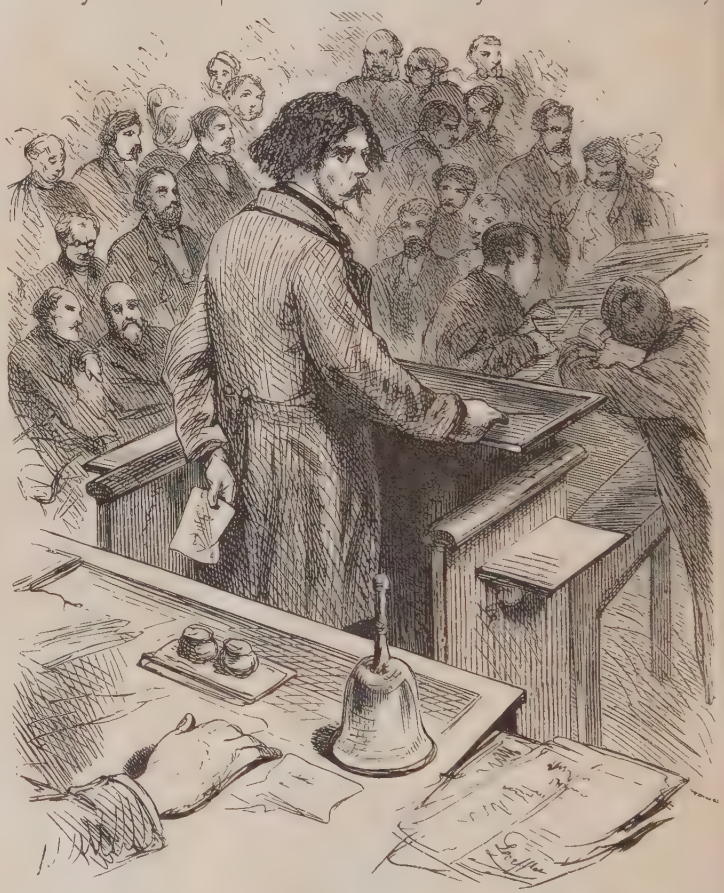
for their "particular" national interests, while the Poles of Prussia are always in opposition to the Government on nearly every question, either civil or ecclesiastical. The tendency of all German parliamentary convocations is to follow the French custom: in front of the presiding officer will be the Center, flanked by the Right and the Left Center; on the extreme right the ultra-Conservatives, and on the extreme left the ultra-Radicals. A view of the Parliament is a strange sight, from its peculiarly miscellaneous character; every man seems to be sent without regard to his station or calling, so that he happens to please people enough to receive an election. Perhaps the first man the eye lights on will be Prince Frederick Charles, or Prince Albert, of Prussia; the latter will perhaps be seen shaking hands or chatting with Moltke, Steinmetz, or Von Falkenstein, for he affects the military heroes of the House rather than the civilians, to whom he gives little more than the finger. All grades of titled personages are present down to the barons; then come the inevitable lawyers, followed, it may be, by a host of professors, bankers, and merchants—the Rothschilds not disdaining a seat in the body in which they are likely to brush against such Socialists as Bebel, who consider property a theft, and are on the watch to get a little of it into their own pockets notwithstanding. The Imperial Parliament of the last three years has been noted for the increasing number of the Catholic clergy, from bishop to priest, sent thither in the interests of the Ultramontanes to fight Prince Bismarck; they form now the great core of the Opposition as the Party of the Center.

Bismarck has, of course, been a prime factor in all the Parliaments; he began his career in that of Frankfort as a rank Conservative. Incessant work is his daily bread, and he labors as earnestly in the legislative halls as in his Cabinet. Before he enters, his special table near the President is covered by his messengers with portfolios and bundles of papers. He bows to the officer in the chair, then to his colleagues of the Ministry, with whom he shakes hands or exchanges a few words. Being seated, he raises his little pearl opera-glass to his eyes and scans the house; perhaps recognizing a special friend (whom he greets) in the distance, or going to one for a few moments' talk. Returning to his desk, he takes out a little key which opens the portfolios which could tell volumes if they could only speak. In a moment he is reading the dispatches and reports of his secretaries and counselors; then he corrects their drafts, writes letters, or gives the outlines to notes. During this work he sits perfectly cool and collected, and writes with the hand and the precision of a writing-master for everything with him



BLUNTSCHLI, THE PROGRESSIVE.

is done with exactness and care. He writes with a goose-quill, with a broad plume like a flag, and it moves over the paper rapidly and quietly. He writes so bold and clear a hand that on one occasion a deputy to the Parliament announced the completion of a certain work by the declaration: "Gentlemen, I have the Customs Treaty in my hand, signed with the bold signature of the Chancellor of the Confederation." Bismarck reads and writes and thinks with such intensity that one would suppose him unconscious of what is going on around him; but not so. Let him hear a prominent member announced to speak, or perchance his own name spoken, and instantly he stops his work and leans back, all attention, until the matter is settled, and he has caught every word. During this period he is likely to be disturbed every few minutes by his aristocratic-looking messenger, who brings him a portfolio with important documents, or whispers in his ear some message from a foreign diplomatist, in return for which he fills a folio with despatches, or whispers a few words and dismisses his servant. All this is performed without the least sign of haste or effort; his work is so systematized, that, though his time is precious, he seems to have enough for all his purposes.



"THE GENTLEMAN IN THE OPPOSITION."

And still Bismarck needs and has a confidential ministerial aid in this severe work; his right-hand man for years has been the most accurate and systematic personage in political life in Prussia, Herr Delbrück, who is the Keeper of the Ministerial Portfolio. This gentleman is quite a character in Prussian parliamentary life. At the sessions he sits like his chief, quietly writing and reading, seldom noticing what is going on, unless his own name is mentioned, or he hears something which specially concerns his department, in which he is an oracle. Every few minutes an old messenger, who has grown gray in the service and is a confidential servant, approaches him with respectful bearing, and receives the documents and his orders. Delbrück is always at his post, no matter who else deserts, and he listens to the longest speeches from beginning to end without the least signs of fatigue or impatience. At times the members will tire and desert almost in a body to the lunch-room; Delbrück sits still. The only refreshment in which he indulges is an occasional pinch of snuff—in a subdued and modest way. The whole House may burst out into Homeric laughter; Delbrück is only tempted to a slight smile, which disappears in a moment. Once in a while he is seen taking notes, which is finally followed by a slight nod to the President, who immediately recognizes him, and announces that Privy-Councilor Delbrück has the floor. He rises, and waits a moment until perfect silence is obtained,

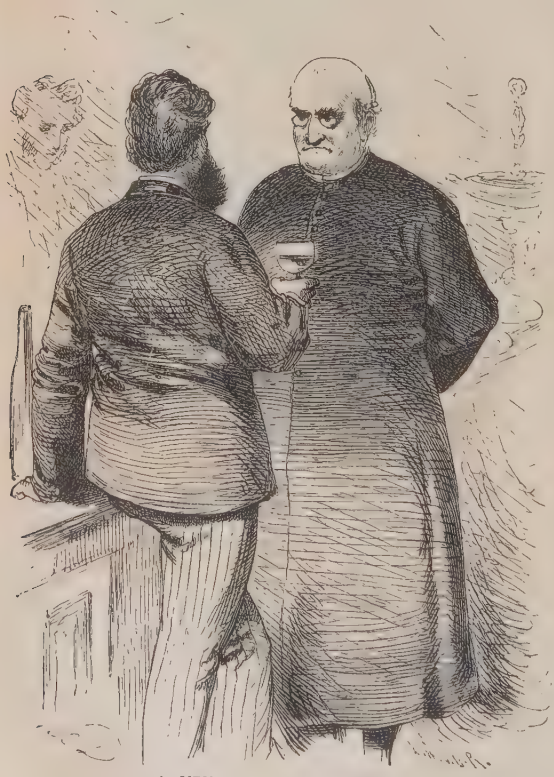
for he has no inclination to strain his lungs or repeat his words. He speaks just loud enough to be heard with perfect quiet and close attention, and this he gains, because all desire to hear him. His voice has not the least feeling or modulation, and his words are uttered slowly and in short sentences. He soon shows that he has heard all that has been said on the subject for days, for he quotes one orator and corrects another, until the whole matter is brought down to a point; this he does clearly, primly, logically, and always practically. The whole speech lasts at the most five or ten minutes, and consists of a few sentences; but Delbrück has said all that was needful, and then ceased. In all the statistics of trade and commerce he is ever an indisputable authority, whom even the political economists by profession do not dare to encounter. He seems to know the entire history of the commercial treaties of the world, paragraph by paragraph, and is prepared to answer every question. He is the Argus of the Parliament, and in his presence others are modest in their assertions concerning doubtful questions falling within his sphere.

THE SENIORITY PRESIDENT.

One of the oddest characters in the Customs Parliament was a stock Conservative by the name of Blanckenburg, who made it his business to punish the Radicals by ridicule and wit, of which he was a perfect master. Some of these political Radicals liked to play the rôle of martyrs, and present themselves as greatly persecuted men, in which character they usually received the sympathy and attention of their Conservative friend. After one of these periods of lamentation on the part of a prominent Radical, who felt that he was being ground up in the conflict between capital and labor, Blanckenburg rose, and with a fresh and humorous speech seized the opportunity to give some sly thrusts at his enemy by representing him as a living proof of what sort of men might be brought together under the idea of "national unity," as if any unity were possible with such material. This produced tumultuous hilarity throughout the House, which extended even to the Radical benches, from which proceeded voices encouraging him to put their hearts in good humor. "That is just what I am trying to do, gentlemen. I am honest about it," said he, with roguish earnestness. "I am really honest about it, gentlemen." Three or four social Democrats of the deepest dye generally make out to get into every assembly, and their theories are about as absurd and unpractical as those of the ultra-Conservatives. In some instances these parties become pitted against each other in personal quarrels, which the House thinks about the best way to let them both employ

their peculiar talents; it therefore encourages a tilt occasionally, when it feels in need of a little relief from its more serious duties. In this way Herr Blanckenburg, the humorous Conservative, serves a very good purpose.

The Germans will scarcely submit to listen to a speaker from the floor; the moment such a one begins there is a cry started in all quarters to take the platform, and this can be insisted on if the official stenographers declare that they cannot hear him from the floor. But this platform is a very thorny place, and the grave of many a man's hopes; for even there one is eyed very closely, and soon stopped if he violates any rule. One rule, which is always insisted on, is that nothing shall be read from the speaker's desk, which is in front and just below that of the President of the body, so that he can see all that is going on in it. One day an agile little man, a banker of Munich, tripped up to the tribune with a light heart, quite sure of a triumph for his maiden speech; but he was soon obliged to come down, with his plumes dreadfully drooping. He had worked out a long speech so handsomely, as he thought, and began it so pathetically! But he was doing the thing up a little too nicely to be genuine; suspicions began to grow on the floor, and the President was evidently inclined not to notice what he could not help seeing. A hundred inquisitorial eyes were directed to the desk, trying to peer over, and fingers were pointing to it in derision. At last a heartless old fellow cried out: "He is reading!" This settled the matter, and a score of voices exclaimed: "No reading here!" And the President was forced to see it officially and call the occupant of the desk to order, with the remark that it was against the rules of the House to read from the stand. The unlucky member tried to improvise for a moment, but soon failed in this and left the platform, having occupied it a brief period for the first and last time.



A MEMBER OF THE CENTER.

One of the blue bloods of the Parliament, who has made quite a mark in the history of the last decade, is Prince Hohenlohe, for a while Bavarian Premier, now Minister of the Empire at Paris. He is very liberal in politics, nothwithstanding his rank, and has done about as much as any man in Bavaria toward bringing that kingdom into unity and unison with North Germany. This he did quite effectually during the Customs Parliament, by declaring that this body had made much progress in bringing North and South Germany together; and at a final festive banquet at its close, he drank to the union of the various German lands. He is aristocratic and reserved in demeanor, with features indicating thoughtfulness rather than openness. He shaves smoothly, with the exception of a large mustache, which gives him rather a military appearance. He chose his seat in a distant corner of the House, and seemed little inclined to associate with other members, and even as the leading Bavarian representative he had but little to do or say with Bismarck. As a matter of courtesy that Parliament made him first vice-president; but the fidelity with which Simson—a model president—stuck to his seat six hours in succession, gave to Hohenlohe but an occasional opportunity at the chair; a fortunate occurrence for him, for he has not the qualities for a successful presiding officer. The Prince seems to have reserved his zeal and fire for the later Imperial Parliament, on the floor of which he

again appeared as the leading Bavarian, by virtue of his rank and official position at home. His enthusiasm for the national cause drew down on him many enemies in his own State, and he soon became especially embroiled with the Conservative wing of the Catholic clergy of Bavaria, which faction exerted itself in every imaginable way to thwart the unity of the German people. Thus Hohenlohe was soon recognized as the champion of the Unionists against the Separatists, and finally made it his business to be on the watch against all Ultramontane advances. Nothing so soon brought him to his feet in his distant seat, with his glasses to his keen eye, as the announcement by the President of some prominent Catholic clergyman, especially one from his own land by the name of Lucas, with whom he was ever measuring swords.

Another marked man, who is always on hand on field days, and one much better known to Americans, is the famous Prof. Bluntschli, of Heidelberg, and the ornament of that great University, where he teaches statecraft in the form of Political Economy, in which science he has perhaps no superior. He is interested in nearly all progressive movements in Germany, whether of Church or State, and is progressive without being radical. For some years he has been quite active as a leader of what is known as the "Protestant Union," whose aim is to liberalize the State Protestant Church, and bring it more into sympathy with the masses. He has gone so far, however, in this direction as to break away entirely from the Protestant Church, so-called, and to build up an association of what we would call "Liberal Christians." This move has made for him many friends, but also many enemies, and, the result is, that matters are generally pretty lively whenever Bluntschli appears. He, of course, must be in the Parliament and there figure as a champion. He also is a warm friend of the national cause, which means that of German unity, and he does not hesitate to take up the cudgels for it on all fitting occasions. He generally secures a corner seat with the Left, and ordinarily affects a certain easy indifference. While thus engaged, one might easily take him for an honest yeoman, whose massive form would be most at home in his Swiss mountains, for he is a Swiss by birth. His broad head, powerful neck, and somewhat flabby face, indicate no peculiar force; his sparkling brown eyes are all that arrest the attention or give any special promise. But, when he ascends the platform and sends his Alpine

THE MILLER FRACTION.

voice to the most distant recesses of the hall, a flash of humor plays around his mouth, and he soon attracts his antagonists from their retreats. No man in the Parliament draws his opponents around him like Bluntschli, or keeps the stenographers more busy in catching every syllable. As the crowds gather near the stand to support or fight him, frequent expressions of "Ho-ho," or, "Ha-ha," interrupt him. But at this interference he only warms up with his subject, raises his voice still higher in order to drown theirs, and almost engages in an angry colloquy with his opponents, whom he assures in deep base that he is not a man to be frightened at their opposition—a fact of which they are well aware. When the conflict begins to rage, the President, with his hand on the bell, begs the gentlemen to maintain order, and finally brings down his gavel with a tremendous blow; this quiets matters for a minute, but again the crowd lean with extended necks over the railing to get still nearer the speaker; the sedate gentlemen of the ministerial benches neglect their papers in the excitement and look on with interest, and the scene becomes a drama in which every man on the floor takes an active part by word or movement;—then, and not until then, does Bluntschli rise to the height of his intellectual power, or fully develop his remarkable gift of oratory.

THE JOURNALISTS' GALLERY.

Nearly every deliberative assembly has a thorn in its side in the shape of a member who always speaks at the most inopportune junctures, and who opposes everybody and everything. As such an individual we now introduce to our readers Deputy Mohl, of the German Parliament; and we venture to add that his amiable looks do not belie his reputation. Herr Mohl is decidedly "the gentleman in the Opposition." He opposes all legislation straight through, and never expects to vote or to speak on the winning side. He always sits near the speaker's stand, so that he can hear and reply to everything that is said, and he gives his undivided attention to this business with conscientious fidelity. His piercing eye frequently misleads a speaker to wander from his subject in the desire to say something personal to Mohl that may prove a settler to him, but Mohl is not easily abashed. Before the speaker fairly concludes, Mohl rises and begs pardon for not being able to coincide with the honorable gentleman in any of his positions, which he feels under the unpleasant necessity of answering point for point. And thus, of all the members, no man speaks so often as does Herr Mohl; he speaks every day, and in every session several times, until he gets to be a veritable bore. Whenever his head, with its foxy wig, pops up above the orator's desk, a peculiar

murmur runs through the House with the contemptuous expression: "Ah! there he is again." The reporters hate him roundly—he is the plague of their lives, especially when, after high noon, when everybody in the House threatens to succumb from hunger and thirst, he gets the floor. On these occasions, one may hear from them the expression: "This man is the plague of our lives; won't somebody kill him?" At such a time, Mohl begins with a thin, whining voice, so that few of his words are intelligible in the reporters' gallery, the occupants of which revenge themselves by simply announcing that the speaker could not be heard, but was presumed to be speaking against the proposition.

Quite an important individual in every Parliament is he who is called on temporarily to preside on account of being the oldest member, to whom parliamentary usage accords the presidency until the permanent President is chosen. A famous old gentleman who has filled this position in several Parliaments is Frankenberg-Ludwigsdorf, a privy-councilor, an Excellency, and former Vice-President of the Prussian House of Lords. He opened the Prussian Parliament of 1866 when at the age of eighty-two. He is a tall, slender man, but little bent, notwithstanding his years, with thin, silvery hair, and somewhat wiry features, beneath which, however, was perceived a fund of good nature and good humor. It was amusing to see the old gentleman handle the bell with mingled geniality and sternness, in the vain endeavor to preserve that quiet which was nowhere accorded to him. But few men are born to command a legislative assembly, and especially a new one, many of the members of which know nothing of parliamentary life. But Frankenberg was always a favorite, and his colleagues were ever willing to put up with him for a few days, until they could settle on a permanent officer. He always presided in a tight black body-coat, with the Iron Cross on his breast, and, despising his chair, generally stood with arms folded, and, gently leaning to right or left, according to the position of the speaker, would thus stand during an entire session of his brief career, his gray eyes peering from beneath bushy eyebrows, and not even needing the aid of glasses. The old gentleman prided himself on his supposed skill in his difficult task, and was not aware of the infirmities of his advanced age, as he frequently bantered his younger colleagues on their want of youth and vigor. He was perfectly happy in his calling, and wondered why the Parliament was eager to proceed to the election of a permanent President so

"COPY! COPY!"

long as he was doing so well. But the infirmities of age told on the old gentleman too clearly to be hidden; his ear and his eye were none of the sharpest, and at times he was obliged to make an ear-trumpet of his hand, after some misunderstanding that led to a laughable or comical interlude. But, with all his failings, the "Seniority President" was a very genial and acceptable old gentleman, and was ever welcome among his colleagues when he resumed his seat on the floor.

In the recent Parliament, under the new Empire, a new and troublesome character has appeared on the scene in the shape of the "Party of the Center," which is no other than the clerical and Ultramontane faction, whose members are largely composed of priests of various ranks, and who act as such in the interest of the Church which they represent. From the beginning they have been opposed to the new movement, because it placed them under a Protestant Emperor, whereas the old Empire was under Catholic rule. The war with France did much to weaken their power with their people, because it gave the best opportunity for all shades of men to mingle, and rub off prejudices regarding one another; the South became better acquainted with the North, and the Protestants with the Catholics; and after their blood had commingled on the field of battle, it was not so easy to keep them in sharp antagonism. The soldiers all came home in favor of one Empire of Germany, instead of more than a score of petty German States pitted against each other in very many international questions. At the very first session of the new Imperial Parliament, it was clear that many Ultramontanes had been sent by the Catholics of South Germany, who would oppose national unity, and not a few from Prussia, who would join them, unless their demands for special privileges for their Church were granted. Prussia had long been generous to a foreign church, as such, and was inclined to be so still, so long as it would keep out of politics, and attend to spiritual matters only. But, with the new Vatican dogmas hanging over them, it was not easy to do this, especially as they demanded that all who did not succumb to these should be regarded as rebels to the Church, and be excluded from the learned institutions of a country which supported from the public funds their churches and their schools. It was the desire and the interest of Prussia to keep this ecclesiastical question out of politics, for even Bismarck had all that he could do to bring about the consolidation of the different German States, with their various political views; a religious war would be more than disastrous, and was by all means to be avoided. But it soon became evident that this faction would legislate peaceably on no question until all its particular demands were acceded to, and it thus soon aggregated as a government within a government, whose special object should be to block all the wheels that did not belong to its machine. At the next popular canvass, the matter was taken in this shape into the

THE PARLIAMENTARY CERBERUS.

elections, and there was a large and alarming return of Ultramontanes, so that we now hear of little else from Germany beside the struggle between Bismarck and the Pope, which is permeating all the organizations of the State and all classes of society. The story is by far too long for recital here, more than to say that "the member of the Center" is a character in the present Parliament who is cordially hated and feared by all other shades of opinion.

It is in meeting these antagonists that the greatest statesman of the age finds his hands full, and his finest triumphs on the parliamentary arena have been gained in struggling with them. And yet Bismarck is by no means a finished, not even a ready or natural, orator. The knightly appearance of the Prince, his ease of manner, and, above all, his reputation as diplomatist and statesman, would lead us to suppose him an orator—either one who would deliver a profound and well-arranged speech without hesitation or effort, or, still more, an orator of natural eloquence, whose words and figures would flow from his lips as the creations of the moment, and entrance or enkindle the hearts of his hearers. But this is not the case. Occasionally he may be seen at his desk winging his way rapidly with his quill over a narrow strip of paper, while some member is on the platform. All know what this means, and at a slight bow of his head the President announces that Prince Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire, has the floor. As he rises there is a general demand for silence all over the House, with the exclamation, "He is speaking!" He inclines his body toward the Assembly, winds his thumbs around each other, and casts an occasional glance at the House; but he stops, hesitates, sometimes even stammers, and corrects himself; he seems to struggle with his words, which ascend unwillingly to his lips; after two or three there will be a short pause, when one can almost hear a suppressed swallow. He speaks without gesture, feeling, or emphasis, and often fails in the accentuation of final syllables, so as to weaken his thought. One wonders if this is the man with a parliamentary career behind him of more than a quarter of a century, during which period he has been in every legislative body of his country, meeting with bitterest opposition from the Liberal party in his early career, parrying their most caustic words in kind, and replying, with wonderful presence of mind, by the wittiest impromptus or the most cutting sarcasm. It is the same man, and presently he will prove it. Gradually his speech flows with more warmth, and unfolds its peculiar attraction: a series of original, fresh, gritty, and significant expressions, which tell more by their power than their beauty. His speeches are collections of sentences rather than the development of a smooth and logical train of reasoning. Many of them have gone into history as proverbial, such as "Cataline existences," "Blood and iron," "Austria must move its center of gravity toward the Orient," etc. Some months ago, after listening to long diatribes about the evils of the recent wars, and the burdens which they have brought upon the people as a nation, he quietly arose and said: "After each one of the recent wars the nation has enjoyed a greater amount of parliamentary liberty than before them." This was so strikingly true that it was folly to argue that they had led to tyranny. And he closed by saying: "But, nevertheless, gentlemen, the German nation has a right to expect from us that we shall prevent the return of such a catastrophe; and I am convinced that the allied governments desire nothing so much as to effect this purpose." With this beautiful admonition, simple though dignified, and expressed with fervor, he electrified the audience as if he were the greatest orator, and then sat down amid deafening applause from all parts of the House. Thus, with apparently no oratorical power, he seldom takes the floor without confirming his nation in the belief that, take him all in all, he is a statesman such as Germany has never before enrolled in her annals, and whom the world at large may well envy her in possessing.

A Bismarckian triumph generally inclines the House to mingle the gay with the grave, and hasten an adjournment to the Refectory with the view of a double process of digestion. No German legislative body is without its refreshment-room, which is such a place of resort that it becomes a very important institution, and one where a great many questions not exactly concerning the inner man are settled. Nearly all the members lead bachelor lives, for few can afford the expense, or feel the necessity, of bringing their families with them away from their domestic duties or comforts. The result is that the members are apt to eat together at certain public houses which are well understood to be the resort of a certain shade of opinion. It is therefore quite easy, after the final adjournment of the House for the day or a meal, to know where

to find Radical or Conservative, Free-Trader or Protectionist, Monarchist or Republican. And these centers of rendezvous for the various "fractions," as they are called, are very lively places at certain hours, when one is so fortunate as to secure a seat among them.

But the Refectory of the House proper is open at all hours when the body is or may be in session, and is generally dignified with the appellation of "fraction," as if it were the wing of a political opinion. For some years a caterer by the name of Miller was the popular purveyor to this need, and his rooms were known as "the Miller Fraction," where appointments were made at all hours of the day, and where, during a recess, the members fairly swarmed at the refreshment counters and tables. Men would brush against each other here who could scarcely meet on any other occasion on account of the division, by "fractions," of the House into Centers and Right and Left. Thus it happens that a Liberal may seize this, his only opportunity, to chat with "the member of the Center" over a glass of Hock, and have an interchange of views on matters of Church and State, which may result in wearing off some of the rough edges and sharp corners which in the conflicts on the floor have sometimes led to painful encounters of parties and persons. The Refectory is a capital place for studies that cannot well be prosecuted on the floor of the House, where all are equal. A man's position in society can be inferred, to some extent, from the character of his lunch and the bouquet of his beverages; a plate of caviar is a better introduction than a boiled sausage; and character-studies, as the Germans call them, are therefore largely carried on in these "fractions" for refreshing the inner man. But the rooms are emptied in a moment when the word passes round that some prominent orator has taken the stand, or that some vital question is coming to a vote. Then even the waiters, who, by the way, become very skillful and experienced politicians from their associations with the members in "the Miller Fraction," have a spare moment to leave their duties and crowd around the entrance to the House.

There is one class of men, however, connected with the Parliament, whose duties seldom permit them to visit the Miller Fraction, or to indulge in anything but close, hard work, and these are they who occupy the "Reporters' Gallery." They are an outgrowth of modern parliamentary life in Germany, for it is but recently that their art has been acceptable to the Government or appreciated and desired by the people. The press was for many years so closely muzzled in the Fatherland that, between the fact that little was done that could be reported, and the other fact that a report was not allowed to appear in the press, the newspapers of the land were anything but the vehicles of news. But in no line of labor have the results been more satisfactory than in this, within the last few years. Journals of all shades have sprung up as if by magic, and the people have become suddenly a nation of political readers, as they were before devoted to philosophy, science, and general literature. Many of these sheets are edited with a great deal of skill, and have a large circulation; they are not only the organs of home news, but are peculiarly rich in foreign correspondence—a field in which the Germans excel. The journalists of the Reporters' Gallery are many of them men of mark, and those presented in the engraving are persons who could be recognized, by countenance or name, by thousands of the newspaper readers of the nation. It is a very delicate and responsible task to catch the hurried and often excited words uttered on the parliamentary floor, and prune or condense them so as to give the leading thoughts, neglecting nothing of importance, and omitting all that may be passed over without injury to the sense, with a view to give to the matter the size and shape appropriate to the columns of a daily journal. This skill can only be acquired by long experience of parliamentary routine, and a delicate tact proceeding from an accurate knowledge of the various parties of the House, and the relation of the speaker to them. The public much prefer to have this work done before the report reaches the press, that it may have the wheat and not the chaff of the proceedings. The demands of the German people in this line testify to their general culture and intelligence, and the journal that performs the work the best finds its enterprise appreciated and rewarded. This laudable demand has produced good fruit, and the reporting journalists of the German press by no means suffer in comparison with those of other nations who have had much greater experience in parliamentary life.

On the other hand, the stenographers of the House, who have their seat just below the speaker's desk, are expected to be the

exact photographers of all the proceedings, with no will or way of their own; it is their duty to give an accurate impress of all that occurs, and they pride themselves on not missing even a groan or a sneer. Every syllable that is spoken in public session must be faithfully transmitted to history by stenographic report; and the accuracy with which, silent and impassive amid the greatest excitement, they repeat every exclamation of the speaker or the House, every expression of assent or dissent, every sign of applause or censure, every echo indeed, is a marvel. This is an art that can only be studied amid the storms and conflicts of parliamentary life, for it requires no little practice and self-possession to remain a statue at a desk, with apparently no life except in the nimble fingers copying word for word, thought for thought, into the book of history, that the investigators of coming time may look back and see accurately all the utterances and influences that led to a certain result. This intense labor is so exhausting that there are sets of reporters in this department who are relieved about every ten minutes by a signal from the stenographic bureau in the House. Having retired, the stenographers dictate their report immediately to ready and accurate writers, who, by the time the speaker has finished a speech of half-an-hour, will have the first part of it under his hand for examination and correction, or, as the Radical Bebel asserts, for falsification; for it is too true that many of the speeches delivered on the floor of the House receive a good deal of "doctoring," before they are allowed to go into the permanent historical record of parliamentary proceedings. This custom has incurred the public censure of some of the members, but what would they say, if they understood the trick of our legislators, of printing speeches that have never been delivered before the House, but are intended solely for Buncombe?

The transition from journalists to natural-born tormentors is a gentle and easy one. These Teutons made their first acquaintance with printers' devils in the times of Faust and Gutenberg; from that day to this, the imps have made a living by teasing the knights of the quill for "copy;" for this cry penetrates even the sanctuary of the Parliament at certain hours when a crowd of boys have surrounded some unlucky wight who may have a contract to supply several journals with the same copy, and who thus has a group of his natural enemies around him struggling for the precedence.

The development of the newspaper press under the influence of increased political activity, and especially that of the frequent parliamentary sessions in Berlin, has naturally given birth to the newsboy. Many a poor waif who has been in doubt as to the supply of his daily bread, has found this a golden occupation in comparison with the starving reward received in the provincial town for some labor beyond his young strength. And not a few of them make their occupation the avenue to a permanent calling and solid success in life. To-day they may be busy in running to and from between the office and the House of Parliament, eagerly snatching manuscript and making their way to the compositor's desk, and in a year or two they may be found promoted to the desk itself for fidelity and intellectual acumen. The compositor of a respectable Berlin journal has acquired quite a position in the world, and one which universal suffrage may make available to a seat in the councils of the nation. The boys seem to have a conception of the dignity and chances of their profession, and set out to make the most of it, and those of Berlin have an enterprising, go-ahead spirit, found nowhere else in Germany; for, in this respect, all accord to the capital of the new Empire an energy and life that seem more American than European. The printers' boys of the capital absorb these qualities from their surroundings, and exhibit a determination and *esprit de corps* quite peculiar to them. They know their "Own Correspondent" as well as anybody, and no doorkeeper can keep them out when on their errands, and no unauthorized messengers intrude into their domain. They even know the political shade of their employers, and indicate it in their own appearance and bearing; it is not at all difficult to tell the leaning of the boys and the papers they represent from observing a group of them together; the Radical and the Conservative in embryo are quite discernible in their way of performing their duties and making their demands.

And last, but not least in his own estimation, is the Cerberus of every Parliament, namely, the door-keeper, or "portier," at its entrance, to whom we shall devote a brief notice. He is self-importance personified, as may be seen from his likeness taken from the photographs which he deigns to distribute to all the members at the close of the session. The one we introduce is the honorable guardian of the present "Imperial Parliament" which sits in Berlin, and his outfit

has been elaborated as the symbol of the importance attached to the body which he protects—the "Imperial German Parliament." Shortly before the commencement of a session, he is at his post with his immense staff of office as tall as himself, crowned with the silver ball, which, in olden time, was indicative of the extent of imperial rule. He is in the uniform of state, and the imperial colors—black, white, and red; and is crowned in Napoleonic style, to the awe of all comers. He is the guardian of the main entrance, through which only the chosen ones are admitted, and as these approach his realm, his right arm is extended in support of his staff of office as the soldier presents arms to his superiors. But let an intruder approach, and quickly the staff falls into a horizontal position, and thus bars the entrance while explanations are exchanged. When the delegates of princely blood or the Ministers appear, the staff is extended by a right arm as stiff and straight as itself, and his weather-beaten countenance assumes an appearance of dignity that makes him resemble a medallion of the ancient German heroes; but, woe to him who would enter these portals on some base errand, instead of the door destined for hearers, reporters, and all the crowd of miserable plebs. His orders are to stand and explain, and he listens to no such petty reasons as a desire to speak to some one at the platform or the desk, or to reach the refectory or the reading-room; his simple reply is, "the other door." To his superiors, such a functionary is of course obsequious, and during the long mornings when the members are all within the House, he is pleased to assure the straggling member that it is a fine day for a drive, or, to order for another one of the Berlin hacks, known as *droschkes*. This is done by a shrill whistle from his stand, which reaches one of the Jehus, and soon brings him to the entrance. For these little attentions, which he pays as often as is seeming, he expects a return attention at the final adjournment of the body, and for the last few days he is quite careful to offer with a low bow, in pardon for the assumption, a photograph of his important self in official robes, which no member can fail to take with him as a memorial of his parliamentary career, and for which, of course, he must make an appropriate *douceur*, according to his rank or the favors which he has received. This sacred duty being well performed, the portier wishes his victim a happy vacation, and many more returns to parliamentary halls.

YOUNG MOLL'S PEEVY.

VILLATE'S "drive" of logs had jammed at the foot of Red Rapids in the very throat of the main "pitch," where the Aux Lièvres falls over the ledges into the "glut-hole," fifty feet below. Named "glut-hole" by the river-men; for lumber falling in here will sometimes circle a month, unless poled out. The waters whirl and are drawn down with a peculiar sinuous motion. Bodies going over are long engulfed, and sometimes never reappear, for the basin is of great depth and there are caverns under water beneath the shelving ledges, such as the drivers call *cachots d'enfer*, and have invested with a superstitious character, as the abode of evil spirits of the flood—a thing not greatly to be wondered at; for a wilder locality could hardly be cited, its rugged cliffs of red sandstone, hung with enormous lichens, like sides of leather, and overhung from high above with shaggy black spruces.

There were seven and a-half million feet of lumber in Villate's drive that spring. Every stick of it went into the great jam above the glut-hole. The rough fortunes of youth made me an eye-witness of the scene. A wilder spectacle I never saw throughout the lumbering region during a space of eight years. The gates of the dams at the foot of all the lakes were up; the volume of water was immense. Rocks, which in summer stand twenty feet out of the rapids, were now under water. The torrent came pouring down the long incline, black and swift as an arrow, and went over into the pool at one thunderous plunge, throwing up a vast column of mist. Two ledges only, situated in the very throat of the "pitch,"

showed above water. These rocks the lumbering company had designed to blast out the previous autumn, but had been prevented by heavy rains. They then stood twenty-seven feet out of water. Now their crests are barely exposed, and the flood washes over them in its mighty rhythm-motion. In the rapids the whole stream is compressed to a width of a little more than seventy yards.

A light jam had formed that morning at a place the drivers call a *tournant d'eau*, about a mile above. This was broken by getting a haul on it from the shore with a dog-warp. Thereby several thousand logs were liberated at once, and went down together into the rapids. The older drivers exclaimed that it would make mischief when it started; but nothing could be done; it broke and went out with a rush. We, who were ahead, ran on down the ledges to see it go through the falls, and we had to run fast to keep up. The instant the logs entered the rapids they left us behind. We could see them going down, however, end over end, and hear them "broom" against the sunken rocks. Turtlotte and a Welshman named Finfrock were ahead. I heard Turtlotte call out in French that the logs were jamming, and saw the butt ends of great sticks fly up, glittering, out of the water. The logs had struck and hung on one of the center rocks, and on the shelving ledges upon the east side. The ends of three large sticks, three or four feet across, stood fifteen feet or more out of water. We ran on, clambering from crag to crag, till we came to a point looking down on the glut, sixty feet beneath; and that was about near enough, for the ends of the logs flew up almost on a level with our eyes, as they went over, and the spray drenched our faces. The ledges under our feet trembled as if an earthquake were shaking them, and not a word could be heard, even when shouted in the ear. The combined noises were louder than thunder, heavier, deeper. It was a warm forenoon, and the sun shone into the rack dazzlingly bright, making a vivid rainbow. It was the hottest, maddest chasm that can well be imagined; and to see that brilliant rainbow hanging there so still and motionless amidst all that uproar, gave one a queer sensation.

Old man Villate himself, with his red cap over his ears, came puffing down, shouting at the top of his lungs. We could see his lips fly. The hitch was betwixt the shelving ledges on the east side and one of the mid-channel rocks. It was not one log that had caught, else the weight of the water would have broken it out. It appeared that two large sticks had come down with the ends lying across each other, and a third log, perhaps several logs, overlying these. When the current sucked them through the rapid, between the center rock and the shore ledges, the outward ends of the crossed logs struck on both sides. Instantly the current and the momentum of the overlying logs thrust the submerged ends of the cross among the rocks on the bottom of the channel, and the momentarily increasing weight of logs held them there—this at least was the theory at the time. When first we got down there, however, there were more than a thousand logs in the glut; and the ends stood up like a porcupine's quills, at every conceivable angle. The obstructing logs in the throat of the fall bore the pressure rather lengthwise than across the fiber. These sticks were of yellow spruce, fifty feet long, and fully three feet through. Such logs, when green, will bear an enormous strain. From the way the exposed ends sprang we knew they were buckling like steel rods, yet they held pertinaciously.

The river above was covered with logs. Scores came shooting down every minute, striking into the jam like arrows. The most of these stuck in it. Some few went clean over it, or through it, for the first ten minutes, into the hole below. Logs would glance from the slippery black rocks and go a hundred feet clear of the water, such was the strength of the rapid. I saw sticks of free pine—where they struck the rocks one half on—go in halves from end to end like split-beans—logs forty and fifty feet long; yet the owners never cease to wonder how the lumber gets so badly "broomed up;" for the ends of the logs resemble nothing so much as a paint brush.

The warps were brought, and Villate called for volunteers to go down, or rather be let down, the ledges and prize off the shore ends of the jammed logs with "peevies." There were plenty of bold fellows; but every man hesitated. Murmurs of "*certaine mort*," "*sur mort*," "*porte du tombeau*," "*porte d'enfer*," arose and were repeated.

"It's a hard world, but I wants to tarry in it a spell longer, boss!" said one grizzled old Yankee from the Maine rivers, with a sage shake of his long head. We all knew that when the jam started it would go through like an avalanche. Whoever was down there would have to go with it—into the glut-hole.

In an hour the jam had grown enormously. For a hundred rods up the rapid the channel was full of lumber, "churning" and battering itself. The mass had swayed off to the west bank and was piling up against the ledges on the opposite side. The mighty pressure of the torrent kept rolling the logs, one over the other, till the top of the pile was in places thirty or forty feet out of the water. The bottom logs were wedged into the bed of the stream. The flood, thus dammed and held back, rose higher and higher, rushing through and among the mass with a strange hollow roar which changed the note of the fall. Where it hung in the throat of the pitch, the mass kept rising and falling with the peculiar rhythmic motion of the water. We expected each moment to see it break out and go down; but the tough spruce logs held.

By noon, all the crew had come up. The jam filled the whole river for a third of a mile back from the fall, so completely that during the afternoon the west bank gangs crossed on it to the east side. We lighted our fires on the ledges; and as the evening advanced it was a picturesque sight—a hundred and fifty red-shirted drivers camping there and sitting in messes about their coarse fare.

All the next day we worked with the warps. Nooses were dropped over the upright ends of the logs at the foot of the jam, and the whole gang was set to pull on them. Later in the day, a heavy capstan was rigged. The hawsers broke like twine. It was impossible to start a log, so tremendous was the weight of water and lumber combined.

Next day, the jam was mined with powder placed in water-tight molasses-casks and connected with fire at the top of the ledges by means of tarred fuses. The blasts blew out splinters freely, but failed to break or dislodge the large sticks. Villate fumed and sweated. Unless the drive went down to market, not a dollar would be paid to one of us; so he declared. "If you want your pay, break the jam," was his constant exhortation, enforced by vigorous curses; and, indeed, we had been hired on these terms; wages to be paid when the drive reached Montreal—not before. This is a common rule, or used to be; the men have thus a strong interest in the driving.

A plan was mooted among the messes that following night, to cut out the front logs. The same scheme has been often put in execution. It was argued that by stretching a warping-line across the rapids, from cliff to cliff, directly over the foot of the jam, a man might be lowered on it, with his axe, and cut away the logs. A large "basket"—so it was talked—might be swung on the cable. By slackening the line the axe-man could be lowered to the logs; and the instant the sticks cracked under the strokes, he could leap to the "basket" and be pulled up out of harm's way, and let the jam go through under him. The idea gained favor. The following morning the end of one of the seven hundred foot lines was taken across on the jam to the ledges on the west bank. Fifty men went over with it, to handle it. With a hundred men there was no difficulty in lowering and raising it at will. When drawn taut, it hung sixty feet above the foot of the jam. One of the Indian drivers, named Lahmunt, had been at work weaving a "basket" of ash strip; and as soon as this novel carriage was finished and slung on the cable, the project was ready for trial. While the project was being talked over, several of the drivers had declared themselves willing to undertake the feat; but now that the basket was slung, and after seeing it drawn out over the abyss, they were less disposed to proffer their services. It needed strong nerves and a stout heart to gaze into that foaming gulf and not turn dizzy.

There was among us a youngster whom the old drivers called "Young Moll's Peevy." Young Moll was a half-breed (French and Indian) girl, or rather woman at this time, of thirty or thirty-three, and the mother of this boy. Some of the drivers said that his rightful patronymic was Skelly; but this was a rather obscure matter.

She lived at one of those little half-savage villages such as are only to be found in the backwoods of Canada; and her name was a far too commonly spoken one with the drivers, though not more so than many another. Society in these parts had not taken high orders. Nature had her own way pretty much; they deemed it little sin. Even the omnipresent Romish priest has somehow failed to get much control over the average river-driver, always too much a nomad to feel the continued influence of local sanctuaries.

The young woman realized the prevailing ideal of beauty; not a very refined one, perhaps; but the drivers deemed her fair.

"The Peevy," as he was half-humorously christened, must have been nearly or quite nineteen. The name was said to have come to him one day in boyhood, when a "peevy"

was dropped off a glut into ten or a dozen feet of water. Several of the drivers were trying to hook it up, but kept missing it. The boy, then eleven or twelve years old, had come along unobserved. Presently, and without saying a word, he dropped off the logs, brought up the peevy, and ran away, dripping. The men laughed, and not knowing his name, called him "the peevy-boy." Afterward, when they had found out his mother, they named the urchin "Young Moll's Peevy." This *sobriquet* clung to him even after he had reached manhood and worked with the gang, particularly among the older men who remembered the circumstance. But his mother called him Lotte. A stranger would not easily have believed him the child of the fresh young person who had cared for him; for he was unusually stalwart and bronzed by exposure. Seen together, they rather resembled lad and lass. I thought so, at least, when first I saw her, coming to fetch him dry feeting and a clean shirt. She had walked twenty miles to bring them, through the woods, following our trail. And the way she kissed the young man, aside, was, or looked to be, rather lover-like than maternal. Afterward, on several similar occasions, I was much struck by the *genre* picture they made; the youth had the great black eyes and black curling hair of his mother. The drivers used to chaff the fellow unceasingly about Young Moll and the care she took of him, all of which he bore silently, with a troubled, resentful eye; though, otherwise, a great, noble-hearted boy, generous, and inclined to jollity. Really, the rough fellows thought the more of the young woman for this motherly affection and wealth of care for her boy. It was in their uncultured faces, all the while their tongues belied them.

The "basket" was slung and ready. The gang on the other side were gesticulating, with random tugs at the line. There was something whimsical in the way the proposers of the project shrank the one behind the other, with assumed bravado and covert glances at each other's faces.

"I shall have to go myself!" Villate exclaimed, with his characteristic French oath, "I will go myself, fat as I am!" when, rather bashfully, as if afraid of giving offense, young Lotte said he would go "if no better man wanted the job." There were at first muttered "*non-nons*" of dissuasion in the crowd, but nobody claimed the "job," and Villate was but too glad to get a man to go. In a moment the young man had stripped to his shirt and red drawers, taken his axe and stepped to the basket, but it was found to be insecurely attached; and afterward several better modes of handling the line were suggested, in all causing a delay of an hour or two.

And now, as if the birds of spring, just flitting past, had carried the word, or some presentiment of evil had found its way to the Peevy's mother, she inopportunely made her appearance. Rad Cates privately touched my elbow and nodded back, up the bank. I then saw young Moll standing partly in the cover of a shrub fir, a hundred yards off, intently watching the gang and the extended warp.

Several of the men saw her, but did not look or notice her after the first glance. "Parbleu! a pity she's here!" one said, and they closed in about Lotte to prevent his seeing her. But the woman soon came nearer, going partly around the crowd, keeping aloof. She had a new plaid shawl, gayly colored, pinned closely about her neck, and her long, black, Indian-like curls showed beneath a beaded scarlet hood. There was an intently anxious look in her eyes; she appeared worn and tired.

"The Peevy" was much too tall a man to be shut up in the crowd. Presently he espied her, and his eye fell. After a time he casually, as it were, made his way back to her. None of us heard what was said. The most instinctively kept their eyes to themselves. The gang on the other side was staring across the chasm. Villate ripped out an oath, and I saw Lotte push the girl aside so roughly that she caught at a shrub to save herself. He walked straight to the brink of the cliff.

"Je suis ici," said he. I never saw him look so manly. We knew his eye was quick and his hand sure. I had little doubt that he would cut the front logs and come up safe. We did not know what the danger was till afterward. He stood upright in the "basket," with one hand on the hawser, to steady himself, and his axe in the other.

At a signal the gang on the west side straightened the line. We paid it out slowly. They drew him out from the brink of the ledge, till the basket was directly over the center rock. Then gradually we slackened it, and let him down foot by foot, down under the rainbow, where the hot, mad mist flew up in fierce gusts, bearing the strong odor of crushed spruce fiber. He seemed to bear the deafening roar without confusion, and glanced about him quite coolly, as it looked.

Our attention was given closely to his signals and to our task, yet I saw Young Moll coming forward, step by step, as the "basket" went deeper and deeper into the gorge, her eyes riveted on it. She was very pale, and her hands were tightly clenched. The drivers cast ominous glances at her.

"I don't half like the looks of the jade!" I heard muttered, and I think the sight of her filled every one with a sense of foreboding.

As soon as the basket was down to the logs we saw him step out upon them, and thence to the rock. From moment to moment the mist hid him, and transient jets of water, from betwixt the logs, squirted high over his head. Guardedly he planted one boot, shod with the sharp corks, upon one of the large front logs—the one he judged it best to cut away first; the other foot rested on the rock. The "basket" he had placed at his back. We were holding it steady from both banks, ready to pull it up when signaled. Before and beneath him raged the cataract. We saw him raise his axe and strike it into the log. The bright steel flashed in the narrow chasm. At the fourth stroke the great log cracked. He threw the axe and clutched the basket. A mighty crash rang up. The jam had started—was moving—going down—madly splintering—thundering into the glut-hole! The wet splinters all along the rapids went up a hundred feet in air. On both sides the gangs were running backward, hoisting the "basket." It rose twenty feet a second! A hundred and fifty strong men pulled with might and main! As he rose he waved his hand to us.

Ah, God! we were too slow! It was all done in a trice. One great stick, ending over like a fagot, barely missed the basket. Another longer log, whirling up, struck the warp farther out, and hurled him down with it! The cable was torn from our hands! Gone like a flash, into the gulf below! From the one great rough human heart on either bank a groan of pity blended with the roar.

"Too d——n bad!" they cried out, in all sincerity, and stood staring.

Then all eyes turned toward the poor fellow's mother. She had thrown up her hands when the timber swept him down, as if to shut out the sight, then dropped them on a sudden, with a moan.

"Catch her!" some one shouted. Half-a-dozen standing nearest sprang forward—for she was standing on the very verge of the rocks. Her eyes had fallen on old man Villate. They were like the eyes of one in some mortal agony. The blotched and bloated old rum-butt turned his face aside and downward, and thrust out his hands as if to fight off flame. For their lives the men durst not lay hold of her. She seemed to waver in soul betwixt grief and fury.

A moment after, the men gave a loud shout! She was gone from where she had stood, and the echo of a smothered shriek—tribute of a woman's heart to death—came to our ears. We sprang to look over. There was a glimpse of the bright shawl whirled amid the foam.

"Did she fall?" some one cried out.

"Throwed herself down!" said those who saw it.

We never found trace of either of them. But the jam went out, to the last log. Two hours later the gangs were following the drive down the stream—on to Montreal! But the men had turned sullen. Scarce a laugh or a cheery shout was heard for three days.

DEATH-DEALING TRADES.

THE fish-wives of Scotland are notorious for their extortionate prices. Their pat answer to all remonstrances is that it is not fish, but fishermen's lives, which they are selling. "Out of dry and hard necessity comes the beauty of the world," a well-known American has written. "Behind our tinted Salviati glass, our painted Sèvres china, our Minton majolica and shining silver plate, are the long rows of pallid faces inhaling poison in stifling rooms, breathing death that they may live." There is more truth and less sentimentalism or poetical exaggeration in these statements, especially the last, than most persons will readily believe. Not a few common trades materially injure the health and shorten the lives of the operatives.

On a warm Sunday afternoon last autumn, a large hall in the Bowery was filled with an audience of cigar-makers who had come together to protest against the wrongs of their trade. Most of them were Germans, but, unlike Germans, they were sickly,

cadaverous, and sallow-faced. The speeches were delivered in their native language and English. A newspaper report adds that the sentiments were expressed with an emphasis and earnestness that left no room for doubt of the anxiety and determination which prompted them.

One speaker said that there are fourteen thousand registered men and women cigar-makers in New York city, besides enough children of both sexes to run the number up to twenty thousand. A large proportion of these live in tenement houses, some of which are crowded in every floor, from cellar to garret, with the families of cigar-makers, who rent their quarters from their employers, and work, eat and sleep in the same rooms. Another speaker complained that nothing had been done to improve the condition of the poor cigar-makers in festering tenements, and he spoke of the baneful influence of tenement life on women and children. Whole families are compelled to work sixteen or eighteen hours every day in order to keep body and soul together. In some cases as many as seventy families live in one tenement house, owned and rented to them by one employer, who controls them and holds them in utter bondage. The atmosphere of these places, he said, is horrible, being laden with nicotine, which makes permanent invalids of the children exposed to it.

The man who made the latter statements was a German, and he spoke with extreme earnestness and simplicity. Whoever purchases a cigar in one of the many small tobacconists' stores in the poorer part of the city, will not doubt their truth. Behind the counter or screen, or in a cramped room at the back of the store, he may see all the members of the proprietor's family working for their lives with leaf tobacco. The adults are wan and thin, the children stunted in growth and sickly. Yet these store-owners and workers are the best representatives of their trade, well supplied with comforts, and healthful, compared with the tenement occupants. If the inquirer would see complete poverty and misery, let him enlist the services of some policeman or missionary, and enter the dismal neighborhood where such unfortunates are to be found. The newspapers described their condition fully, and I will not say more here. I have mentioned the meeting, because it seems to be a fit text for the article I propose to write. It was one of the first public protests made against injurious trades, which are entitled to wide consideration on sanitary and humanitarian grounds. There are many such in the United States, and thousands of workers in them who "breathe death that they may live."

The most injurious of all to the operatives are those in which arsenical green colors are used, notably artificial flower and wall-paper making. The former is an extensive trade in America, and in New York city alone there are about fifty manufactories, employing about two thousand girls and children. Possibly you have noticed admiringly how closely nature has been imitated in the sprays of leaves and grass exhibited by some of these establishments in the neighborhood of Wooster street. The delicacy and brilliancy of color are produced by arsenic, one of the most virulent of poisons.

The process of manufacture is simple. The fabric from which the leaves are cut is colored in the piece. The coloring material is made out of the arsenical pigment, cold water, and starch, or gum-arabic. The workman takes a quantity of this liquid in his fingers, and roughly spreads it over lengths of muslin or fine calico, which are afterward beaten or kneaded by hand until they are uniformly colored. They are then spread in a frame to dry, and the plain cloth is stamped, shaded, and cut into beautiful artificial leaves. The operative is much soiled with the color, and in that part of the process called "fluffing," which means dipping the leaf into warm wax and dusting the dry color from it, floating particles of arsenic enter the air and are inhaled by all in the work-room. Towels or masks are sometimes worn before the mouth and nostrils, but the moist skin attracts the dust and the clothes give it lodgment.

The quantity of arsenic used is almost incredible. The medical officer of the Privy Council states that from five to seven hundred tons are made in England annually, and a celebrated chemist found ten pure grains in a single twig of twelve artificial leaves. A lady might thus innocently carry to an evening party enough of the poison to destroy herself and twenty others.* But the direct effects of the arsenic upon the workmen are yet more terrible. An investi-

* "On the Evil Effects of the Use of Arsenic," a paper by Frank W. Draper, M. D., in the Third Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts, to which the writer is largely indebted.

gation of the condition of artificial flower makers was made in Paris by M. Vernois some years ago; most of them were found to be suffering from various eruptions of the skin, presenting sometimes a papular form, sometimes a vesicular form, and sometimes a simple diffused redness. Combined with these external symptoms, which in some instances developed into ulceration and gangrene, were loss of appetite, nausea, colic, incessant headache, and debility. Several investigations were also made in London, and the eminent Dr. Hassall mentions a manufactory where he found twelve persons at work, the condition of all being wretched in the extreme. They all had sores at the back of the neck, on the sides of the nose and on the hands, and their sight was impaired. From time to time they were obliged to give up work and return to their homes.

Dr. Guy, an officer of the Medical Department of the Privy Council, visited another manufactory, where the one hundred young women employed were all affected by the skin disease, and, severe as this was, it proved to be but one of their ailments. Of the twenty-five girls who were examined nearly all showed signs, often highly developed, of chronic arsenical poisoning—nausea, loss of appetite, vomiting, palpitation, shortness of breath, drowsiness, and convulsions. It is wonderful, the medical officer observes, that deaths are not constantly occurring in the artificial flower factories; and, indeed, one fatal case is mentioned in relation to which a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from arsenite of copper. The victim was a girl of nineteen, who had pursued her poisonous occupation for eighteen months without intermission, although she was afflicted by the symptoms previously described during the whole of that period. "The tortures which that poor girl must have suffered," remarks the official "Blue Book," "will not have been in vain if the public knowledge of them leads to the amendment of a system under which others are progressing toward a similar fate from day to day."

One branch of the industry in which children are employed is technically known as grass work. It consists in fastening small glass beads or "dew drops" to the artificial grass, and so simple is the work that mere infants can help at it. The master of a ragged school in a densely populated district of London found that when a particular kind of artificial flower was in fashion the young children neglected to attend school. He told James Greenwood, who wrote an article which appeared in the London "Telegraph" some time ago: "You may always know a grass hand if he has been at work any time, from the appearance of his hair. You will find the front part of it—that which is most exposed, as the head is bent over the work—to be of a different color from the rest. If the child's hair is light-colored, the patch in front, just where the parting commences, will be changed to a dull yellow; if the hair is naturally dark the patch will be rusty, almost of the color called carroty. If they work long and hard at the grass the hair will fall out." The threading of the beads on blades and leaves of grass, and the subsequent shaking to see that all is right, dislodge particles of the arsenical green, which poisons the air and tells its tale upon the poor children.

No official investigation has ever been made in America, but I have the authority of Dr. Stephen Smith, member of the New York Board of Health, and Dr. E. H. Janes, Chief Sanitary Inspector, for stating that the same conditions exist here as abroad. A large number of the factories are in that part of the city bounded by Greene street, Broadway, Canal, and Houston streets. Others are on the East Side. All the smaller ones are in old tenement houses, which are insufficiently ventilated, and have no necessary conveniences for carrying on the manufacture. In a small room ten or twelve children are confined, doing the simplest work on common flowers under the direction of a woman. Some large firm supplies the materials, and the proprietress is paid by the dozen bunches. The little workers receive one dollar a week for ten hours' labor, and the youngest, who are called learners, are not paid at all. There is another class of small factories in which whole families are employed, supplying their own material, and taking the productions of the day to one of the large dealers every night. It is among these unfortunates, who are compelled to use the cheapest coloring, that the effects of arsenical green are most noticeable. The symptoms of the poisoning show themselves in accordance with the amount of work done, and the ventilation of the rooms. I did not find them as acute in any instance as described in London or Paris, but all the operatives were pale-faced and afflicted with dyspepsia, catarrh, and weakness of the eyes.

An opportunity was given to me by Messrs. Strauss, Bianchi & Co., to inspect their factory, which extends from Broadway to Mercer street. The building is a comparatively new one, and the work-rooms are lofty, warm, well lighted and well ventilated. About one hundred girls, whose ages varied from ten to twenty, were at work, and about one hundred and fifty more were constantly employed at their own homes. In one of the upper rooms two or three men were coloring the sheets of muslin, spreading them on a frame to dry and embossing them with iron stamps. The color in use at the moment of my visit was a deep carmine, dry particles of which filled the air and settled thickly on the floor and benches. It was constantly being inhaled, and Mr. Beers, the superintendent, showed me his pocket-handkerchief, which was speckled with crimson dust blown out through the nose. The only troublesome consequence he felt was in an occasional attack of catarrh or dyspepsia.

In the lower rooms the girls were applying intermediate tints to the carmine, pressing, curling, and folding the leaves. The faces and arms of some were daubed with the coloring, which even touched their lips; but none of them were more sickly in appearance than other factory girls. They were compelled to wash themselves often, and their complaints were no more serious than those of the superintendent. All the green leaves are bought ready-made, from houses which make a specialty of their manufacture, as Mr. Beers informed me—and it is among these that the worst forms of disease exist. There were several severe cases of sickness in his own factory, however, while some bronze leaves were in preparation—so many, in fact, that the work had to be abandoned.

It is more than thirty years since a German chemist called attention to the deleterious effects of the manufacture of emerald-green papers, and of living in rooms covered by them. The subject was subsequently inquired into by distinguished scientific men in England and America, and for some time the use of arsenical green papers was abandoned. But the dictates of fashion are capricious. The public has forgotten the warnings given in the newspapers ten years ago, and the poisonous paper-hangings are exhibited in the shops to-day, with the same fascinations of color, design, and finish that characterized them in the past. Dr. Frank W. Draper visited several stores in Massachusetts a year or two ago, and in all of them he obtained specimens of wall-paper containing arsenic. I have not the space, and it is not within the scope of this article to mention the numerous cases in which persons have been poisoned by them. It is my intention to simply describe the injurious effects produced upon the workmen engaged in their manufacture.

The process is described by Dr. Draper as follows: A mixture of emerald-green and Paris-white is poured into some warm water and size, which the operative stirs with his fore-arm, often dipping it as low as the elbow. When the color is prepared, it is applied to the surface of the paper by a series of brushes, worked by machinery, and a uniform coating is thus secured. Passing from the brushes, the paper is suspended in loops from sticks which rest on a slowly moving endless chain, arranged near the ceiling, and it is carried the whole length of the room (which is very hot), until it is dry. If it is to be glazed, it is then drawn under a series of dry brushes, which revolve with great rapidity. The figured patterns are printed by two methods. The slower and more accurate is hand-printing. But most of the printing is done by machinery not unlike that used in calico-printing. The paper is drawn against some revolving wooden cylinders, on which are raised figures corresponding with the colors to be observed in the paper when it is finished, and each cylinder is fed by a belt of fine woolen cloth passing through a trough of color. "Flock" paper requires a special process to give it its roughened or velvety texture. The "flock" consists in finely divided shreds of waste woolen cloth, which is scoured, and dried, and ground to a powder. A quantity of this woolen dust is inclosed in a large chest or drum, the bottom of which is formed of sheep-skin. The paper having been covered with alternate layers of size and varnish is then passed into the drum, and as the sheep-skin bottom is beaten, the "flock" rises and settles on the moistened and adhesive surface, where it is allowed to dry. When the paper is to be a plain "flock," the size and varnish are spread uniformly, but when figures are desired, the pattern alone is covered with varnish.

The symptoms observed in the workmen, who obtain a precarious livelihood from this industry, are much the same as in the artificial flower makers, consisting of thirst, nausea, drowsiness, nervous tremblings, sore-throat, catarrh, and swelling of

the lips. Various eruptions also appear on exposed parts of the body, their severity being in proportion to the duration and continuity of the workman's labors, and to his cleanliness and individual susceptibility to the poison.

Dr. Draper also visited one of the largest manufactories. The building was not inferior to others of its class, and was well supplied with light and ventilation. Arsenic was used by the barrel in making green colors, and a number of workmen were asked whether or not they suffered from exposure to it. Their answers showed that either from their personal experience or by common consent, the emerald-green colors had a bad name; and in a few instances arsenic was mentioned as the recognized agent of injury. A foreman in the color-room, where the pigments were mixed with warm size, stated that sores sometimes appeared on the hands, especially when they were dipped into the color to hasten the mixing. Another man complained of ulcerations, meekly suggesting, at the same time, that they might be avoided by careful attention to washing. A third workman stated that he had been employed in the business for twenty-three years, and had suffered from the effects of emerald-greens in the same manner as many others. He considered the color a poison, and said that its influence was the worse when it was used dry. After working with it for a fortnight or less, the symptoms generally manifested themselves, beginning with "a bad cold in the head," which was followed by ulceration of the hands, a swelling of the lips and nose, and salivation "as bad as from mercury." The lower parts were also affected, and walking became difficult; but all the ailments would disappear a fortnight after the work was discontinued.

Paper-hangers also recognize the fact that certain green papers have a tendency to develop a peculiar set of symptoms. Out of nine men examined by Dr. Draper, seven had been poisoned by arsenic, in various degrees of severity. Within twelve hours after working upon an arsenical paper, they were afflicted with irritation of the mucous membrane of the eyes, nose and mouth, accompanied by eruptions on the body and great prostration of strength. No fatal cases had been heard of, but such symptoms of poisoning as these were very common.

All the phosphorus made is consumed in the manufacture of common matches, an industry employing many thousands of men and women in America. A terrible jaw disease is often contracted by those exposed to the fumes, numerous cases of which have been treated and are on record at Bellevue Hospital, in the city of New York.

The splints of wood are twice the length of the matches they are intended to make, and are tied, like firewood, into cylindrical bundles about six inches in diameter. Both ends are placed on a heated sheet of metal until they are charred to a light brown, the object of which is to insure the adhesion of the sulphur or their complete saturation with oil. They are next dipped in an open vessel over a fire or stove containing a quantity of melted sulphur, an excess of which invests the interstices between the splints, and is removed by "hands" called "pickers," who press and roll the bundles on a board. The heads of the cheapest kind of matches are then dipped by hand into a composition, the ingredients and proportions of which vary, according to the quality of matches for which it is intended. The essential component parts are phosphorus, chlorate of potash, and glue. The phosphorus is used, of course, for its ready inflammability under the influence of friction or a gentle heat; the chlorate of potash for the facility with which, when exposed to the minutest spark, it explodes and bursts into flame; and the glue for combining and consolidating the two former substances. Powdered glass, and small quantities of coloring matter, such as red lead or vermilion, are also usually added to the composition.

All the ingredients which need pulverization are finely ground. The glue is melted in a steam bath, and then the phosphorus is introduced into it, and is stirred until the two substances are combined. Next, the powdered glass and coloring matter are thrown in, and incorporated in a like manner. Finally, the chlorate of potash, previously moistened, is added to the semi-fluid mass, and the whole is stirred until the admixture is complete.

The better kind of matches undergo what is called "frame-dipping," which consists in arranging the splints, already cut to the desired length of the match, in square wooden frames, at equal and short distances from one another. The composition is spread by a spatula on a smooth stone or metallic surface, warmed by steam, in a uniform layer of some thickness. The prepared frame is placed horizontally upon this, so that all the ends of the splints sink to the bottom of the composition. When the frame is removed,

each splint is found dipped with a small button of paste, which in drying acquires the ordinary ovoid shape.

After all the dipping has been done, the matches are dried in rooms especially adapted for the purpose—artificially heated and fire-proof. The last thing of all is "boxing." The splints are removed from the frames or loosened from the bundles, as the case may be, by persons who are known as "emptiers." The same persons act also as "boxers" or "lidders," which names express the duties they have to perform. "Cross-cutting" is done prior to "frame-filling," but with bundles, as was intimated, it follows the dipping. The vapors of the phosphorus escape in several of the processes: in mixing the composition, dipping, drying, and boxing. The better class of manufactories have separate rooms for each of these, and only the persons especially engaged in them can inhale the poisonous emanations. But in some instances the entire business is done in one small room, and all the work-people are more or less exposed.

The peculiar disease attending this industry is technically known as necrosis of the maxillary bones, and the operators most exposed to the fumes of phosphorus are constantly in danger of being attacked by it. An eminent surgeon pointed out to me in Sixth Avenue, New York, not more than a week previous to this writing, a young woman engaged in match-making, whose lower jaw he had removed at Bellevue Hospital two years before. A new and healthy bone had since formed, he told me, but the act of mastication was difficult. Out of the numerous cases on record, remarkably few have been fatal, and in most deformity has been the worst consequence. Several deaths caused by phosphorus are described, however, by the medical officers of the Privy Council of Great Britain.

Richard Bell began work as a match-maker at the age of eight, and continued it until his death at the age of twenty-two. While a dipper, he was troubled with toothache, which developed into necrosis of the upper jaw. Part of the jaw was removed, but the disease continued and was progressing when he died. George Reynolds was attacked by the disease in both jaws, and died after an illness of twelve months. His brother was also attacked, but recovered after the removal of the lower jaw. John Cremer, a dipper, died after an illness of four years. Winifred Gaitley, A. Farrel, and B. Follen, all women, also died of the disease within a short time of each other. We might carry a list of such cases over another page. The details of some are too revolting for description in a family magazine, and any reader who is inclined to read further, may find many works on the subject in all medical libraries. The cases at Bellevue Hospital will be alluded to again.

About eighteen months ago an article appeared in a Brooklyn newspaper describing a white lead factory at Williamsburg, the operatives of which were said to be constantly suffering from metallic poisoning. The proprietors of the factory sharply controverted the statements made, but several of the workmen came to the writer's support with accounts of numerous well-authenticated cases. In a few months the subject was forgotten, and the factory now finds no scarcity of men to fill it. Nevertheless, the disastrous effects of the lead industry are proved on the best medical authority.

The manufacture of white lead is the most dangerous branch. The process is as follows: A number of earthen vessels are prepared, into each of which a few ounces of crude vinegar are poured. Sheets of lead are then introduced in such a manner that they neither touch the vinegar nor project above the top of the jars. The vessels are arranged in rows in a large building and inclosed between boards covered with tan, one row being placed on top of another until a stack is formed. The building is next closed, and a spontaneous process takes place, the exact nature of which is not understood. But when the building is opened after a lapse of several weeks and the stack is taken to pieces, the greater portion of the metal is found to have been converted into a carbonate. This, washed and ground while wet, is white lead, and when it is packed in casks it is ready for the market.

The poison affects the work-people partly through inhalation and partly through the agency of the skin. The inhalation is the most fertile source of evil, however, and the commonest symptom is colic, which is easily cured. There are other and more serious symptoms, which develop into paralysis unless work is discontinued; but as the wages paid by the manufacturers are high, and as many of the operatives have large families to support, medical prohibitions against the continuance of work are often disregarded.

The occupations in which mercury is used are also injurious to the workmen, and with

a brief account of these I will conclude this article. They include the silvering of looking-glasses, the dressing of furs, and barometer-making; but I shall omit the latter, as it is comparatively unimportant in the United States. In silvering looking-glasses a sheet of tin-foil is laid on a stone table and carefully flattened. A quantity of metallic mercury is poured upon this, and the glass to be silvered is drawn over the surface of the tin-foil in such a manner that a portion of the mercury intervenes everywhere between them. The excess of mercury which is necessary in this process runs off the table into vessels in which it is strained and fitted for further use. Some of this surplus mercury amalgamates with portions of the tin-foil, and in the form of an oxide it is diffused in the work-room.

A fair degree of care is observed in the construction of the work-rooms, and the ventilation and light are usually good, but the symptoms of mercurial poisoning are often seen in the silverers. There is a class of poor Hebrews and Italians who produce an inferior kind of mirror at their own tenement houses. All the processes are carried on in one or two rooms, which are also used for all household purposes; and it is among this class that the poisoning occurs most frequently. The writer went to an Italian lodging-house in Elm street, where two brothers do a small business in the manufacture of glasses which sell for from ten to fifty cents. One of them was silvering a sheet of common glass as I entered. He gave his age as thirty-five and said he came from Tuscany. His face was pallid, and his cheeks and eyes were sunken. All his teeth had fallen out, and he complained of an aching in his bones. As he stood talking to me, a nervous quivering was apparent in his frame, and he could not stand for more than a few minutes without resting. He was constantly expectorating, and was short of breath. When I asked him what it was that ailed him he quietly answered that he did not know, but believed it might be the mercury. I thoughtlessly added that there were more wholesome occupations open to him. He shook his head, and said: "Oh, no, none; none that will pay so well." By and by his brother came in, a younger man by five years. He was healthier-looking comparatively, but still wan in face and wasted in body. The only troubles he had, he said, were occasional pains in the bones and excessive salivation. Both of the men were uncleanly in appearance, and the poison had a chance to enter their systems in three ways (as it evidently had done)—by inhalation, through the pores of the skin, and with their food, as some of the mercury necessarily adhered to their unwashed hands.

Even in the work-rooms of the most conscientious manufacturers, which are satisfactory in all sanitary respects, the consequences of the use of mercury are not wholly avoided. Small ulcers break out in the mouths of the operatives, the gums are sore, and the excretion of the saliva is abnormally profuse. The ultimate effects are in proportion to the sensibility of the workman to the poison, and to his power of eliminating it from the system—two qualities which vary to such an extent with the individual, that while one man may work with mercury for several years without serious injury, another will be prostrated before a month has elapsed.

The symptoms to be observed in the furriers are the same as in the silverers. Some time ago a woman was admitted to the Surrey Dispensary who was suffering from the usual results of the long-continued action of small quantities of mercury on the system. As she denied having taken it medicinally, she was questioned by the physicians as to her employment, and stated in answer that she was engaged by a furrier to dress skins with a fluid, which she believed contained the poison. Several other women were affected in the same manner as herself, she added, at the same establishment. A more serious case came to light a short time before this. A man was admitted to the hospital suffering from mercury in the system. Four years previously he began work as a packer of furs, and for three years was not much inconvenienced by the mercury, although he suffered from general debility. After that time, however, he could not hold his hand steadily enough to shave himself, and was soon unable to control his muscles. He trembled when standing upright, and had spasmodic movements when in bed. He continued work until he was compelled by exhaustion to give it up one month before his admission, two or three days after which he became delirious and died.

Some preparation of mercury is considered indispensable in dressing furs. A solution of the nitrate is brushed on the hairy side by men, and the skins are then dried in a heated room, brushed and cut by machinery, and sorted. All the operatives are exposed, some more than others; but, however slight the exposure, it is attend-

ed by impaired health, if not disease or death.

In regard to this industry and to the others we have described, it is exceedingly difficult to obtain as full information as might be desired. Some of the employers, knowing the writer's object, showed the extremest aversion to an investigation. A furrier declared to a medical officer that he really did not know enough about chemicals to say whether or not he used mercury in his store. Other employers—all, in fact, who have had the humanity to respect the lives of their work-people—gave me every facility, and were frank in their statements of the injuries arising from the use of certain materials. The conclusions to be drawn from all that I saw and heard are, that a number of occupations openly carried on, fully deserve to be called "death-dealing," that they need close supervision by public health officers—which they do not receive; that proper regulations, strictly enforced, might alleviate the evils or completely overcome them.

Further and more valuable suggestions than these may be drawn from the following letter addressed to the writer by Dr. Stephen Smith, member of the New York Board of Health, and of the American Public Health Association, who kindly revised this article:

"The damage done to the health of operatives in the various trades by the articles employed in manufacture, has excited far too little attention in this country. Nearly all of our knowledge of these sources of ill-health is derived from investigations in the manufacturing towns of Europe. The evils detailed in this paper are undoubtedly more numerous, and more destructive of health among operatives, in the old factories abroad, than in the same comparatively new and improved establishments at home. But, we have abundant evidence that operatives in this country are far from being exempt from the deleterious effects of the poisonous agents used in many trades. Lead poisoning was at one time traceable in many of the chronic and invaliding maladies of those engaged in establishments where this material was extensively employed. The terrible experiences of the employés in lucifer match manufactories, several years since, awakened a temporary interest in this subject, which led to important reforms in the management of the dangerous stage in the process. In this phosphor-necrosis disease the ravages of the poison were so apparent and so destructive, consisting of the loss of part or of the whole of the lower jaw, that a prompt remedy of the evil was imperatively demanded by the public. But, unfortunately, many of these poisons, like arsenic, are so slow and insidious in their operation, that the source of impaired health is not even suspected. The operative continues to perform his duties until the progressive effects of the poison have so deteriorated his constitutional vigor that he is compelled to abandon his trade and seek another employment. If by this change his health is improved, the former sickness is attributed to some comparatively trivial circumstance, as confinement, while the real evil escapes detection. It is also unfortunate that these poisons affect different persons differently, as is the case with phosphorus, ten escaping to one affected with destructive disease of the jaw. If those poisons were prompt and decisive in their action, and all operatives were alike affected, the reform would be prompt and effectual; either poisonous materials would not be used, or, when used, proper precautions would be taken to render them harmless.

"Popular enlightenment on these subjects, which are of such abiding interest to the working classes, is of the utmost importance. It is not sufficient for the proper authorities to learn these facts, and endeavor to correct apparent defects in methods of manufacturing. The operatives themselves should be instructed as to the known, and to the suspected, causes of sickness, or impaired health, which are incident to certain trades. And such instruction should include specific information as to the early symptoms which are characteristic of the effects of the several poisons used in the arts and manufactures. In this country, where the field of employment is so large and so diversified, such instruction would be especially valuable, and would enable those who are liable to suffer ill-health from pursuing any particular trade, to change their occupations before they have received permanent detriment."

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

Marion showed me her wedding gown
And her veil of gossamer lace to-night,
And the orange blooms that to-morrow morn
Shall fade in her soft hair's golden light.
But Philip came to the open door;
Like the heart of a wild rose glowed her cheek,
And they wandered off through the garden paths
So blest that they did not care to speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved;
To know you are fair in some one's eyes;
That upon some one your beauty dawns
Every day as a new surprise.
To know that whether you weep or smile,
Whether your mood be grave or gay,
Somebody thinks you all the while
Sweeter than any flower of May!

I wonder what it would be to love;
That, I think, would be sweeter far—
To know that one out of all the world
Was lord of your life, your king, your star!
They talk of love's sweet tumult and pain;
I am not sure that I understand,
Though—a thrill ran down to my finger-tips,
Once when—somebody—touched my hand.

I wonder what it would be to dream
Of a child that might one day be your own,
Of the hidden springs of your life a part,
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone.
Marion stooped one day to kiss
A beggar's babe with a tender grace,
While some sweet thought, like a prophecy,
Looked from her pure Madonna face.

I wonder what it must be to think
To-morrow will be your wedding day,
And, in the radiant sunset glow,
Down fragrant, flowery paths to stray,
As Marion does this blessed night
With Philip, lost in a blissful dream.
Can she feel his heart through the silence beat?
Does he see her eyes in the starlight gleam?

Questioning thus, my days go on,
But never an answer comes to me;
All love's mysteries, sweet as strange,
Sealed away from my life must be.
Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!
Of a beautiful city that lies afar;
And there, sometime, I shall drop the mask,
And be shapely and fair as others are!

THE LIVERPOOL OF AMERICA.

VIEW OF BALTIMORE—LOOKING FROM FEDERAL HILL.

At the present moment it may fairly be said that Baltimore is the fashion. The evidences of its astonishing commercial progress, of its rapid growth in population, and of the remarkable development of its terminal facilities, are so numerous that they are the theme of conversation in all quarters. It is not many years since it was thought proper to call Baltimore slow, and to accuse her citizens of old fogyism. Before the war, Northern people spoke with enthusiasm of the bewitching beauty of Baltimore belles, and with provoking disdain of the conservatism of the plodding old merchants who were the belles' fathers. The epithet "provincial" was freely applied to the Maryland metropolis.

To-day, Baltimore may with reason be called "The Liverpool of America."

It is not the province of this sketch to enter into the numerous details of the development of commerce in the fair city of which the people of Maryland are so proud. Let us simply content ourselves with a few glances at the principal features of this promising center of trade, and with a summary review of the material progress.

Suppose that we sit down here in the balcony of Barnum's Hotel (the pleasant inn of which Charles Dickens was so fond), and look out upon the stone-paved square in which the famous "Battle Monument" stands. It is "race week" in the busy city of Baltimore, and great throngs come and go along the steep and elegant streets leading into the heart of the fashionable quarter. A motley array of negro hackmen, armed with long whips, vociferate in front of the large, square, old-fashioned mansion, of late years occupied as a City Hall, but formerly the residence of Reverdy Johnson. Around Guy's restaurant, where Southern epicures find the canvas-back duck and the soft-shell crab in all their glory, are gathered groups of horse-fanciers from all parts of the Union. On Baltimore street, the main business avenue of the city, thousands of people come and go with less of tumultuous rush and

hurry than one sees on Broadway, but with the same steady, resistless flow. One observes nowhere any magnificent vistas, any

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BALTIMORE.

huge glittering blocks—save where, in an obscure position, placed between unimportant streets, a superb new marble City Hall is almost hidden from view. It does not occur to the careless observer that Baltimore is a specially large or busy town.

But, as we sit here and look out over the square, at the tall form of the Shot Tower in the distance, and at the comings and goings of the old horse aiding the car-teams to draw the crowded cars up the hill, we can summon up what will seem to all convincing proofs of the greatness of Baltimore. Its thousands of small industries, its crowded wharves, and its staid, solemn and substantial warehouses; its great elevators, its labyrinths of railways, its fine schools and churches, its noble public institutions, are worthy special attention.

If George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, who gave his name to the Maryland metropolis, could come back from the shades of the seventeenth century to see how mightily the city which he founded has grown, he would consider himself well repaid for the long and tedious examination of the Chesapeake, which he made in or about 1628. When he procured his grant of territory on the Chesapeake, he doubtless had in view the establishment of a great commercial port at some point near it. But he died before the English Government had given him the charter to the lands which he had explored. His son, however, became, a few years later, absolute lord and proprietary of a province which was named Maryland, in honor of Henrietta Maria, of France, the wife of Charles the First. The Baltimore of those days had arbitrary power over life and limb, and the colonists stood in healthy awe of him.

But all the world knows how, in succeeding years, the province of Maryland became a refuge for those who suffered from religious persecution elsewhere, because the proprietary government had the good sense to inaugurate a régime of tolerance at a time when it was quite unknown in other parts of America or Europe. There was no ecclesiastical establishment in Maryland until the Royal Government usurped the proprietary's powers in 1692.

It was a member of the Society of Friends who patented the first land within the present limits of Baltimore city. Singularly enough, this was a tract of fifty acres on "Whetstone Point," the very place where to-day is centering the trade which has lately brought the community into such frequent notice. Where now thousands of cars, laden with coal and grain, daily pour their stores of wealth from the West upon wharves fronting on deep water, Mr. Thomas Gorsuch

THE SHOT TOWER, BALTIMORE.

was probably wont to promenade, wondering to what use he could put the unpromising-looking level land fronting on the Pa-

tapsco River. It was not until a whole lifetime after Mr. Gorsuch had made his purchase that ships began to enter the Patapsco from London, and that, in 1730, a town was laid out into lots on the north side of the river, and named Baltimore, as a compliment to the then proprietary family.

FORT McHENRY, BALTIMORE HARBOR.

It was an unpromising location. The modern Baltimorean must often wonder what led his forefathers to settle on land surrounded by hills, marshes and watercourses. Succeeding generations have had to expend enormous sums in draining and filling up unwholesome fens, and in grading streets along some almost perpendicular hills, where the houses seem in imminent danger of sliding down to the plains below.

Although Baltimore proper was not made a city until 1730, Whetstone Point was incorporated as early as 1706, and from the consolidation of this and numerous other outlying towns the city has attained its present size. Nothing but the old names remain to indicate the once separate existence of numerous large sections; and the metropolis is now proposing still farther to extend her limits one mile east and west, and two miles north, into the surrounding country, thus taking in a host of pretty and prosperous manufacturing villages.

Whetstone Point is an irregularly shaped peninsula, projecting between the middle and the north-western branches of the Patapsco River, and having a fine frontage on the harbor. At the south-western extremity of Whetstone Point, on a long and narrow neck of land, is the celebrated Fort McHenry. Entering the Patapsco River from the great Chesapeake highway, vessels must pass Fort Carroll—a stone fortification, now of little practical service—and, ascending the river, enter the city limits a little below Fort McHenry. Along both sides of the harbor, at Canton,—which is in itself a vast teeming city, crowded with manufacturing establishments of almost every conceivable description,—and at Locust Point, an immense projection on the north-eastern side of the Whetstone peninsula, the greatest activity prevails. Here the stranger, anxious to learn the causes of Baltimore's commercial greatness, may study and barely comprehend it all. Here the terminal facilities, which are thus far superior to those of any European city, are concentrated. Two great railways, whose connecting lines literally cover the continent, and whose influence upon the development of internal commerce in America has been incalculably great, are

JONES'S FALLS, BALTIMORE.

contributing to the prosperity and activity of Baltimore as a seaport. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company has made Locust Point the shipping point for its vast trade with the West; and the Pennsylvania Central, and

certain local roads, pour merchandise into Canton, which is yearly rivaling in facilities for speedy shipment to Europe its important and aggressive neighbor. The improve-

THE NEW CITY HALL, BALTIMORE.

ments in the harbor have of late been very extensive, the general Government and the City each having contributed equally generous sums for the creation of channels to enable vessels of large draught to come up at all seasons.

Locust Point is reached from the main track of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad by lines which cut across the stream known as Gwynn's Falls, and skirting the "Middle Branch," run along the peninsula to the massive elevators and coal wharves built by the railway company. Along every portion of the peninsula there is an average depth of from seventeen to twenty-one feet of water; and at the "Point" proper an area of eighty acres is crowded with sheds and warehouses, and wharves, beyond which, on thousands of piles, stand two elevators—one capable of containing 1,500,000, the other, 600,000 bushels of grain. Each elevator, surrounded by water on three sides, always has a host of foreign vessels nestling about it, and receiving from gigantic spouts the grain which is at the same moment delivered on the land side from newly arrived trains. A thousand coal cars daily might now easily be unloaded at Locust Point; and during a single month in 1874, nearly fourteen thousand coal cars, more than two thousand grain cars, and many thousands loaded with miscellaneous freight, were received and emptied there. Several hundred cars are daily transferred across the harbor, to railroads leading to the East, which they reach without having broken bulk on their journey from Western cities.

The growth of the grain trade in Baltimore is without parallel in the history of the country; and the increase will undoubtedly be much more rapid in the future than it has been in the past, as the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Corporation will build immense elevators at Canton, which will draw a gigantic trade to them. The extension of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Chicago was a splendid stroke of enterprise, and will result in giving North-western wheat a cheaper and better route to foreign markets through Baltimore than by any other port. The receipts of corn increased enormously after the establishment of the Baltimore and Ohio elevators at Locust Point. The Baltimore flour-mills are very noted, and more than a million barrels of flour are annually received in the market. The coffee trade is extensive, Baltimore ranking only second as a coffee mart, the receipts there being more than twice the aggregate entries at Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. The im-

THE EXCHANGE, BALTIMORE.

ports for 1873, at Baltimore, amounted to three hundred and eighty-four thousand eight hundred and eight bags. Hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour are annually

exported to Brazil and the West Indies. The great sugar refineries work up more than one hundred million pounds of crude material yearly. The tobacco trade is large, and a visit to the warehouses in different sections of the city would be of much interest to the Northern traveler. A great portion of the tobacco marketed in Baltimore goes to Germany and France to be converted into moist cigars, or into the stringy smoking material in which the Gaul so much delights. The tobacco and cigar manufactories in the city employ thousands of workmen.

Lumber, iron, cotton, and petroleum are important items of Baltimore's trade. There are many prosperous iron-workers in the city, one company alone controlling four plate-mills which yield a million dollars every year. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Corporation employs two regiments of laborers in its immense establishments at Mount Clare. At Canton, the largest copper-smelting works on the Atlantic coast are situated.

The coal trade, which grows steadily, can have no other limit than that imposed by inadequate transportation facilities. A few years ago, seventeen hundred tons was considered a heavy shipment from the Cumberland mines, which are situated about two hundred miles from Baltimore; but several million tons are now annually shipped from the Cumberland region. The city can always freight several thousand vessels with coal; and her coastwise trade in the sooty merchandise is springing into huge proportions. More than a thousand vessels arrive at Baltimore yearly; but, if there were five thousand, freight could readily be furnished for all. Millions of hogs and thousands of cattle are yearly distributed to Southern markets through Baltimore. The imports in 1873 were $31,319,033; the exports, $22,548,616. In 1874 the imports were $26,578,554; the exports, $28,617,590. The receipts of coffee in 1873 amounted to nearly $7,000,000. One of the chief manufacturing industries in the city is the making of boots and shoes, which employs four thousand persons.

The oyster trade of Baltimore is stupendous. Whole streets are devoted to the packing of oysters; and twenty thousand men, women and children, are employed either in fishing them up, or packing them down. From the vast waters of the Chesapeake many persons have already wrested handsome fortunes. Eight hundred little schooners and three thousand small-boats are engaged from September until Spring in dredging for oysters. In one single establishment in Baltimore, fifty thousand cans of raw oysters are packed each day. The manufacture of tin cans is in itself a gigantic business; and several large printing houses are constantly occupied in preparing labels. From early spring until mid-September, the packeries are devoted to preparing and preserving the fruit which is brought by thousands of tons from the orchards and market gardens along the Chesapeake.

MOUNT VERNON SQUARE AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

Looking down from "Federal Hill," a historic eminence now adorned with the remains of a fortification erected by Union troops during the war, the blue waters of the harbor, dotted with sails, and hemmed in on three sides by masses of solid blocks and wharves, present a very picturesque appearance. Federal Hill was christened at the time that the Constitution of the United States was adopted. The "Federalists" manifested their joy on that occasion by rigging a model ship, called the "Federalist," which they paraded through the streets, and then burned on the hill.

The streets leading out from the hill in various directions are inhabited by thousands of industrious and well-to-do German families. This quarter of the city is one of the most quiet, and is exceedingly

well kept. The unsavory reputation of the harbor basin is well known; it is safe to say that no canal in Amsterdam can rival its odors. The city should have it filled up; for it is at present an abomination.

Baltimore merits the title which it so proudly bears, of "The Monumental City." The stately shaft which rises from a massive pedestal in Mount Vernon Square is dedicated to the memory of George Washington. It shames into dreary insignificance the uncouth and inartistic pile of stones which has long stood incomplete on the mud flats near the Potomac. Baltimore's Doric column is crowned with a statue representing Washington resigning his commission, and on the four sides of the pedestal is the following inscription:

"To George Washington, by the State of Maryland. Born February 22, 1732. Commander-in-chief of the American Army, June 15, 1775. Trenton, December 25, 1776. Yorktown, October 19, 1781. Commission resigned at Annapolis, December 23, 1783. President of the United States,

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

March 4, 1789. Retired to Mount Vernon, March 4, 1797. Died December 14, 1799."

From the top of the column, which is

THE BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

two hundred and eighty feet above tide water, you may have a view of the sloping streets, and the busy avenues along the water-side; may look across to Federal Hill, where the fortifications made during the war still remain, and down the harbor to the wide, blue waters of the Chesapeake.

From the four sides of the monument's pedestal radiate outward an equal number of little parks, surrounded by neat railings. All the streets leading up to the square are lined with elegant mansions, and on bright days, during the season, carriages filled with lovely women crowd the way.

The "Battle Monument," in Monument Square, stands on the site originally chosen for the Washington Memorial. The invasion by the English, and the battle of North Point, which resulted in preserving Baltimore from destruction at the hands of British soldiers, moved the impulsive people of the city to erect at once a testimonial of gratitude to the brave men who had died for them. The Committee of Safety of those days circulated a petition for subscriptions, which were readily given, and on September 12, 1815, was laid the corner-stone of the monument to the memory of the citizens who fell in defense of the city at the battle of North Point and the bombardment of

Fort McHenry. The structure comprises a marble shaft in the form of a fasces, surmounted by a statue representing the city of Baltimore. Although the whole is but fifty-two feet high, it produces a very imposing effect. The corner-stone of the Washington Monument was laid in July, 1815, but the statue was not placed in position for fourteen years thereafter.

Prominent among the monuments of lesser fame in Baltimore is that dedicated to Thomas Wildey, the founder of the Order of Odd-Fellows in America. It was erected in 1865, and is merely a Grecian Doric column springing from a singularly shaped pedestal, and amply decorated with the emblems of the Order. Thomas Wildey was an Englishman, who, in 1819, established a Lodge of Odd-Fellows in Baltimore, and who gave his entire means and energies to the Order until 1861. The inscription upon his tomb records the fact, that before his death four hundred and twenty-seven thousand members had been initiated, thirty-eight thousand bereaved families administered to, and in Maryland alone, three thousand orphans educated by the Order.

The Hill and McComas Monument in Ashland Square, to the memory of the youths supposed to have slain Gen. Ross, the British commander, during the invasion which culminated in the battle of North Point; and the McDonough statue in Greenmount Cemetery, a memorial to a philanthropic merchant who gave the whole of his immense fortune to New Orleans and Baltimore, to be devoted to the education of poor children, are among the other most interesting monuments in the city. The Merchants' Shot Tower, nearly two hundred and fifty feet high, is now the only one remaining of three, from each of which the prospect was singularly beautiful.

THE CATHEDRAL, BALTIMORE.

THE WILDEY MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

The churches of Baltimore are among the most beautiful in the country. The Catholic Cathedral, an imposing edifice in the form of a Roman cross, stands on the ground where the Duc de Lauzun's legion encamped when Count Rochambeau halted at Baltimore, on his return with his army from Yorktown in 1782; and there, in the forests which crowned the hills, the French chaplains were wont to celebrate mass. The cathedral was consecrated in 1821, its foundations having been laid in 1806. Its interior is decorated with numerous rare paintings, and its architecture, while simple, is exceedingly impressive. The First Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Madison and Park streets, is one of the noblest religious edifices in Baltimore. It is a superb Gothic structure, built of colored freestone, and its spire is one of the most elaborate and graceful in the country. It rises two hundred and fifty feet above the pavement. The Second and Memorial Presbyterian churches

are interesting, but do not equal the airy grace and consummate finish of the First. The Franklin Square Presbyterian Church

THE FRANKLIN SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

is a fine edifice of rough white stone; fronting on a beautiful park, it is picturesque and imposing. The Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, built of various colored marbles, and standing near the Washington Monument, is another fine specimen of the Gothic style, which the Baltimoreans like so well. Of nearly two hundred churches and chapels in the city, but few others than those already mentioned are strikingly interesting. The Westminster's turrets cast their shadows over the grave of Edgar A. Poe, which is soon to be marked by a monument worthy his genius.

St. Luke's and St. Paul's, in the aristocratic quarter, are the High Church establishments; and St. Peter's, Christ Church, Grace Church, and the Ascension are fine Episcopal edifices. The Catholics have twenty-four commodious churches, and St. Ignatius and St. Alphonsus are honored with remarkably decorated ceilings and walls. Baltimore is the "metropolitan city of American Methodism," and the various branches of the Methodists own seventy-seven churches there. The province of Baltimore is also at the head of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, and the Primate, Archbishop Bayley, resides in that city.

The parks, the public squares, and the cemeteries of this great metropolis are noted for quiet beauty. Druid Hill Park, once the home of the Rogers family for one hundred and fifty years, was laid out a century since like an English country estate. On its high and beautiful slopes, the most elevated eminences in the city's immediate neighborhood, grew and flourished in those old days thousands of pear-trees, bearing six hundred varieties of the luscious fruit. The Park came into the hands of the City Commissioners, who purchased it some years since, for half a million dollars, with great numbers of fine old trees still upon it, and the marks of the landscape gardeners of a past century everywhere visible within its limits. Here and there in the glades are oaks fifteen, and hickories ten or eleven feet in circumference.

The Park is easily reached from the center of Baltimore by two horse railways, and by the Northern Central road, which has a station at the pretty and active manufacturing town of Woodbury. The distance to the central entrance gate at Druid Hill, from the principal centers of population in the city, is about two and a-half miles. From the noble gate-way, which reminds one somewhat of the entrance to Hyde Park in London, long

MAIN ENTRANCE TO DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE.

walks and roads, adorned with summer-houses, statues, vases, and urns, lead into the pretty drives and lawns, and to the Club-House, around which, in summer afternoons, there is always a grand parade of fine equi-

pages, and a fine array of beauty and fashion. From a hill, rising in the rear of the mansion, one can get fine views of the river, the bay,

THE BLIND ASYLUM, BALTIMORE.

and of all the country side, and in autumn some most exquisite effects are presented. "Druid Lake," within the park limits, is a storage reservoir with a capacity of 493,000,000 gallons, and is an important adjunct to the system already very amply provided for by the creation of the beautiful artificial Lake Roland, at the Relay House, eight miles from Baltimore. Anxious to provide completely for the future, however, the Baltimoreans are now building a conduit which shall bring 170,000,000 gallons daily into the city from the Gunpowder River, a stream which passes through the center of Baltimore county, and empties into Chesapeake Bay. The prospect of a fine botanical garden in Druid Hill Park was originated by the Maryland Academy of Sciences; but, together with a zoological department, will henceforth be under the control of the Park Commission.

In the eastern section of the city lies Patterson Park, comprising seventy-six handsomely adorned and cultivated acres. The public squares of Baltimore, which are worthiest of attention, are Union, Franklin, and Harlem, in the western part; La Fayette, in the north-west; Monument Square and the City Spring, in the central quarter; Ashland, in the north-east; and Battery Square, at the extreme south. Greenmount Cemetery, on the York road, just within the city limits, is a beautiful landscape garden of sixty acres.

The city is rich in charitable institutions; and the beautiful Bay View Asylum, the House of Refuge for vagrant and vicious children, the Mount Hope Hospital, the New Mount Hope Asylum, and the Maryland Hospital—the last three for insane patients—are nobly supported and ably managed. The superb charity of Moses Sheppard, a citizen of Baltimore, who some years since left by his will the sum of six hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a hospital for the Insane, is soon to be consummated. Within six miles of the city, lovely grounds, bordering both upon Charles Street Avenue and the York Road, have been laid out with exquisite taste, and there a graceful Elizabethan structure, which will have no superior in beauty or finish on the continent, is rapidly rising. The sum donated by Mr. Sheppard has, by judicious investment, been increased to nearly a million dollars. The New Maryland Hospital, otherwise known as the Spring Grove Asylum, overlooks the fair Patapsco and the beautiful Chesapeake Bay. Successive Legislatures have made appropriations for it until it has received

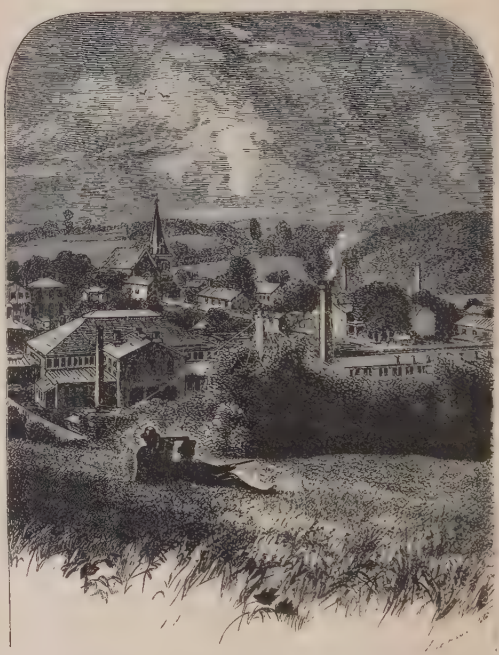
THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, BALTIMORE.

$400,000, and its substantial granite walls enclose one of the best-ordered asylums in the United States. The Bay View Asylum,

an institution for the city paupers, is one of the most conspicuous buildings as one approaches Baltimore from Philadelphia. It is an imposing edifice, resembling a palace rather than a poor-house, and is located on a lofty eminence, some distance outside the eastern limits of the city. Half a million dollars have been expended to render this abode worthy the charitable hospitality which Baltimore accords to eight hundred dependents.

The corporation has provided the paupers with water in all parts of the immense structure, although they were compelled to build a conduit five and a-half miles long, from the Mount Royal Reservoir, at an expense of $65,000. The House of Refuge, opened in 1855, is a stately structure, situated a little outside the western boundary, near the Ellicott's Mills Railway.

Few street beggars are ever seen in Baltimore. The colored people flocked into the city in immense numbers as soon as the news of emancipation reached Maryland, and they have thronged the popular quarters ever since. But although many of them are very poor, I never remember to have seen one of them begging, and I am inclined to believe them an industrious and thriving class. There is a Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which for many years has done beneficent work. It sternly discourages abject street begging and thoughtless charity, but raises large



WOODBURY VILLAGE, FROM DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE.

sums with which to aid the deserving poor whose cases it has examined.

MARYLAND INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.

The Maryland Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, located in a beautiful marble building on North Avenue, is plain but imposing. The Baltimore Orphan Asylum, on Stricker street, was founded at the beginning of this century, for the education and maintenance of very young children. Mr. Johns Hopkins, who is sure of a permanent place in the memory of Baltimoreans, has left, among his myriad other gifts, one of $1,500,000, with which to found a vast hospital, from which only patients afflicted with insanity and contagious diseases are to be excluded. The same generous man was mindful of the colored orphans, and left an ample endowment for an institution devoted to their care. The State Industrial School for Girls is located twelve miles from the city, at Orange Grove. The Methodist Orphan Asylum, Baltimore and Union Protestant Infirmaries, the Manual Labor School, and the Children's Aid Society are noble institutions; and there are, in addition, a host of denominational institutions for charitable purposes. The frail devotees of the bowl which contains the

fragrant but destructive "Maryland Club" whiskey, when they find need of refuge from temptation, are ushered into Inebriate Asylums, of which there are several in the city and vicinity. The munificent donation of Mr. McDonogh, mentioned elsewhere, is already doing its good work. A large farm, ten miles from Baltimore, has been purchased, and there a fine group of buildings will be erected, in which poor children will receive all the advantages of a good education.

The Maryland Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts is a huge hall fronting on Baltimore street, and serves as the locale of an annual Mechanics' Fair. It also contains a fine library. The hall is noted as the place where the fiery Southerners nominated Breckenridge in 1860. The Schools of Design attached to the Institute are in excellent condition, and the membership of the Society numbers nearly three thousand citizens.

The name of George Peabody is never lightly spoken in Baltimore. The memory of the merchant prince who died blessed by millions of persons whom he had aided is cherished in the rich and proud city where he lived many years and amassed a great portion of his fortune. In 1857 he founded in Baltimore the Peabody Institute, the plan of which comprised a free library, the subsidy and support of the best of lecture and concert courses, a school of design, a gallery of paintings, and the study of music and the promotion of musical culture. Under the shadow of the Washington Monument in Mount Vernon Place stands the structure which thus far represents the "Institute." Other buildings will be added, as the grand charity, to which immense sums have been devoted, and which has already contributed greatly to the increase of culture in Baltimore, is developed. The present building contains an elegant lecture hall.

PEABODY INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.

CITY JAIL AND PENITENTIARY, BALTIMORE.

Among other interesting edifices in the Maryland metropolis are the Masonic Temple on Charles street, completed in 1870 at a cost of $400,000; the Maryland Academy of Art, opposite the Cathedral; the Odd-Fellows Hall; the splendid home which the Young Men's Christian Association is building for itself at the corner of Charles and Saratoga streets; the new Academy of Music on Howard street opened a few months since, and the Baltimore City College. The Athenæum is not remarkable architecturally; it is noted chiefly as the location of the State Historical Society's rooms, the "Library Company," and the Mercantile Library Association.

The hospitality of Baltimore is unbounded, and manifests itself in a hundred little attentions which are overlooked in the rush and hurry common to larger cities. The Baltimorean is never tired of wandering with the visitor through the charming streets which crown the hills rising from the harbor. He bids his guest to terrapin at

the "Maryland Club," and to the soft-shell crab and the bewitching mayonnaise at the Allston. He tells him incidentally of the days when the Maryland Club was closed by order of the military officer commanding the forces occupying the town in those days "so near and yet so far." He climbs with you to the Monument's summit, and points, a trifle complacently, to unpicturesque but famous Fort McHenry on the flat peninsula, and recalls the story of the English shelling, and relates how Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" while prisoner on an English ship during the bombardment. He shows you the water of the bay freighted with ships from every foreign clime, and says, with a sigh that is tinged with a sneer, "And yet they call us provincial!" He consoles himself with a "fling" at New York's decaying grandeur, and with the reflection that several thousand new houses have been built in Baltimore since the close of the war. He points to the beautiful and commodious railway stations in every quarter of the town. And if you smile when you see an express train dragged by stout horses through the most populous quarters of a great commercial center, he will point you to the tremendous tunnels which railway enterprise has already dug in the outskirts of the city. You may still insist upon sneering at his provincialism, but you cannot sneer at his "Union Railroad," which girdles the city,

THE BOOTH MONUMENT, GREENMOUNT CEMETERY, BALTIMORE.

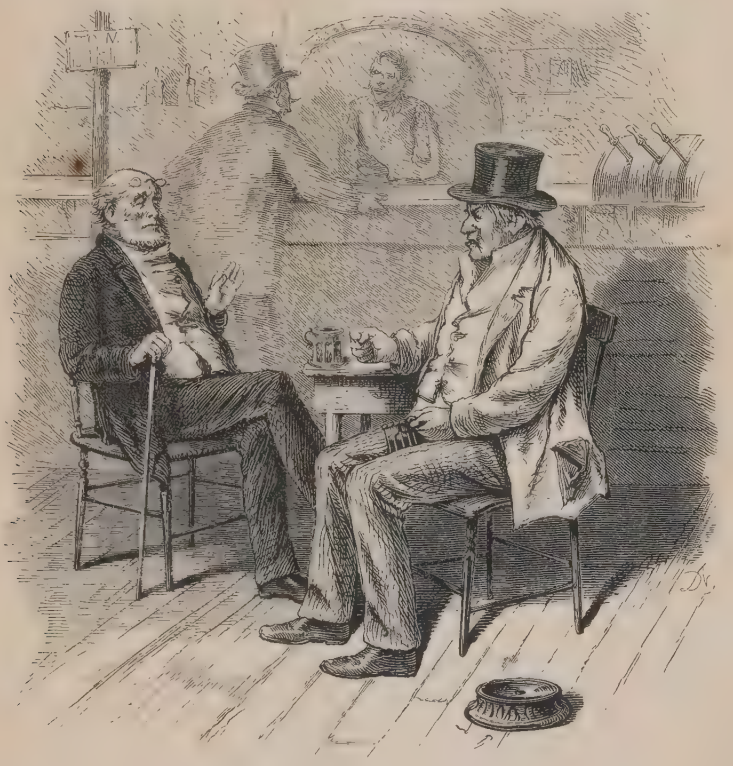
and regulates the whole commercial movement in a manner to make New York, Boston, and Chicago hide their very much diminished heads. He will show you a city which has no tenement houses to serve as haunts of vice and disease; which has fifteen millions of banking capital, and sav-

THE MASONIC TEMPLE, BALTIMORE.

ings banks in which hardy mechanics have deposited twenty-five millions. He will tell you that there have been no failures among the banking firms of Baltimore for thirty years, and that in the dread panic of 1873 Johns Hopkins, that prince of merchant princes, won fresh right to be canonized by the heroic manner in which he put his shoulder to the wheel, loaning his money until it was exhausted, then loaning his magic name until the storm had swept by and Baltimore was unhurt. If he does not have a statue on the noble lawn at Clifton Park, where the university which he endowed with the sum of three and a-half millions is soon to be erected and established, the City Fathers will be open to the charge of ingratitude.

The Baltimorean will further tell you that the assessable value of the city property is over two hundred and twenty-eight million dollars, or two-thirds of that of the whole State of Texas; that the city, like a rapidly growing child, is bursting out of its garments in all directions; that the old "Poppleton's Map" of fifty years since looks like a garden plot in the middle of the present city, and that in a few years a host of pretty suburban towns, crammed with important manufacturing establishments, will be swallowed up by the constantly yawning monster. He will tell you

that the population is nearly or quite three hundred thousand. That the Germans have settled in Baltimore by thousands, bringing in their train the same frugality, sobriety, and comfort which they have made so conspicuous in St. Louis, and setting a noble example of thrift to the negroes. He will point to the City Penitentiary and Jail, pictures only perched on a hill and overlooking the harbor, and will tell you that it is one of the best-ordered jails in the country. He will promenade with you in the long arcades of the market-houses, where the shouting and scrambling negroes will amuse if they do not alarm you; and you will find that Norfolk places her luxuries all within a few hours' journey of the Baltimore caterers.



"THE COUNTRY IS GOING TO THE DOGS, SIR."

The Baltimorean will certainly point with pride to his public schools, which are as well organized as any in the country. Twenty commissioners, one from each ward of the city, officered from their own ranks, and by the City Superintendent and his assistant, regulate the arrangements for public instruction. The sexes are separated in the school; no school-house in the city is more than two stories high, as the Baltimoreans cannot be persuaded to build them any higher. The German children are not, to any great extent, attendant on the public schools, as there are numerous fine German private institutions of learning in the city. The Catholics have a very large number of parish schools of their own; but this does not prevent the Catholics from also patronizing the public schools very largely. It is believed that much good would result from the establishment of German-English schools. The Baltimore City College, two fine female high schools, nineteen male and twenty female grammar schools, twenty-eight male and thirty-one female primary schools, seven evening schools for whites, and eleven day and four evening schools for colored children, are now in successful operation in the city. The Baltimore College, attended exclusively by young men, will compare favorably with the high schools of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia, and the new building allotted it is superb. In 1861 there were but 13,952 scholars in the public

schools of Baltimore; there are now 28,329 under the tuition of 624 teachers. About half a million dollars is annually expended on public education.

There are numerous remarkably fine collections of modern paintings in the possession of Baltimore citizens. Mr. W. T. Walters, a wealthy gentleman, has a notable gallery, comprising some of the best efforts of Delaroche, Meissonier, Gérôme, Edouard Frère, Rousseau, Breton, Corot, Troyon, Achenbach, Heilbuth, Brandon, Hart, Durand, Church and Lambert. Colonel J. Stricker Jenkins, the well-known and gallant commander of the "Maryland Fifth," also has a very valuable art collection. When these galleries are made the nucleus of a public museum, as perhaps they may some day be, Baltimore will have a collection of which she may justly be proud. Rinehart, the sculptor, who died in Rome the other day, was long a resident of Baltimore, and has contributed many handsome statues to the decoration of private dwellings and public edifices in the State. The statue of Chief Justice Taney, at Annapolis, is from his hands.

Baltimore has many beautiful suburbs, most noticeable among which are Mount Washington, perched on lofty hills five miles from the city; Brooklyn, a flourishing village connected with Baltimore by a bridge over the middle branch of the Patapsco, and possessing a fine land-locked harbor; Towsontown, Govanstown, and Pikesville.

City politics are never overwhelmingly exciting in Baltimore. People are somewhat conservative, but they appreciate the dignity and importance which the Maryland metropolis is steadily assuming, and are anxious to do everything necessary to improve it. There are a few old relics of the past who get together in the vicinity of some well-known dealer's bar to discuss the politics of the hour, and inform each other that "the country is going to the dogs." The colored man's vote has also been sought by designing and corrupt persons in Baltimore, as elsewhere in the South. But neither negroes nor carpet-baggers have anything to do with the management of city affairs at present.

The press of the city is active and prosperous. The "American" is the most ven-

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

erable journal in the city, having been established in 1773 as the "Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser." Its success since its present proprietor, Mr. Charles C. Fulton, took charge of it, in 1855, has been remarkable. Mr. A. S. Abell, who owns a magnificent country-seat in the environs of Baltimore, was the founder of the "Sun," in 1837, and has made it a highly profitable journal, as well as an exceedingly "newsy" one. The "Gazette" is the successor to the "Maryland News-Sheet" of war times, and is thoroughly Democratic. The "American" is Republican in sentiment. "The Baltimore Bulletin" is a sprightly weekly, devoted to literature and art, and edited by Mr. W. Mackay Laffan. Baltimore is the location of the publishing office of "The Southern Magazine," the only monthly periodical of importance in the South.

EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL, BALTIMORE.

WHITE AZALEAS.

Azaleas—whitest of white!
  White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
  Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light,
  When the light is like the snow,
    White,
And the silence is like the light;—
  Light, and silence, and snow,—
    All—white!

White! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
  That a rose will hold
  (The whitest rose) in its inmost fold,
Nor a possible blush;
White as an embodied hush;
  A very rapture of white,
  A wedlock of silence and light.
White, white, as the wonder undefiled
  Of Eve just wakened in Paradise;
Pure as the angel of a child
  That looks into God's own eyes.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH TELLS HOW A LAWYER SPENT HIS VACATION IN CAMP, AND TOOK HOME A SPECIMEN OF GAME THAT HE HAD NEVER BEFORE FOUND IN THE WOODS.

It was a bright moonlight night when Mike Conlin and Jim started off from Sevenoaks for home, leaving Mr. Balfour and his boy to follow. The old horse had a heavy load, and it was not until an hour past midnight that Mike's house was reached. There Jim made the new clothes, comprising a complete outfit for his boarders at Number Ten, into a convenient package, and, swinging it over his shoulders, started for his distant cabin on foot. Mike, after resting himself and his horse, was to follow in the morning with the tools and stores, so as to arrive at the river at as early an hour as Mr. Balfour could complete the journey from Sevenoaks with his lighter load and swifter horses.

Jim Fenton, who had lain still for several days, and was full of his schemes for Mr. Balfour and his protégés in camp, and warm with his memories of Miss Butterworth, simply gloried in his moonlight tramp. The accumulated vitality of his days of idleness was quite enough to make all the fatigues before him light and pleasant. At nine o'clock the next morning he stood by the side of his boat again. The great stillness of the woods, responding in vivid color to the first kisses of the frost, half intoxicated him. No world-wide wanderer, returning after many years to the home of his childhood, could have felt more exulting gladness than he, as he shoved his boat from the bank and pushed up the shining stream in the face of the sun.

"DON'T BE FOOLED!"

Benedict and Harry had not been idle during his absence. A deer had been shot and dressed; trout had been caught and saved alive; a cave had been dug for the preservation of vegetables; and when Jim shouted, far down the stream, to announce his approach, there were three happy persons

on shore waiting to welcome him—Turk being the third, and apparently oblivious of the fact that he was not as much a human being as any of the party. Turk added the "tiger" to Harry's three cheers, and Jim was as glad as a boy when his boat touched the shore, and he received the affectionate greetings of the party.

A choice meal was nearly in readiness for him, but not a mouthful would he taste until he had unfolded his treasures, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Mr. Benedict and the lad the comfortable clothing he had brought for them.

"Take 'em to Number Ten and put 'em on," said Jim. "I'm a goin' to eat with big folks to-day, if clo'es can make 'em. Them's yer stockin's and them's yer boots, and them's yer indigoes and them's yer clo'es."

Jim's idea of the word "indigoes" was, that it drew its meaning partly from the color of the articles designated, and partly from their office. They were blue undergoes—in other words, blue flannel shirts.

Jim sat down and waited. He saw that, while Harry was hilarious over his good fortune, Mr. Benedict was very silent and humble. It was twenty minutes before Harry reappeared; and when he came bounding toward Jim, even Turk did not know him. Jim embraced him, and could not help feeling that he had acquired a certain amount of property in the lad.

When Mr. Benedict came forth from the little cabin, and found Jim chaffing and petting his boy, he was much embarrassed. He could not speak, but walked directly past the pair, and went out upon the bank of the river, with his eyes averted.

Jim comprehended it all. Leaving Harry, he went up to his guest, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Will ye furgive me, Mr. Benedict? I didn't go fur to make it hard fur ye."

"Jim," said Mr. Benedict, struggling to retain his composure, "I can never repay your overwhelming kindness, and the fact oppresses me."

"Well," said Jim, "I s'pose I don't make 'lowance enough fur the difference in folks. You think ye oughter pay fur this sort o' thing, an' I don't want no pay. I git comfort enough outen it any way."

Benedict turned, took and warmly pressed Jim's hand, and then they went back to their dinner. After they had eaten, and Jim had sat down to his pipe, he told his guests that they were to have visitors that night—a man from the city and his little boy—and that they would spend a fortnight with them. The news alarmed Mr. Benedict, for his nerves were still weak, and it was a long time before he could be reconciled to the thought of intrusion upon his solitude; but Jim reassured him by his enthusiastic accounts of Mr. Balfour, and Harry was overjoyed with the thought of having a companion in the strange lad.

"I thought I'd come home an' git ye ready," said Jim; "fur I knowed ye'd feel bad to meet a gentleman in yer old poorhouse fixin's. Burn 'em or bury em as soon as I'm gone. I don't never want to see them things agin."

Jim went off again down the river, and Mr. Benedict and Harry busied themselves in clearing the camp, and preparing Number Ten for the reception of Mr. Balfour and his boy, having previously determined to take up their abode with Jim for the winter. The latter had a hard afternoon. He was tired with his night's tramp, and languid with loss of sleep. When he arrived at the landing he found Mr. Balfour waiting. He had passed Mike Conlin on the way, and even while they were talking the Irishman came in sight. After half-an-hour of busy labor, the goods and passengers were bestowed, Mike was paid for the transportation, and the closing journeys of the day were begun.

When Jim had made half of the weary row up the river, he ran into a little cove to rest and wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Then he informed Mr. Balfour that he was not alone in the camp, and, in his own inimitable way, having first enjoined the strictest secrecy, he told the story of Mr. Benedict and his boy.

"Benedict will hunt and fish with ye better nor I can," said he, "an' he's a better man nor I be any way; but I'm at yer sarvice, and ye shall have the best time in the woods that I can give ye."

Then he enlarged upon the accomplishments of Benedict's boy.

"He favors your boy a little," said Jim, eyeing the lad closely. "Dress 'em alike and they wouldn't be a bad pair o' brothers."

Jim did not recognize the germs of change that existed in his accidental remark, but he noticed that a shade of pain passed over the lawyer's face.

"Where is the other little feller that ye used to brag over, Mr. Balfour?" inquired Jim.

"He's gone, Jim; I lost him. He died a year ago."

Jim had no words with which to meet intelligence of this character, so he did not try to utter any; but, after a minute of silence, he said: "That's what floors me. Them dies that's got everything, and them lives that's got nothin'—lives through thick and thin. It seems sort o' strange to me that the Lord runs everything so kind o' car'less like, when there ain't nobody to bring it to his mind."

Mr. Balfour made no response, and Jim resumed his oars. But for the moon, it would have been quite dark when Number Nine was reached, but once there the fatigues of the journey were forgotten. It was Thede Balfour's first visit to the woods, and he was wild with excitement. Mr. Benedict and Harry gave the strangers a cordial greeting. The night was frosty and crisp, and Jim drew his boat out of the water, and permitted his stores to remain in it through the night. A hearty supper prepared them all for sleep, and Jim led his city friends to Number Ten, to enjoy their camp by themselves. A camp-fire, recently lighted, awaited them, and, with its flames illuminating the weird scenes around them, they went to sleep.

The next day was Sunday. To the devoutly disposed, there is no silence that seems so deeply hallowed as that which pervades the forest on that holy day. No steamer plows the river; no screaming, rushing train profanes the stillness; the beasts that prowl, and the birds that fly, seem gentler than on other days; and the wilderness, with its pillars and arches, and aisles, becomes a sanctuary. Prayers that no ears can hear but those of the Eternal; psalms that win no responses except from the echoes; worship that rises from hearts unencumbered by care, and undiverted by pageantry and dress—all these are possible in the woods; and the great Being to whom the temples of the world are reared cannot have failed to find, in ten thousand instances, the purest offerings in lonely camps and cabins.

They had a delightful and bountiful breakfast, and, at its close, they divided themselves naturally into a double group. The two boys and Turk went off by themselves to watch the living things around them, while the men remained together by the camp-fire.

Mr. Balfour drew out a little pocket-Testament, and was soon absorbed in reading. Jim watched him, as a hungry dog watches a man at his meal, and at last, having grown more and more uneasy, he said:

"Give us some o' that, Mr. Balfour."

Mr. Balfour looked up and smiled, and then read to him the parable of the talents.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout it," said Jim, at the conclusion, "but it seems to me the man was a little rough on the feller with one talent. 'Twas a mighty small capital to start with, an' he didn't give 'im any chance to try it over; but what bothers me the most is about the man's trav'lin' into a fur country. They hadn't no chance to talk with 'im about it, and git his notions. It stan's to reason that the feller with one talent would think his master was stingy, and be riled over it."

"You must remember, Jim, that all he needed was to ask for wisdom in order to receive it," said Mr. Benedict.

"No; the man that traveled into a fur country stan's for the Almighty, and he'd got out o' the way. He'd jest gi'n these fellers his capital, and quit, and left 'em to go it alone. They couldn't go arter 'im, and he couldn't 'a' hearn a word they said. He did what he thought was all right, and didn't want to be bothered. I never think about prayin' till I git into a tight place. It stan's to reason that the Lord don't want people comin' to him to do things that they can do theirselves. I shouldn't pray for breath; I sh'd jest h'ist the winder. If I wanted a bucket o' water, I sh'd go for it. If a man's got common sense, and a pair o' hands, he hain't no business to be botherin' other folks till he gits into what he can't git out of. When he's squeezed, then in course he'll squeal. It seems to me that it makes a sort of a spooney of a man to be always askin' for what he can git if he tries. If the feller that only had one talent had brushed round, he could 'a' made a spec on it, an' had somethin' to show fur it, but he jest hid it. I don't stan' up for 'im. I think he was meaner nor pusly not to make the best on't, but he didn't need to pray for sense, for the man didn't want 'im to use no more nor his nateral stock, an' he knowed if he used that he'd be all right."

"But we are told to pray, Jim," said Mr. Balfour, "and assured that it is pleasant to the Lord to receive our petitions. We are even told to pray for our daily bread."

"Well, it can't mean jest that, fur the feller that don't work for't don't git it, an' he hadn't oughter git it. If he don't lift his hands, but jest sets with his mouth open, he gits mostly flies. The old birds, with a nest full o' howlin' young ones, might go on, I

s'pose, pickin' up grasshoppers till the cows come home, an' feedin' 'em, but they don't. They jest poke 'em out o' the nest, an' larn 'em to fly an' pick up their own livin'; an' that's what makes birds of 'em. They pray mighty hard fur their daily bread, I tell ye, and the way the old birds answer is jest to poke 'em out, and let 'em slide. I don't see many prayin' folks, an' I don't see many folks any way; but I have a consait that a feller can pray so much an' do so little, that he won't be nobody. He'll jest grow weaker an' weaker all the time."

"I don't see," said Mr. Balfour, laughing, and turning to Mr. Benedict, "but we've had the exposition of our scripture."

The former had always delighted to hear Jim talk, and never lost an opportunity to set him going; but he did not know that Jim's exposition of the parable had a personal motive. Mr. Benedict knew that it had, and was very serious over it. His nature was weak in many respects. His will was weak; he had no combativeness; he had a wish to lean. He had been baffled and buffeted in the world. He had gone down into the darkness, praying all the way; and now that he had come out of it, and had so little society; now that his young life was all behind him, and so few earthly hopes beckoned him on, he turned with a heart morbidly religious to what seemed to him the only source of comfort open to him. Jim had watched him with pain. He had seen him, from day to day, spending his hours alone, and felt that prayer formed almost the staple of his life. He had seen him willing to work, but knew that his heart was not in it. He was not willing to go back into the world, and assert his place among men. The poverty, disease, and disgrace of his former life dwelt in his memory, and he shrank from the conflicts and competitions which would be necessary to enable him to work out better results for himself.

Jim thoroughly believed that Benedict was religiously diseased, and that he never could become a man again until he had ceased to live so exclusively in the spiritual world. He contrived all possible ways to keep him employed. He put responsibility upon him. He stimulated him with considerations of the welfare of Harry. He disturbed him in his retirement. He contrived fatigues that would induce sound sleep. To use his own language, he had tried to cure him of "loppin'," but with very unsatisfactory results.

Benedict comprehended Jim's lesson, and it made an impression upon him; but to break himself of his habit of thought and life was as difficult as the breaking of morbid habits always is. He knew that he was a weak man, and saw that he had never fully developed that which was manliest within him. He saw plainly, too, that his prayers would not develop it, and that nothing but a faithful, bold, manly use of his powers could accomplish the result. He knew that he had a better brain, and a brain better furnished, than that of Robert Belcher, yet he had known to his sorrow, and well nigh to his destruction, that Robert Belcher could wind him around his finger. Prayer had never saved him from this, and nothing could save him but a development of his own manhood. Was he too old for hope? Could he break away from the delights of his weakness, and grow into something stronger and better? Could he so change the attitude of his soul that it should cease to be exigent and receptive, and become a positive, self-poised, and active force? He sighed when these questions came to him, but he felt that Jim had helped him in many practical ways, and could help him still further.

A stranger, looking upon the group, would have found a curious and interesting study. Mr. Balfour was a tall, lithe man, with not a redundant ounce of flesh on him. He was as straight as an arrow, bore on his shoulders a fine head that gave evidence in its contour of equal benevolence and force, and was a practical, fearless, straightforward, true man. He enjoyed humor, and though he had a happy way of evoking it from others, possessed or exhibited very little himself. Jim was better than a theater to him. He spent so much of his time in the conflicts of his profession, that in his vacations he simply opened heart and mind to entertainment. A shrewd, frank, unsophisticated nature was a constant feast to him, and though he was a keen sportsman, the woods would have had few attractions without Jim.

Mr. Benedict regarded him with profound respect, as a man who possessed the precise qualities which had been denied to himself—self-assertion, combativeness, strong will, and "push." Even through Benedict's ample beard, a good reader of the human face would have detected the weak chin, while admiring the splendid brow, silken curls, and handsome eyes above it. He was a thoroughly gentle man, and, curiously enough, attracted the interest of Mr. Bal-

four in consequence of his gentleness. The instinct of defense and protection to everything weak and dependent was strong within the lawyer; and Benedict affected him like a woman. It was easy for the two to become friends, and as Mr. Balfour grew familiar with the real excellences of his new acquaintance, with his intelligence in certain directions, and his wonderful mechanical ingenuity, he conceived just as high a degree of respect for him as he could entertain for one who was entirely unfurnished with those weapons with which the battles of life are fought.

It was a great delight to Jim to see his two friends get along so well together, particularly as he had pressing employment on his hands, in preparing for the winter. So, after the first day, Benedict became Mr. Balfour's guide during the fortnight which he passed in the woods.

The bright light of Monday morning was the signal for the beginning of their sport, and Thede, who had never thrown a fly, was awake at the first day-light; and before Jim had the breakfast of venison and cakes ready, he had strung his tackle, and leaned his rod against the cabin in readiness for his enterprise. They had a day of satisfactory fishing, and brought home half-a-hundred spotted beauties that would have delighted the eyes of any angler in the world; and when their golden flesh stood open and broiling before the fire, or hissed and sputtered in the frying-pan, watched by the hungry and admiring eyes of the fishermen, they were attractive enough to be the food of the gods. And when, at last, the group gathered around the rude board, with appetites that seemed measureless, and devoured the dainties prepared for them, the pleasures of the day were crowned.

But all this was comparatively tame sport to Mr. Balfour. He had come for larger game, and waited only for the nightfall to deepen into darkness to start upon his hunt for deer. The moon had passed her full, and would not rise until after the ordinary bed-time. The boys were anxious to be witnesses of the sport, and it was finally concluded that for once, at least, they should be indulged in their desire.

The voice of a hound was never heard in the woods, and even the "still hunting" practiced by the Indian was never resorted to until after the streams were frozen.

Jim had been busy during the day in picking up pine knots, and digging out old stumps whose roots were charged with pitch. These he had collected and split up into small pieces, so that everything should be in readiness for the "float." As soon as the supper was finished, he brought a little iron "Jack," mounted upon a standard, and proceeded to fix this upright in the bow of the boat. Behind this he placed a square of sheet iron, so that a deer, dazzled by the light of the blazing pine, would see nothing behind it, while the occupants of the boat could see everything ahead without being blinded by the light, of which they could see nothing. Then he fixed a knob of tallow upon the forward sight of Mr. Balfour's gun, so that, projecting in front of the sheet iron screen, it would be plainly visible and render necessary only the raising of the breech to the point of half-hiding the tallow, in order to procure as perfect a range as if it were broad daylight.

All these preparations were familiar to Mr. Balfour, and, loading his heavy shot-gun with a powerful charge, he waited impatiently for the darkness.

At nine o'clock, Jim said it was time to start, and, lighting his torch, he took his seat in the stern of the boat, and bade Mr. Balfour take his place in the bow, where a board, placed across the boat, made him a comfortable seat. The boys, warmly wrapped, took their places together in the middle of the boat, and, clasping one another's hands and shivering with excitement, bade good-night to Mr. Benedict, who pushed them from the shore.

The night was still, and Jim's powerful paddle urged the little craft up the stream with a push so steady, strong, and noiseless, that its passengers might well have imagined that the unseen river-spirits had it in tow. The torch cast its long glare into the darkness on either bank, and made shadows so weird and changeful that the boys imagined they saw every form of wild beast and flight of strange bird with which pictures had made them familiar. Owls hooted in the distance. A wild-cat screamed like a frightened child. A partridge, waked from its perch by a flash of the torch, whirred off into the woods.

At length, after paddling up the stream for a mile, they heard the genuine crash of a startled animal. Jim stopped and listened. Then came the spiteful stroke of a deer's fore-feet upon the leaves, and a whistle so sharp, strong and vital, that it thrilled every ear that heard it. It was a question, a protest, a defiance all in one; but not a sign of the animal could be seen. He was

back in the cover, wary and watching, and was not to be tempted nearer by the light.

Jim knew the buck, and knew that any delay on his account was useless.

"I knowed 'im when I hearn 'im whistle, an' he knowed me. He's been shot at from this boat more nor twenty times. 'Not any pine-knots on my plate,' says he. 'I seen 'em afore, an' you can pass.' I used to git kind o' mad at 'im, an' promise to follow 'im, but he's so 'cute, I sort o' like 'im. He 'muses me."

While Jim waited and talked in a low tone, the buck was evidently examining the light and the craft, at his leisure and at a distance. Then he gave another lusty whistle that was half snort, and bounded off into the woods by leaps that struck every foot upon the ground at the same instant, and soon passed beyond hearing.

"Well, the old fellow's gone," said Jim, "an' now I know a patch o' lily-pads up the river where I guess we can find a beast that hasn't had a public eddication."

The tension upon the nerves of the boys was relieved, and they whispered between themselves about what they had seen, or thought they had seen.

All became still, as Jim turned his boat up the stream again. After proceeding for ten or fifteen minutes in perfect silence, Jim whispered:

"Skin yer eyes, now, Mr. Balfour; we're comin' to a lick.".

Jim steered his boat around a little bend, and in a moment it was running in shallow water, among grass and rushes. The bottom of the stream was plainly visible, and Mr. Balfour saw that they had left the river, and were pushing up the debouchure of a sluggish little affluent. They brushed along among the grass for twenty or thirty rods, when, at the same instant, every eye detected a figure in the distance. Two blazing, quiet, curious eyes were watching them. Jim had an instinct which assured him that the deer was fascinated by the light, and so he pushed toward him silently, then stopped, and held his boat perfectly still. This was the signal for Mr. Balfour, and in an instant the woods were startled by a discharge that deafened the silence.

There was a violent splash in the water, a scramble up the bank, a bound or two toward the woods, a pitiful bleat, and then all was still.

"We've got 'im," said Jim. "He's took jest one buckshot through his heart. Ye didn't touch his head nor his legs. He jest run till the blood leaked out and he gi'n it up. Now, boys, you set here, and sing hallelujer till we bring 'im in."

The nose of the little craft was run against the bank, and Mr. Balfour, seizing the torch, sprang on shore, and Jim followed him into the woods. They soon found track of the game by the blood that dabbled the bushes, and stumbled upon the beautiful creature stone dead—fallen prone, with his legs doubled under him. Jim swung him across his shoulders, and, tottering behind Mr. Balfour, bore him back to the boat. Placing him in the bottom, the two men resumed their seats, and Jim, after carefully working himself out of the inlet into the river, settled down to a long, swift stroke that bore them back to the camp, just as the moon began to show herself above the trees.

It was a night long to be remembered by the boys, a fitting inauguration of the lawyer's vacation, and an introduction to woodcraft from which, in after years, the neophytes won rare stores of refreshment and health.

Mr. Benedict received them with hearty congratulations, and the perfect sleep of the night only sharpened their desire for further depredations upon the game that lived around them, in the water and on the land.

As the days passed on, they caught trout until they were tired of the sport; they floated for deer at night; they took weary tramps in all directions, and at evening, around the camp-fires, rehearsed their experiences.

During all this period, Mr. Balfour was watching Harry Benedict. The contrast between the lad and his own son was as marked as that between the lad's father and himself, but the positions were reversed. Harry led, contrived, executed. He was positive, facile, amiable, and the boys were as happy together as their parents were. Jim had noticed the remarkable interest that Mr. Balfour took in the boy, and had begun to suspect that he entertained intentions which would deprive the camp of one of its chief sources of pleasure.

One day when the lawyer and his guide were quietly eating their lunch in the forest, Mr. Balfour went to work, in his quiet, lawyer-like way, to ascertain the details of Benedict's history; and he heard it all. When he heard who had benefited by his guide's inventions, and learned just how matters stood with regard to the Belcher rifle, he became, for the first time since he had been in the woods, thoroughly excited. He had a law-

case before him as full of the elements of romance as any that he had ever been engaged in. A defrauded inventor, living in the forest in poverty, having escaped from the insane ward of an alms-house, and the real owner of a patent right that was a mine of wealth to the man who believed that death had blotted out all the evidences of his villainy—this was quite enough to excite his professional interest, even had he been unacquainted with the man defrauded. But the position of this uncomplaining, dependent man, who could not fight his own battles, made an irresistible appeal to his sense of justice and his manhood.

The moment, however, that the lawyer proposed to assist in righting the wrong, Mr. Benedict became dangerously excited. He could tell his story, but the thought of going out into the world again, and, particularly of engaging in a conflict with Robert Belcher, was one that he could not entertain. He was happier in the woods than he had been for many years. The life was gradually strengthening him. He hoped the time would come when he could get something for his boy, but, for the present, he could engage in no struggle for reclaiming and maintaining his rights. He believed that an attempt to do it would again drive him to distraction, and that, somehow, Mr. Belcher would get the advantage of him. His fear of the great proprietor had become morbidly acute, and Mr. Balfour could make no headway against it. It was prudent to let the matter drop for a while.

Then Mr. Balfour opened his heart in regard to the boy. He told Benedict of the loss with which he had already acquainted Jim, of the loneliness of his remaining son, of the help that Harry could afford him, the need in which the lad stood of careful education, and the accomplishments he could win among better opportunities and higher society. He would take the boy, and treat him, up to the time of his majority, as his own. If he could ever return the money expended for him, he could have the privilege of doing so, but it would never be regarded as a debt. Once every year the lawyer would bring the lad to the woods, so that he should not forget his father, and if the time should ever come when it seemed practicable to do so, a suit would be instituted that would give him the rights so cruelly withheld from his natural protector.

The proposition was one which taxed to its utmost Mr. Benedict's power of self-control. He loved his boy better than he loved himself. He hoped that, in some way, life would be pleasanter and more successful to the lad than it had been to him. He did not wish him to grow up illiterate and in the woods; but how he was to live without him he could not tell. The plucking out of an eye would have given him less pain than the parting with his boy, though he felt from the first that the lad would go.

Nothing could be determined without consulting Jim, and as the conversation had destroyed the desire for further sport, they packed their fishing-tackle and returned to camp.

"The boy was'n't got up for my 'commodation," said Jim, when the proposition was placed before him. "I seen the thing comin' fur a week, an' I've brung my mind to't. We hain't got no right to keep 'im up here, if he can do better. Turk ain't bad company fur them as likes dogs, but he ain't improvin'. I took the boy away from Tom Buffum 'cause I could do better by 'im nor he could, and when a man comes along that can do better by 'im nor I can, he's welcome to wade in. I hain't no right to spile a little fellow's life 'cause I like his company. I don't think much of a fellow that would cheat a man out of a jews-harp 'cause he liked to fool with it. Arter all, this sendin' the boy off is jest turnin' 'im out to pastur' to grow, an' takin' 'im in in the fall. He may git his head up so high t'we can't git the halter on 'im again, but he'll be worth more to somebody that can, nor if we kep 'im in the stable. I sh'll hate to say good-bye t'the little feller, but I sh'll vote to have 'im go, unanimous."

Mr. Benedict was not a man who had will enough to withstand the rational and personal considerations that were brought to bear upon him, and then the two boys were brought into the consultation. Thede was overjoyed with the prospect of having for a home companion the boy to whom he had become so greatly attached, and poor Harry was torn by a conflict of inclinations. To leave Jim and his father behind was a great sorrow; and he was half angry with himself to think that he could find any pleasure in the prospect of a removal. But the love of change, natural to a boy, and the desire to see the wonders of the great city, with accounts of which Thede had excited his imagination, overcame his inclination to remain in the camp. The year of separation would be very short, he thought, so that, after all, it was only a temporary matter. The moment the project of going away took posses-

sion of him, his regrets died, and the exit from the woods seemed to him like a journey into dreamland, from which he should return in the morning.

How to get the lad through Sevenoaks, where he would be sure to be recognized, and so reveal the hiding-place of his father, became at once a puzzling question. Mr. Balfour had arranged with the man who brought him into the woods to return in a fortnight and take him out, and as he was a man who had known the Benedicts it would not be safe to trust to his silence.

It was finally arranged that Jim should start off at once with Harry, and engage Mike Conlin to go through Sevenoaks with him in the night, and deliver him at the railroad at about the hour when the regular stage would arrive with Mr. Balfour. The people of Sevenoaks were not travelers, and it would be a rare chance that should bring one of them through to that point. The preparations were therefore made at once, and the next evening poor Benedict was called upon to part with his boy. It was a bitter struggle, but it was accomplished, and, excited by the strange life that was opening before him, the boy entered the boat with Jim, and waved his adieus to the group that had gathered upon the bank to see them off.

Poor Turk, who had apparently understood all that had passed in the conversations of the previous day, and become fully aware of the bereavement that he was about to suffer, stood upon the shore and howled and whined as they receded into the distance. Then he went up to Thede, and licked his hand, as if he would say: "Don't leave me as the other boy has done; if you do, I shall be inconsolable."

Jim effected his purpose, and returned before light the next morning, and on the following day he took Mr. Balfour and Thede down the river, and delivered them to the man whom he found waiting for them. The programme was carried out in all its details, and two days afterward the two boys were sitting side by side in the railway-car that was hurrying them toward the great city.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH RECORDS MR. BELCHER'S CONNECTION WITH A GREAT SPECULATION, AND BRINGS TO A CLOSE HIS RESIDENCE IN SEVENOAKS.

WHITHER was he going? He had a little fortune in his pockets—more money than prudent men are in the habit of carrying with them—and a scheme in his mind. After the purchase of Palgrave's Folly, and the inauguration of a scale of family expenditure far surpassing all his previous experience, Mr. Belcher began to feel poor, and to realize the necessity of extending his enterprise. To do him justice, he felt that he had surpassed the proprieties of domestic life in taking so important a step as that of changing his residence without consulting Mrs. Belcher. He did not wish to meet her at once; so it was easy for him, when he left New York, to take a wide diversion on his way home.

For several months the reports of the great oil discoveries of Pennsylvania had been floating through the press. Stories of enormous fortunes acquired in a single week, and even in a single day, were rife; and they had excited his greed with a strange power. He had witnessed, too, the effect of these stories upon the minds of the humble people of Sevenoaks. They were uneasy in their poverty, and were in the habit of reading with avidity all the accounts that emanated from the new center of speculation. The monsters of the sea had long been chased into the ice, and the whalers had returned with scantier fares year after year; but here was light for the world. The solid ground itself was echoing with the cry: "Here she blows!" and "There she blows!" and the long harpoons went down to its vitals, and were fairly lifted out again by the pressure of the treasure that impatiently waited for deliverance.

Mr. Belcher had long desired to have a hand in this new business. To see a great speculation pass by without yielding him any return was very painful to him. During his brief stay in New York he was approached by speculators from the new field of promise; and by his quick wit and ready business instinct he had been able to ascertain just the way in which money was made and was to be made. He dismissed them all, for he had the means in his hands of starting nearer the sources of profit than themselves, and to be not only one of the "bottom ring," but to be the bottom man. No moderate profit and no legitimate income would satisfy him. He would gather the investments of the multitude into his own capacious pockets, or he would have nothing to do with the matter. He would sweep the board, fairly or foully, or he would not play.

As he traveled along westward, he found that the company was made up of men

whose tickets took them to his own destination. Most of them were quiet, with ears open to the few talkers who had already been there and were returning. Mr. Belcher listened to them, laughed at them, scoffed at their schemes, and laid up carefully all that they said. Before he arrived at Corry he had acquired a tolerable knowledge of the oil-fields, and determined upon his scheme of operations.

As he drew nearer the great center of excitement, he came more into contact with the masses who had gathered there, crazed with the spirit of speculation. Men were around him whose clothes were shining with bitumen. The air was loaded with the smell of petroleum. Derricks were thrown up on every side; drills were at work piercing the earth; villages were starting among stumps still fresh at the top, as if their trees were cut but yesterday; rough men in high boots were ranging the country; the dépôts were glutted with portable steam-engines and all sorts of mining machinery, and there was but one subject of conversation. Some new well had started flowing with hundreds of barrels of petroleum *per diem*. Some new man had made a fortune. Farmers, who had barely been able to get a living from their sterile acres, had become millionaires. The whole region was alive with fortune-hunters from every quarter of the country. Millions of dollars were in the pockets of men who were ready to purchase. Seedy, crazy, visionary fellows were working as middle-men, to talk up schemes, and win their bread, with as much more as they could lay their hands on. The very air was charged with the contagion of speculation, and men seemed ready to believe anything and do anything. It appeared, indeed, as if a man had only to buy to double his money in a day; and half the insane multitude believed it.

Mr. Belcher kept himself quiet, and defended himself from the influences around him by adopting and holding his scoffing mood. He believed nothing. He was there simply to see what asses men could make of themselves; but he kept his ears open. The wretched hotel at which he at last found accommodations was thronged with fortune-seekers, among whom he moved self-possessed and quite at home. On the second day his mood began to tell on those around him. There were men there who knew about him and his great wealth—men who had been impressed with his sagacity. He studied them carefully, gave no one his confidence, and quietly laid his plans. On the evening of the third day he returned to the hotel, and announced that he had had the good fortune to purchase a piece of property that he proposed to operate and improve on his own account.

Then he was approached with propositions for forming a company. He had paid fifty thousand dollars for a farm—paid the money—and before morning he had sold half of it for what he gave for the whole, and formed a company with the nominal capital of half a million of dollars, a moiety of the stock being his own at no cost to him whatever. The arrangements were all made for the issue of stock and the commencement of operations, and when, three days afterward, he started from Titusville on his way home, he had in his satchel blank certificates of stock, all signed by the officers of the Continental Petroleum Company, to be limited in its issue to the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He never expected to see the land again. He did not expect that the enterprise would be of the slightest value to those who should invest in it. He expected to do just what others were doing—to sell his stock and pocket the proceeds, while investors pocketed their losses. It was all an acute business operation with him; and he intended to take advantage of the excitement of the time to "clean out" Sevenoaks and all the region round about his country home, while his confrères operated in their own localities. He chuckled over his plans as if he contemplated some great, good deed that would be of incalculable benefit to his neighbors. He suffered no qualm of conscience, no revolt of personal honor, no spasm of sympathy or pity.

As soon as he set out upon his journey homeward he began to think of his New York purchase. He had taken a bold step, and he wished that he had said something to Mrs. Belcher about his plans, but he had been so much in the habit of managing everything in his business without consulting her, that it did not occur to him before he started from home that any matter of his was not exclusively his own. He would just as soon have thought of taking Phipps into his confidence, or of deferring to his wishes in any project, as of extending those courtesies to his wife. There was another consideration which weighed somewhat heavily upon his mind. He was not entirely sure that he would not be ashamed of Mrs. Belcher in the grand home which he had

provided for himself. He respected her, and had loved her in his poor, sensual fashion, some changeful years in the past; he had regarded her as a good mother, and, at least, as an inoffensive wife; but she was not Mrs. Dillingham. She would not be at home in the society of which he had caught a glimpse, or among the splendors to which he would be obliged to introduce her. Even Talbot, the man who was getting rich upon the products of his enterprise, had a more impressive wife than he. And thus, with much reflection, this strange, easy-natured brute without a conscience, wrought up his soul into self-pity. In some way he had been defrauded. It never could have been intended that a man capable of winning so many of his heart's desires as he had proved himself to be, should be tied to a woman incapable of illuminating and honoring his position. If he only had a wife of whose person he could be proud! If he only had a wife whose queenly presence and manners would give significance to the splendors of the Palgrave mansion!

There was no way left for him, however, but to make the best of his circumstances, and put a brave face upon the matter. Accordingly, the next morning after his arrival, he told, with such display of enthusiasm as he could assume, the story of his purchase. The children were all attention, and made no hesitation to express their delight with the change that lay before them. Mrs. Belcher grew pale, choked over her breakfast, and was obliged to leave the table. At the close of the meal, Mr. Belcher followed her to her room, and found her with dry eyes and an angry face.

"Robert, you have determined to kill me," she said, almost fiercely.

"Oh, no, Sarah; not quite so bad as that."

"How could you take a step which you knew would give me a life-long pain? Have I not suffered enough? Is it not enough that I have ceased practically to have a husband?—that I have given up all society, and been driven in upon my children? Am I to have no will, no consideration, no part or lot in my own life?"

"Put it through, Sarah; you have the floor, and I'm ready to take it all now."

"And it is all for show," she went on, "and is disgusting. There is not a soul in the city that your wealth can bring to me that will give me society. I shall be a thousand times lonelier there than I have been here; and you compel me to go where I must receive people whom I shall despise, and who, for that reason, will dislike me. You propose to force me into a life that is worse than emptiness. I am more nearly content here than I can ever be anywhere else, and I shall never leave here without a cruel sense of sacrifice."

"Good for you, Sarah!" said Mr. Belcher. "You're more of a trump than I thought you were; and if it will do you any good to know that I think I've been a little rough with you, I don't mind telling you so. But the thing is done, and it can't be undone. You can have your own sort of life there as you do here, and I can have mine. I suppose I could go there and run the house alone; but it isn't exactly the thing for Mrs. Belcher's husband to do. People might talk, you know, and they wouldn't blame me."

"No; they would blame me, and I must go, whether I wish to go or not."

Mrs. Belcher had talked until she could weep, and brushing her eyes she walked to the window. Mr. Belcher sat still, casting furtive glances at her, and drumming with his fingers on his knees. When she could sufficiently command herself, she returned, and said:

"Robert, I have tried to be a good wife to you. I helped you in your first struggles, and then you were a comfort to me. But your wealth has changed you, and you know that for ten years I have had no husband. I have humored your caprices; I have been careful not to cross your will. I have taken your generous provision, and made myself and my children what you desired; but I am nothing to you but a part of your establishment. I do not feel that my position is an honorable one. I wish to God that I had one hope that it would ever become so."

"Well, bye-bye, Sarah. You'll feel better about it."

Then Mr. Belcher stooped and kissed her forehead, and left her.

That little attention—that one shadow of recognition of the old relations, that faint show of feeling—went straight to her starving heart. And then, assuming blame for what seemed at the moment of reaction her unreasonable selfishness, she determined to say no more, and to take uncomplainingly whatever life her husband might provide for her.

As for Mr. Belcher, he went off to his library and his cigar with a wound in his heart. The interview with his wife, while it

had excited in him a certain amount of pity for her, had deepened his pity for himself. She had ceased to be what she had once been to him; yet his experience in the city had proved that there were still women in the world who could excite in him the old passion, and move him to the old gallantries. It was clearly a case of incipient "incompatibility." It was "the mistake of a lifetime" just discovered, though she had borne his children and held his respect for fifteen years. He still felt the warmth of Mrs. Dillingham's hands within his own, the impression of her confiding clasp upon his arm, and the magnetic influence of her splendid presence. Reason as he would, he felt defrauded of his rights; and he wondered whether any combination of circumstances would ever permit him to achieve them. As this amounted to wondering whether Mrs. Belcher would die, he strove to banish the question from his mind; but it returned and returned again so pertinaciously that he was glad to order his horses and ride to his factory.

Before night it became noised through the village that the great proprietor had been to the oil regions. The fact was talked over among the people in the shops, in the street, in social groups that gathered at evening, and there was great curiosity to know what he had learned, and what opinions he had formed. Mr. Belcher knew how to play his cards, and having set the people talking, he filled out and sent to each of the wives of the five pastors of the village, as a gift, a certificate of five shares of the stock of the Continental Petroleum Company. Of course, they were greatly delighted, and, of course, twenty-four hours had not passed by when every man, woman and child in Sevenoaks was acquainted with the transaction. People began to revise their judgments of the man whom they had so severely condemned. After all, it was the way in which he had done things in former days, and though they had come to a vivid apprehension of the fact that he had done them for a purpose, which invariably terminated in himself, they could not see what there was to be gained by so munificent a gift. Was he not endeavoring, by self-sacrifice, to win back a portion of the consideration he had formerly enjoyed? Was it not a confession of wrong-doing, or wrong judgment? There were men who shook their heads, and "didn't know about it;" but the preponderance of feeling was on the side of the proprietor, who sat in his library and imagined just what was in progress around him; nay, calculated upon it, as a chemist calculates the results of certain combinations in his laboratory. He knew the people a great deal better than they knew him, or even themselves.

Miss Butterworth called at the house of the Rev. Solomon Snow, who, immediately upon her entrance, took his seat in his arm-chair, and adjusted his bridge. The little woman was so combative and incisive that this always seemed a necessary precaution on the part of that gentleman.

"I want to see it!" said Miss Butterworth, without the slightest indication of the object of her curiosity.

Mrs. Snow rose without hesitation, and, going to a trunk in her bedroom, brought out her precious certificate of stock, and placed it in the hands of the tailoress.

It certainly was a certificate of stock, to the amount of five shares, in the Continental Petroleum Company, and Mr. Belcher's name was not among the signatures of the officers.

"Well, that beats me!" exclaimed Miss Butterworth. "What do you suppose the old snake wants now?"

"That's just what I say—just what I say," responded Mrs. Snow. "Goodness knows, if it's worth anything, we need it; but what *does* he want?"

"You'll find out sometime. Take my word for it, he has a large axe to grind."

"I think," said Mr. Snow judicially, "that it is quite possible that we have been unjust to Mr. Belcher. He is certainly a man of generous instincts, but with great eccentricities. Before condemning him *in toto* (here Mr. Snow opened his bridge to let out the charity that was rising within him, and closed it at once for fear Miss Butterworth would get in a protest), let us be sure that there is a possible selfish motive for this most unexpected munificence. When we ascertain the true state of the case, then we can take things as they air. Until we have arrived at the necessary knowledge, it becomes us to withhold all severe judgments. A generous deed has its reflex influence, and it may be that some good may come to Mr. Belcher from this, and help to mold his character to nobler issues. I sincerely hope it may, and that we shall realize dividends that will add permanently to our somewhat restricted sources of income."

Miss Butterworth sat during the speech, and trotted her knee. She had no faith in the paper, and she frankly said so.

"Don't be fooled," she said to Mrs. Snow. "By and by you will find out that it is all a trick. Don't expect anything. I tell you I know Robert Belcher, and I know he's a knave, if there ever was one. I can feel him—I can feel him now—chuckling over this business, for business it is."

"What would you do if you were in my place?" inquired Mrs. Snow. "Would you send it back to him?"

"Yes; or I'd take it with a pair of tongs and throw it out of the window. I tell you there's a nasty trick done up in that paper; and if you're going to keep it, don't say anything about it."

The family laughed, and even Mr. Snow unbent himself so far as to smile and wipe his spectacles. Then the little tailoress went away, wondering when the mischief would reveal itself, but sure that it would appear in good time. In good time—that is, in Mr. Belcher's good time—it did appear.

To comprehend the excitement that followed, it must be remembered that the people of Sevenoaks had the most implicit confidence in Mr. Belcher's business sagacity. He had been upon the ground, and knew personally all about the great discoveries. Having investigated for himself, he had invested his funds in this Company. If the people could only embark in his boat, they felt that they should be safe. He would defend their interests while defending his own. So the field was all ready for his reaping. Not Sevenoaks alone, but the whole country was open to any scheme which connected them with the profits of these great discoveries, and when the excitement at Sevenoaks passed away at last, and men regained their senses, in the loss of their money, they had the company of a multitude of ruined sympathizers throughout the length and breadth of the land. Not only the simple and the impressible yielded to the wave of speculation that swept the country, but the shrewdest business men formed its crest, and were thrown high and dry beyond all others, in the common wreck, when it reached the shore.

On the evening of the fourth day after his return, Mr. Belcher was waited upon at his house by a self-constituted committee of citizens, who merely called to inquire into the wonders of the region he had explored. Mr. Belcher was quite at his ease, and entered at once upon a narrative of his visit. He had supposed that the excitement was without any good foundation, but the oil was really there; and he did not see why the business was not as legitimate and sound as any in the world. The whole world needed the oil, and this was the one locality that produced it. There was undoubtedly more or less of wild speculation connected with it, and, considering the value of the discoveries, it was not to be wondered at. On the whole, it was the biggest thing that had turned up during his lifetime.

Constantly leading them away from the topic of investment, he regaled their ears with the stories of the enormous fortunes that had been made, until there was not a man before him who was not ready to invest half the fortune he possessed in the speculation. Finally, one of the more frank and impatient of the group informed Mr. Belcher that they had come prepared to invest, if they found his report favorable.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Belcher, "I really cannot take the responsibility of advising you. I can act for myself, but when it comes to advising my neighbors, it is another matter entirely. You really must excuse me from this. I have gone into the business rather heavily, but I have done it without advice, and you must do the same. It isn't right for any man to lead another into experiments of this sort, and it is hardly the fair thing to ask him to do it. I've looked for myself, but the fact that I am satisfied is no good reason for you being so."

"Very well, tell us how to do it," said the spokesman. "We cannot leave our business to do what you have done, and we shall be obliged to run some risk, if we go into it at all."

"Now, look here," said the wily proprietor, "you are putting me in a hard place. Suppose the matter turns out badly: are you going to come to me, and charge me with leading you into it?"

"Not at all," was responded, almost in unison.

"If you want to go into the Continental, I presume there is still some stock to be had. If you wish me to act as your agent, I will serve you with a great deal of pleasure, but, mark you, I take no responsibility. I will receive your money, and you shall have your certificates as soon as the mail will bring them, and, if I can get no stock of the Company, you shall have some of my own."

They protested that they did not wish to put him to inconvenience, but quietly placed their money in his hands. Every sum was carefully counted and recorded, and Mr. Belcher assured them that they should have their certificates within five days.

As they retired, he confidentially told them that they had better keep the matter from any but their particular friends. If there was any man among those friends who would like "a chance in," he might come to him, and he would do what he could for him.

Each of these men went off down the hill, full of dreams of sudden wealth, and, as each of them had three or four particular friends to whom Mr. Belcher's closing message was given, that gentleman was thronged with visitors the next day, each one of whom he saw alone. All of these, too, had particular friends, and within ten days Mr. Belcher had pocketed in his library the munificent sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After a reasonable period, each investor received a certificate of his stock through the mail.

It was astonishing to learn that there was so much money in the village. It came in sums of one hundred up to five hundred dollars, from the most unexpected sources—little hoards that covered the savings of many years. It came from widows and orphans; it came from clergymen; it came from small tradesmen and farmers; it came from the best business men in the place and region.

The proprietor was in daily communication with his confederates and tools, and the investors were one day electrified with the information that the Continental had declared a monthly dividend of two per cent. This was what was needed to unload Mr. Belcher of nearly all the stock he held, and, within one month of his arrival from the oil-fields, he had realized a sum sufficient to pay for his new purchase in the city, and the costly furniture with which he proposed to illuminate it.

Sevenoaks was happy. The sun of prosperity had dawned upon the people, and the favored few who supposed that they were the only ones to whom the good fortune had come, were surprised to find themselves a great multitude. The dividend was the talk of the town. Those who had invested a portion of their small means invested more, and those whose good angel had spared them from the sacrifice yielded to the glittering temptation, and joined their lot with their rejoicing neighbors. Mr. Belcher walked or drove among them, and rubbed his hands over their good fortune. He knew very well that if he were going to reside longer among the people, his position would be a hard one; but he calculated that when the explosion should come, he should be beyond its reach.

It was a good time for him to declare the fact that he was about to leave them, and this he did. An earthquake would not have filled them with greater surprise and consternation. The industries of the town were in his hands. The principal property of the village was his. He was identified with the new enterprise, upon which they had built such high hope, and they had come to believe that he was a kindlier man than they had formerly supposed him to be.

Already, however, there were suspicions in many minds that there were bubbles on their oil, ready to burst, and reveal the shallowness of the material beneath them; but these very suspicions urged them to treat Mr. Belcher well, and to keep him interested for them. They protested against his leaving them. They assured him of their friendship. They told him that he had grown up among them, and that they could not but feel that he belonged to them. They were proud of the position and prosperity he had won for himself. They fawned upon him, and when, at last, he told them that it was too late—that he had purchased and furnished a home for himself in the city—they called a public meeting, and, after a dozen regretful and complimentary speeches, from clergy and laity, resolved:

"1st. That we have learned with profound regret that our distinguished fellow-citizen, ROBERT BELCHER, Esq., is about to remove his residence from among us, and to become a citizen of the commercial emporium of our country.

"2d. That we recognize in him a gentleman of great business enterprise, of generous instincts, of remarkable public spirit, and a personal illustration of the beneficent influence of freedom and of free democratic institutions.

"3d. That the citizens of Sevenoaks will ever hold in kindly remembrance a gentleman who has been identified with the growth and importance of their beloved village, and that they shall follow him to his new home with heartiest good wishes and prayers for his welfare.

"4th. That whenever in the future his heart and his steps shall turn toward his old home, and the friends of his youth, he shall be greeted with voices of welcome, and hearts and homes of hospitality.

"5th. That these resolutions shall be published in the county papers, and that a copy shall be presented to the gentleman named

therein, by a committee to be appointed by the chairman."

As was quite natural, and quite noteworthy, under the circumstances, the committee appointed was composed of those most deeply interested in the affairs of the Continental Petroleum Company.

Mr. Belcher received the committee very graciously, and made them a neat little speech, which he had carefully prepared for the occasion. In concluding, he alluded to the great speculation in which they, with so many of their fellow-citizens, had embarked.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is no one who holds so large an interest in the Continental as myself. I have parted with many of my shares to gratify the desire of the people of Sevenoaks to possess them, but I still hold more than any of you. If the enterprise prospers, I shall prosper with you. If it goes down, as I sincerely hope it may not—more for your sakes, believe me, than my own—I shall suffer with you. Let us hope for the best. I have already authority for announcing to you that another monthly dividend of two per cent. will be paid you before I am called upon to leave you. That certainly looks like prosperity. Gentlemen, I bid you farewell."

When they had departed, having first heartily shaken the proprietor's hand, that gentleman locked his door, and gazed for a long time into his mirror.

"Robert Belcher," said he, "are you a rascal? Who says rascal? Are you any worse than the crowd? How badly would any of these precious fellow-citizens of yours feel if they knew their income was drawn from other men's pockets? Eh? Wouldn't they prefer to have somebody suffer rather than lose their investments? Verily, verily, I say unto you, they would. Wouldn't they take it out of you if they could? Verily, verily! No, my fine fellow, they're just like you—every man for himself. Not a devil of 'em ever asked you whether the business was legitimate or not, or cared where their dividends came from, provided they got them. They knew the thing was half humbug any way, and they wanted a chance at it—big profits and small outlay. They would make it hot for you if you were here, but you don't propose to come back until you get ready. In the meantime they'll get hungry enough to want to see you when you see fit to come. But don't talk to me about being a rascal! You're just a little sharper than the rest of them—that's all. They wanted to get money without earning it, and wanted me to help them to do it. I wanted to get money without earning it, and I wanted them to help me to do it. It happens that they will be disappointed and that I am satisfied. Don't say rascal to me, sir. If I ever hear that word again I'll throttle you. Is that question settled? It is? Very well. Let there be peace between us. * * * * List! I hear the roar of the mighty city! Who lives in yonder palace? Whose wealth surrounds him thus with luxuries untold? Who walks out of yonder door and gets into that carriage, waiting with impatient steeds? Is that gentleman's name Belcher? Take a good look at him as he rolls away, bowing right and left to the gazing multitude. He is gone. The abyss of heaven swallows up his form, and yet I linger. Why lingerest thou? Farewell! and again I say, farewell!"

Mr. Belcher had very carefully covered all his tracks. He had insisted on having his name omitted from the list of officers of the Continental Petroleum Company. He had carefully forwarded the names of all who had invested in its stock for record, so that, if the books should ever be brought to light, there should be no apparent irregularity in his dealings. His own name was there with the rest, and a small amount of money had been set aside for operating expenses, so that something would appear to have been done.

The day approached for his departure, and his agent, with his family, was installed in his house for its protection; and one fine morning, having first posted on two or three public places the announcement of a second monthly dividend to be paid through his agent to the stockholders in the Continental, he, with his family, rode down the hill in his coach, followed by an enormous baggage-wagon loaded with trunks, and passed through the village. Half of Sevenoaks was out to witness the departure. Cheers rent the air from every group; and if a conqueror had returned from the most sacred patriotic service he could not have received a heartier ovation than that bestowed upon the graceless fugitive. He bowed from side to side in his own lordly way, and flourished and extended his pudgy palm in courtly courtesy. Mrs. Belcher sat back in her seat, shrinking from all these demonstrations, for she knew that her husband was unworthy of them. The carriages disappeared in the distance, and then, sad, suspicious, uncommunicative, the men went off to draw their last dividend and go about

their work. They fought desperately against their own distrust. In the proportion that they doubted the proprietor they were ready to defend him; but there was not a man of them who had not been fairly warned that he was running his own risk, and who had not sought for the privilege of throwing away his money.

(To be continued.)

TO A FRIEND

ABOUT TO TAKE UP HIS RESIDENCE IN TOWN.

THE City claims thee? Yet amid its noise
And envious conflict do thou seek to frame
An inward quiet, leisure void of blame,
The genial mood that no unrest alloys;
Nor wilt thou listen vainly for the voice
Of the blithe elements that still proclaim,
Even there, the power to move and to inflame
Hearts that divine the depths of simple joys.
Wandering cloud-shadows on thy head will fall,
And touch and tend thee in the arid street;
The breath of the wild wind will fan thy face;
Yea, spirits shy as those of flowers will call
Upon his listening ear, who still doth greet
With ready soul each hint of Nature's grace.

MY ISLAND.

MY feet have never trod thy flowery ways,
O my fair island!—situate in the sea,
Whose green, curled tongues still lap thee back from me,
Strive how I may. Yet oft in winter days
I stretch my hands toward thee as toward a blaze
That warms and cheers. I know what sweetness fills
Those groves of thine; what clash of tiny bills
Adrip with music; what sweet wind delays
Among the bashful lilies cloistered there.
In summer heats I watch, through dust and glare,
The grew mists wrap thee, and across thy crest
The rainy grass blown slantwise toward the west,
While sleeping fountains rise and shake their hair.
Sometimes I seek amiss—O deaf and blind!—
And cannot find thee, loveliest, anywhere.
Yet—whether it be some vague, stirred pulse of air,
Or fugitive sweet odor undefined—
Ev'n then I know thee, O my rare and fair!
That thou dost lie between me and the wind.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

THUS the colonists of Lincoln Island regained their home, and Neb, lighting the fire, spread a substantial repast. Jupe was not forgotten, but received his portion. Then, before going to bed, Cyrus Smith and his companions discussed some improvements which were urgently required.

Most important and pressing was that of a bridge over the Mercy, in order to put the southern part of the island in communication with Granite House; then the establishment of a corral for the hill-sheep or other wool-bearing animals that might be captured.

The next day—the 3d of November—the new labors began with the building of the bridge, and all hands were required for that important business. At the same time Cyrus Smith told his comrades of a project, at once very simple of execution and very advantageous, which he had thought over for some time. This was to isolate the plateau of Grand View entirely, in order to place it out of danger of attack by four-footed or four-handed marauders. In that way Granite House, the Chimneys, the poultry-yard to be established, and all the upper portion of the plateau destined for sowing, would be safe from the depredations of animals. Nothing was easier than to execute the plan, and it was in this way the engineer proposed to work: The plateau was already guarded on three sides, by waters artificially or naturally disposed: namely, on the north-west by Lake Grant, on the north by the new stream of water from the lake, and on the east by the sea. The west side alone remained, and stretched between the elbow formed by the river and the southern corner of the lake, for about a mile. Now nothing was easier than to cut a channel deep and broad and fill it from the lake, while its overflow would drop by a second fall into the Mercy. Undoubtedly the level of the lake would fall slightly, but Cyrus Smith had seen that Red Creek was of sufficient volume to warrant the execution of his plan.

"Thus," said the engineer, "the plateau of Grand View will really become an island, being on all sides surrounded by water, and will communicate with the rest of our domain only by the bridge which we are about to throw across the Mercy, by the two small bridges already established above and below the fall, and finally by two other small bridges yet to be constructed, one over the ditch and the other on the left bank of the Mercy. Well, then, if these bridges can be raised at will, the plateau of Grand View will be safe from any surprise."

The building of the bridge over the Mercy lasted three weeks. Meals were taken on the spot, and as the weather was magnificent, only supper was eaten at Granite House. During this time Jupe began to accustom himself to his new masters, whom he still regarded with eyes full of curiosity. Top and Jupe were the best of friends, and often played together, but Jupe did everything with the greatest gravity.

The bridge was finished on the 20th of November. Its movable portion being counter-weighted, descended and rose easily, so that a slight effort moved it. Between its hinge and the further cross-piece on which it fell was a distance of some twenty feet, which was great enough to prevent any animals from crossing.

Then arose the question whether the cover of the balloon should be brought to Granite House. It was necessary to get it into a place of safety, as the future clothing of the colonists depended on it; but for its transport they must have a wagon to carry it to Port Balloon, and necessarily a wagon-road through the thick Forests of the Far West. This required a certain length of time. Neb and Pencroff made a reconnoissance as far as the Port, and as they announced that the "stock of dry goods" was suffering no injury in the cave where it was stowed, it was decided to continue the labor on the plateau of Grand View without remission.

"That will allow us to establish our poultry-yard," observed Pencroff, "in the best of all places, for we need not fear the visits of foxes or any other beasts of prey."

"Not to speak of the fact," added Neb, "that we can clear the plateau, transplant wild vegetables—"

"And make ready our second field of wheat!" cried the sailor, with an air of triumph.

Truly enough, the first wheat-field, consisting solely of one grain, had prospered admirably, thanks to Pencroff's care. It had produced the ten heads promised by

the engineer, and, each head bearing twenty-four grains, the colony found itself in the possession of eight hundred grains in six months. This allowed two crops a year. The eight hundred grains, with the exception of fifty, which were prudently held in reserve, were to be sown in a new field, and with no less care than the single grain.

The field was prepared, then surrounded with a high palisade, strong and pointed, which would offer great difficulties to the intrusion of quadrupeds. Small wind-vanes which emitted noises, and scarecrows of strange aspect, due to the fantastic imagination of Pencroff, served as complete guards against the birds. The seven hundred and fifty grains were then placed in regular drills, and nature was left to do the rest.

On the 21st of November Cyrus Smith began to lay out the ditch which was to shut off the plateau on the west. Between the southern angle of the lake and the bend of the Mercy the ground consisted of about three feet of vegetable mold, and below that granite. So it was necessary to make more nitro-glycerine, and nitro-glycerine did its usual work. When finished, the little stream received the name of Glycerine Creek. With the first fortnight of December this work was finally accomplished, and the plateau of Grand View, that is to say, a sort of irregular pentagon having a circumference of about four miles, was surrounded by a liquid girdle, and absolutely assured against any attack.

During the month of December the heat was very great. Still the settlers did not want to stop their work, and, as the poultry-yard was next in order, they proceeded to lay it out. It is not necessary to say that since the closing of the plateau, Master Jupe had been left at liberty. He staid by his master and evinced no wish to escape. He was a gentle beast, yet very strong, and agile to an astonishing degree. When it came to running up the ladder of Granite House, there was no one to equal him. He was also made of use in various ways. The poultry-yard occupied an area of two hundred yards square, which was marked out on the south-eastern border of the lake. A palisade was built around it, and various huts were built within for the accommodation of the animals to be introduced. They were simple booths of branches divided into compartments.

The first inhabitants were the two tinamous, which soon after hatched out their young. In addition, there were half-a-dozen wild-ducks, captured on the lake. Some of the latter belonged to the Chinese variety, whose wings open like fans, and whose brilliant plumage rivals the golden pheasant's. A few days later, Harbert captured a pair of gallinaceous birds with round tails and crests of long plumes—"alectors" of the finest kind, which soon became domesticated. As to the pelicans and king-fishers, they came of themselves to the border of the water near the poultry-yard, and, after a few disputes, all this little feathered world, each clucking, quacking or screaming after its kind, ended by coming to an understanding, and increased with a rapidity which gave assurance of the future supply of food to the colonists. Cyrus Smith, as a crown to the work, added a pigeon-house to the yard, and stocked it with rock pigeons from the cliffs.

The cover of the balloon was still to be brought to Granite House, and the settlers went to work to make their heavy cart lighter and more manageable. Though they possessed a vehicle, the moving power was still to be found. Did there not exist on the island some ruminant to take the place of horse, ass, ox, or cow? That was the question.

"That's a fact," said Pencroff, "a beast of draught will be of great use to us, until Mr. Smith is good enough to construct a locomotive or a steam carriage; for I have no doubt that some day we shall have a railway from Granite House to Port Balloon, with a branch road to Mount Franklin!"

One day, the 23d of December, Neb was heard calling and Top barking, at the top of their voices. The settlers ran up from the Chimneys where they were employed, fearing some mishap. And behold what a sight!—two fine animals of good stature, which had imprudently ventured on the plateau while the small bridges had been left open. They looked like two horses, or at least two asses, male and female, with beautiful lines, dove-colored coats, white legs and tails, and bands of black on head, neck, and body. They advanced quietly, without showing any signs of fear, and looked with bright eyes at their human visitors, in whom they could not foresee their masters.

"They are onaggas!" cried Harbert, "quadrupeds half-way between the zebra and the quagga!"

"Why not asses?" asked Neb.

"Because they have not long ears, and their shape is finer."

"Asses or horses," said Pencroff, "they are motive powers, anyway, as Mr. Smith would say, and, being such, are meant to be caught!"

Without frightening the animals, the sailor slipped through the grass to the bridge over Glycerine Creek, raised it, and the onaggas were prisoners. The magnificent pair were allowed complete liberty of movement, and the settlers were even careful not to scare them by approaching them. Several times the onaggas seemed to feel a longing to quit the plateau, which was too small for them, accustomed as they were to wide meadows and great forests. At such times they were seen to follow the girdle of water which opposed an unsurmountable barrier, give a few sharp brays, then gallop across the fields, and when calmed again, stand for hours at a time, looking over at those deep woods which were shut to them forever.

AN INVENTION OF PENCROFF'S.

Meanwhile, harness and reins of vegetable fiber had been made, and a few days after the capture of the onaggas, not only was the wagon ready for them, but a straight road, or rather a clearing, had been made through the Forests of the Far West from the bend of the Mercy to Port Balloon. So the wagon could be taken to that point, and it was near the end of December that the onaggas were tried for the first time. Pencroff had coaxed them up to the point of eating out of his hand, and they allowed themselves to be approached without difficulty; but once harnessed, they plunged, and it was with great difficulty that they could be restrained. Still, it was merely a question of time when they would yield to this new labor, for the onagga, less fierce than the zebra, is often harnessed in the mountainous portions of eastern Africa, and in Europe it is possible to acclimate them in zones comparatively cold.

That day, the whole colony, with the exception of Pencroff, who marched at the head of his animals, got into the wagon and took the road for Port Balloon. It is needless to say that they were well shaken on the rough road, which was hardly more than laid out; but the wagon arrived safely, and that same day they loaded it with the covering and the rigging of the balloon. At eight o'clock in the evening, the wagon, having re-crossed the bridge of the Mercy, again descended the left bank of the river and stopped on the beach. The onaggas were unharnessed and led to their stable, and Pencroff, before going to sleep, uttered a long sigh of contentment which made the echoes of Granite House resound again.

(To be continued.)

A FARMER'S VACATION: I.

HOLLOW-LAND.

We had stopped to change coaches at the little hamlet of Bunde, near the Dutch border of East Friesland, and to take our last glass of German beer in the little parlor of the Post-house, where a few Dutch ornaments had crept in among the more familiar forms.

A vehicle of a new shape drove up, the mails and luggage were loaded, we climbed to the narrow seats of the half open interior, the horn tooted, and away we rattled over the brick pavement that wound through the village and out into the flat open country, between ditches nearly filled with water. Presently we drew up, under the raised bar in front of a wayside custom-house. The examination was soon made, and we clattered on into the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which we entered by its back door. Instantly the aspect of the country changed, and we realized the presence of the transforming hand of the Dutch Wizard of Drainage.

In East Friesland the ditches had been full nearly to the brink, vegetation showed the ill effect of a wet soil, and there was a general air of swamp and fog over the land and its people. Here, the water was three or four feet below the surface, the land was dry, the growth was magnificent, and, though the country was flat as the sea, there was no suspicion of wetness anywhere. The few people whom we met were hardy and red-cheeked. The farm-houses and barns grew larger, and hay and grain ricks multiplied. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is such a sudden change of condition to be seen in a country of precisely the same original character.

We soon reached the little walled village or fort of Nieuwe Schans. We had dismounted at a hotel, outside the fort, adjoining the post-station and overlooking a canal. It was raining and chilly, and the desolate house was moldy, damp, and uncomfortable. There was no especially foreign air about the establishment—the same sort of discomfort is still to be found in the Dutch villages east of the Upper Hudson. Almost the only odd-looking thing was a tall stand filled with long clay pipes, suggesting the evening congregation of the men of the neighborhood. The landlord, already, at midday, well stupefied with gin, grumbled in his imperfect German about the dearth of good servants, and cooked for us, himself, an unsavory mess of fried beef and onions. During our short stay, he paid frequent visits to the bottle-closet, and became more and more disconsolate.

In front of the house, moored to the shore, lay a canal-boat well stocked with crockery, arranged for sale. The merchant and his family had their home in the cabin, and their kitchen and scullery on the quarter-deck. This was our first example of an institution peculiar to the Netherlands, where so much of the life is on the canals—merchants of many sorts living and carrying on their traffic in canal-boats, moving from place to place in search of a market, and, sometimes setting sail and standing for Amsterdam to replenish stock.

Canal-boat living is scrupulously cleanly, the abundant water at hand allowing the Dutch passion for scrubbing and scouring a field for its fullest sway. The narrowness of the quarters seems to be no inconvenience, much of the life being on deck. The occupations of these floating people appear exceedingly simple, the men smoking and the women knitting with faithful constancy.

After some hours waiting, we started for the station, the landlord insisting on carrying my small hand-bag. But he was too far gone, and his oft-changed hands refused their grasp. He soon allowed me to relieve him—apologizing that it was an "ungewohnte arbeit," an unaccustomed work to which his sinews had not been trained. He said he was of gentle blood, and offered as his maudlin proof, a curiously ornamented old watch and chain of the sixteenth century, which had descended from his forebears.

The railway from Nieuwe Schans to Groningen has been recently opened, and everything about the frequent stations is new and raw-looking—so that the impression the traveler gets is in one respect similar to that given by our own Western prairie regions; and the broad windy stretch of flat country, without much wood, and lying open to the gales of the North Sea, has a little of the same bleak, unhomelike air. But with this

is mingled a most unaccustomed aspect of novelty. These fields are cultivated with the care of suburban market gardens, and are separated by long straight V-shaped ditches, in which the water runs some feet below the surface of the ground. Looking across them, we see broad, dingy sails moving in various directions among the growing crops; the railway is on an embankment, and we are running well above the land; they were all of similar character—large, handsome, three-story stone or brick houses, well built and substantial, with a hedge-like row of clipped trees along the front, and, before these, neat gardens with good grass and showy flowers; running out from the back of the house, which its peak often overtops, and beyond which its low eaves project far on each side, is the huge red-tiled roof of the barn—large enough for the com-

A LOW-LAND FLOURING-MILL.

we frequently cross canals, lying far enough below us for the deck loads and the lowered masts of the barges to pass under the road, without the need of draw-bridges. Scattered over the whole landscape are the remarkable habitations of the farmers and their herds. Many of these were near enough for us to examine them, others only suggestions of similar farmsteads far away over the wide plain. As well as we could judge, plete housing of the crops of the farm, for the comfortable accommodation of all its live stock, and for the sheltering of all implements. The evidences of wealth on every side, and the absence of all evidences of poverty, suggest an unequaled richness of soil, no less than a most skillful and industrious people. It is a region fairly teeming with fertility, bustling with activity on land and water, and stretching its productive

fields, one after another, to the far away sand-dunes of the north coast.

As we neared Groningen—our first Dutch town—we were curious as to our accommodation and personal comfort. The

HEAD-DRESS OF GRONINGEN PEASANT.

guide-books made it seem a chief advantage of one of the hotels that we need not sleep on feathers, and confined its general information mainly to the statement that the city has a population of forty thousand (all Dutch, of course), is situated at the junction of two principal canals, and is an important Dutch seaport. Those who have been bred in America, with its generous cultivation of the instincts in favor of foreign (and especially of "Dutch") ways and doings, will understand that we were imbued with a proper superiority of feeling, and were prepared to accept the oddities and provincialisms of Groningen without severe criticism; to make the best of what it had to offer that was good or interesting, and to put up with or to disregard its shortcomings—making due allowance for the disadvantages of a people who had been born Dutch. The strong infusion of Dutch blood in our own veins need not be considered, for we had that mysterious inner light that comes of American birth and education, and gives the look, from above downward, with which we so justly scrutinize the less favored civilizations of Europe.

This spirit had been shaken in some of our earlier experiences of travel, but nowhere had it been so chastened as it was at Groningen; and I meekly confess, at this point, that by the time we had crossed the Belgian frontier, some weeks later, it was entirely and forever laid.

A town of forty thousand inhabitants is not of itself remarkable. We have plenty such at home, but we have no small town at all comparable to Groningen, in the evidences of good government, general refinement and cultivation. Much of its advantage is due to its great age, but more to the wise use of the means of improvement with which it has been blessed, and to the thrift and far-seeing intelligence of its people. The approach from the station leads over a massive and well-shaded bridge that spans the moat-like canal, busy with moving craft, and through a handsome archway in the wall of the town. The well-kept and park-like walks outside the walls were frequented by well-dressed pleasure-seekers, and the whole scene at this point was no less charming than unexpected.

Within the walls we found a well-built city, much less strange to us than many towns we had seen, and, indeed, with an air very much like Philadelphia. While obviously old, it seemed to have always been thriving and well kept. The hotel was excellent, and the shops and private houses were often fine. This is the most important of the northern towns of the country. It has an excellent university, a museum of natural history, a botanic garden, institutions for the instruction of the blind and of the deaf and dumb, and a school of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The Breedemarkt is one of the largest *plazas* in the kingdom, and it is flanked by some very fine churches and public buildings. These details are mentioned, notwithstanding their guide-book air, because they are so entirely different from what we had an idea of finding, and as indicating the completeness with which

HEAD-DRESS OF THE ISLAND OF AMELAND.

we withdrew our estimate of what it must imply to be Dutch and to live in Groningen.

Yet, in spite of the modern air of the shops and many of the houses, there was enough of novelty and quaintness in the

life of the streets to attract the interest of the traveler. Opposite our window was a street pump, about which women and girls were constantly awaiting their turns to fill the pails that hung from their wooden neck yokes. Here they stood chatting, heedless of the rain that was falling. Their stout woolen dresses were evidently used to it, and they themselves looked hearty enough to withstand any exposure.

Like all the women of their class whom we saw—including the itinerant vendors of milk and vegetables—they had their heads done up after the marvelous fashion of their province. Whether they are a hairless race could not be told; but not a trace of hair was to be seen, nor did there seem room for tresses under their triple coifs, which consist of a closely fitting cap of white cotton; another, equally close, of black silk; and over these a solid *plaque* of shining gold or silver, covering the whole head, save a small space at the crown, and a narrow slit at the top, "where got the apple in." The side wings reach nearly to the eyes, and they nearly join at the top of the head. They are quite as large as an ordinary pair of rounded horses' blinders; the band by which these are joined at the back is fully three inches wide.

This is the head-gear with which the working-women turn out in the early morning, and in which they do their drudgery, but they are usually seen with the added decoration of engraved, or embossed, or filigree ornaments of the same metal, nearly two inches across, attached to the front of the plate, and making the effect of gold or silver rosettes just back of the eyes. It is a very undress occasion on which even this suffices; they usually wear a fourth covering of thin lace. This is a cap, drawn close over the forehead, and hanging in a full cape behind. The whole gold affair is covered, save the rosettes. The origin of this singular costume we had no means of learning. It is common in various provinces of the Netherlands, and is worn with pride by those who travel or reside in other than their native districts—to such an extent that it attracts no attention in any part of the kingdom. In the streets of Amsterdam it is constantly seen.

We went to buy one of these gold plaques as a curiosity, and found to our

A STREET IN GRONINGEN.

surprise that they are made of pure metal, and cost a large sum. The cheapest gold one we found cost one hundred and ten gulden (fifty-five dollars in currency). The silver ones are cheaper, but still very costly, for the daily wear of the kitchen. We found one at last of gilded brass, which cost but a trifle, but were told that no peasant woman or servant girl could wear it and preserve her self-respect.

Like all novelties, these head-dresses soon grew familiar, and after devouring a few townfuls of them, we had no further appetite save for the ornaments at the temples, of which nearly every village has its own form—some very curious. There is also some variety in the head-plates, but they are of the same general character.

These shining metal heads, glinting through neat lace, are attractive for more than their novelty, and the gear is really becoming to the fair complexions and clear eyes of the damsels of the northern peninsula.

The fashions of Paris have penetrated even to Groningen, modifying the dress of all above the working class, but they seem powerless before this national distinction. If the French bonnet is worn, as it sometimes is, it must adjust itself to this gilded ball of a head, without its accustomed cush-

ion of false hair. In many localities the native costume included a hat of some remarkable cut, but usually where the metal plates are worn they are covered, if at all, only by a thin cap, through which they are plainly seen. The variety of detail is constant in the different regions. In the island of Ameland, in the North Sea, the plate is continuous over the head, the side ornaments look like curved shutters thrown open to show the temples, the cap is fastened on by gold-headed pins, and a little cluster of false curls is worn at each side.

The principal part of Groningen is built on terra firma, but the outskirts are lower, and here the streets are divided by canals, which are busy with traffic. At the edges of the town there are many wind-mills, and the houses are more thoroughly Dutch than in the main business and residence streets.

Our route lay westward, to Leeuwarden, the capital of the province of Friesland. The character of the country traversed differed very little from that between Groningen and the German border. On every hand were the same evidences of activity on land and water, and of commercial and agricultural prosperity. It was harvest-time, and thick-standing gavels bespoke the richness of the ditch-bound fields. The same great farm-houses and barns, and the same sails among the meadows, were everywhere seen. Here, as in the other province, the cattle were superb and numerous.

Leeuwarden, which has a beautiful and well-kept park, we found much more peculiar than Groningen, and the evidences of its great age more conspicuous. Yet, with all its age, it is emphatically a town of to-day; its old, ruined church-tower, which stood in the fierce times of the Spanish wars, and its quaint old streets, suggest all that could be desired of historic and picturesque interest, but the canals in its streets are busy with modern commerce, the shop windows are effective in their appeal to present wants, and an air of comfortable prosperity is everywhere prevalent.

BOTER-MARKT AT LEEUWARDEN.

This is the cleanest large town we have anywhere seen. We wandered in the back slums, among people of the poorest class, and saw no spot that was not cleaner than Union Square or Fifth Avenue, in New York. Nor was this all,—the cleanliness extended to the people themselves. Hard-worked charwomen, and the children playing in the alleys, were as trim and tidy as though just dressed for school or church. Nor is even this all,—the politeness and grace of all classes of the people were most marked. At every turn we were greeted with cordial salutation,—really cordial. We were bid "Good Day," not apparently as a matter of form, but as though the speaker had an interest in our welfare. There was some curiosity evinced as to our queer costume, and a helmeted woman would now and then be called from a house to look at the unaccustomed head-dress of our ladies; but even this was as far as possible from rudeness.

The women of Friesland have a world-wide reputation for beauty, and the women of Leeuwarden must be of the best Frisian type. More striking maidens may be elsewhere seen, but the beauty of these is of a sort that never fades; on the contrary, it seems to grow fresher and more delicate with advancing years, and to reach the culmination of loveliness in ripe old age, when the skin has a wax-like rosiness, the blue veins are clearly marked about the white temples, and the eyes remain pure and mellow. Fine foreheads, beautifully penciled eyebrows, and delicate features are almost universal. There are gradations of comeliness, of course, and plain faces are not hard to find; but the average beauty, apparently without reference to class, is very striking. We bought currants from a woman of more than the allotted threescore years and ten, whose face would be a fortune to a belle.

Leeuwarden owes much of its obvious prosperity to the residence of capitalists whose investments are in the fertile lands of Friesland, the farmers of this province being largely tenants. Rents are high and promptly paid, and the land-owners are the social nabobs of the town. That there are many men of leisure is evidenced by two modern club-houses, large and perfectly appointed, which we were surprised to find in so small a place.

A beautiful building is the Butter Market; of exquisite proportions, old, and well-built, of dark red brick, with facings of light stone. Its unobtrusiveness is one of its chief charms. It has a modest character, suited to its modest uses; but its perfectly artistic form and coloring are well worthy of the attention they are sure to engage. Here are kept the official scales over which all butter exported or sold in the market must pass.

We were attracted by a small bit of old Delft ware in the window of a spectacle-maker's shop, and went in to examine it. It was a queer little shop, with many odd kickshaws which interested us, and the enthusiastic spectacle-man led us to an inner room, where he had a perfect museum of Delft ware. We found his prices extravagantly high (as they were in all country towns, where we hoped to find them low), for the reason, he told us, that he can at any time sell his whole stock to the Jew dealers at Amsterdam and the Hague at very high rates. The spectacle business was evidently only a tradition, for after we had sufficiently admired the stock on the ground floor, he drummed up his old wife with her keys, and led us up the narrow stairs to a wealth of wonderful bric-à-bracerie crowding two large rooms above. Brocades, old silver-ware of most exquisite design, and all manner of luxurious furniture, remaining from the wealthy generations that have gone, filled every corner and cranny. For the modest sum of three thousand gulden* we could have bought a marvel of a carved table of ebony and ivory of rarest workmanship, which had belonged to Prince Maurice, and there was much else of real interest. When we had returned to the street we looked back with amazement, to think that so modest a shop could be the entrance to such a store of riches.

Unfortunately, we had not known the interest of the country and the towns of Groningen and Friesland when we formed the plan of travel that hurried us on toward Amsterdam, and we had to cut short our visit and take the train for Harlingen on the Zuyder

COSTUME OF HINDELOOPEN.

Zee. This is a dullish seaport, defended by enormous granite-faced dikes against the invasion of the sea, which entirely destroyed the town in 1134, and overwhelmed it again in 1566. Here we took the small steamer for Amsterdam. The wind was high, and the

* The gulden, which will be used throughout these papers on Holland, is about equal to fifty cents United States Currency.

sea wide and rough. We bore down the low line of coast until we came abreast of Hindeloopen, whence a heavy open lugger put out to meet us with a fresh supply of passengers, who were handed up on the open guard beneath which the lugger was tossing. The one woman of the party wore the strange costume of her town. The wind was so fresh that few vessels were more quiet, and vessels became frequent. Some of these were square-rigged sea-going craft, but more were canal-boats, with their sails hauled down to the smallest capacity, and toiling along with an unaccustomed list—women and children under close hatches in the cabin, and the men, clad in oil-skins and sou'westers, bracing themselves to their work on deck.

WIND-MILLS AT AMSTERDAM.

out, and these few were under close-reefed sail. The trip occupied six hours, and had the usual discomfort of rough weather and small tonnage.

After leaving the Frisian coast our course was toward a beacon rising out of the water, which, as we neared it, grew into a church steeple. Gradually wind-mills and the roofs of houses were developed, and the old city of Enkhuizen stood out on the film of land that seemed but a continuation of the sea. The rest of our course was within sight of wind-mills, and generally of the land that supported them. Villages and churches were frequent, but the view was hardly inspiring—gray sky and gray water were barely separated, and the land had much the effect of a tight-rope, on which the houses and mills and trees were balanced.

The low shore had little effect on the north-west wind; but the sea was much

As we approached it, Amsterdam manifested itself by a thicker clustering of the universal wind-mills, and by the looming up of huge domes and church towers and steeples, and by a forest of topmasts reaching above the general level of the roofs.

It is one of the peculiarities of Holland that we go down into it from the sea, and the further in we go the deeper down we get. The metropolis lies on a river or estuary called (for short) the IJ.* Into this we entered through a ponderous granite-built lock—one of an assorted series, of various sizes, adjusted to vessels of larger or smaller dimensions. After we had been shut into our compartment the valves were opened, and we followed the declining water until it reached the level of the IJ, when

* Pronounced *Eye*.

the gates were swung back and we steamed on to the city.

And here we were in Amsterdam—the mother of the "Nieuw Amsterdam" of Peter Stuyvesant and Wouter Van Twiller. The guide-books (to which the reader is respectfully referred) are fond of calling this town "the Venice of the North," which misleads the imagination. Like Venice, it is built on piles. Erasmus speaks of its people living like birds perched on the tops of trees—and some of its obscurer narrow alleys are only canals. Beyond this, the resemblances are only differences. The canals penetrate many of the principal streets, it is true, but these are wide thoroughfares, with broad, well-paved roadway and sidewalk, and often with four rows of trees—the waterway being between the center rows. Carriages and heavy drays are moving in every direction, and the canals are but little used for internal traffic. Canal-boats, lighters, and in some parts even square-rigged ships are floated opposite to the warehouses which are to receive or to deliver their cargoes; but the city has a roar and hum that would at once destroy the dreamy charm of Venice.

There is much in Amsterdam that is magnificent, and in which we were greatly interested, but my present purpose is mainly connected with those of its features which seldom engage the attention of travelers. Rising at daybreak, I strolled out to see the street life of the early morning. Market

A DUTCH DRAW-BRIDGE.

men and market women from the country, near and far, dressed in their widely varying local costumes, were plying their traffic in the streets and on the canals; and housemaids were scrubbing steps and sidewalks, and sweeping to the middle of the carriage way, or hurrying home with prayer-book or market basket. The town was alive with

HEAD-DRESS OF ZAANDAM AND KROMMENIE.

a population which a few hours later would make way for those who are only known to the broader day.

Canal-boats were arriving and departing; moving out from their berths through a crowd of other craft, with that mysterious kind of silent help that a moving canal-boat always gets from the crews of its neighbors at rest,—its sides are prodded with boat-hooks from here and from there, and it slowly floats out from the crowd and starts on its way "sans mot dire;" turf boats were floating into the Dam Rak, furling their sails and lowering their masts; cargoes of cabbages were being tossed, one by one, from men in boats to men on shore; here the clatter of knives and forks was heard through low back windows and cabin-hatch, and here the vrouw was washing up the breakfast things in a slat-floored kitchen sink hanging from the taffrail; strange-looking people were doing strange-looking things throughout all the strange-looking fleet, and all with

the air of its being in no wise unusual or peculiar. On shore, a street vendor was attracting custom with a watchman's rattle; men were hoisting baskets of turf to the cellar, at the top of a high house gable; women and children were going from a basement with the sign "water en vuur te koop," with neatly painted iron buckets, each having a kettle of boiling water at the top, and a lump of burning turf at the bottom,—going home to make the morning tea; at every quarter-hour, the carillon jingled from all the steeples. The gin-shops were already well patronized, for it seems a universal habit, in this moist northern climate, to take "een sneeuwballetje"* of gin and sugar as a frequent prophylactic. At this early hour, and about the canals, the gilded heads and odd bonnets of the peasant women are more frequent than elsewhere, or later in the day.

Near the Haarlem Railway station I turned down by the broad canal that encircles the city, where there was a long line of huge wind-mills. The first was a saw-mill, carrying two gangs of fourteen saws each, and capable of sawing, with a good wind, two eighteen-inch logs at a time.

I next visited a flour-mill, of which the owner showed me all the details. The substructure was a large tower of brick, three stories high. On the ground floor were stables, wagon-house, and storage-room for hay; over this, the granary and flour and meal store; and next, the bolting-rooms, where the ground wheat is divided into seven different qualities of flour and feed, which run through spouts to the store-room below. On the next floor were three runs of five-foot stones. In a full wind they may all be run at once. The stones have a regulator, which sets them nearer together when running too fast, making more resistance to the wind. The general arrangement of the stones is the same as with us. There is a friction hoisting-gear in connection with the main shaft, whereby, on the pressure of a lever, a wheel on the windlass is brought against one on the running-shaft, and the movement is communicated. By this means all grain to be ground is hoisted from the wagons, through traps in the several floors, to the story above the stones. Here the cleaning machines are operated, and the different manipulations of grinding, bolting, and bagging accompany its descent, by spouts, from floor to floor. The wind-mill proper is quite above this structure, sheltering the upper floor, on which the cleaning-machines stand. It is, of itself, an enormous affair, and the immense tree-trunk of a main-shaft that was groaning with its strong slow movements far above us, turned all the heavy machinery of the mill with its

A PAIL-BEARER AT THE CABIN OF PETER THE GREAT—ZAANDAM.

mighty force, and sent a tremor through every window-sash. It was hard to realize that all this obvious power was gathered from the unseen air by the frail-looking frames that held the opened sails. In this mill, as in all the larger ones, a wide gallery surrounds the top of the brick tower for working the windlass, by which the hood and wind-wheel (main-shaft and all) are turned to face the breeze. The windlass is at the converging point of a frame-work that descends from the projecting timbers of the hood, and it carries a stout rope, the ends of which are hooked at different points of the gallery, as may be needed in facing toward different points of the compass.

Distance is very unjust to these higher wind-mills. It is only when one is fairly under their thatched covering, or close to their giant arms, that their size is at all appreciated. In the one I am describing, the gallery was more than forty feet from the ground, and the sweep of the sails described a circle of over one hundred feet in diameter above this.

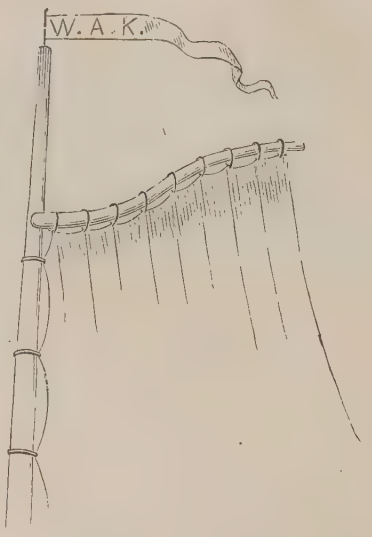
The whole of the sloping structure, above the brick-work, as well as the roof of the

* A little snow-ball.

hood, was, according to the almost universal custom, covered with heavy straw thatch. This is always kept in neat repair, and never falls to the mossy and picturesque condition of decay which seems the allotted end of cottage thatches, but is kept sound and firm from generation to generation. The interior arrangements of the mill are exceedingly ingenious and practical, and showed a much higher degree of mechanical art than we are wont to connect with the idea of a Dutch wind-mill. I descended from my examination with slight disposition to explain to the friendly proprietor the modern contrivances of the newly built establishment in America, where I had once officiated as chief miller. I descended with another feeling also strong within me—a realization of the enormous and easily managed power that we allow to blow where it listeth, and of which we make no useful account in our mechanical operations.

The canal-boats one sees in the street canals of Amsterdam, and all over Holland, are mainly of the same character—shorter than ours, and all provided with mast and sail. They are not painted, but oiled, and have a warm brown wood color that is very agreeable. The mast is hinged at the deck, and is raised or lowered at pleasure, by means of a windlass. That part below the deck is heavily loaded with iron, as a counterpoise to the long end. When the top is lying back over the stern the counterpoise appears above the deck at the bow. When standing erect, the counterpoise is on the upper edge of the keel, and the step is held firmly in its socket by the bow-guy being hauled taut by the windlass. The gaff at the top of the sail—there is often no boom below it—is not straight, but curved, and the pennant, instead of hanging free from the mast, is, for a part of its length, stretched on a stiff, vane-like frame, which turns on a rod, after the manner of a weathercock.

It is very rare to see one of these boats drawn by horses in the Netherlands. The propulsion is generally by the wind; when

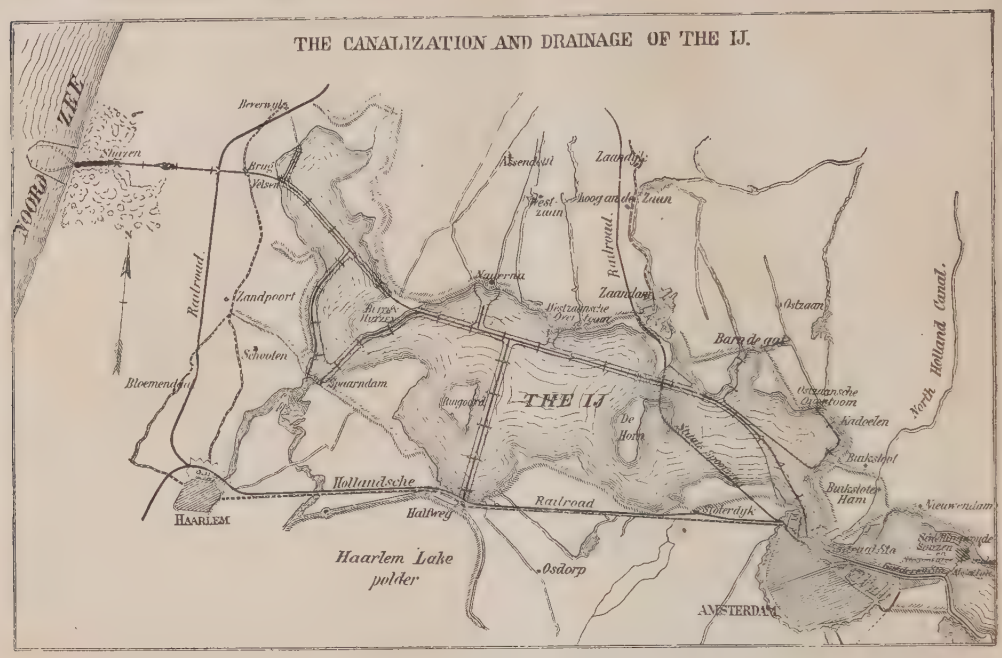


GAFF AND PENNANT OF DUTCH CANAL-BOAT.

this fails, or is too much ahead, the family turn out, shoulder the guy-rope, and trudge slowly along the tow-path. Often father, mother, and children are seen pulling their craft for miles along their sluggish way, one remaining at the helm to keep the course. Where the tow-path fails, as it often does, and in the street canals of the town, the man on one side of the deck and the woman on the other, planting their long boat hooks against the bottom, bear a shoulder against the other end (padded for the purpose), and walk slowly from stem to stern. Like many other processes in this steady-going land, this seems painfully slow; but they keep it up with such quiet persistency, that, if you forget your boat for a little, you always find, on looking for it again, that it has gone much farther than you had expected. The movement, either by pulling or by poling, is not much slower than in France, where the boats are drawn by three or four creeping horses.

A WIND-MILL IN THE DRY REGION.

Generally, except in the innermost canals of the towns, the boats have the right of way without lowering their masts, and land-traffic must bide its time at the draw-



bridges (Ophaal bruggen) which are everywhere seen on the smaller canals. These are attached to a heavy frame-work, of wood or iron, above the road, which is so balanced as to be easily tilted by a single man hauling on the rope at the rear end.

One's first ride over the rail, from Amsterdam to Haarlem, furnishes sensations that no other country in Europe can give. The line, absolutely straight, lies across a level plain. The masts and domes, and steeples, and gables, and wind-mills of Amsterdam are falling behind us to the left; to the right, across the IJ, the low shore bristles as far as the sight can reach with wind-mills; here and there village steeples hold up their quiet points among the swinging arms; on every side, across the fields, and among the cottages and hay-ricks, sails are moving with the wind, or bare masts against it; here are crops of grain, or garden vegetables, and here stacks of peat drying for fuel; we pass farms lying much below the level of the road, and of the canals on which the boats are running; farther on, we look down into the fertile depth of the vast Haarlem Lake; we are traveling, at nearly the level of the sea, in the midst of a teeming population, whose vast accumulated wealth would be swept from the face of the earth, were the care relaxed for a single year, which holds back the sea from its old bed in this old oozy silt of the Rhine.

After this marvelous ride of twenty minutes we roll into the station of the clean canal-washed old city of Haarlem, the beautiful old residence of the Counts of Holland. We must postpone our examination of it, for we are bound to Rotterdam and the Kermis—we are to see the fair scene of "Faust" in real life. Excursion trains are running from all the provinces at rates within the means of the humblest class, and the Rotterdam Kermis is the sensation of the day. The broad, low fields,

A DUTCH BATHING-MACHINE.

the superb herds, the high and busy canals, and the quaint farm-houses and towns lie all along our route, *via* Haarlem, the Hague, and Delft.

It was not yet noon when we arrived, but Rotterdam was filled with gay booths, puppet shows, fat women, giants, and the whole range of lowly side entertainments.

THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.

The streets were thronged with peasants in all manner of local costume, sailors from all quarters of the world, and low people of all sorts from far and near. Already the influence of the "sneeuwballetje" was manifest. Whatever there may ordinarily be of municipal control over the streets of Rotterdam was obviously relaxed now, and the wildest disorder prevailed. Our experiences were of questionable satisfaction; but to leave nothing undone that faithful sight-seers ought to do, we went in the afternoon to the Vauxhall, where the festivities were said to center. We went, but we soon came, for Rotterdam beer and tobacco disputed the sway with fiery "Hollands," and the large hall was another pandemonium. Our verdict, as we took the return train, was that American ladies can gain a pleasanter impression of the Kermis in Irving Place than in its native home. We had seen a long stretch of most interesting country, but the main purpose of our trip had been signally disappointed.

An hour's sail in a little steamer took us from Amsterdam to Zaandam, on the north side of the IJ, a place of the most unmitigated Dutch character. It lies on both sides of the Zaan (which is lower than the IJ, into which it discharges its traffic, and from each side of which extend still lower canals and ditches which discharge into it), and stretches—a single street on each side—for miles along its banks. The population amounts to nearly 12,000, but the complete little-village character of the town is never lost. Its importance is due entirely (aside from its nearness to Amsterdam) to the wind that blows over it. Towering above its little houses, and scattered over the low plain at each side, are more than four hundred wind-mills,—a forest of huge revolving crosses, grinding out the wealth that has made many of the burghers millionaires,—and here the guide-book lore is suggestive. Each mill represents an average capital of 100,000 gulden, and wealth is estimated by mills; these form the *dot* of daughters, and the inheritance of sons. There are a hundred saw-mills and a large number of colza-oil mills, and, besides these, grain-mills, paint-mills, snuff-mills, mustard-mills, cement-mills, and flax-mills. The effect in the flat landscape of all these is inexpressibly strange. In a walk of an hour, I stopped occasionally and counted never less than fifty wind-mills in sight at one time—far and near.

The houses are almost invariably small, and generally have neat little gardens about them; some are good specimens of miniature green-painted and red-tiled luxury, and their gardens are (not always, but often) tastefully laid out, and ornamented with statuary, fine pottery, rock-work, and shrubbery. Flowers are everywhere fine and abundant—in the gardens, and in the windows—and the grass is well kept. At the rear, there is always a neat landing-place, and pleasure-boats are numerous. The houses stand on the line of the street, and outside the windows it is usual (as all through the Netherlands) to have small mirrors set at such an angle, that one sitting inside can look up and down the street. The windows of all the houses were tightly closed, and, although it was August, I do not remember ever seeing an open window in a private house in all Holland. On the other hand, a peculiarity that is so often mentioned is usually conspicuous only by its absence—the closing of all front rooms, except for the Saturday cleaning. Dead-looking house-fronts are no more common than in America or else-

where; it is usual, everywhere, for women, whose time is chiefly passed in house-work, to leave their best rooms mainly unused; but we generally found the front windows of well-to-do people in towns and villages open, well polished, and well filled with flowers. Within, the population seems, to the casual observer, to pass most of its time in making and drinking tea. Walking, as one does, close to the windows, there is generally seen on a spread side-table, an ornamented pail with burning peat, with a well-polished hot water kettle over it—ready for instant use.

I walked not less than two miles up the east side of the river, crossed in one of the frequent row-boat ferries, having for fellow-passengers, a woman, a dog, and an alarmed infant in a perambulator, and returned through the western half of the town. In the whole trip, I saw but two horses and one

FROM SCHEVENINGEN TO THE HAGUE.

donkey. The streets are all sidewalk, and as neat as possible. Locomotion is almost exclusively on foot or in boats, and all heavy carriage is by water.

The immediate neighborhood of the town is so much taken up with wind-mills and business, that my long walk failed to reach anything in the way of farming that is worthy of note, but it was rich in impressions of the most interesting novelty,—for Zaandam is more widely different from all else that we saw even in Holland, than one would believe possible, in view of its nearness to the capital. Then, too, there is something very engaging in a town that can so serenely preserve its original character amid the whirl of nineteenth century change—a town, where a fair cigar can be bought for a cent, and where you are smiled at as "queer" by a woman with the top gear shown herewith. And the worst of it is that you feel queer, and begin to grow half ashamed of the different absurdity of the manner in which your own companions have followed a more familiar custom, and to wonder how they would look—in French bonnet and pannier—standing at the door of Peter the Great's cabin in Zaandam with neck-yoke and water-pails.

As we ended our afternoon's sight-seeing, and steamed away toward the city, Zaandam soon dropped out of sight behind the high dike that protects it from the waters of the IJ, and the four hundred and odd wind-mills renewed their position on the tight-rope of a low line of shore, swinging their sails like balance-poles against the red evening sky.

On Sunday, I went to visit a friend in Gelderland, at Roozendaal, near Arnhem. Much of the way from Amsterdam—after leaving the low country—is through an extremely barren sandy region, purple with heather blooms as far as the eye can reach. Some of this land has been brought, by a slow process of rotation, to a tolerably productive condition, but the most of it is dismally poor. Arnhem, where we left the rail, is a very handsomely built, open town, on a high bank of the Rhine, with ample space, street parks, and fine trees. It is not unlike Leamington (England) in general aspect, but is finer. It, and the country about it, is a great resort for the burghers of Amsterdam, who "come ashore" here, so to speak, to escape the water-logged air of the hollow country, and to give their children a summer vacation on dry land. We stopped to lunch at the Club, which is a very ordinary house in the outskirts, but with a superb garden (filled with tables and chairs) overlooking many miles of the winding Rhine, with its odd-looking craft, and the fertile plain of the Betuwe stretching its rich farms as far as the eye can reach. This is a favorite Sunday afternoon resort for the better class of the people—pious people too.

The Chateau of Roozendaal—the ancient summer palace of the old Dukes of Gelderland and Egmont, who long maintained a war against Charles V.—is a well-kept country house surrounded by a beautiful park, and a fine wooded estate, where are many avenues of enormous beeches, which it is worth the trip from Amsterdam to see.

This poor dry region has better withstood the patient attack of Dutch enterprise than has the wet country of the Netherlands, but even here the soil has been made to do more than would be supposed possible from the character of its native vegetation. However, it is a poor farming country at best, and must depend for its prosperity very much on its attractiveness for residence. It is especially a favorite resort for returned East India merchants, whose extravagance of expenditure would do credit to an American watering-place. The occupied part of this region, with its superb old beeches and pleasant hills and valleys, is all the more charming from its contrast with the adjoining flat country and the polders and canals of the better known provinces of Holland.

We made an agricultural trip in North Holland, which will be again referred to in our account of Dutch Farming, but some reference to which is necessary to a general understanding of the country and its peculiarities.

Immediately opposite Amsterdam, on the other side of the IJ, is the entrance to the North Holland Canal—the Willemsluis, the largest locks in Europe. They are built on piles driven through the mud into the firm sand. The canal itself is one of the most remarkable works of this remarkable people, and is the ship channel from Amsterdam to the sea—running on one level, ten feet below the ordinary level of the sea, and much more below its highest tides, to Helder, fifty miles away on the channel between North Holland and Texel. It is more than twenty feet deep, and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the surface. "Steam on the Canals" is a long settled problem here; the banks slope gradually and are protected at the very edge by willow wattles. In front of these, in the water, grows a narrow belt of luxuriant rushes. As the following wave of a steamer sweeps the shore, these rushes bend before it and make a solid thatch over which the wave rolls without abrasion, and as it passes they resume their upright position ready for the next attack—which soon comes, for the busy canal is alive with passenger boats, tugs, square-rigged vessels, canal-boats, and all manner of craft.

The treacherous sands of the Zuyder Zee made the natural approach to Amsterdam too tedious and uncertain, and this artificial

ON THE CANAL FROM THE HAGUE TO DELFT.

passage was needed to satisfy the restless energy of the people. Now, after half a century's experience of the benefits of this, a larger and shorter canal is being built through the IJ, and across the sand dunes—reaching the North Sea at a point about fifty miles south of Helder, and only about sixteen miles from the city. The line of this canal, and its branches, with its enormous dikes, is shown in the accompanying map. The forebay or harbor on the coast reaching nearly a mile into the sea, its ponderous breakwaters enclosing 135 acres of water 25 feet deep at low tide, will be the most stupendous work of its kind in the world, and so much of the IJ as the canal does not occupy is to be drained for cultivation. An idea of the magnitude of this work may be formed by comparing it with the building of a ship canal at the level of low water from Perth Amboy to the ocean at Long Branch, build-

ing there a large harbor strong enough to withstand the storms of the Atlantic, and draining Prince's Bay for cultivation. Except for the closing of the east end of the bay, the undertaking would not be much greater than the changing of the IJ from its original condition to that now being effected.

The details of the construction of parts of this work indicate very fairly the spirit with which public improvements are carried on in Holland. The two jetties or breakwaters have their foundations between 25 and 30 feet below low-water mark. At the shore end they are about three-fourths of a mile apart, but their outer ends turn in so as to leave an opening of only 750 feet. The wall is carried to a height of 14 feet above low-water mark, the ordinary rise of the tide being 5½ feet.

The jetties are built of blocks of *béton* or concrete, the main blocks measuring between 7 and 8 cubic yards (length, 12¼ feet; breadth, 4¼ feet; thickness, 4 feet). These are made in molds, and are composed of Portland cement, sand, and gravel; they are left four months to harden before being moved. The foundation of the jetty is an artificial deposit of fragments of rock between 3 and 4 feet deep and over 200 feet wide, the thickness being sufficiently increased afterward on the outside to cover the first course of the masonry. These blocks are carried by rail to the point where they are to be used, are lowered by a steam derrick whose arm reaches 40 feet, and are placed in position by men in submarine armor.

The draft of water in the canal and in the enormous locks by which this is separated from the sea is 23 feet. The surface width in the canal proper is 200 feet, and the width of the floor or deepest part is 88 feet. The total amount of earth excavation is nearly 15,000,000 cubic yards. Over 13,000 acres of arable land will be added to the area of the kingdom, and the whole work will cost $13,000,000. It is to be completed in 1876.

Purmerend, at which we left the steamer, is an active country town (though at the same time, like all Holland towns, a seaport), is surrounded by a well-wooded walk, and a canal, and has a pleasant look. It has a noted cheese and butter market, and is the market-town of the Beemster, at the edge of which it stands, and which is probably the richest polder in all the Netherlands. This will be described in the articles on Dutch Draining and Farming.

After visiting some capital farms, we returned to pass the night at the local inn—where we found good fare, and slept in tidy feather beds, in tin bedsteads which seemed like bathing tubs. The next day was mar-

SCHEVENINGEN FISH-WIFE.

ket day, and the town was early filled with country people in their strange costumes, and the streets were crowded with the peculiar wagons and caleches of the region. The cheese market was being fast filled with heaps of round Dutch cheeses—laid up like piles of cannon balls—and foreign buyers were arriving. I never saw so many cheeses before in my life; some were yellow, some of a grayish color that comes with age, and many painted with various shades of red. A bright magenta was very common. The annual sales amount to about two thousand tons. In the adjoining "Botermarkt," a very active trade in butter was going on. The quality seemed but ordinary, and it was rudely put up,—evidently cheese is king here.

The cattle exposed for sale were simply magnificent, and the supply of sheep and poultry was very fine. The weekly market day draws to the town nearly every farmer of the Beemster, the Wormer, and the Purmer—that is, from probably the very richest dairy region in the whole world—and they

are largely accompanied by their wives and daughters dressed in all the glory of gold head-dresses and lace caps, and with the odd hats of their localities. The most curious dresses that we saw here were those of some women from Marken. The people were cheery and hearty, attentive to their business without excitement, but far from being stolid in their looks, or sluggish in their movements. Indeed, a similar congregation of American farmers would not appear very different, except in their dress and surroundings—and in the lack of that indescribable *aplomb* that comes of the possession of wealth; for these men, who make cannon-ball cheeses at the bottoms of the old lakes of North Holland, are of more than comfortable substance, and the two ends of the year always meet with a liberal lap.

From Purmerend we took our first long drive—two hours and a-half to Alkmaar. We had an old-fashioned, high, four-wheeled barouche, drawn by a single horse. Not knowing the roads over which we were to roll as over a floor, could I have spoken Dutch I should have protested, for we were five persons including the driver, and the distance was long. At the edge of the town we crossed a draw-bridge, and the road pitched down to the floor of the old Beemster lake, where formerly crabs and lobsters and eels had their foraging ground—we were traveling in the old home of the fishes, and far above our heads lay the imaginary track of keels bearing the fierce corsairs of the days of the Spanish wars—we were at the bed of a surging inland sea, large enough for a naval battle, and deep enough for the largest tonnage. Yonder, high above us, the sails of vessels are skirting the ancient domain of their tribe, as though longing for one more free scud across its waves. Below us, the little cross canals nurse all that is left of marine life, and bear the little boats that alone remain of the fleet of former days.

The waters have been rolled back, and we crossed upon dry land—upon the dry bricks with which the long straight roads are paved. Long, and straight, and flat, they run on interminably, between sheltering ranks of fine trees; between canals, where swans are sailing and boats are moored at little painted front-yard landings; between handsome old family mansions set about with ancient trees and parterres of gay flowers; between red farm-houses, with their huge backing of red-tiled barn-roof, and with their straight rows of blue-washed tree-trunks; between fields of waving grain; between pastures where, as the Hollanders say, "you can see the gold lying on the ground," and where dense herds of superb black and white cows lie lazily mourning their incapacity to eat forever. The very air is heavy with the sense of wealth, and one grows envious of the sea, that it should still cover other fields of such boundless fertility.

When we reached the neat little, odd-looking village of Beemster, in the middle of the polder, the rim-dike (with fifty great wind-mills standing sentry upon it) was such a distant horizon that we did not realize its height, and seemed to be standing at the ordinary level of the land, not far below the level of the sea. Indeed, this feeling is usual throughout Holland. We take our standard from our immediate surroundings. One cannot carry "the level of the sea" always in one's mind, and the general impression of the country is that it is *flat*, rather than that it is *hollow*. The waves are beating against the dikes, it is true, and were these to give way we should be overwhelmed with conviction as to the true datum line,—but while they hold the waters back, it is only near the points where the levels change that one has any real sense of the situation. From the railroads one looks down upon canals, which, in their turn, look down upon the land, and this again down on lower canals, but there is generally no such startling contrast as the eloquence of the guide-books implies. The keels of ships hardly float above the chimneys of the houses, nor does the storied frog, croaking among the bulrushes, gaze down upon the swallows on the house-tops.

Midway of our route we climbed up the steep dike, crossed the encircling canal, and rolled on toward Alkmaar, over the smooth klincker road. Klinckers are "stones rejected of the builder"—bricks burned too hard, and often too much warped for use in houses. They are set on edge and firmly imbedded in sand, and make a capital roadway for the light traffic which alone goes over them. The road-bed is always thoroughly drained by the side canals, and grass usually fills the interstices of the pavement with its roots. Capital as these klincker roads are for Holland, they are practicable only because all heavy traffic is by water-carriage. Alkmaar we found not sufficiently different from Leeuwarden to need particular description, nor will space admit of fur-

ther details of town life—interesting though all Dutch towns are.

We paid due attention to the very general cultivation of flowers, and found it worthy of all encomium,—especially the superb mosaic planting at the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam, which far exceeded in the tasteful massing and contrast of colors, and in the scale on which it is carried out, all that we saw in London and Paris, and all our previous conceptions of the possibilities of flower gardening.

From that most charming of modern towns, S'Gravenhage (The Hague), we went by trekschuit, or passenger boat, along the canal to Scheveningen,—drawn by one horse, moving at a slow trot; the distance is about two miles, and the canal lies mainly through a fine primeval wood. Scheveningen is a very primitive fishing village, behind the dunes of the North Sea coast, and across these is the splendid bathing beach, which makes it an attractive resort for the fashion of a large part of Germany, and for summer travelers from all the world. At the top of the sand-banks is a long row of hotels and restaurants. Passing these, we come at once upon the most modern of scenes,—modern, yet of its own sort. Along the edge of the beach were "bathing machines" by the dozen; a little farther back were ranks of covered chairs, made of basket-work, each with a footstool. These are engaged by parties of friends, who gather them into groups,—and there they sit, shaded from the sun and sheltered from the wind, and knit and sew, and chat, by the hour. Children are digging in the sand; beaux are plying their arts of fascination under the cover of chair-hoods; bath-women are standing expectant beside their baskets of bathing-dresses, leaning on their sign-boards; sight-seers are staring; booth-men are calling for custom; and the whole scene is gay and cheerful, and summery. Red-sailed fishing-boats are moving about near the shore, and (as we saw it) the sea is blue and still against the deep blue sky.

We returned by the horse railway that leads through one of the side allées of the beautiful Scheveningen road, past a continuous succession of attractive country houses, and close to the klincker road, on which equipages fit for Hyde Park dispute the way with fishermen's carts drawn by dogs, and with basket-laden men and women, carrying their shining harvest to the market in town.

The trekschuit is an institution peculiar to Holland, and the tourist should not fail of its novel experiences. It is a low, narrow, canal-boat, plying for passenger traffic, drawn by a horse whose rider is expert at his work. The tow-line is very long, made of the best hemp, and not larger than an ordinary clothes-line. As the horse trots it vibrates in long waves, and is never drawn taut enough to be strained. The skill with which the line is managed in shooting bridges and in passing other boats is interesting to watch.

Just before sunset we took the trekschuit at The Hague, bound for Delft—an hour's ride. The air was perfectly still, and the water like glass. The leaves glowing in the sunset light, and the rosy evening sky, were reflected in the quiet canal. The long twilight lasted throughout the journey, and made it forever memorable. We passed small villages, little beer-gardens, and many country places of some pretension, where families were drinking tea in the hooded summer-houses, which are seen in all Dutch gardens. A more peaceful, restful, summer-evening scene it would be impossible to conceive—nor one more entirely unlike all other experiences of European travel.

The trip to Delft was, of course, a pilgrimage to the staircase where the Prince of Orange was assassinated. We had fallen on the end of a Kermis, with which the town was still reeking, and at the little café in the arbor of which we took our tea, we had for neighbors an elderly and skinny house-servant, who was having the last of her young hired lover—this industry of attending, for a consideration, a damsel whose natural attractions have waned, being still profitable to seedy youth at Kermis-time. With dexterous slyness she passed him a gulden, with which to order the next relay of Hollands, and after Jan had served them and taken out the amount due, she exacted the furtive return of the change—repeating this fiction with each frequent new supply. Her gold head-dress and her brazen face seemed a heavy charge to the poor stripling, who had evidently been on duty from early morning, and we longed to see him paid off and released; but evidently the "ten-hour system" had no regard from his ill-favored mistress, and he was still smirking and counting back her stuyvers after each payment, when we left for the late train to The Hague.

This fragmentary and ill-connected sketch is not presented as a satisfactory account of what is to be seen in Holland—only as a frame-work in which to set the articles that

are to follow—on the Drainage and Agriculture that I had come to see. The character and customs of a people throw much light on the character of their industries, and are inevitably considered in connection with them. It has been thought proper, therefore, to give some of the impressions which were gathered while these were being more especially studied, and which formed a running accompaniment to their more serious strains.

The next article of this series will be descriptive of the means by which the fertile lands of the Netherlands have been won from the sea, with a somewhat detailed account of the drainage of Haarlem Lake.

TRULS, THE NAMELESS.

He was born in the houseman's lodge; she in the great mansion. He did not know who his father was; she was the daughter of Grim of Skogli, and she was the only daughter he had. They were carried to baptism on the same day, and he was called Truls, because they had to call him something; she received the name of Borghild, because that had been the name of every eldest-born daughter in the family for thirty generations. They both cried when the pastor poured the water on their heads; his mother hushed him, blushed, and looked timidly around her; but the woman who carried Borghild lifted her high up in her arms so that everybody could see her, and the pastor smiled benignly, and the parishioners said that they had never seen so beautiful a child. That was the way in which they began life—he as a child of sin, she as the daughter of a mighty race.

They grew up together. She had round cheeks and merry eyes, and her lips were redder than the red rose. He was of slender growth, his face was thin and pale, and his eyes had a strange, benumbed gaze, as if they were puzzling themselves with some sad, life-long riddle which they never hoped to solve. On the strand where they played the billows came and went, and they murmured faintly with a sound of infinite remoteness. Borghild laughed aloud, clapped her hands and threw stones out into the water, while he sat pale and silent, and saw the great white-winged sea-birds sailing through the blue ocean of the sky.

"How would you like to live down there in the deep green water?" she asked him one day, as they sat watching the eider-ducks which swam and dived, and stood on their heads among the sea-weeds.

"I should like it very well," he answered, "if you would follow me."

"No, I won't follow you," she cried. "It is cold and wet down in the water. And I should spoil the ribbons on my new boddice. But when I grow up and get big, and can braid my hair, then I shall row with the young lads to the church yonder on the headland, and there the old pastor will marry me, and I shall wear the big silver crown which my mother wore when she was married."

"And may I go with you?" asked he, timidly.

"Yes, you may steer my boat and be my helmsman, or—you may be bridegroom, if you would like that better."

"Yes, I think I should rather be your bridegroom," and he gave her a long, strange look which almost frightened her.

The years slipped by, and before Borghild knew it, she had grown into womanhood. The down on Truls's cheeks became rougher, and he, too, began to suspect that he was no longer a boy. When the sun was late and the breeze murmured in the great, dark-crowned pines, they often met by chance, at the well, on the strand, or on the saeter-green. And the oftener they met the more they found to talk about; to be sure, it was she who did the talking, and he looked at her with his large wondering eyes and listened. She told him of the lamb which had tumbled down over a steep precipice and still was unhurt, of the baby who pulled the pastor's hair last Sunday during the baptismal ceremony, or of the lumberman, Lars, who drank the kerosene his wife gave him for brandy, and never knew the difference. But, when the milk-maids passed by, she would suddenly forget what she had been saying, and then they sat gazing at each other in silence. Once she told him of the lads who danced with her at the party at Houg; and she thought she noticed a deeper color on his face, and that he clinched both his fists and—thrust them into his

pockets. That set her thinking, and the more she thought, the more curious she grew. He played the violin well; suppose she should ask him to come and fiddle at the party her father was to give at the end of the harvest. She resolved to do it, and he, not knowing what moved her, gave his promise eagerly. It struck her, afterward, that she had done a wicked thing, but, like most girls, she had not the heart to wrestle with an uncomfortable thought; she shook it off and began to hum a snatch of an old song:

"O'er the billows the fleet-footed storm-wind rode.
The billows blue are the merman's abode,
So strangely that harp was sounding."

The memory of old times came back to her, the memory of the morning, long years ago, when they sat together on the strand, and he said: "I think I should rather be your bridegroom, Borghild." The memory was sweet, but it was bitter too; and the bitterness rose and filled her heart. She threw her head back proudly, and laughed a strange, hollow laugh. "A bastard's bride, ha, ha! A fine tale were that for the parish gossips." A yellow butterfly lighted on her arm, and with a fierce frown on her face she caught it between her fingers. Then she looked pityingly on the dead wings, as they lay in her hand, and murmured between her teeth: "Poor thing! Why did you come in my way, unbidden?"

The harvest was rich, and the harvest party was to keep pace with the harvest. The broad Skogli mansion was festively lighted (for it was already late in September); the tall, straight tallow candles, stuck in many-armed candlesticks, shone dimly through a sort of misty halo, and only suffused the dusk with a faint glimmering of light. And every time a guest entered, the flames of the candles flickered and twisted themselves with the wind, struggling to keep erect. And Borghild's courage, too, rose and fell with the flickering motion of a flame which wrestled with the wind. Whenever the latch clicked she lifted her eyes and looked for Truls, and one moment she wished that she might never see his face again, and in the next she sent an eager glance toward the door. Presently he came, threw his fiddle on a bench, and with a reckless air walked up to her and held out his hand. She hesitated to return his greeting, but when she saw the deep lines of suffering in his face, her heart went forward with a great tenderness toward him, a tenderness such as one feels for a child who is sick, and suffers without hope of healing. She laid her hand in his, and there it lay for a while listlessly; for neither dared trust the joy which the sight of the other enkindled. But when she tried to draw her hand away, he caught it quickly, and with a sudden fervor of voice he said:

"The sight of you, Borghild, stills the hunger which is raging in my soul. Beware that you do not play with a life, Borghild, even though it be a worthless one."

There was something so hopelessly sad in his words, that they stung her to the quick. They laid bare a hidden deep in her heart, and she shrank back at the sight of her own vileness. How could she repair the injury she had done him? How could she heal the wound she had inflicted? A number of guests came up to greet her and among them Syvert Stein, a bold-looking young man, who, during that summer, had led her frequently in the dance. He had a square face, strong features, and a huge crop of towy hair. His race was far-famed for wit and daring.

"Tardy is your welcome, Borghild of Skogli," quoth he. "But what a faint heart does not give a bold hand can grasp, and what I am not offered I take unbidden."

So saying, he flung his arm about her waist, lifted her from the floor and put her down in the middle of the room. Truls stood and gazed at them with large, bewildered eyes. He tried hard to despise the braggart, but ended with envying him.

"Ha, fiddler, strike up a tune that shall ring through marrow and bone," shouted Syvert Stein, who struck the floor with his heels and moved his body to the measure of a spring-dance.

Truls still followed them with his eyes; suddenly he leaped up, and a wild thought burned in his breast. But with an effort he checked himself, grasped his violin, and struck a wailing chord of lament. Then he laid his ear close to the instrument, as if he were listening to some living voice hidden there within, ran warily with the bow over the strings, and warbled, and caroled, and sang with maddening glee, and still with a shivering undercurrent of woe. And the dusk which slept upon the black rafters was quickened and shook with the weird sound; every pulse in the wide hall beat more rapidly, and every eye was kindled with a bolder fire. Presently a strong male voice sang out to the measure of the violin:

"Come, fairest maid, tread the dance with me;
O heigh ho!"

And a clear, tremulous treble answered:

"So gladly tread I the dance with thee;
O heigh ho!"

Truls knew the voices only too well; it was Syvert Stein and Borghild who were singing a *stev*.*

Syvert—Like brier-roses thy red cheeks blush,
Borghild—And thine are rough like the thorny bush;
Both—An' a heigho!

Syvert—So fresh and green is the sunny lea;
O heigh ho!
Borghild—The fiddle twangeth so merrily;
O heigh ho!
Syvert—So lightly goeth the lusty reel,
Borghild—And round we whirl like a spinning-wheel;
Both—An' a heigho!

Syvert—Thine eyes are bright like the sunny fjord;
O heigh ho!
Borghild—And thine do flash like a Viking's sword;
O heigh ho!

Syvert—So lightly trippeth thy foot along,
Borghild—The air is teeming with joyful song;
Both—An' a heigh ho!

Syvert—Then, fairest maid, while the woods are green,
O heigh ho!
Borghild—And thrushes sing the fresh leaves between;
O heigh ho!

Syvert—Come, let us dance in the gladsome day,
Borghild—Dance hate, and sorrow, and care away;
Both—An' a heigh ho!

The *stev* was at an end. The hot and flushed dancers straggled over the floor by twos and threes, and the big beer-horns were passed from hand to hand. Truls sat in his corner, hugging his violin tightly to his bosom, only to do something, for he was vaguely afraid of himself—afraid of the thoughts that might rise—afraid of the deed they might prompt. He ran his fingers over his forehead, but he hardly felt the touch of his own hand. It was as if something was dead within him—as if a string had snapped in his breast, and left it benumbed and voiceless.

* A *stev* is an improvised responsive song. It is an ancient pastime in Norway, and is kept up until this day, especially among the peasantry. The students, also, at their social gatherings, throw improvised rhymes to each other across the table, and the rest of the company repeat the refrain.

Presently he looked up and saw Borghild standing before him, she held her arms akimbo, her eyes shone with a strange light, and her features wore an air of recklessness mingled with pity.

"Ah, Borghild, is it you?" said he, in a hoarse voice. "What do you want with me? I thought you had done with me now."

"You are a very unwitty fellow," answered she, with a forced laugh. "The branch that does not bend must break."

She turned quickly on her heel and was lost in the crowd. He sat long pondering on her words, but their meaning remained hidden to him. The branch that does not bend must break. Was he the branch, and must he bend or break? By and by he put his hands on his knees, rose with a slow, uncertain motion, and stalked heavily toward the door. The fresh night air would do him good. The thought breathes more briskly in God's free nature, under the broad canopy of heaven. The white mist rose from the fields, and made the valley below appear like a white sea whose nearness you feel, even though you do not see it. And out of the mist the dark pines stretched their warning hands against the sky and the moon was swimming, large and placid, between silvery islands of cloud. Truls began to beat his arms against his sides, and felt the warm blood spreading from his heart and thawing the numbness of his limbs. Not caring whither he went, he struck the path leading upward to the mountains. He took to humming an old air which happened to come into his head, only to try if there was life enough left in him to sing. It was the ballad of Young Kirsten and the Merman:

"The billows fall and the billows swell,
In the night so lone,
In the billows blue doth the merman dwell,
And strangely her harp was sounding."

He walked on briskly for a while, and, looking back upon the pain he had endured but a moment ago, he found it quite foolish and irrational. An absurd merriment took possession of him; but all the while he did not know where his foot stepped; his head swam, and his pulse beat feverishly. About midway between the forest and the mansion, where the field sloped more steeply, grew a clump of birch-trees, whose slender stems glimmered ghostly white in the moonlight. Something drove Truls to leave the beaten road, and, obeying the impulse, he steered toward the birches. A strange sound fell upon his ear, like the moan of one in

distress. It did not startle him; indeed, he was in a mood when nothing could have caused him wonder. If the sky had suddenly tumbled down upon him, with moon and all, he would have taken it as a matter of course. Peering for a moment through the mist, he discerned the outline of a human figure. With three great strides he reached the birch-tree; at his feet sat Borghild rocking herself to and fro and weeping piteously. Without a word he seated himself at her side and tried to catch a glimpse of her face; but she hid it from him and went on sobbing. Still, there could be no doubt that it was Borghild—one hour ago, so merry, reckless, and defiant, now cowering at his feet and weeping like a broken-hearted child.

"Borghild," he said, at last, putting his arm gently about her waist, "you and I, I think, played together when we were children."

"So we did, Truls," answered she, struggling with her tears.

"And as we grew up, we spent many a pleasant hour with each other."

"Many a pleasant hour."

She raised her head, and he drew her more closely to him.

"But since then I have done you a great wrong, Truls," began she, after a while.

"Nothing done that cannot yet be undone," he took heart to answer.

It was long before her thoughts took shape, and, when at length they did, she dared not give them utterance. Nevertheless, she was all the time conscious of one strong desire, from which her conscience shrank as from a crime; and she wrestled ineffectually with her weakness until her weakness prevailed.

"I am glad you came," she faltered. "I knew you would come. There was something I wished to say to you."

"And what was it, Borghild?"

"I wanted to ask you to forgive me—"

"Forgive you—"

He sprang up as if something had stung him.

"And why not?" she pleaded piteously.

"Ah, girl, you know not what you ask," cried he, with a sternness which startled her. "If I had more than one life to waste—but you caress with one hand and stab with the other. Fare thee well, Borghild, for here our paths separate."

And he turned his back upon her and began to descend the slope.

"For God's sake, stay, Truls," implored she, and stretched her arms appealingly toward him; "tell me, oh, tell me all."

With a leap he was again at her side, stooped down over her, and, in a hoarse, passionate whisper, spoke the secret of his life in her ear. She gazed for a moment steadily into his face, then, in a few hurried words, she pledged him her love, her faith, her all. And in the stillness of that summer night they planned together their flight to a greater and freer land, where no world-old prejudice frowned upon the union of two kindred souls. They would wait in patience and silence until spring; then come the fresh winds from the ocean, and, with them, the birds of passage which awake the longings in the Norsemen's breasts, and the American vessels which give courage to many a sinking spirit, strength to the wearied arm, hope to the hopeless heart.

During that winter Truls and Borghild seldom saw each other. The parish was filled with rumors, and after the Christmas holidays it was told for certain that the proud maiden of Spogli had been promised in marriage to Syvert Stein. It was the general belief that the families had made the match, and that Borghild, at least, had hardly had any voice in the matter. Another report was that she had flatly refused to listen to any proposal from that quarter, and that, when she found that resistance was vain, she had cried three days and three nights, and refused to take any food. When this rumor reached the pastor's ear, he pronounced it an idle tale; "for," said he, "Borghild has always been a proper and well-behaved maiden, and she knows that she must honor father and mother, that it may be well with her, and she live long upon the land."

But Borghild sat alone in her gable window and looked longingly toward the ocean. The glaciers glittered, the rivers swelled, the buds of the forest burst, and great white sails began to glimmer on the far western horizon.

If Truls, the Nameless, as scoffers were wont to call him, had been a greater personage in the valley, it would, no doubt, have shocked the gossips to know that one fine morning he sold his cow, his gun and his dog, and wrapped sixty silver dollars in a leathern bag, which he sewed fast to the girdle he wore about his waist. That same night some one was heard playing wildly up in the birch copse above the Spogli mansion; now it sounded like a wail of distress, then like a fierce, defiant laugh, and now again

the music seemed to hush itself into a heart-broken, sorrowful moan, and the people crossed themselves, and whispered: "Our Father;" but Borghild sat at her gable window and listened long to the weird strain. The midnight came, but she stirred not. With the hour of midnight the music ceased. From the windows of hall and kitchen the light streamed out into the damp air, and the darkness stood like a wall on either side; within, maids and lads were busy brewing, baking, and washing, for in a week there was to be a wedding on the farm.

The week went and the wedding came. Truls had not closed his eyes all that night, and before daybreak he sauntered down along the beach and gazed out upon the calm fjord, where the white-winged sea-birds whirled in great airy surges around the bare crags. Far up above the noisy throng an ospray sailed on the blue expanse of the sky, and quick as thought swooped down upon a halibut which had ventured to take a peep at the rising sun. The huge fish struggled for a moment at the water's edge, then, with a powerful stroke of its tail, which sent the spray hissing through the air, dived below the surface. The bird of prey gave a loud scream, flapped fiercely with its broad wings, and for several minutes a thickening cloud of applauding ducks and sea-gulls and showers of spray hid the combat from the observer's eye. When the birds scattered, the ospray had vanished, and the waters again glittered calmly in the morning sun. Truls stood long, vacantly staring out upon the scene of the conflict, and many strange thoughts whirled through his head.

"Halloo, fiddler!" cried a couple of lads who had come to clear the wedding boats, "you are early on foot to-day. Here is a scoop. Come on and help us bail the boats."

Truls took the scoop, and looked at it as if he had never seen such a thing before; he moved about heavily, hardly knowing what he did, but conscious all the while of his own great misery. His limbs seemed half frozen, and a dull pain gathered about his head and in his breast—in fact, everywhere and nowhere.

About ten o'clock the bridal procession descended the slope to the fjord. Syvert Stein, the bridegroom, trod the earth with a firm, springy step, and spoke many a cheery word to the bride, who walked, silent and with downcast eyes, at his side. She wore the ancestral bridal crown on her head, and the little silver disks around its edge tinkled and shook as she walked. They hailed her with firing of guns and loud hurrahs as she stepped into the boat; still she did not raise her eyes, but remained silent. A small cannon, also an heir-loom in the family, was placed amidships, and Truls, with his violin, took his seat in the prow. A large solitary cloud, gold-rimmed but with thunder in its breast, sailed across the sky and threw its shadow over the bridal boat as it was pushed out from the shore, and the shadow fell upon the bride's countenance too; and when she lifted it, the mother of the bridegroom, who sat opposite her, shrank back, and instinctively made the sign of the cross, for the countenance looked hard, as if carved in stone—in the eyes a mute, hopeless appeal; on the lips a frozen prayer. The shadow of thunder upon a life that was opening—it was an ill omen, and its gloom sank into the hearts of the wedding guests. They spoke in undertones and threw pitying glances at the bride. Then at length Syvert Stein lost his patience.

"In sooth," cried he, springing up from his seat, "where is to-day the cheer that is wont to abide in the Norseman's breast? Methinks I see but sullen airs and ill-boding glances. Ha, fiddler, now move your strings lustily! None of your funeral airs, my lad, but a merry tune that shall sing through marrow and bone, and make the heart leap in the bosom."

Truls heard the words, and in a slow, mechanical way he took the violin out of its case and raised it to his chin. Syvert in the meanwhile put a huge silver beer-jug to his mouth, and, pledging his guests, emptied it even to the dregs. But the bride's cheek was pale; and it was so still in the boat that every man could hear his own breathing.

"Ha, to-day is Syvert Stein's wedding day!" shouted the bridegroom, growing hot with wrath. "Let us try if the iron voice of the cannon can wake my guests from their slumber."

He struck a match and put it to the touch-hole of the cannon; a long boom rolled away over the surface of the waters and startled the echoes of the distant glaciers. A faint hurrah sounded from the nearest craft, but there came no response from the bridal boat. Syvert pulled the powder-horn from his pocket, laughed a wild laugh, and poured the whole contents of the horn into the mouth of the cannon.

"Now may the devil care for his own,"

roared he, and sprang up upon the row bench. Then there came a low murmuring strain as of wavelets that ripple against a sandy shore. Borghild lifted her eyes, and they met those of the fiddler.

"Ah, I think I should rather be your bridegroom," whispered she, and a ray of life stole into her stony visage.

And she saw herself as a little rosy-cheeked girl sitting at his side on the beach fifteen years ago. But the music gathered strength from her glance, and onward it rushed through the noisy years of boyhood, shouting with wanton voice in the lonely glen, lowing with the cattle on the mountain pastures, and leaping like the trout at eventide in the brawling rapids; but through it all there ran a warm strain of boyish loyalty and strong devotion, and it thawed her frozen heart; for she knew that it was all for her and for her only. And it seemed such a beautiful thing, this long faithful life, which through sorrow and joy, through sunshine and gloom, for better or worse, had clung so fast to her. The wedding guests raised their heads, and a murmur of applause ran over the waters.

"Bravo!" cried the bridegroom. "Now at last the tongues are loosed."

Truls's gaze dwelt with tender sadness on the bride. Then came from the strings some airy, quivering chords, faintly flushed like the petals of the rose, and fragrant like lilies of the valley; and they swelled with a strong, awakening life, and rose with a stormy fullness until they seemed on the point of bursting, when again they hushed themselves and sank into a low, disconsolate whisper. Once more the tones stretched out their arms imploringly, and again they wrestled despairingly with themselves, fled with a stern voice of warning, returned once more, wept, shuddered, and were silent.

"Beware that thou dost not play with a life!" sighed the bride, "even though it be a worthless one."

The wedding guests clapped their hands and shouted wildly against the sky. The bride's countenance burned with a strange feverish glow. The fiddler arose in the prow of the boat, his eyes flamed, and he struck the strings madly, and the air trembled with melodious rapture. The voice of that music no living tongue can interpret. But the bride fathomed its meaning; her bosom labored vehemently, her lips quivered for an instant convulsively, and she burst into tears. A dark suspicion shot through the bridegroom's mind. He stared intently upon the weeping Borghild, then turned his gaze to the fiddler, who, still regarding her, stood playing, with a half-frenzied look and motion.

"You cursed wretch!" shrieked Syvert, and made a leap over two benches to where Truls was standing. It came so unexpectedly Truls had no time to prepare for defense, so he merely stretched out the hand in which he held the violin to ward off the blow which he saw was coming; but Syvert tore the instrument from his grasp and dashed it against the cannon, and, as it happened, just against the touch-hole. With a tremendous crash something black darted through the air and a white smoke brooded over the bridal boat. The bridegroom stood pale and stunned. At his feet lay Borghild—lay for a moment still, as if lifeless, then rose on her elbows, and a dark red current broke from her breast. The smoke scattered. No one saw how it was done; but a moment later Truls, the Nameless, lay kneeling at Borghild's side.

"It *was* a worthless life, beloved," whispered he tenderly. "Now the game is at an end."

And he lifted her up in his arms as one lifts a beloved child, pressed a kiss on her pale lips, and leaped into the water. Like lead they fell into the sea. A throng of white bubbles whirled up to the surface. A loud wail rose from the bridal fleet, and before the day was at an end it filled the valley; but the wail did not recall Truls, the Nameless, or Borghild, his bride.

What life denied them, would to God that death may yield them!

THE PSALM-BOOK IN THE GARRET.

A GARRET grows a human thing
With lonely oriental eyes,
To whom confiding fingers bring
The world in yesterday's disguise.

Ah, richer far than noontide blaze
The soft grey silence of the air,
As if long years of ended days
Had garnered all their twilights there.

The heart can see so clear and far
In such a place with such a light—
God counts His heavens star by star,
And rains them down unclouded night.

Where rafters set their cobwebb'd feet
Upon the rugged oaken ledge,
I found a flock of singers sweet,
Like snow-bound sparrows in a hedge.

In silk of spider's spinning hid,
A long and narrow Psalm-book lay;
I wrote a name upon the lid,
Then brushed the idle dust away.

Ah, dotted tribe with ebon heads
That climb the slender fence along!
As black as ink, as thick as weeds,
Ye little Africans of song!

Who wrote upon this page "Forget
Me Not?" These cruel leaves of old
Have crushed to death a violet—
See here its specter's pallid gold.

A penciled whisper during prayer
Is that poor dim and girlish word,
But ah, I linger longest where
It opens of its own accord.

These spotted leaves! How once they basked
Beneath the glance of girlhood's eyes,
And parted to the gaze unasked,
As spread the wings of butterflies.

The book falls open where it will—
Broad on the page runs Silver Street!
That shining way to Zion's Hill
Where base and treble used to meet.

I shake the leaves. They part at Mear—
Again they strike the good old tune;
The village church is builded here;
The twilight turns to afternoon.

Old house of Puritanic wood,
Through whose unpainted windows streamed
On seats as primitive and rude
As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed,

The white and undiluted day!
Thy naked aisle no roses grace
That blossomed at the shuttle's play;
Nor saints distempered bless the place.

Like feudal castles, front to front,
In timbered oak of Saxon Thor,
To brave the siege and bear the brunt
Of Bunyan's endless Holy War,

The pulpit and the gallery stand—
Between the twain a peaceful space,
The prayer and praise on either hand,
And girls and Gospel face to face.

I hear the reverend Elder say,
"Hymn fifty-first, long meter, sing!"
I hear the Psalm-books' fluttered play
Like flocks of sparrows taking wing.

Armed with a fork to pitch the tune,
I hear the Deacon call "Dundee!"
And mount as brisk as Bonny Doon
His "fa, sol, la," and scent the key.

He "trees" the note for sister Gray;
The old Scotch warbling strains begin;
The base of Bashan leads the way,
And all the girls fall sweetly in.

How swells the hymn of heavenly love,
As rise the tides in Fundy's Bay!
Till all the air below, above,
Is sweet with song and caraway!

A fugue let loose cheers up the place
With base and tenor, alto, air;
The parts strike in with measured grace,
And something sweet is everywhere!

As if some warbling brood should build
Of bits of tunes a singing nest,
Each bringing that with which it thrilled
And weaving it with all the rest!

The congregation rise and stand:
Old Hundred's rolling thunder comes
In heavy surges, slow and grand,
As beats the surf its solemn drums.

Now come the times when China's wail
Is blended with the faint perfume
Of whispering crape and cloudy veil,
That fold within their rustling gloom

Some wounded human mourning-dove,
And fall around some stricken one
With nothing left alive to love
Below the unregarded sun!

And now they sing a star in sight,
The blessed Star of Bethlehem;
And now the air is royal bright
With Coronation's diadem.

They show me spots of dimpled sod,
They say the girls of old are there—
Oh, no, they swell the choirs of God;
The dear old Songs are everywhere!

THE STATUE OF A LIFE.

We all felt sure that if Crake had lived he would have become a powerful sculptor—one who could have carried his art not back to the glories of its Greek tutelage, but rather, I will say, forward to snowy eminences hitherto statueless, heights of lofty modern feeling that have not yet been freed from their spell of dumb intensity.

But he was dead. He passed away in the early spring. A noble piece of sculpture he seemed, lying lifeless, about to be imbedded in the moist earth, that warmed toward him now when the fervor of its brown bosom could no longer help him. So had it been with us, his fellow clay: we had not kindled up to thorough, loving appreciation of his work until it was nearly over. But when the ground received him, and our cold hopes of a fuller achievement slipped from our fingers swifter than the snow, then indeed we awoke to a sense of the greatness that had faded from our midst. This consciousness, however, was almost eclipsed in the wonder which soon broke upon the small community where he had thought and wrought, at the discovery of an unfinished marble in Crake's vacant studio. The wonder, though, was not so much at the incompleteness of the statue as at the evidences of a former completion, since revoked—and, as it seemed, irremediably.

The sculptor's most intimate friend, Henry Mardingen, had assumed the task of examining and putting in order his dead comrade's belongings. He knew that Crake had been occupied upon a great test-work, at which he had labored until within a few days of his swift and unexpected end. The subject had, notwithstanding, never been hinted to him; he had not seen the model. No one was admitted to the young artist's confidence, except an old chiseler possessing unusual skill—a gray-whiskered Englishman, named Rivingson, of peculiar characteristics. He had studied in Italy, was said to be himself a disappointed sculptor of high aims, and had drifted at last into the position of assistant to the young American. Mardingen therefore experienced a feeling of awe on invading the privacy of the deserted studio. He felt almost as if in search of some strange, superior being, who, coming out of this mystery of the artist's thought, could bring to him deep news of things he did not understand, and the solution of weary secrets he had long despaired of hearing answered. This feeling came to him without his bidding; a lingering emanation from Crake's poetic presence and being seemed to float forth from the statue-chamber as he approached it, and to fill him with reverie. How silent the studio was! The thin disks of green lily-leaves in the window seemed leaning out to catch a sound, should any come; the sunlight fell involuntarily into the secluded snare of the room's noiselessness, and then crept cautiously across the floor with an inquiring gleam, as if in search of clews to the riddle of such deep repose. What was their discovery?

A beautiful female figure, wrought in marble, standing alone, nearly in the center of the chamber—perfect she seemed, in form and face, and endowed besides with grace intangible, invisible;—but made forever helpless by the absence of her arms!

"My soul!" exclaimed Mardingen, in reverence and rapture, as his eye, led by the sunlight, rested upon this shape.

He did not clearly know what he had spoken. It was an instinctive answer to the silent radiations of the statue's loveliness—a beauty which drew from him the word of highest individual import, alone and unqualified, yet in itself a sufficient response. The next moment he suffered a pang of disappointment. It struck him that the statue bore too close a resemblance to the Venus of Milo. Examining it more critically, however, he saw that this impression was unfair. The general pose of the figure was like that of the armless Venus of the Louvre, perhaps; yet there were differences. But the face was something wholly new—majestic without undue massiveness, ethereally fair, and having an expression only definable as prophetic. An intense curiosity seized Mardingen as to the fate which had befallen this splendid creature's arms. He was already deep in conjecture, when he became aware of another human presence than his own in the room.

"Excuse me," the intruder was saying from behind him, "for coming on you unawares, sir. I heard you were here, and wanted to get some of my tools."

Mardingen quickly relaxed his attitude of absorption, and, turning in surprise, recognized the speaker as Crake's former assistant, Rivingson.

"Do you know where they are?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then why in Heaven's name were they broken off?"

"Broken?" repeated Rivingson, perplexed. "Ah! you mean the arms?"

"*Her* arms; yes. Can you answer my question?"

Rivingson's gray, shrewd face seemed to grow a little grayer and shrewder.

"What do you want them for?" he asked.

"Never mind. Show me at once where they are," replied Mardingen angrily.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the assistant, "but I am under no obligation to *you*. My master is dead. If you can unlock his lips again, well and good."

"I understand you, then, that you know where the arms are, but refuse to make their whereabouts known."

"I decline to enter into the matter any further. My duty is to Mr. Crake, and I have done it."

"Very well; we shall see," muttered the sculptor's friend.

He took no notice of Rivingson after this, and the Englishman, after gathering together his tools, went off. After he had gone, Mardingen prosecuted his examination of Crake's papers, giving little heed to the statue; but he came at last upon a memorandum among the sculptor's mass of notes and drawings, which caused his thoughts to rush back and circle around the marble woman with new intensity. It was this:

"THE PROPHETESS."(?)

"So far I cannot even give her a name without making it half a question. Is she not a silent asking, throughout? After passing the stage in which I thought her only an ignorant echo of the Milo, I now see that, although undoubtedly original in her bent, and sufficient in herself, her artistic destiny is in some way bound up with that of the great Venus. It is as if she were a lineal descendant of that goddess. She herself is no longer a goddess, but perhaps she is something rarer and greater; something that the Venus of Milo does not possess, she—I feel sure—will have. Her face has already told me so. But I have always to go back to the ancient statue, it seems, and to evolve from its pagan placidity and silence the great want that I feel there, tracing this want and its negative intimation down through all the centuries, and trying at last to embody its spirit in this form that is growing before me. But the arms! the arms! * * * * Perhaps it is best that the Milo has none. Perhaps with those invisible arms of hers I shall be the better able to embrace and keep the beautiful, evasive truth I dream of."

This strange record of high and solitary perception, in Crake's handwriting, filled his friend with wonder and excitement. He hastened home to his wife, and told her all that he had experienced in the studio.

"Those arms I must and will find," he declared, with what amounted to agitation. "No one shall see this splendid creature without them."

"Not even I, Henry?"

Her husband did not immediately answer. His mind strayed away in a labyrinth of mournful reminiscence. Evelyn and he had not been altogether happy since their lives had been united. It was not that their sympathies were not close and constant, but Mardingen loved with an exacting passion that sought in her every deed or utterance—even the smallest—fresh corroboration of Evelyn's superiority to all other women. Above all, he wished to be forever looking up, and to find her standing far higher than he himself thought to stand. Therefore, instead of rejoicing in the full and exceptionally fine communion between them, he embittered it all by constantly increasing and even fantastic exactions. At last Evelyn fell into sad disfavor with herself. Her discomfort reacted upon him, and they had passed many a day of sorrow as the result. Now, when she asked to see the statue, he thought of many of these sorrows, and became moody.

"Why should you see it?" he asked in answer.

"Perhaps," said Evelyn, with downcast eyes, "I might help you in searching for the lost arms, or I might give a suggestion if you thought of supplying their place."

Henry looked at her with a grave, wistful tenderness.

"I had not thought of that," he said. "But it was kind of you to think it. I shall be glad if you will come."

So harassed and unnatural had the relations of these two been at times, that to Evelyn this slight movement of confidence was really a boon. The next day they went together to the deserted studio. Who can describe the effect which the statue had upon Evelyn? It can only be said that she was

at once overborne and buoyed up by the light of its white beauty. In either case, she was wholly controlled by the tide of delicious feeling which it set in motion. Her husband could not fully participate in her pleasure; he was too much engrossed by the subject of the lost arms, and more than once broke in ruthlessly upon Evelyn's rapt enjoyment, with rough suggestions as to the probable pose of the missing members, and the ultimate aim of the figure as a whole. He even went so far, at moments, as to express partial dissent to the beauty of the form and face, which had seemed to him, the day before, so incomparable.

"Well," he said, at last, "what are your suggestions?"

He strove to speak with patience, but his tone, in spite of himself, was querulous.

"Oh, Henry," she answered, "what *can* I say? It has taken me so by surprise. I do not dare; I can no more speak about it than the statue itself!"

Mardingen frowned. He turned half away, and seemed about to say something harsh, but the green, listening lily-leaves caught his eye, and checked, if they did not calm him. Perhaps his wife did not observe his mood. At all events, she went on to say more of an enthusiastic tenor:

"It is so beautiful, every one ought to see it, Henry. And why wouldn't it be best for us to exhibit it in the hall, and invite men here from the city who know more about art?"

"I told you," he responded, "that I should never show it without the arms. Besides, the hall is engaged, I believe, for some wax-works."

Evelyn laid her hand on his arm, looking first at him, and then at the noble figure before them.

"Do you know, Henry," she said, "if I dared to say any thing so bold in a matter I am so ignorant of, I should call it more beautiful this way than it *could* be in any other, even with the arms!"

"Pshaw," said he. "You trouble me when you say such a thing, Evelyn. How can you think so of this maimed goddess? She is divine, I admit, but she's a cripple."

"No!" cried his wife, pressing her hand to her face, "you must not call her a cripple!" She drew her fingers away again, smiling. "After all," she said, "she is more a woman than a goddess, and a woman, you know (her smile saddened here), has her limitations. Do you think Crake intended her to be a divinity? Did he call her a goddess in that paper you spoke of?"

"No," said Henry, briefly. The partial coincidence between what Evelyn had said and what Crake had written perplexed him. "Let us go away," he said, soon after, "and leave all this—for to-day, at least."

In the course of a few mornings the task of arranging the sculptor's papers was completed. On the last of these mornings Mardingen came upon another waif relating to the statue.

"NOTE TO MARDINGEN.—If I should die before I have shown the work, do not fail to have it exhibited here and elsewhere.

CRAKE."

This scrap was dated only a few days before the writer's death. It roused Mardingen to greater exertions in recovering the lost arms of the Prophetess. He searched the premises thoroughly, leaving nothing unexplored which could give the slightest clew to the repository of those snowy treasures; but he could not unearth them. He hunted up Rivingson again, and threateningly demanded a disclosure.

"Do you really wish me to tell?" asked the artisan. "It will be a costly thing to you to find them."

"Is that what you're waiting for?" was Mardingen's retort. "How much will you sell your secret for, then?"

"How much are you willing to give?" asked Rivingson.

"A thousand dollars," said the young man, "if that will satisfy your cupidity."

"It's not enough."

"Take care!" said Henry, "you may have the law upon you yet."

"What can the law do?" said Rivingson. "Do you suppose I have been fool enough to mutilate that figure? And if I have, how are you going to prove it? I am only concerned for your comfort, not my safety."

"You make yourself sufficiently incomprehensible, at any rate. My comfort demands the restoration of those arms."

"Well," said the artisan, "I'll offer you a condition. Send the statue to the hall, exhibit it for two weeks, and invite connoisseurs to see it. After that you may have the arms."

Mardingen was extremely chafed by the restraint which this inferior person seemed determined to put upon him.

"The hall is engaged," he said, "for the wax-works."

"I'll arrange all that," said Rivingson.

"But, even supposing," continued Henry, "that I accede to your useless proposal, your price is too high."

"Yes; it is very high."

"How much, man? What are the precise limits?"

"More than all you possess may be worth."

"Are you a fool, Rivingson? You see that I am greatly interested—perhaps too much so; but you go a great deal too far in fancying you can extract more than the amount I have named. You may keep the fragments."

"I see that you won't be satisfied, however," answered the other. "If you wish it, I'll restore the arms for nothing."

Startling as was this sudden change of front, Mardingen was not pleased at the thought of being trifled with by this man, and then suddenly gratified by him, and so placed in his debt.

"Come," he said, "I believe I've done you injustice. I know you are not well off. Let us strike a balance. I'll give you five hundred for your information."

"I don't want money," said Rivingson, coolly. "I shall be well enough paid without it."

"What are you aiming at now?"

"You can't understand, probably. I am a disappointed man, they say. Well, I have my pleasures, though they may be bitter ones."

Mardingen could not decipher this man. Whatever his first object might have been, Crake's assistant had evidently no desire for nefarious profit, now. Could it be that he had first broken off the arms maliciously, with money in view, and that he had now weakly abandoned the scheme? It did not seem probable. But he was especially annoyed that the condition of recovering the arms involved an exhibition without them. He broke off the interview, without committing himself, and going home to Evelyn, told her she was to have her way in regard to the exhibition.

"But I had no thought of making it *my* way," she said, gently. "I don't dare to be responsible for any disturbance it might bring to you."

"I will bear the responsibility, then," he responded, meditatively.

The hall was hired, and the nameless statue was placed there. To those who came to see it, Mardingen disclosed nothing as to the hint of its purport found in Crake's memorandum. All sorts of theories were formed concerning the figure, few of which tallied in any point; but the admiration it excited was almost without exception. Mardingen, however, awaited the expiration of the appointed two weeks, in an ecstasy of impatience. As soon as the time was up, he summoned Rivingson.

"Give me them," were his first words.

The artisan led him to the house in which he lived—a broken down wooden cottage on the outskirts of the rural town where these events took place. Carefully measuring off two distances on the floor, he lifted, with Henry's assistance, one of the planks; then another was taken off, at some distance; pieces of others between were removed, and the brandrith of an old well was disclosed. In this well, at length, the marble arms were found, intact and beautiful. Mardingen hastened with them, joyfully, to the presence of the Prophetess; but not before Rivingson had shown him a small model of the figure as it would appear with this addition. Something about its appearance—perhaps the diminished size of the model—gave Henry an unfavorable impression. He began to fear that the realization of his desire was going to bring him disappointment. The pose of the arms certainly threw light on the rest of the figure, seeming to explain much that was enigmatical before. One of them was raised—so that the forefinger came about on a level with the eyebrow, the palm being turned outward; while the other, obeying the inclination of that side of the person, was thrown slightly backward, and slightly bent. The attitude, therefore, was that of a listening and eagerly gazing creature, without the conventional leaning forward, oftenest adopted to convey this. It is impossible to convey the wistfulness, the delicate alertness, the far look of insight that were now all hinted in her shape and standing. At least, they appeared in the statue itself, when, with Rivingson's assistance, the arms had been cemented to their places.

"Well, how does it impress you?" queried the Englishman, when all was done.

"It is very great," said Henry; "very—."

He gradually dropped his voice, became silent, and took another position, gazing at the statue all the time.

"You don't seem satisfied," remarked Rivingson, with a singular expression.

Mardingen made no reply; surveyed the figure from different points of view; and walked about restlessly. At last he started for the door.

"I shall leave it, for the present," he said.

"I think I had grown too much accustomed to it without the arms, and I'm not prepared for the complete beauty it has now."

Singularly enough, Mardingen was not the only one to be affected in this way by the restored statue. The opinion speedily became general, that, instead of being enhanced, the effect of the figure was lessened by the restoration. The connoisseurs, reassembling, found their differences redoubled. Finally, opinion grew loud in the demand for a reduction of the statue to its first aspect. This was now called "restoration," as the proposed addition had before been called. Confused and angry, Mardingen opposed himself doggedly to this demand.

"It shall never be mutilated again," he said, savagely, one day, to Rivingson, who, of late, had lingered about so persistently that Henry suspected him of perceiving and enjoying his own secret discomfiture.

"Well," said the artisan, "do as you like. I have had my reward. This is a fresh proof of what I have known for a long time. It is better not to realize all your hopes. You destroy your illusions and spoil your pleasures, under the pretense of getting at the absolute truth."

Mardingen was terribly incensed. He resolved at once to put his views to the test before a larger audience. That very day, he had the statue packed and boxed, for shipment to the metropolis; and by nightfall it lay secure within the railroad dépôt, ready to be sent off on the following morning.

Before morning came, however, a fire broke out in the building.

Mardingen was called up, and made all haste to the spot. Rivingson had arrived there before him, and had induced some men to venture into the burning dépôt, hoping to rescue the marble beauty that lay imprisoned within. They had been compelled to go through a window, for the flames already intercepted passage by the door.

While Rivingson was imparting this to Crake's friend, the men were seen to issue in fearful haste from the window with empty hands.

"What have they done?" shrieked Henry. "Have they left her there?"

The Englishman clutched one of the men, and interrogated him. Their explanation was brief. The box had been too broad by a few inches to pass the window.

"The arms!" cried Rivingson bitterly, though with a touch of sardonic exultation. "The arms did it."

"Aye," said the man, "that's so! We ripped the box open like mad, and tried to haul her out. But Sam there, he took holt of her arm and went to raisin' by it. The cursed thing broke when we had got her half way upright; and you'll never see that statue again."

The next day Rivingson came to Henry's house and was met by him solemnly, as by one who mourns the loss of a friend dearly loved.

"I am going away," said the gray artisan, "and I have something here to deliver to you."

"Going away?" said Mardingen.

A fierce and vengeful suspicion attacked him that this man was perhaps an incendiary.

"I have got work which will take me away," continued the Englishman.

"Are you going to become a wandering philosopher, and illuminate your truths with the light of burning houses?"

"No," said Rivingson. Then he looked a shade crestfallen, as he said: "I have been engaged by the proprietor of the wax-work show."

"A noble opening that," sneered Mardingen. "Well, I hope you'll enjoy your illusions. The fire last night was no illusion, eh?"

He looked searchingly at the Englishman, but the latter met his eyes steadily.

"I couldn't foresee the fire," he said, "but, if I *had*, I should have waited, just as I have now done, till this time, before delivering this note to you."

He handed Mardingen an envelope as he said this. It contained a letter from Crake.

"Then you have examined the contents?" asked Henry. But, turning the letter over, he saw Crake's seal on it. The ring with which it had been made had remained in his own possession since the sculptor's death. He was ashamed of his own suspicion.

Rivingson withdrew with only a bow that implied: "You are answered."

Then, for a third time, Mardingen found himself drinking in words that seemed to flow from the hidden fountains of his great friend's buried life.

"Dear Henry," said the letter, "I sometimes think I shall not live long, but if I do not I shall not have labored uselessly—despite the loss of all that I might have done—provided you can read the lesson of what I have left. I have studied closely your life and Evelyn's. Perhaps your lives have

reacted on my art. At any rate, I have discovered, in working over my large figure here, a truth which relates to you and Evelyn. I cannot name it, and shall not define it; but when I fully perceived it I struck off, through an irresistible conviction, the arms of her whom I have sometimes called the Prophetess. Rivingson saw me do this. I think he partly understood me. I have determined to intrust this letter to his keeping, and he is to decide when to give it to you, with certain limitations as to time; the rest I leave to Providence and the laws of life. This plan will only be in case of my death, of course; and I cannot tell when or under what circumstances you will get this letter; but when you read it, think of our many talks on art and life. Did I not do right to destroy the arms?"

When Evelyn, looking for her husband, came into the room, she found him with this sheet in his hand, sitting silent and gazing down into some viewless deep of unutterable reflection. He handed it to her and she read it. Then their eyes met in a long look.

"At last, Evelyn!" was all that he could say then; but afterward, when speech flowed more freely: "Poor Rivingson!" he mused aloud. "What a dreary moral *he* had drawn from it all! It is not illusion that can make us happy, but the truth that shows us how to love and understand all incompleteness. It seems to me the image of my life that Crake had wrought out, Evelyn, and now that statue, with its broken beauty and its other beauty of disappointing completion, has been burned away to dust. It is mere lime, now—good for purifying."

THE SHAKESPEARE–BACON CONTROVERSY.

MEN no less in eminence than a British Prime Minister, and a professor of law in Harvard University, have maintained that the evidence is conclusive that Shakespeare was not the author of the works attributed to him. Under such circumstances the curiosity which inquires a little into the question cannot be considered as altogether idle; and it may be of service to present briefly the history of the discussion and the main arguments upon each side.

The common opinion as to the authorship of these dramas was first publicly called in question in 1856, by Miss Delia Bacon, an American lady of marked culture and ability. However, her book, "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded," is difficult to read. During the first perusal at least, the reader finds himself compelled to put forth harassing, if not fruitless, efforts to comprehend the enigmatic style and seeming profundity of the author. Some facts in the life of Miss Bacon will account in a measure for this impenetrability of style. An interesting reminiscence of her may be found in Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections of Seventy Years," a book published several years ago.

Miss Bacon began her public career in the city of Boston as a lecturer on history. Being graceful and dignified in bearing, a fine reader and speaker, and lecturing entirely without notes, she produced a marked impression in Boston and Cambridge. In her historical studies she had become thoroughly convinced that Lord Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare. In time her friends were forced to recognize the painful fact that upon this subject she had become a monomaniac. Shakespeare's works were kept from her sight as much as possible, and all conversation upon them was carefully avoided. However, she discovered in his plays a double meaning, and a whole system of philosophy which the Elizabethan age was not prepared to receive. In consequence of the unfavorable conditions of the time, this philosophy was disguised, and thus left to reach posterity; and Lord Bacon and his friends were the authors of it.

While delivering lectures in New York her heart became set upon a journey to obtain proof of her theory. In vain friends and relatives tried to dissuade her. Some persons in New York, converted to her views, were glad to aid her in making known what they, with her, regarded as a grand discovery. Means were supplied, and she started for England. Lord Bacon was the burden of her thoughts, and her first pilgrimage was to St. Albans, where he had lived when in retirement, and where, as she supposed, he had written his matchless plays. There she remained a year; and then, alone and unknown, she found a home in London. Of

her experience there an extract from one of her letters enables us to judge: "I would have frozen into a Niobe before I would have asked any help for myself, and would sell gingerbread and apples at the corner of a street for the rest of my days, before I would stoop, for myself, to such humiliations as I have borne in behalf of my work, which was the world's work, and I knew I had a right to demand aid for it."

She explained her great discovery to Carlyle, who received her kindly. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson made arrangements for her with the editors of "Putnam's Magazine" to publish her views. After one article had appeared, the contract, for some unexplained reason, was annulled. She believed herself ill-used, and determined that her theory should come forth in a book.

She obtained the valuable aid of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, then residing in England, who engaged to secure the publication of her work. While writing it she suffered many privations, living on the poorest food, and frequently without fire in her chamber, keeping warm only by sitting in bed while she wrote. She says in a letter: "I have lived here much like a departed spirit, looking back on the joys and sorrows of a world in which I have no longer any place. I have been more than a year in this house, and have had but three visitors in all that time, and paid but one visit myself, and that was to Carlyle, after he had taken the trouble to come all the way from Chelsea to invite me. I have had calls from Mr. Grote and Mr. Monckton Milnes."

Her book being finished and in the hands of Mr. Hawthorne, she hastened to Stratford-on-Avon. By opening the tomb of Shakespeare she expected to find papers that would disclose the real authorship of the plays, and thus verify her hypothesis. She did not secure the object of her visit. From Stratford she writes: "I want you to help me bear this new kind of burden, which I am so little used to. The editor of 'Fraser's Magazine,' Parker, the very best publisher in England, is going to publish my book immediately, in such haste that they cannot stay to send me the proofs. Mr. Bennock writes to me for the title, and says this has been suggested—'The Shakespeare Problem Solved by Delia Bacon;' but I am afraid that, with the name, sounds too boastful."

The publication of her book brought on the crisis of her life. The storm of ridicule and of more or less angry criticism which followed, coming after such prolonged and intensely exhausting literary labor, was more than her mind, already darkened by disease and suffering, could bear. The latent insanity was developed into frenzy, requiring the restraint and care which could only be found in an asylum. But no treatment, however careful, and not even her removal to her native land and to her friends and kindred, could repair the wreck. Soon after her return to her friends in America, she died. Thus was consumed an interesting and gifted mind, a sacrifice to a futile idea.

Her magazine article appeared in the January number of "Putnam," 1856. It is written with an intensity of vigor and irony quite out of harmony with its subject, but is much more readable and satisfactory than her formidable volume. In about a year her book was issued, with a preface by Mr. Hawthorne, who calls it "the noblest tributary wreath that has ever lain upon the old tombstone at Stratford-on-Avon," being literally the tribute of a life.

In the interval between the publication of the article and of the book appeared a long letter, in a similar strain, from William H. Smith, to the President of the Shakespeare Society. Mr. Hawthorne, in his preface, charged Mr. Smith with taking a mean advantage of Miss Bacon in presenting her theory as his own. In a later edition Mr. Smith denied the accusation, and published a letter from Mr. Hawthorne in frank retraction and apology. But the British critics were not so tender. "The Athenæum" did not hesitate to accuse the author of downright dishonesty in disclaiming all knowledge of Miss Bacon's earlier production, or that she was then engaged in writing a book upon the question. However, Lord Palmerston produced Mr. Smith's brochure in support of his own opinion that Lord Bacon wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare.

Although the matter received not a little attention from the periodicals of the day, it was so far from becoming a fair literary question, that it was generally accepted as a miserable joke, and not worthy of a serious answer.

Here the subject rested until it was revived in 1867 by a book published in Boston, "The Authorship of Shakespeare." This book is not the product of either a charlatan or a fanatic. It displays a patient accumulation of evidence, a power of thorough analysis, a knowledge of the times and works of Bacon and Shakespeare, an acquaintance with the classics, and with ancient and modern philosophy, such that it at once

challenges attention and carries weight. It was written by Nathaniel Holmes, since a Professor of Law at Harvard University, at that time a Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and evidently a scholar. The book is worthy of much more attention than its predecessors, and is quite a readable and valuable work, aside from its special object. But the argument is not systematized and presented with that clearness and force which the evidence seems to admit.

With a few reviews of this production, facetious and superficial, the question was again dropped, and brought forward once more only last August by an article in "Fraser's Magazine."

In securing the object of this paper, little more can be done on the one side than to epitomize in as clear a manner as practicable the exhaustive work of Judge Holmes; and on the other to condense as much as possible the arguments which have been, or which may be, presented, without pretense of originality in thought or expression.

The first and strongest argument that there is some mistake in the reputed authorship of Shakespeare's works is altogether of a negative character. It is based upon the universal conviction of mankind that every effect must be preceded by an adequate cause.

The author of the productions in question is the marvel of literature and philosophy. Books have been written proving and illustrating his vast and varied knowledge. It is claimed that his familiarity with law could have been acquired only by a long and extensive practice. Chief-Justice Campbell says: "I am amazed not only by the number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which Shakespeare's judicial phrases and forensic allusions are uniformly introduced. There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry." Again: "While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, of inheritance,—to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."

He was well acquainted with the science of medicine of his time. Dr. Bucknill is astonished at the extent and exactness of the psychological knowledge displayed in the plays, and concludes that abnormal conditions of mind had attracted Shakespeare's diligent observation and had been his favorite study.

The author of these plays was also a classical scholar. In him are found marked traces of all the leading Greek and Roman writers. For instance, it has been found that much of the story of Timon was taken from the untranslated Greek of Lucian; and "The Comedy of Errors," it is said, is clearly based upon the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, which was not translated until nearly a year after the Christmas Revels of 1594, at which The Comedy was first performed.

It is maintained that he also knew French and Italian, as many of his plays are taken from French and Italian stories and histories which at that time were untranslated.

Bishop Wordsworth remarks, that, putting together the best authors in the entire range of English literature, excepting theologians, there is not to be found so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used, as is to be found in Shakespeare alone: a statement which is not in the least extravagant to those who have had the good fortune to hear the eminent reader, Mr. James E. Murdoch, in his lecture upon Shakespeare and the Bible.

This author's metaphors and illustrations could be used only by a mind which grasped things in their scientific form and real nature, rather than in the vague and general way of the common observer. He understood the whole machinery of astrology, alchemy, and witchcraft, not as they stood in the popular notion, but after the manner of the most profound scholars of his time. In fact, he was a philosopher; and this means one who has carried his studies into the highest realms of thought and culture. Such a development cannot be the work of a day, nor often of a whole life; neither can it be the result of intuition merely.

He is perfectly at his ease with the wise man and the clown; with the king and the peasant; with the artist and the mechanic; with the courtier and the husbandman; with the gamester and the statesman; with the purest innocence and the deepest villainy. What phase of life has he not touched with a master hand? Says Pope: "He seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through the world at a glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be born as well as the poet."

Coleridge exclaims: "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."

Now look at the history of the man, which seems pretty well established so far as we know it at all. He had but a meager education, to start with; probably less than that furnished by any good high school of our time. He was married at the age of eighteen to a woman eight years his senior. To escape the consequences of youthful follies, or driven by poverty, or attracted by the theater, he appeared in London at the age of twenty-three, being employed in a very humble capacity at the theater. No details are certainly known of him until 1593–4, when "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," were dedicated over his name. In 1597, he purchased the home in Stratford where his family resided until his death. In 1598, he is mentioned as the author of several plays, two of them being printed with his name, as author, on the title-page. At this time he was an actor on the stage, and loaned money to his neighbors. In 1604, when the finished "Hamlet" had been produced, he was a leading manager and stockholder in the two theaters, Globe and Blackfriars. For a few years after he seems to have grown rapidly in estates; and, as far as any information has reached us, his whole attention until 1613 was devoted to various pursuits and concerns of business. During these years the plays of "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear," and "Julius Cæsar," appeared. But no trace of his literary occupation can be found. The dates even of nearly all his works have been assigned by careful criticism of the works themselves. He had acquired a brilliant reputation and an ample fortune. He seems to have retired from an active participation in business affairs about the year 1612. After this, he is heard of only at Stratford, attending to the ordinary affairs of life and its social intercourse until his death in 1616. His best biographer, Halliwell, observes that the best evidence we produce exhibits him as paying more regard to his social affairs than to his profession. There seems to be undoubted truth in Pope's lines:

> "Shakespeare, whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
> Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
> For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
> And grew immortal in his own despite."

Now put these two Shakespeares side by side: the Shakespeare of history and Shakespeare the author. Can it be possible that one is the counterpart of the other? Will our experience and convictions admit for a moment that such studies, pursuits, education, and life could have produced those matchless works which we now ascribe to Shakespeare?

The German critic, A. W. Schlegel, declares the received account of his life to be a mere fabulous story—a blind and extravagant error.

Emerson, considering the Shakespeare of history as a good-natured sort of man, a jovial actor, manager, and shareholder, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers, gives up in despair, thus:

"I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast."

"Ask your own hearts," says Coleridge, "ask your own common-sense—to conceive the possibility of this man being * * the anomalous, the wild, the irregular, genius of our daily criticism. What! are we to have miracles in sport?—or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

Here, then, is a serious dilemma. Either we must take the man and his works as we know them, and accept the miracle of genius which they imply—a course which does violence to our conviction that "nothing can come of nothing;" or, we must conceive for William Shakespeare a life and discipline which, according to our notions, shall seem adequate to produce such grand results; but by this theory all that investigation into his life seems to confirm would have to be rejected; or, lastly, we must believe that these works are the product of another brain, and only published under the name of Shakespeare.

Into this difficulty we are led by indisputable facts; but such facts do not so plainly indicate the way out of it. Whichever horn of the dilemma is accepted, either uncommon credulity must be exhibited, or a conclusion must be based upon evidence which is almost wholly circumstantial and cumulative rather than positive.

There are numerous other circumstances which give support to this negative proposition, that Shakespeare was not the author of the works ascribed to him.

1. There stands the great fact that Shakespeare never claimed the plays as his own. He never expressed any anxiety about them, and died without seeing this most remarkable series of intellectual works placed in the custody of type. How utterly impossible to conceive such a thing of the creator of

Hamlet and Falstaff, if that creator were of flesh and blood!

2. No manuscript of any kind whatever in the handwriting of Shakespeare has been found. In fact, only two autographs exist which are claimed as his beyond a doubt, and they are upon separate sheets of his will. There is no direct proof that the original manuscript of any one of the plays or poems was ever seen in his own time under circumstances which furnish conclusive evidence that he was the original author.

3. He bequeaths no trace of a library in his will, and makes no mention of his manuscripts; nor is there any evidence that they ever came into the possession of his family or his executors. If he had contemplated a revision of his works for publication during his own life, it is hardly credible that he should not have left some instructions to that end.

4. Can it be possible that an author of such culture and refinement as to produce these remarkable plays could drop the theater as if it had been to him a mere pastime, or an irksome trade by which he had amassed a fortune, and could quietly sit down for the rest of his days to the totally unproductive and stupid life of a common villager? to attend to his stock, his garden, and his family? to chat with his neighbors or his wife? to eat, and sleep, and no more? and with complete indifference, rather with complete stolidity, commit his works to the hands of chance and careless printers? How could the author who gave birth to Lear and Prospero be so regardless of his reputation, so heedless of the world about him, so blind to the ages to come, as to permit his manuscripts to perish and himself "to steal in silence to the grave," as if not conscious that he had written anything worthy of preservation?

5. There is no testimony on record that he was given to profound study or much reading. It is evident that no man in his circumstances and daily occupation could find means, not only for supplying the known deficiencies of previous education, but to make extensive and thorough acquisitions in all departments of knowledge, and at the same time to carry on the invention of these extraordinary compositions. The proof is not positive that he enjoyed the intimacy of literary associates, excepting Ben Jonson, beyond the stage and certain small writers. It is only a tradition that makes him a member of Raleigh's Club, and reports his wit-combats at "the Mermaid."

6. Contemporary literature is not without hints at the incongruity between Shakespeare and his supposed work. In 1592, Greene published a satiric poem, "A Groatsworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance." In it he warns his friends who spend their wits in play-making to seek other employment, "for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger's heart, wrapt in a player's hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum is, in his own conceyt, the only Shakescene in a Countrey." This passage directly insinuates that Shakespeare, a mere actor, was undertaking to shine in borrowed feathers, or, at least, that, being an upstart player, he dared to usurp the writer's calling.

7. Bacon was fond of speaking of his contemporaries, of quoting their wit, and recording their sayings. He was the intimate friend of Ben Jonson, and a firm admirer of George Herbert and other poets of the time. In his "Apophthegms" is found nearly all that is known about Raleigh's power of repartee. But in all Bacon's writings there is not a single allusion to Shakespeare. How came such a gatherer of wit, humor, and character, to ignore the greatest man living? It were idle to assume that Bacon failed to appreciate the greatness of "Lear" and "Macbeth." He must have had a reason for this silence. What was it?

8. Another difficulty lies in the description of foreign scenes, particularly Italian scenes, and of sea-life, which occur in the plays; descriptions so numerous, and so marvelously accurate, that it is almost impossible to believe they were written by a man who spent his life in London and Stratford, who never left his island, and who saw the world only as represented by wandering foreigners. It is not easy to conceive of "The Merchant of Venice" as coming from the brain of one who had never strolled upon the Rialto. So great is this difficulty, that some of his best biographers have thought it necessary to suppose for him journeys and voyages, of which they find not the slightest record.

9. These plays, according to the custom of the time, and somewhat after the manner of a copyright of our day, were recorded in Stationers' Hall, but not one of them in the name of William Shakespeare.

10. Ben Jonson records the anecdote that the players often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, "that in writing whatever he penned, he never blotted out a

line." This anecdote bears upon its face an absurdity, and clearly suggests some device or hoax practiced upon the players. Any man must know the utter impossibility of such works as these being dashed off in a first draft, finished and complete, and not a line blotted. Bacon transcribed his "Novum Organum" twelve times; Burke, his "Revolution in France" six times; and Gibbon, a portion of his "Decline and Fall" several times, before they were satisfied with their work. Virgil, after many years of toil, is said to have commended the Æneid to the flames as not finished to his liking. Evidently there was a delusion somewhere in regard to these dramas.

Such is only a part of the negative evidence on this side of the question. Next will be presented as briefly the chief evidence in favor of the authorship of the only man of that age to whom, according to the advocates of this view, circumstances point as the real author. This man was Lord Bacon.

1. All the circumstances of Bacon's life—and in regard to them there is no want of fullness or certainty—are as conclusive in favor of his authorship as all the circumstances of Shakespeare's life are conclusive against *his* claims as the author of these works. Francis Bacon lived from 1561 to 1626, having been born three years before his contemporary, and surviving him by ten years. He was endowed by nature with the richest powers, as we know by the clearest testimony, and he had the will and opportunity to develop them to the utmost. His mother was a woman of rare classical attainments. His father, besides being Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was an eminent scholar and patron of art and learning. The Lord Keeper's palace and country seat were well furnished with libraries, and adorned with everything that could please the taste of a scholar and a gentleman. No wonder that Queen Elizabeth's young Lord Keeper, as she called the boy Francis, became the foremost man in all Europe in philosophy, natural science, law, medicine, indeed in the whole circle of human knowledge. He entered Cambridge at twelve; criticised Aristotle, and outstripped his tutors before he was sixteen. Before he was nineteen he was an attaché of the court of Paris, had learned French and Italian, had traveled upon the continent with the French court, was intrusted with a mission to his Queen, and at twenty-five was elected to Parliament. Upon the death of his father, in 1579, he located himself at Gray's Inn for a more thorough study of law, and, at the same time, dipped farther into the Greek poets, and the philosophy and culture of the ancients. He possessed a self-conscious power which did not fear to grapple with Plato and Aristotle, nor to undertake the renovation of all philosophy. In the meantime he pushed his interests at court, but his talents were by no means properly recognized. His wonderful learning and brilliant oratory soon acquired for him an ascendency in Parliament. He received some tokens of the Queen's favor, but she looked upon him as "rather a man of study than of practice and experience." But his time of preferment came at last. He was successively Queen's and King's Counselor, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, etc. In him were combined all those powers and attainments which the writer of these plays possessed, but in which the real William Shakespeare was certainly deficient, if the evidence of his life only is admitted. There is no need of citing the evidence of Bacon's wonderful legal skill and learning. As to his medical knowledge, his "Physiological and Medical Remains," and the passages in the "Advancement of Learning," and elsewhere, treating of medicine, and of the mind and body, and their reactions, give abundant assurance. As to his profound classical scholarship, the evidence is upon every page of his works. He very frequently quotes Lucian and Plautus, the two authors from whom the "Timon of Athens" and "The Comedy of Errors" are taken. It is known that he studied French, Italian, and Spanish, while upon the Continent, and also had an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of foreign life and scenes which Shakespeare did not have. His translation of the Psalms, his essays, his published prayers, and abundant allusions and precepts throughout his works, prove his intimate familiarity with the Scriptures and his insight into the Christian life, which these dramas assert for their author, but which there is not the least extraneous evidence that Shakespeare ever possessed. Bacon's "Interpretation of Nature" and "Wisdom of the Ancients," omitting his other works and innumerable shrewd remarks scattered everywhere, show him to have been a most scientific as well as a speculative observer of men and things. He has held his title of philosopher for centuries without dispute. He enjoyed the highest prosperity and suffered the deepest disgrace. As traveler, student,

attorney, and judge, he must have met all phases of life, and had a rare opportunity to analyze every type of character. The evidence is abundant that he was accepted by his contemporaries as a poet of more than ordinary rank. Spedding, his best biographer, expresses the opinion that Bacon was not without the fine frenzy of the poet which might have carried him to a place among the great poets. Macaulay recognizes the imagination and poetic faculty in Bacon as highly developed. Judging from his acknowledged works only, and excluding from these his verses, which are few and of no great merit, he possessed every element of creative genius, not excepting a certain amount of poetic form and imagery, even in his prose; and we cannot refuse him Coleridge's expressive epithet of "myriad-minded."

2. According to the accepted dates, the plays and poems appeared at a time when Bacon could best have written them; between his admission to the bar in 1582, and his elevation to the principal law office of the crown in 1613; from the time he was twenty-one until he was fifty-two. During most of this time he was looking in vain for advancement, holding places of honor rather than of profit. He was a close student at Gray's Inn, with much leisure for writing and study. He was a constant attendant at court, an intimate associate of Essex, Southampton, Rutland, and other young lords, themselves patrons of learning and art, amateurs in poetry, and regular visitors at the theater.

3. It is well known that Bacon was no novice in poetic and dramatic composition. In 1587, when Shakespeare is said to have come to London as a mere servant at the Blackfriars, and not suspected of being the author of anything, Bacon had become an important member of Gray's Inn, and, at the Christmas Revels of that year, he assisted the gentlemen of his Inn in getting up the tragedy of the "Misfortunes of Arthur," and certain dumb shows and masques, for which he wrote some speeches to be delivered before the Queen.

In 1592, upon a visit to him from her Majesty, he presented her with a sonnet in compliment to his friend Essex. In after years he addressed numerous sonnets to her, and took parts in other masques, although he professed "not to be a poet."

4. Seven years after Shakespeare's death the products of a most transcendent genius bearing his name were gathered together and published in the folio of 1623, as the preface says, from "the true original copies." In this folio appear for the first time some perfected plays of which first draughts and surreptitious copies had been published before. Other plays of the folio had been printed before in nearly a perfect state. Nineteen of them had never been published before. Of those which had previously appeared, nearly all had received such critical correction and emendation as is possible by the hand of the master only. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," for example, in the folio, contains nearly double the number of lines of the previous play, whole scenes are rewritten, and speeches elaborated, and characters greatly heightened. This is the most authentic edition of the plays in existence, and it seems generally agreed that the changes and corrections in this edition are the work of the author. Now, if Shakespeare was the author of this revision, he must have furnished to the theaters the new and amended manuscript copies, which, seven years or more afterward, became "the true and original" copies in the hands of Heminge and Condell, the editors of the folio. Having no regard for his reputation or fame as an author, why should he take all this trouble for the benefit of the theaters merely, from which he had withdrawn some time before? If he had such regard, why did he neglect to collect and publish his dramas himself? If prevented by death, how did it come that he failed to make any provision for their preservation and subsequent publication? But if the real author were still living to make these revisions himself, the whole mystery would be solved. All the circumstances attending the folio of 1623 seem to support the hypothesis that it was published under the secret revision of the author of the plays. Lord Bacon is the only man who can be thought of for a moment as competent to the task.

5. It is remarkable that these editors, who took the pains to publish these works, should not have preserved a single manuscript, even as a memorial of their departed Shakespeare, and that not a single paper of his writing should have been preserved by any means. On the other hand, taking Bacon as the author, the original manuscripts would certainly have been kept in his own desk, and only transcripts in Shakespeare's handwriting would be furnished the players. This would well account for the fact, as the players understood it, that Shakespeare never blotted out a line. After Shakespeare's death it

would have been necessary for the real author to find some other cover for his publications. Shakespeare's brother-actors, Heminge and Condell, might have been selected to fill his place as ostensible editors. They would have found no special interest in the manuscripts. These, of course, Bacon would have taken care to destroy, if he had really determined that the secret should die with him.

6. In 1607-8 Bacon was engaged upon the characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, and soon afterward the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" came from the hand of Shakespeare. Similar coincidences, although not so strong, might be mentioned.

7. Writing to his friend, Mr. Toby Matthew, about that time, Bacon remarks: "I showed you some model, though at that time methought you were as willing to hear Julius Cæsar, as Queen Elizabeth commended."

8. While Bacon is striving to gain a foothold with the new sovereign, James I., he writes to Master Davis, then going to meet the King, committing his interests at court to Master Davis's faithful care and discretion, and closing the letter thus: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue." A significant remark, that.

9. To Mr. Toby Matthew, Bacon was in the habit of sending his books as they came out. In a neat letter, "To the Lord Viscount St. Alban's," without date, Matthew acknowledges the "receipt of your great and noble token of favor of the 9th of April," and appends the following P. S.: "The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another." Who could be the man of such prodigious wit, and whose real name was Bacon, but Sir Francis Bacon? And who but Shakespeare could have been considered by the writer as a cover for this remarkable wag?

10. There are passages in the plays which imply that the author was familiar with Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood; for example:

"That swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body."
—"Hamlet."

—"Make thick my blood;
"Stop up the access and passage to remorse."
—"Macbeth."

"The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped."
—"Macbeth."

But Harvey's discovery was not announced until 1619; and the best authorities assert that the Shakespearean author follows the theory of Hippocrates, that the veins, the only blood-vessels, come from the liver; the arteries, from the heart. Rabelais is quoted as expressing the same idea. Now there is not the slightest external evidence to confirm the supposition that Shakespeare ever read these authors; but Bacon made "apophthegms" out of Rabelais, and had studied Hippocrates, Galen, Paracelsus, and the others who are alluded to in the plays.

11. On an occasion Bacon enclosed a "recreation," as he termed his lighter literary productions, to Toby Matthew. Matthew, in a reply, without date or address, uses these suggestive words: "I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but measure for measure." An easy, though not a certain, inference can be made.

12. It does not appear that Shakespeare ever wrote any verses upon his contemporaries, either in praise of the living or in honor of the dead. This is a suspicious circumstance. If really the author of the compliment to Queen Elizabeth in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the noble tribute to her in "Henry VIII.," why did not Shakespeare "drop from his muse one sable tear" upon the death of his Queen? Such was the custom of those who professed themselves poets. Assuming Bacon to be the real author, the explanation is obvious. Such efforts were not in his acknowledged line of literary work. Nor did he neglect on the one great occasion to record his praises "In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ," which needs no poetic supplement.

13. In 1610, or near there, Shakespeare retired from London and took up his permanent residence in Stratford. But in 1611 appeared for the first time "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," and "Othello," and in 1613, "Henry VIII." Soon after this last play came out, Bacon became a laborious Attorney-General, and the plays ceased to appear.

14. The parallelisms of thought and expression, it is claimed, are abundant, far beyond what can be found, or at least what has been found, in any other two authors. A few of the more noticeable examples are given:

From "The Advancement of Learning:"

"I set down the character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which, if they be not taken in due time, are difficult to be recovered, it being extremely hard to restore a falling reputation."

From "Julius Cæsar:" Act iv., Sc. 4.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

From "The Interpretation of Nature:"

"Yet evermore it must be remembered that the least part of knowledge passed to man by this so large a charter from God, must be subject to that use for which God hath granted it; which is the benefit and relief of the state and society of man."

From "Measure for Measure:" Act i., Sc. 1.

"Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,—
Both thanks and use."

From "Sylva Sylvarum," Experiment 940:

"There was an Egyptian soothsayer, that made Antonius believe that his genius (which otherwise was brave and confident) was, in the presence of Octavianus Cæsar, poor and cowardly: and therefore he advised him to absent himself as much as he could, and remove far from him. The soothsayer was thought to be suborned by Cleopatra, to make him live in Egypt, and other remote places from Rome: howsoever, the conceit of a predominant or mastering spirit of one man over another, is ancient, and received still, even in vulgar opinion."

From "Macbeth:" Act iii., Sc. 1.

"Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd; 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's."

In the "Advancement of Learning," Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying "that young men are not fit auditors of moral philosophy," because "they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections."

In "Troilus and Cressida," Act ii., Sc. ii., come these lines:

"Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy."

Mr. Spedding says that Aristotle speaks only of "political philosophy," and he observes that Bacon's error in making him speak of "moral philosophy" has been followed by Shakespeare. It is barely possible that Shakespeare had seen the "Advancement of Learning," as it was published about two years before the play was first acted; but it is not likely. Besides, the whole tenor of the argument in the play is so exactly similar to Bacon's mode of dealing with the subject, that it is hard to believe a mere plagiarist would have followed so closely.

Enough has been given, though by no means all, to furnish some idea of the support there is for this trifling idea, as some are pleased to call it. However, it is important to propose some satisfactory reason for Bacon's concealment of his connection with the plays.

During the times of Elizabeth and James, authors could not express with impunity any and all sentiments. It may be easily conceived that one who made it ever a chief aim to profit his fellow-men, would wish to secure for himself the largest liberty of thought and speech, and perfect safety for himself and fortune.

The reputation of play-writers and of poor poets was low. Bacon was always aspiring and looking to the things which might lead him to higher service. What more natural than that he should wish to conceal the fact that he was attempting verse, and to quicken the latent activities of the masses? Especially would this be the case when he first began, and was yet in doubt as to the estimate the world would put upon his efforts. Later in life, beginning to receive honor as a prose writer, lawyer, and philosopher, he might prefer that his name with posterity should rest upon the works which he considered of more worth and dignity, and better becoming his rank in life, than upon these "models," these recreations of sterner efforts.

The dramas being before the world, and passing under the name of Shakespeare, it would be hard for the self-respect and reserve of a noble manhood and exalted position to produce a vulgar sensation by asserting his authorship and claiming his own after such a long and voluntary dispossession. When he foresaw the end of life, and began to prepare for final publication his numerous works, how much easier it would have been for him to devote quietly what little attention he could to the proper dressing of these waifs of his prolific intellect, and thus to leave to the world the progeny of a giant, although "going after about in the name of another!" Some such reasons as these may explain why he left his plays "fathered and yet fatherless."

No rejoinder to Judge Holmes has appeared. Here and there, in periodical literature mainly, a few points in answer are found. The substance of what has been

said in response, or may be said, is about as follows:

1. The process by which Shakespeare is reduced to nothing is certainly startling. Take away all the evidence of his supreme intellect, refuse him the witness of his works, and then affirm that the poor player was unequal to the mighty task! His sublime indifference to the fate of his intellectual products, and his readiness to drop his profession at the advice of good-sense and business tact, have been held as evidence of his remarkable qualities. One of the elements of his divinity has been his perfect contempt for reputation and glory. The great evidence of his inspiration has been found in his want of the education of schools, of profound study, and of the stimulus of associates who could attend him in sympathetic flight. But by this process the great genius vanishes. Deny to Julius Cæsar his campaign in Gaul, his commentaries, his agrarian laws, the reform of the calendar, his magnificent works and projects, and then call for evidence of his greatness. On such principles the historic doubts in regard to Napoleon are no longer doubts, but established facts.

2. Many of the assertions in the foregoing argument are simply assumptions, being yet matters of dispute. For instance, the superior value of the folio of 1623; the evidence of its careful revision, etc.

3. Shakespeare's manuscripts, being in the possession of the actors, may have been destroyed in the fires which are known to have taken place at the two theaters with which he was connected.

4. To the allusions in contemporary literature, only possible interpretations have been given. There is no means by which conjecture can be converted into certainty.

5. Bacon is no more silent in regard to Shakespeare than in regard to Ben Jonson, Edmund Spenser, and Christopher Marlowe, all distinguished contemporaries. That he does not speak of them as he does of Raleigh, must be due to the fact that circumstances did not suggest or require any mention of them.

6. It would be by no means an impossible task to point out as many analogies of thought and expression between other authors of the time, writing upon a great variety of subjects, as between Shakespeare and Bacon.

7. The feudal law of real property was then flourishing, and its forms must have been familiar to the great mass of citizens.

8. No one ever preserved his scraps with greater care than Bacon. He was as careful of what he wrote as Shakespeare was negligent; and yet it is not shown that Bacon ever laid claim to the authorship of any works except those now published with his name. There is no evidence that Shakespeare ever hinted that he was not lawfully entitled to whatever fame might be brought to him by the plays acted under his name.

9. Not a single contemporary of the two authors ever plainly doubted that Shakespeare wrote what we call Shakespeare, and that Bacon wrote only what we know as the works of Bacon. Where were the jealous and sharp-witted men of the times, who bore no friendship to deceit and pretension?

10. The familiarity with low and vulgar life displayed by Shakespeare, would be quite impossible for Bacon, as he was never thrown into fellowship with it.

11. Cases are not wanting in which rare genius has supplied the place of every external advantage; but no instance can be found in history of the same man belonging to the highest rank of philosophers, and to the highest rank of poets.

12. No instance can be named of an author writing with such grace and perfection in two styles so entirely different as the styles of Bacon and Shakespeare.

13. In our ideal of the author of these plays, we must not imagine an Emerson or a Carlyle sitting by his study window, in dressing-gown and slippers, and surrounded by the best thoughts of centuries. We must not grace our ideal with the culture reflected from a polished society and literature. It must not have about it the atmosphere of the philosopher or the man of letters. What rebuke we suffer if we permit the thought even to flash through our minds. "Dr. Shakespeare!" He was not the man from whom in our day we should expect such characters and sentiments. He did not live in the conditions of modern life, and we must not judge him by our standards. His was an age of vigor, that spoke because it felt, and not because it thought and studied. Genius was his gift, and why deny him its exaltation? The gods do not wonder at their own productions; nor do we put a great value upon what we can produce without effort and in ordinary moments. Such admiration is for those only who confess their own weakness. How unnatural, then, that this divinity should have betrayed the mortal weakness of guarding his own fame!

14. How weak is all this circumstantial evidence, and as much more as can be found, by the side of the clear and positive testimony of contemporaries! Numerous extracts are given to show how clear and conclusive is this evidence.

The earliest mention of Shakespeare by a contemporary is by Edmund Spenser, in 1591, in "The Teares of the Muses." Complaint by Thalia, lines 205–210.

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent."

The best authorities make it clear beyond all doubt that these lines were intended to refer to Shakespeare. [See Charles Knight's "Life of Shakespeare," ed. 1843, pp. 342–348.]

In 1592 appeared "Kinde Hart's Dreame," a poem of considerable interest and merit, by Henrie Chettle. From Chettle's address to his readers, we learn that he was the editor of Greene's posthumous work, "A Groatsworth of Witte," before referred to. The quotation which has been made from this work, together with other allusions in it, seem to have given offense, at least to two authors of the time. In Chettle's "Address," the following passage occurs, referring to Shakespeare, as all critics agree:

"With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be; the other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heat of liuing writers, and might haue vsed my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry, as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that aprooues his art."—[Percy Society Publications, vol. v.]

John Webster, in his preface to his play, "The White Devil," 1612, speaks thus:

"Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance; for mine owne part, I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and haightned stile of maister Chapman, * * * and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of m. Shake-speare, m. Decker, and m. Heywood."—[John Webster's Works. London: 1857, vol. ii.]

Ben Jonson's eulogy upon Shakespeare, first published in the folio of 1623, is well known. In his prose, the same author makes a long and affectionate reference to the friend of his youth. The following is a part: * * * * "For I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.—["Discoveries." Probably written in 1636.]

A few more quotations, without doubt correct, are added as given in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," *Art.* Shakespeare:

"As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to liue in *Pythagoras;* so the sweete wittie soule of *Ouid* luies in mellifluous hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his priuate friends." * * *

"As *Epius Stolo* said, the Muses would speak with *Plautus* tonge, if they would speak Latin: so I say the Muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine filed phrase, if they would speak English."—[Francis Meres; "Wits Treasury," 1598.]

"And Shakespeare, thou whose hony-flowing vaine
(Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtaine,
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)
Thy name in fame's immortal booke have plac't,
Live ever you; at least, in fame live ever!
Well may the bodye die, but fame dies never."

—[Richard Barnefeild, "Poems in Divers Humors," 1598.]

TO OUR ENGLISH TERENCE, MR. WILLIAM SHAKE-SPERE.

"Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hadst thou not plaid some *Kingly* parts in sport,
Thou hadst been a companion for a King,
And beene King among the meaner sort."

—[Sir John Davies, in his "Scourge of Folly" (1611–14).]

More might be given, but these must suffice.

What explanation can be made of these allusions? Were these men and their fellows all so completely deceived by the cunning of a Lord Chancellor and the Prince of Philosophers? Or are we to suppose that they were combined in an effort to make

posterity believe a lie? What an absurdity! But one of these must be admitted, if this theory is to be accepted.

15. Besides believing that Bacon, in all his numerous acknowledged works, took pains to repress his "excellent phantasy" and wonderful "facility of expression," and to use them only in his dramas, this theory requires us to believe that he affected an ignorance about things with which he must have been perfectly acquainted; as, for example, in "Julius Cæsar" chimneys of the Roman houses are referred to, and the "eternal devil" is spoken of, evidently in its modern sense; both of which were unknown to the Romans. In "The Tempest," Bohemia is represented as a maritime kingdom, etc. How absurd to think of Bacon as stooping to such paltry tricks to escape the responsibilities of authorship!

16. If the new theory is accepted, the miracle is not lessened. No similar case is on record in which such magnificent genius succeeded in deceiving its own and following generations, or, in fact, that it ever made the attempt; and it is no more incredible that Shakespeare really wrote the works attributed to him, than that so many and such worthy contemporaries should be deluded so completely, or that they should assist in a stupendous deception for no conceivable reason.

It is unnecessary to multiply arguments further on either side, or to notice the answers which will suggest themselves to many, if not all, of the arguments which have been presented. Nor is it necessary to show that this discussion does not lessen our reverence for those inspired words called Shakespeare; but rather helps to realize the impersonality of truth, and to disassociate it with an oracle of clay. Too much of our heat is produced by mere wonder that any mortal should be able thus to open the Lord's anointed temple and steal thence the eternal truth. The higher appreciation thinks not so much of the artist or the art, as of the sentiment: it follows Jonson's significant advice on the page of the folio opposite Shakespeare's picture:

"Reader, looke,
Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

So far as this discussion attempts an explanation of the origin or existence of genius, it is certainly quite futile; and quite as unworthy is the attempt to adjust the mere honor of authorship as between two individuals simply. But the question is by no means an unimportant one, whether genius has worked in this instance, by the use of means necessary to ordinary mortals, or whether its inspiration has been immediate and complete.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our Newspapers.

THE cordial praise and the gentle criticisms which we receive from month to month from the newspaper press have placed us under many obligations, which, we are bound in honor to confess, have received little practical acknowledgment. We have endeavored, it is true, to profit by all wise suggestions, and tried to show our gratitude by making our monthly offering more and more valuable to its great host of readers; but we have had too much the feeling of a junior, or a protégé, to presume to make any return in kind. Shall we be pardoned if, for once, we break out of this very pleasant position of a recipient, and try to realize to ourselves how much more blessed it is to give than to receive?

As newspapers, simply, those of America are the best in the world. The entire globe is raked, and raked clean, every day, of incident, movement, and event, to be blazoned upon their teeming pages. Science, religion, politics, society, commerce, agriculture, mechanics, all things of human concern find place for every fact and phase in their columns. The lightnings are their messengers, winnowing the midnight world with their wings, and bearing in their beaks from the harvest-fields of thought and action every precious seed that has ripened and dropped during the day. No cost of toil or gold dismays them. Their servants are on every battle-field, in the thick of every mob, in the forests and the deserts, on the mountains and on the seas, watching kings, watching parliaments, sitting by the side of the astronomer in his vigils, recording the message of the preacher, counting the steps of scientific progress, and bearing the product of all this enormous enterprise and industry, morning by morning, to the homes of the nation. The outcome of this world-wide inquisition and exposition rises almost into the realm of miracle. We have no words to express our admiration of it—no phrases by which we can measure the height and depth and length and breadth of the largess it contains and the influence it exerts.

Thus much we can say with entire truthfulness; thus much we do say with thorough heartiness. To preside over a great American newspaper is to hold and exercise one of the most dignified offices of the world. Now, let us open the newspaper,

and see how it looks. Freighted with the world's great affairs, loaded down with the hopes, struggles, misfortunes, crimes, triumphs and achievements of humanity, we expect to find it earnest, dignified and catholic. The first thing we see is half a column of sensational headings, addressed, perhaps, to the prurient curiosity of the basest men. We open a Western paper, and find over an item of intelligence, or of falsehood, concerning a grievous scandal the word "HELL!" in as large letters as can be squeezed into a column. This is followed by minor heads, every one of which is intended to produce a sensation. We go on through the paper, and it is all sensation. Oftentimes the headings mislead as to the real character of the intelligence to which they are the preface. All the news chronicled is wrought up into its most startling forms. To pique curiosity, to raise feeling, to attract attention, to appeal to the sense of the marvelous, to be stunning rather than simple and true, are the apparent motives of the conductor.

Is this an extreme case? We can furnish papers by the hundred that steadily pursue this course as a matter of policy. It is not enough that we have party presses in religion and politics that give a party shape to everything that comes to them. It is not enough that we have presses that rejoice in scandal and crime, and take greater delight in them, and greater pains with their details, than are excited by those affairs which mark the advance of the world in goodness and wisdom. It is not enough that there are papers which mold all things that they touch to the personal purposes and prejudices of their conductors. If a thing is tame it must be whipped into a startling appearance. If it is sad—inexpressibly sad from its badness—its badness must yield the requisite sensation. Great and good names are jested with. Topics which involve the most precious interests of the human race are tossed flippantly about, like the balls of a juggler, to attract the eyes of the gaping multitude. Subjects of which children can never know too little are laid before the family eye as familiarly as if they were not steeped in shame. To receive the world's news, in the spirit and shape in which it is presented to millions of readers every day, is to suppose that all the world's momentous events are conceived in fever and brought forth in hysterics.

If anything were really gained by this course there might be a poor apology for it, but nothing ever was gained by it. The papers which indulge in it most are least trusted. The moment an editor becomes thoroughly conscientious, and recognizes the importance and dignity of his position, he drops his sensational headings with disgust. If he has news from Zanzibar, the heading of his item states the fact; and if the reader is interested in Zanzibar he reads the item. If he has important news from Zanzibar his heading states that fact, and if very important news from Zanzibar, that fact; and the reader finds the facts as represented, and judges of the facts and their relations without having been misled by sensational headings. It is a good newspaper rule to hit every subordinate, sensational head wherever the editor sees it. All news with more than one head is guilty of a crime against editor and reader alike, and deserves decapitation.

Shall we mention another sin? Have we to-day, any such thing in America as private life? Is a private man, or even a man's family, safe from public mention? Alas! that the press has an apology for its familiar handling of private names and private affairs! Alas! that there are so many in private life who rejoice in the public airing of their personalities and their personal movements! Alas that the details of private life are devoured so greedily by so many who do not seem to know that the love of notoriety is vulgar, and that their desire to pry into the life of others compromises their dignity and their neighborly good-will! After all, is it a dignified business for the press to minister to this low and unhealthy greed? Is the world so barren of great topics that the press, *perforce*, must transform itself into a neighborhood tattler and a public gossip? Are valuable opinions and valuable intelligence so scarce that it must send its prying interviewers out among the ranks of private men, to worm out their secrets, on pain of misrepresentation and abuse, and spread them before a curious public? The American press of the future will not do it, unless civilization shall retrograde, and our nation remain a nation of children.

The Overcrowded Cities.

THERE is hardly a city in the United States which does not contain more people than can get a fair, honest living, by labor or trade, in the best times. When times of business depression come, like those through which we have passed, and are passing, there is a large class that must be helped, to keep them from cruel suffering. Still the cities grow, while whole regions of the country,—especially its older portions,—are depopulated year by year. Yet the fact is patent to-day that the only prosperous class is the agricultural. We have now the anomaly of thrifty farmers and starving tradesmen. The agricultural classes of the West are prosperous. They had a good crop last year, and have received good prices for all their products; and while the cities are in trouble, and manufactures are running on half time, or not running at all, the Western farmer has money in his pocket, and a ready market for everything he has to sell. The country must be fed, and he feeds it. The city family may do without new clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of middle-men, that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country.

This is not the first occasion we have had for allusion to this subject, and it is not likely to be the last. The forsaking of the farm for city life is one of the great evils of the time, and, so far, it has received no appreciable check. Every young man, apparently, who thinks he can get a living in the city, or at the minor centers of population, quits his lonely home upon the farm and joins the multitude. Once in the city, he never returns. Notwithstanding the confinement and the straitened conditions of his new life, he clings to it until he dies, adding his family to the permanent population of his new home. Mr. Greeley, in his days of active philanthropy, used to urge men to leave the city—to go West—to join the agricultural population, and thus make themselves sure of a competent livelihood. He might as well have talked to the wind. A city population can neither be coaxed nor driven into agricultural pursuits. It is not that they are afraid of work. The average worker of the city toils more hours than the average farmer in any quarter of the country. He is neither fed nor lodged as well as the farmer. He is less independent than the farmer. He is a bond-slave to his employers and his conditions; yet the agricultural life has no charms for him.

Whatever the reason for this may be, it is not based in the nature of the work, or in its material rewards. The farmer is demonstrably better off than the worker of the city. He is more independent, has more command of his own time, fares better at table, lodges better, and gets a better return for his labor. What is the reason, then, that the farmer's boy runs to the city the first chance he can get, and remains, if he can possibly find there the means of life?

It can only be found, we believe, in the social leanness, or social starvation, of American agricultural life. The American farmer, in all his planning, and all his building, has never made provision for life. He has only considered the means of getting a living. Everything outside of this—everything relating to society and culture—has been steadily ignored. He gives his children the advantages of schools, not recognizing the fact that these very advantages call into life a new set of social wants. A bright, well-educated family, in a lonely farm-house, is very different material from a family brought up in ignorance. An American farmer's children, who have had a few terms at a neighboring academy, resemble in no degree the children of the European peasant. They come home with new ideas and new wants, and if there is no provision made for these new wants, and they find no opportunities for their satisfaction, they will be ready, on reaching their majority, to fly the farm and seek the city.

If the American farmer wishes to keep his children near him, he must learn the difference between living and getting a living; and we mistake him and his grade of culture altogether if he does not stop over this statement and wonder what we mean by it. To get a living, to make money, to become "forehanded"—this is the whole of life to agricultural multitudes, discouraging in their numbers to contemplate. To them there is no difference between living and getting a living. Their whole life consists in getting a living; and when their families come back to them from their schooling, and find that, really, this is the only pursuit that has any recognition under the paternal roof, they must go away. The boys push to the centers or the cities, and the girls follow them if they can. A young man or a young woman, raised to the point where they apprehend the difference between living and getting a living, can never be satisfied with the latter alone. Either the farmer's children must be kept ignorant, or provision must be made for their social wants. Brains and hearts need food and clothing as well as bodies; and those who have learned to recognize brains and hearts as the best and most important part of their personal possessions, will go where they can find the ministry they need.

What is the remedy? How shall farmers manage to keep their children near them? How can we discourage the influx of unnecessary—nay, burdensome—populations into the cities? We answer: By making agricultural society attractive. Fill the farm-houses with periodicals and books. Establish central reading-rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, amateur dramatic associations. Establish a bright, active, social life, that shall give some significance to labor. Above all, build, as far as possible, in villages. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to place one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm-life is the great curse of that life, and it falls upon the women with a hardship that the men cannot appreciate, and drives the educated young away.

By their Fruits.

WAS it Thackeray who said that the difference between genius and talent was the difference between the length of two maggots? It was worthy of him, at least, and like him. When a man gets large enough to know that he is almost infinitely small, he is tolerably ripe. When he becomes wise enough to realize that his wisdom is folly, his profoundest learning ignorance, and his opinions, drawn from partial views of truth and its relations, of little value, he has risen into a realm where he drops his robe of pride, and drapes himself in the garment of docility. The simplicity and the teachableness of great men have been the wonder of the vulgar through all time. At the beginning of our late civil war, a capitalist from the country came to New York for the purpose of acquiring a stock of financial information. What was to be the effect of this war upon the finances of the country? How should he manage to save his wealth? How should he manage to increase it? These were the questions he put to the wisest financier he knew. The old man pointed to an apple-woman across the street. "Go and ask her," he said; "she knows just as much about it as I do." Yet opinions were as plenty as blackberries, in Wall street, while the results of the war, as they accumulated, proved that they were beyond human sagacity to foresee, and that the man most competent to foresee them had no more financial prescience than the ignorant apple-woman.

There is a realm of inquiry—indeed, there are many realms of inquiry—where the opinions and speculations of one man are just as valuable as those of another man—no more so, no less—for those of both are valueless. The speculations of such a man as Mr. Tyndall on the origin of life attract a great deal of attention; yet Mr. Tyndall knows just as much about the origin of life as the apple-woman on the corner, and no more. The speculations about development and atoms, and molecules, form, perhaps, an elevated amusement. They are better than the Hippodrome and the Negro Minstrels, without being more instructive. It is better to speculate on the atomic theory than to play battledoor and shuttlecock. It is better to speculate a personal God out of the universe than to go on a spree—better to ignore His work than to mar it. But the whole thing rises no higher than elevated amusement. It does not give even the smallest basis for sound opinion. All these speculators, wrapped around with scientific reputations, battering vainly against the limits of thought and scientific knowledge, and coming back with their reports of having seen something more than their fellows, are pretenders—to be praised, perhaps, for their enterprise, but laughed at for their conclusions.

Mr. Tyndall finds in matter the promise and the potency of all forms and qualities of life. Who put the promise and the potency there? Ah! that is the question, and Mr. Tyndall has not solved it. He goes no farther, perhaps, than to say that he finds them there. Has he found them there? In what form have they presented themselves to his scientific investigation? Can he show what he has found? Alas! he has found nothing new—seen nothing that others have not seen. He has only come to a personal conclusion and indulged in a personal speculation, and that conclusion and that speculation are not only unscientific, but they are valueless.

Is there not some way—some scientific way—in which a just conclusion may be arrived at concerning this great subject? If we should stand at the beginning of the world, and know the want of bread,

would it not be very unscientific for us to get together a bundle of seeds or germs and speculate as to which would be the most likely to give us bread? Would it not be better to plant every seed, label its bed, watch its growth, and examine its fruits? Would not that be the scientific way of ascertaining the nature and characteristics of the great power that was to feed us? Certainly that seed which would yield the best results, and address itself most directly and beneficently to our wants, would be the one to which we should give our faith. To do anything else would be to rebel against the law of our nature. To do anything else would be irrational and unscientific.

Well, certain seeds have been planted in the world of mind. They have borne, in various times, and in many countries, their legitimate fruits. Can we not find, in the adaptation of those fruits to human want, a scientific conclusion concerning the tree or plant that bears them? Is it not strictly scientific to conclude that the better the fruit, and the better its results, the more thoroughly is the seed vitalized by everlasting and essential truth? If certain ideas of the nature and character of God, and of the immortality of the soul—if certain ideas of human responsibility—have dignified humanity more, elevated it more, civilized it more, purified its morals, sweetened its society, stimulated its hopes, assuaged its sorrows, developed its benevolence, and repressed its selfishness, more than any other ideas, are not those ideas scientifically ascertained to be nearer the truth than any others? If they are not, then we misunderstand the nature and the processes of science.

There has been abroad in the world, for many centuries, an idea, advanced and maintained by more religions than one, that there is at the head of the universe an Almighty God,—a Spirit who has created all material things, and informed them with law,—a Spirit that is in itself the source of all life. There has been the further idea that this God is a person, who, though His mode of being is beyond human ken, recognizes the persons He has created, loves them, regards them as His family, and holds them personally responsible to His moral law. There has been the further idea that mankind, in consequence of their common parentage, are a band of brothers and sisters, who owe to one another good-will and unselfish service. There has been the further idea that this personal God is a being to be worshiped as the sum and source of all perfection—to be thanked, praised, prayed to, in the full recognition of filial relationship, and a full faith in His providential and paternal care. Out of this group of ideas has come the world's best civilization. Out of it have come churches and schools, and colleges, and hospitals, and benign governments and missions, and a thousand institutions of brotherly benevolence. From it have sprung untold heroisms. It has recognized human rights. It has had no smaller aim than that of human perfection. It has armed millions of men and women with fortitude to bear the ills of life. It has made society safe wherever it has been dominant; it has transformed death into a gate that opens upon immortality. Associated with a thousand dogmas invented by mistaken men, it has still done all that has been done to redeem the world to peace and goodness; and if this group of ideas has not scientifically demonstrated itself to be nearer the truth than are all the negations and speculations of scientific dreamers, then there is no such thing as science.

THE OLD CABINET.

THE literary critic of one of our daily newspapers, in noticing a recent novel, calls attention to the fact that certain current books at once take their places by right in the true literature, and that others, although making the same claim, do not rank in the same catalogue. Literature, in the narrow and true sense, he says, includes only those writers whom a peculiar and individual constitution of mind entitles to tell the world what the world has told them. A writer of this kind holds up to nature a mirror of which there is not a duplicate to be found. He has a gift for seeing and conceiving, which is all his own. There are a few such writers, and they write a few books. These properly constitute the literature of the time and country in which they appear.

This critic shows the difference between the literature which includes pretty much all books except works of science, any poem, romance, history, biography, or essay, and the true literature, as above described. But perhaps the phrase has still more delicate shades of meaning. May there not be a sense in which the inferior poem or romance is part of the "literature of the time and country?" On the other hand, what is the test of the true literature?

Given a certain amount of good taste in any piece of writing, it would seem that the quantity of "lasting power" which it contains may have most to do with its classification as literature. Obviously this is a test which cannot be fully brought to bear upon contemporary works. No one person has, nor has any set of persons, the discernment to make up from the list of publications of the past year a select list of the books which have sufficient lasting power to entitle them to a place in literature. One perplexing question with the judges would be, what amount of this power is necessary to bring a book within the rule. Is a book a part of literature if it can hold its life for five years, for ten years, for fifty years, for a hundred years, for a thousand years? Suppose that one of our judges has a sort of intellectual weighing apparatus, with a patent spring coil and a dial on which the days and years are marked from one up to infinity—the latter for the new Shakespeare that every imaginative young person is expecting to behold before he dies, either on the other side of the world or in his own looking-glass. A new book, either in print or manuscript, is placed upon the scales. In say ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the hand does not budge. But suppose this is the one hundredth case, and the hand marks thirty days, or sixty days, or one genial summer, or one dazed decade, or twenty-five cold and scholarly winters—is the book a part of true literature if it lasts so little time as the longest of these terms?

Then there is another point, to which allusion has already been made. May not a book which our judge's sensitive true-literature patent weighing apparatus utterly refuses to recognize as having any ponderosity whatever,—may not a poor enough book which commands a vogue, represents a current phase of thought or feeling, is the outgrowth of a certain immature grade of public culture,—may not an unliterary book be, in a sense, a part of the literature of the time, though of no other use to a future generation than as a historico-literary curiosity? Our critic's definitions do, indeed, imply this.

But, further, may not a piece of writing, which fails to become a part of the genuine literature, be still genuinely literary? Cannot the literary expert detect the quality in a piece of writing, or a part of a piece of writing, almost as promptly as the skilled merchant can detect the quality of the cloth he snaps between his fingers? Can he not tell whether it is literary, even if he cannot tell whether it belongs to literature?

Taking for granted that a given piece of work is written in the literary spirit, is it possible to say what element is the most important in its conservation? Surely sincerity is the salt of literature, as it is of the other arts. The law is inexorable. Without this crowning grace the most entrancing raconteur, the poet most splendid, intimate, and heart-compelling, lives but his little day—passes, like the rainbow from the summer sky.

In our estimate of a work of contemporaneous literary art it is precisely here that we are most at fault. How much of this sincere element any work of art possesses only time can tell. After all, we take our friend and neighbor upon appearances. It is just as well, perhaps, that we should not sit in subtle judgment upon his professed sympathy with our sorrow, his friendly greeting and laughter. After all, the sigh and the smile have their sincerity. So we are charmed with the poet's song—it is a song of the green fields we know so well; if not about them, still sung under the potent influence of their familiar beauty. We give ourselves up to the intoxication. After all, it is not mere sham and show. The song has a heartiness of its own; it savors of the soil, even if it does not spring from the depths. A poet, therefore, may be to his generation a true poet, and the generation that follows may find in him a suspicion of self-consciousness, a taint of affectation—a thought about something vain and transient and all too meanly personal, instead of the thing eternal. That is enough. He goes no farther.

WHENEVER a painter, or actor, or singer of reputation takes upon himself to represent in his own way some one of the great thoughts which have become a part of the life of the world—thoughts of birth obscure and distant, or of conspicuous parentage—then there are always many who say that now at last we have given to us an adequate contemporaneous presentation of the immortal thought of Homer, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Goethe. But is it not time to stop this kind of criticism? At least is it not time to cease expecting more than we are likely to get from the artist of present acceptance? The qualities that give an artist eminence in his own times are not necessarily the qualities which will make him permanently eminent, or that make him able to comprehend and sympathize with the greatest ideas of the greatest minds. According to the critics, we have every season one or two operasingers, as many actors, and as many painters, who give us a new and adequate Hamlet, or Margaret, or Francesca; when, in fact, the great interpreter is almost as rare as the great creator. He is, in fact, a creator, and his interpretation is a new creation, a parallel work of art suggested by the great original, and not to be accepted, even at its best, as a full interpretation of the original thought. Perhaps there has been one painting suggested by the "Inferno" which may be not unworthily compared with the original passage; but how many more there are, worthy to be so compared, out of all the thousands that have been made, who shall say! We should be reasonably content that the artist in search of subjects is willing to take a high and pure theme; then, whatever chastity and individual force are infused into the performance will acquire additional grace and effect from their noble association.

ACCORDING to the editors of Bacon's Works (Messrs. Spedding, Ellis, and Heath), "the only verses of Bacon's making that have come down to us, and probably, with one or two slight exceptions, the only verses he ever attempted," were "the translation of certain Psalms into English verse." He wrote also a sonnet, meant, say the editors, "in some way or other to assist in sweetening the Queen's temper toward the Earl of Essex; and it has either not been preserved at all, or not so as to be identified." Two other poems have been ascribed to him, although it is not absolutely certain that he wrote them. Really, then, the seven versified Psalms constitute all of Bacon's poetry which may be said to be in evidence on the point of his poetic ability. On the whole, we find Bacon's "translations" more agreeable reading than Milton's, which is accounted for in the fact that Milton aimed at a more literal version than did Sir Francis in most of the latter's "translations." Though, if any one should strangely doubt Milton's ability to surpass Bacon at the work of recasting, had he cared to do so, no better evidence of his power would be needed than his fifteen-years-old paraphrase on Psalm cxiv. For the curiosity of the thing, we transcribe the opening stanzas of Bacon's translation of Psalm cxxxvii.:

"When as we sat all sad and desolate,
By Babylon upon the river's side,
Eas'd from the tasks which in our captive state
We were enforced daily to abide,
Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

"But soon we found we fail'd of our account,
For when our minds some freedom did obtain,
Straightways the memory of Sion Mount
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
So that with present griefs, and future fears,
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

"As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,
We hang'd them on the willow-trees were near;
Yet did our cruel masters to us come,
Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear:
Taunting us rather in our misery,
Than much delighting in our melody."

There is pathos here, and sufficient mastery of rhythm. A little farther on comes a line, so well managed in its rough and rapid irregularity, as to suggest the careful manner of our modern versifiers:

"Remember thou, O Lord, the cruel cry
Of Edom's children, which did ring and sound,
Inciting the Chaldean's cruelty,
'Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground.'"

In Psalm xc., we find a stanza with a touch not altogether un-Shakèspearean:

"Thou carriest man away as with a tide:
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high:
Much like a mocking dream, that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of waking eye;
Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain,
To see the summer come about again."

Psalm civ. affords an example of the heroic couplet. We quote the first lines:

"Father and King of pow'rs, both high and low,
Whose sounding fame all creatures serve to blow,
My soul shall with the rest strike up thy praise,
And carol of thy works and wondrous ways.
But who can blaze thy beauties, Lord, aright?
They turn the brittle beams of mortal sight.
Upon thy head thou wear'st a glorious crown,
All set with virtues, polish'd with renown:
Thence round about a silver veil doth fall
Of crystal light, mother of colours all.
The compass heaven, smooth without grain or fold,
All set with spangs of glitt'ring stars untold,
And strip'd with golden beams of power unpent,
Is raised up for a removing tent.
Vaulted and arched are his chamber beams
Upon the seas, the waters, and the streams:
The clouds as chariots swift do scour the sky;
And stormy winds upon their wings do fly."

Certainly there is, in Bacon's verse, no such strong proof against the Baconian authorship of the Shakespeare Plays, as is generally imagined. One has the feeling, however, that this is work that Shakespeare would not be about; although in discussing this whole question, there is such a perplexing interplay of identities that mere feelings are hardly to be considered. Either that, or else they are the only things to be considered, in which case the world will forever go on feeling and believing that Bacon is not Shakespeare. The poets, at least, will never be brought to believe that Shakespeare "could not do it."

By the way, why should not Milton's witness to Shakespeare have more force than is generally given it, as the testimony, if not of an acquaintance, at least of a contemporary. Contemporaries they were for eight years; there was no better informed literary man in England than Milton; certainly none better qualified to judge of a question involving his own art. If there had been any suspicion of incongruity between the man Shakespeare and the poet Shakespeare, would not some shadow of it have come over Milton's mind? But no—the author of "Hamlet" had been dead only fourteen years when Milton calls him:

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame."

And how well he understood the peculiar quality of Shakespeare's genius:

"* * * to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow;"

"Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

THAT the Psalms can be put into magnificent English verse was proved by Sir Philip Sidney and his sister. Macdonald, in his "England's Antiphon," well styles their version of Psalm xciii. a "thunderous organ-blast of praise:"

"Clothed with state, and girt with might,
Monarch-like Jehovah reigns;
He who earth's foundation pight—
Pight at first, and yet sustains; *(pitched.)*
He whose stable throne disdains
Motion's shock and age's flight;
He who endless one remains
One, the same, in changeless plight.

Rivers—yea, though rivers roar,
Roaring though sea-billows rise
Vex the deep, and break the shore—
Stronger art Thou, Lord of skies!
Firm and true thy promise lies
Now and still as heretofore:
Holy worship never dies
In thy house where we adore."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

To the Unmusical.

THERE is no greater delusion than that of supposing that the best music can be enjoyed only by the "musical." Ordinary people can derive keen pleasure from a sympathetic listening to great music if they will but believe that they can, and so attend to it accordingly. There is no need of being baffled by a want of knowledge concerning keys, nor by an ignorance of modulation. Your next neighbor may know that the air began in *G major*, and then passed into *B minor*, but you can still get your own simpler pleasure out of it. What is it to me what Titian's secret of color might have been? He had it, and that is enough for one who cannot even draw.

The first rule in listening to music is—*to listen*. We do not want to arouse ourselves to a frenzy of delight, but we do want to hear what the music is like. A very simple and very good rule for those who are perplexed by an orchestra, and who fancy they are puzzled to know where the tune comes in, is to listen to one instrument, the violins, for instance, alone for a time. These will probably take up the melody and sing it plainly enough, then the movement may become more complicated and the air seem to have grown more florid, to be broken perhaps into brilliant fragments, but hearken!—the violoncelli have taken it up, and over it floats this new and lovely strain of the violins, then the flutes catch the melody, the cornets and the bassoon swell the harmony, the drum makes its rhythmic beats, the whole orchestra is alive with the theme, and before you know it you are in the very center of the music, and what was before involved and intricate now becomes plain and beautiful.

Spring Colors.

DESPITE the snow and the ice, the slush and the mud, the hints for Spring modes are coming. It is hard to believe we shall ever need the light and delicate fabrics that the shops are already half full of. Nor could we ever guess the season by gazing

at the tints. In the front rank are found the grays and browns. There are dozens of them, and they constitute the greater portion of all the new shades. Therefore, we infer that, like Jenny Wren, we must dress in plain brown gowns and never go too fine. The freshest grays begin with a dull, mixed one, called Tempest. Then a stone color, called Sphinx; after this is the Suédoise, with bluish lights; Oxford, a pure blue-gray; Russian gray, which would be mistaken for ashes of roses, were the latter not wholly out of fashion; dove-colored French gray; silver gray; Chinchilla gray, like the tips of the fur; Ashantee and Coomassie grays, that have nothing to recommend them, unless it be the rare fitness of their names; Acier or steel-gray; and a few others not important.

The indications are that brown will be the popular color for the next half-year. The new shades of this are: Seal (a trifle lighter than the winter shade); Hazel; Concha and Trabucos. The two latter belong to what is known as beige or natural (undyed) wool colors. These natural tints are very soft and pretty, and vary from deep nut-brown to deep cream color. They are the newest of the season's importations, and have neither red nor yellow shades, but are pure browns. Tunisienne is one of the choicest hues, and brier-color (ronce) makes up prettily either with a darker or lighter shade. A reddish brown is aptly named Cratère (crater mouth), but will only be attractive from its oddity.

Penelope, Cep, and Noe are not characteristic, consequently the hues bearing these names have no particular character. On the other hand, Câpre, or caper green, is the shade of the flower-bud of that plant. Véronique is a dark, almost invisible green. Jujube—suggestive of juvenile bliss—is a dark red, like the paste, and will be mingled with other shades for demi-toilettes.

For party dresses there is little new in tints. Almond color differs but slightly from cream color, and the latter is hardly distinguishable from unbleached white. There is just that difference, however, which renders one shade becoming when the others are not. Italie is a pure straw color; Myosotis is forget-me-not blue; and the loveliest shade of all is a pink which our sentimental French brethren have christened Sourire (a smile).

Blacks have changed from the blue and purplish shades that wear so well, to the coal or jet shades which, even in their prime, contrive to look rusty.

New Goods.

It is hard to tell at a glance what is new and what is old; therefore we have to trust what we are told, instead of depending solely on ourselves.

The woolen stuffs for suits, of course, begin the list. Almost without exception, they are rough-surfaced, loose-threaded, and are sold under the name of camel's hair, though often differing widely from the Winter goods so termed. These fabrics are woven in stripes, diagonal, vertical, and horizontal; in plaids of color on color, and in plaids with a bright thread or two. They are woven also in blocks, diamonds, dots, and squares; indeed, in almost every form except with a plain surface. Plain-surfaced goods are to be found abundantly,—for conservative people will have them; but they are not strictly fashionable, and are therefore cheap.

The general width of the new stuffs is from twenty-four to thirty inches, and they range in price from forty cents to one dollar a yard. The very wide goods that were so much sought a year or two since, have disappeared in great measure, probably because of the gentle but prolonged decease of the polonaise.

Solid colors and unbroken surfaces seem almost to be a dream. Everything that isn't striped is plaided. Consequently, every costume presents, of necessity, a good deal the appearance of an animated rag-bag; since the plaids and the stripes must be associated with at least one plain color. Even time-honored pongees, for ages the synonym of quietness and good taste, have succumbed to the influences of the time, and are found gayly plaided. Sometimes they have lavender or gray grounds, barred with maroon or cardinal red; or buff or brown with threads of blue, or purple, or white. Several fresh fabrics of crude silk, closely allied to Chinese silks in texture, appear in the inevitable plaids, beige browns and cream color, with lines of red and blue.

These crude silks are also woven in excellent imitation of Matelassé, and have the raised designs of star, cross, compass, diamond, leaf, etc., usually seen in the thicker fabric. They will be made up with plain goods of the same, or contrasting colors.

Silks that go by the name of Spring or Summer silks appear in great variety of stripe and plaid. The plaids are generally irregular, and are either very dark shades with white, or several shades of brown. Three shades, such as gray, lavender, and white; écru, brown, and white; green, gray, and cream color, form another style of plaid. The most peculiar of the new silks are in what are known as Persian colorings, which is a ground of gray or brown, with stripes of two shades of the same color, and threads of red, blue, green, violet, or maize. These silks are often pretty to look at in shop windows; but they would be very tiresome to wear, and will never, therefore, be a wise purchase. Their day will be short, too; and, once out of fashion, nobody will ever want to put one on. Cameo stripes, meaning several shades of a color, are much prettier, and will undoubtedly remain in vogue much longer.

Matelassé in small figures, light qualities and dark tints, is likely to carry its popularity far into warm weather. Black silks are finer repped and more lustrous than formerly, and on those accounts better adapted to spring usage. With these, the list of early season materials is complete. But a word more on buying.

Goods of all sorts are very cheap, cheaper than they have been for years, and cheaper than they are likely to be for years to come. Silks are especially low, and it would be wise to purchase for future use, if the means can be afforded. Plain silks are the only ones that are safe to buy for keeping: since they look well when not in the height of the mode, and are elegant under any circumstances.

Matting.

As the summer is approaching, and the time of matting draws near, it may be well to call the attention of housekeepers to the fact, that, as there is a right way of doing everything, there is decidedly a right way to put down Canton matting. It is the almost universal practice to put it down wrong. Most persons cut the lengths, and then, laying the breadths in their proper places on the floor, proceed to drive a vast number of tacks up and down the edges. This method serves the purpose of keeping the covering very tightly on the floor, but it injures the boards, and ruins the matting. Every tack breaks one straw, and perhaps more.

These Canton mattings are made on boats, where

they are woven in short pieces about two yards long. These short pieces are afterwards joined together on the shore in lengths of about forty yards. It is easy to see where these two-yard pieces are joined, and the first thing to be done, after the matting is cut into the proper lengths, is to sew these places across and across on the wrong side to keep the joints from opening. Then sew the breadths together, and tack it to the floor in the same way that you treat a carpet. Mattings made in this way will last fully twice as long as where they are tacked in every breadth.

A good matting should last six or seven years.

Loss of Meat in Cooking.

THE exact loss of different meats in cooking may not be generally known to housekeepers.

Beef in boiling loses twenty-six pounds in one hundred pounds, or rather more than a quarter; in roasting it loses one-third; and in baking very nearly the same. Legs of mutton lose one-fifth in boiling, and one-third in roasting; and a loin of mutton in roasting loses rather more than one-third. It is more profitable, then, to boil than to roast meat; and, whether we roast or boil it, it loses by being cooked from one-fifth to one-third of its whole weight.

The New Hanging-Basket.

BROKEN goblets have always been nuisances about a house, and the proper place for them has been the ash-box. A broken tumbler could be utilized, with a little cement, for jelly, or egg-shells; and cooks, it is well known, much prefer them for soap to either a saucer or a soap-cup. A goblet, however, rarely cracks or breaks at the top, where it could be mended, but instead, fractures its stem, or slices a piece from its base, and so falls about in a miserably helpless manner. But the goblet has found its day at last, and can be converted into a thing of beauty without much trouble. To do this, you must have, first, some pretty zephyrs, secondly, a crochet needle, and finally, a plant, or grasses and autumn-leaves. If your goblet is not broken off close to the stem—and it never is if you want it to be—you can have it sawed off, or with a steady hand you can take a little hatchet and with a quick blow strike it off. A good deal of the success of this operation, however, depends upon the value of your glass—if it is very pretty, it may break off at the wrong place, but if you do not care for it particularly, or have more just like it, it will probably come off just where it ought, close to the base. If the edge is a little rough you need not care, as it will be covered, and the weight does not come on the point. So,

having cut your glass, you then make a light and pretty crocheted bag for it,—and the less work you put on it the prettier it will be; then follows a handsome cord and tassel to hang it by, a smaller one to finish it at the bottom, and you have a new and tasteful little hanging-basket. You can then plant Ivy, Brazilian grass, Smilax, Lycopodium, or even a sweet potato in it; hang it by a window, and there is a green and flourishing plant for the house. Or, you can fill it with grasses and leaves, and when the sunlight shines through, it will make a gorgeous effect of color. It can be hung against the wall and filled in the same manner.

If you choose to work bands of gold or silver perforated card-board and crochet your bags upon them, they will be still more pretty.

Wine-glasses can be used to hang on the gas-fixture for waste matches, or hair-pins, or swung on a bracket for violets; but, of course, they must be made of single or split zephyr, while a good Persian or Germantown wool does for the goblet.

The Sacrificial Parlor.

We call it thus, wittingly, because it is the high altar upon which we offer to the gods of custom and tradition all that is best and choicest of our earthly possessions—including comfort and convenience. We generally choose for it the largest, highest, airiest, sunniest room our abode contains. We buy for it the best carpet we can afford, the handsomest furniture, the nicest draperies. We hang in it our few really good pictures; lock up in a glass-fronted case our most elegantly bound books; arrange our pet bits of bric-à-brac in a carefully careless manner; leave a stiff bouquet, now and again, in a vase on the center table. And then, do we go there, and enjoy it all, after the day's occupations are complete, and the scattered family can meet on common ground?

Not a bit of it. We pull down the shades, or drop the heavy curtains till there is just light enough to stumble over the furniture in, and then depart, leaving the door ajar with what we try to believe is an attractively easy air. Now, of what possible use is the apartment to us? We have done the best we can to make it pretty and pleasant. We have used our taste and judgment, and very probably more money than we ought to have spared from the rest of the house, to render this room the most beauteous under the roof. Yet, when it is at last finished to our mind, we avoid it, like a pitfall. It isn't because we have done the thing entirely for show. We invade its sacred precincts to receive calls (then we pull up one shade after the caller comes and lower it the moment he or she is gone); we entertain formal visitors there,—not to mention evening companies. But whatever the occasion, we and it partake of the stiffness of unfamiliarity. Our foot is not on our native heath, though we may have been for years owner of the brilliant (carpet) flowers we tread upon. We are not at home in our own house, and we are heartily glad to escape from the walls of our own parlor.

We go there on Sundays and holidays, sitting in unwelcome state on springs that have never grown easy with use; but we are always privately cheered when bed-time relieves us of the necessity of patronizing our own best furniture. We occupy our parlor from a sense of duty to society, and not because we really like, or enjoy it. And when we do go there, we are rarely all together. "The boys" won't visit it, if they can help it. They always stick to the pleasantest, cheerfulest, coziest place in the house. The place where the family *live* is the place for them. It may be the library, the dining-room, or "mother's room;" but, wherever it is, there will "the boys" stay; and it may generally be believed that where "the boys"—unless they are boors—won't go, must be a very uncomfortable place. "The girls," being more conventional by birth and training, accept the parlor and its depressing atmosphere as matters of social necessity; besides, if there be any compensation in it, it is much more vital to them than to "the boys"

Of course, there must be something wrong about all this, and the causes would seem to be these. Custom and tradition have imposed upon us the notion, first, that the best of all we have should be reserved for "company"—to be enjoyed by ourselves only incidentally through them; second, that we should have at least one apartment in our houses too good for daily occupancy.

From the days when the "best room"—that apotheosis of all refined discomfort—used to be hermetically sealed to common wants, to the present, when we are less rigid in arrangement, but none the less scrupulous in treatment, the parlor, in the majority of American homes, has ever been the corner where nobody has wanted to stay. It contains the choicest that our house affords, except the living home presence which pervades every other square inch, but refuses to enter here. We have literally made it too good for ourselves; therefore, too good for our friends; for what is too good for ourselves, ought, of necessity, to be too good for our associates. We feel that we cannot afford to subject our fine furniture to every-day wear and tear. We know that it would be difficult to replace the rich carpet for years. We express contempt for Mrs. Jones, who frankly declares she cannot afford to let the light fade her Axminster or Moquette; and laugh at Mrs. Brown who keeps her chairs and lounges dressed in linen dusters, as if they were always about to start on some penitential pilgrimage. But we are, nevertheless, very careful that our parlor hangings are shielded from that most guiltless of enemies, the sun. We take no satisfaction in our parlor because we have adapted it only to our occasional, not to our constant, demands.

The parlor should be the rallying point in daily family life. It should be the room from which we separate to our regular occupations in the morning, and in which we gather again in the evening with our favorite books, our bits of fancy work, our fireside games. It should be furnished in the finest, the most elegant way that is within—truly within—our means, because here, and here alone, probably, can we enjoy with those nearest and dearest the æsthetic part of domestic routine. It may be given over, in a measure, to ornament, because it is not, like the nursery, a romping ground for the children; or, like the kitchen, the sewing-room, the school-room, or the office—the place for toil. But above and beyond all, it should be the room in which centers the soul, and throbs the heart of home life.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Eighth Exhibition of the Water-Color Society.

The annual exhibition of water-colors at the Academy of Design this year is strong in point of numbers; but, also, one cannot walk through the rooms of the Academy without feeling that there is more or less strength of attraction as well as of quality in the collection. The attraction itself in individual cases is not always powerful, but it is frequently graceful; and though the display does not carry with it the weight and variety of skill that we are accustomed to associate with similar efforts in one or two European capitals, there are certainly unique traits discoverable in the native work comprised in it which refresh one and give one a feeling of buoyancy, favorably contrasting with the bated breath most of us drew over the first plucky but meager exhibitions of the Society a few years ago. As if to

contradict what we have just said about foreign weight and skill, it happens that many of the contributions from foreign hands in the present instance, and in particular those of the Roman school, are singularly monotonous in character, while others are excessively feeble. We are thinking of various figures in dresses sometimes picturesque, sometimes only supposably so, by painters like Faustini, Vibert, Vaini, and Pagliano. They are doled out to us for the most part singly, but also in pairs; in the former case, their elaborate little persons being projected on a small surface covered with a wash of some suitable neutral color, generally only extending a half-inch or so from the outline, merely to show that more could be given if required; but in all cases their systematic cleverness results in imparting a feeling of indignation at their preposterous complacence. Of landscape, it is true there are to be found some genuinely conceived and instructive pieces. Among these, several by Octave Saunier are especially pleasing in tone, texture, and quick—almost witty—drawing. Eugene Ciceri also contributes a very clever little "After Sunset." Tignoti, of Milan, has exported for us the dreamy charm of certain Italian flowers that seem, in their exquisite softness, to have just fallen upon the paper and to have felt the breath of art in their fall. These, by the way, it is well to examine in contrast with a much more ambitious floral painting by François Rivoire—an attempt in the same direction of subdued sweetness, but only resulting in what might be called a "Second Empire" insipidity and fallacious perfection. But aside from the few good productions just mentioned, and a few of their kind not mentioned, the foreign contingent in the Exhibition not only cannot wholly command respect, but must even excite a curious pity for the element of corruption which it here and there betrays.

To this statement we shall make special exceptions in favor of Mrs. Marie Spartali Stillman's three figure-pieces, and of a number of etchings by Millet, Seymour Haden, Whistler, and others, in the North-west Room. Mrs. Stillman's "Launcelot and Elaine," and "Tristan and Isolde," are not well constructed dramatic compositions; indeed, there is very little that is dramatic in them at all, each figure being treated simply for itself. As pictures, they do not hold well together, and they cannot lay claim to very satisfactory tone, though full of rich coloring. And yet there is a simplicity and absorbed earnestness about them which fully justifies their presence. In the "Launcelot" there is a queer *naïveté* about the abundant decoration of the high hedge-rows with huge blossoms; except for its fresh quaintness, it is like the obviousness of such a rhyme as "bower" and "flower" in youthful poetry. A similar vein of almost childlike candor is traceable in her "Tristan." But her portrait-piece, "On a Balcony," being better drawn, and single in its interest, comes much nearer to technical success, and conveys a strangely pure, ardorous sense, in colors at once solemn and glowing. To some extent this picture suffers by its surroundings, being "put out" by the offensively self-asserting color of some ostentatious neighbors. But it also receives in this juxtaposition a tribute to its severe integrity. One cannot look at the "Moorish Bazaar" of Villegas, hanging just below, without being referred by its ghastly superficiality back to the quiet sincerity of Mrs. Stillman. Villegas is rioting in color, in the deep nerve-dissolving purple of the rug his figures are sitting on, and its splendid decoration; in the arcade wall strangely compounded of rusty lake, of gold, yellow, blue, and what not. The articles exposed for sale, and the two figures, are caught up in this coloring, and the whole is polished to the point of dazzling the eye. But, for all this, the feeling is so unhealthy, that you turn from it as from the hideous whiteness of bleached specimens put up in alcohol. Moreover, Villegas has but one way of painting, which he applies to all parts alike: plaster, flesh, wool, and steel, all succumb to the same iridescent glare. It is true that Mrs. Stillman also treats different things in a single way; but with her the manner is only a means; with Villegas it is the aim. His monotony is like that of a dandy's devices in society, or, paralleled in literature, recalls a style in which some special structure of phrase, highly elaborated, is made the mold for thoughts of the most variant *tempo*.

Somewhat in harmony with Mrs. Stillman's painting is that of Mr. Francis Lathrop, represented by a very modest "Sketch for a Portrait," which, by searching, may be found on the east wall of the corridor. The harmony is not so much of method as of feeling—a certain delicate sensibility and seriousness. We wish we might have seen here more of Mr. Lathrop's work, which has in it not only a peculiar charm of refinement and gentleness, but the still rarer quality of thought.

For the etchings, they offer several suggestive antitheses of manner. In Whistler's two plates, we have the work of a man in the most rigidly etching mood; he sees little besides the leading lines his aquafortis is to follow. Fortuny's portrait of Zamacois, on the other hand, testifies to an eye that sees all, alert and rejoicing at everything; the sketch is spirited and full, yet not too full. Meissonier appears in etching as a man who is learning to speak a new tongue, and curiously undermines the Meissonier whose sagacity and finished glibness in oil has done so much for him. Seymour Haden's "Sunset on the Thames," and his view in Surrey, have a tone of their own again. With him, the natural object passes through some subtle modifying process, and comes out steeped in reposeful reverie or strangely entangled in elastic lines. Most impressive of all, however, are the etchings of Millet. They illustrate what seem the most hopelessly prosaic episodes of French peasant-life: two men digging in a barren field, women sowing seed, a man trundling a heaped barrow into a barn, a woman churning. Of set purpose, he rejects even the legitimate picturesqueness of these scenes, and will have nothing but the naked fact, throwing away all helps, to make the victory of imagination more glorious. They are full of poetic feeling. The achievement recalls Dürer and Holbein; and the more, in that a certain grimness characterizes it. Having wrought up this dull material into artistic substance, producing thus a certain exaltation in the beholder, the etcher, by his very perfectness of representing, forces us back again upon the pathos of the toilsome life he is depicting. In the room with the etchings are found a number of black and white drawings. Among them, two by Marshal Oliver are noticeable; the "Head in Sunlight," being more successful than "The Enchantress," which fails for want of depth and certainty of feeling. Miss Oakey's studies have more force than most of the contributions in this line. Her "Good Sister," though unskillful in anatomy, is perhaps foremost for easy charm; but, "Hark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings" is the most remarkable. At first sight, it does not attract; beauty does not break forth from it irresistibly, and we fear that the title is needed to fix the eye upon its really

fine suggestion. The group reminds one of the traditional Mother and Child; but, it is executed with boldness and self-reliance. Besides its technical merits, however, there is hinted here a subtle appreciation of the situation—the mother's feeling in singing, the child's rapt and emulous impulse and look of listening for the lark—which deserves notice.

Winslow Homer gives us a comic free statement, in black and white, of some little children, most American of American, climbing and leaning on a fence. The same artist dodges us all through the other rooms with sketches in color—over thirty in number, and all nearly of one size—sometimes coming boldly upon us with a real trophy in his hands, at others, almost disappearing for want of patience in making himself seen. Mr. Homer's work is very uneven. His search for artistic material seems to be typified in his sketch of "A Farm Wagon" laboring up a hill behind two struggling horses, for it is just at such instants as this that he seizes the brush—instants when the commonplace passes under some chance gleam of pictorial possibility, and when it does not seem certain whether Mr. Homer will triumphantly get up-hill with it, before it has time to become merely commonplace again, or ignominiously slide down to the bottom. "Why Don't the Suckers Bite?" and "Fly-Fishing" illustrate this uncertainty; the former being a good effect quite vulgarized by insufficient labor, and the latter a splendid bit of painting, which falls little short of becoming idyllic. Many others among his sketches achieve a considerable success, and his "What is it?" is a brilliant decorative result. In some cases, nothing but a hint of fun carries off his technical failure, and, in others, there is not even plausibility; but we are made constantly and admiringly aware, in examining his work, of an honest, impetuous artistic temper, and of a retina that openly delights in the most *outré* effects of our landscape, and commands many of its opportunities. Mr. Eakins enters the lists with Mr. Homer, in his "Ball Players," with its vigorous contrasts of bright green grass, and the illuminated white and blue of the players' costumes against a well-devised back-ground—and in his "Negroes Whistling Plover." The latter is remarkably unconventional, and promises well; but the clouds in its sky are very bad. Of landscapes, pure and simple, and marine views, we may mention Mr. Bricher's "Off Halifax Harbor," which is both accurate and spirited,—though when it is looked at off and on with Mrs. S. T. Darrat's informal and sympathetic "Low Tide," it is clear that Mr. Bricher only shows the sea on dress parade; Mr. William T. Richards's "Old Cedars;" Thos. Moran's "Near Hastings;" Gignoux's "Swiss Landscape;" and H. Farrer's "Sandy Hook Light"—an example of refinement and faith worthy of much praise. J. M. Falconer waylays Snake Hill, N. J., in its February and October phases; and sends us, besides some white phlox on a dull red background, a misty sunset from Contentment Island. It is quiet and good work. Mr. Bellows sends a good many landscapes with a good deal of green color and ripe conventionality in them; and only in one case, returning from England and sitting down near Newburyport, does he succeed in dismounting from his artistic stilts. Numerous small scraps of scenes by other painters, and more or less promising or accomplished, must be passed without mention here. As usual, the Exhibition embraces a large class of flower-pieces. Some of them are strikingly correct records, and others are fragrant with the tender feeling lavished by the painters of them. One is grateful to these simple searchers of the woods—for the most part women—who bring us every year so many gentle thoughts of mosses, ghost-flowers and arbutus, violets and ferns, honestly content to do that service and accept the narrow fame it leads to. Miss F. Bridges, whose peculiar vein gives her a distinction, has sent several careful decorative pieces this year, rising gracefully with her favorite sea-birds into a region of more extended effort than usual. There is an interesting air of retired youth and vernal speculation upon the outer world about some of these. A few figure-pieces and studies of heads, by Kappes, Symington, Sheppard, and others, deserve attention. Some of these profess humor, as those by Donaghy and Sheppard; but to our mind Miss N. S. Jacobs's "Our New Waitress" is easily superior to them for genuine humor, though defective in execution. Some little nondescript things by Mr. F. S. Church, which we can only describe as camel's hair jokes, also assume to be funny, and the public apparently admits the validity of their claim. Of figures, again, Mr. Julian Scott has two single ones and a group—"New England Turkey Shoot." They are very faithful, but essentially prosaic. And Mr. E. Wood Perry, Jr., gives us two solidly wrought female figures, also somewhat humdrum. The most high-flying efforts in this direction are Mr. Fredericks's "Romeo and Juliet," and Matt Morgan's "The Old Home Fading Away." The first is a signal failure, being vulgar and affected, without any compensating feature that we can discover. The second, carefully—too carefully—painted, is almost dissolved in sentimentality.

Mr. Fredericks's production, and some others, including Mr. Satterlee's figure-subjects, announce a distinctly mistaken tendency to imitate the conscienceless skill of certain styles originating in France and Rome. The Roman school, of which we have complained, has the insincerity of certain inferior Frenchmen, with a rank graft thereon that is all its own. Mr. Satterlee began as an American Frenchman, and we now behold him giving in his allegiance to the Romans. Mr. Morgan, indeed, effects just what he sets out to do, but it is in a style of old English "homely pathetic" that does not need to be planted afresh in this country; but, as a general thing, our figure-painters, as represented in this collection, betray a serious want of discipline. We discover the most encouraging intentions both in them and in the landscapists; but at present it is clear that the paths to eminence and mastery are seriously clogged by impatience, inexperience, and flexible standards of self-criticism.

Torrey and Scott on the Fine Arts.

A THIRD edition of William B. Scott's "Half-Hour Lectures," while attesting the need of such a book and the acceptance it has met with, revives also the feeling of some of its shortcomings. We doubt whether any work so brief in extent contains so many facts so suggestively grouped as this little volume; yet the field it attempts to cover is so large, that the author is obliged to make a fresh start repeatedly, bringing up from antiquity in turn the facts relating to the several sections of art-history it is within his plan to traverse, until one array of facts jostles on the heels of another. A further disadvantage is the crowding of his discussion of principles into comparatively few pages at the close. Having assembled a great deal of useful and attractive information, therefore, he finds him-

self without the time to place it all in order under a comprehensive theory.

But at this point Prof. Torrey comes to the rescue with his "Theory of the Fine Arts." Taken in itself, this would seem to the beginner, perhaps, rather dry reading; but to any one who had just been stirred into agreeable intellectual activity respecting the arts by Mr. Scott's tidbit method, we should say it must prove very acceptable; and to all who have loved any one art enough to pass into speculation upon the principles of art in general, there is satisfaction in seeing so systematic and concise a review of the chief among received speculations of this sort. This small posthumous treatise gives the results of many years' reading in the form of a well-connected eclectic theory. "The beautiful is truth—the truth of eternal as distinguished from merely accidental relations." "Beauty everywhere is a felt conformity to law," seen in the charm of expressive form. For the perception of these relations and this beauty, the faculty to be developed, both in him who would represent and him who would judge of the representation, is the "regal faculty" of imagination. The culture of the imagination, therefore, is discussed, the standard of taste, and the relation of art to nature. The author then proceeds to a division of the arts, on the basis of the degree in which the idea makes itself felt in form. The earliest art and the crudest is that in which the material preponderates over expression, that is, the *symbol* is more impressive than the idea. Of this, architecture is the exponent; not ranking lowest in utility, magnificence, nor harmony of outward proportions, but because its masses tend to smother the *idea*, which it is the aim of all art to convey—that of beauty, truth. In sculpture, the balance of material expression with idea is more nearly exact. In painting, poetry, and music, the idea obtains the mastery, and completely sways its light material of sound or pigment. Accordingly, we distinguish three kinds of art—symbolic, classic, and romantic. Architecture belongs to the first, and characterizes the earliest periods of man's activity in art; sculpture is of the second, and distinguishes the Greek culture; finally, music, painting, and poetry are of the third kind, and represent the modern epoch. Under this distinction, borrowed from Hegel,—which will be seen to require a construction of the term "symbolic" different from that by which it commonly is made to distinguish what *most* expresses the idea,—Prof. Torrey proceeds to a careful consideration of each of the fine arts, historically and æsthetically; and succeeds in conveying the essence of his subject in remarkably short space, and with a happy mixture of illustration. Having thus pursued the first suggestion of deep internal meaning in art to its most detailed conclusions, with Prof. Torrey, we go back to a book like Scott's with a new and invaluable light upon its pages; for the American writer has brought to a focus speculations that, distributed over a large body of literature, would inevitably escape all but a few close students of art-criticism, were it not for his kindly intervention.—Mr. Scott's book is published by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong; and Prof. Torrey's by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Stoddard's Biography of Poe.*

SOME five years since, the publisher of the volume recently edited by Mr. Stoddard issued Poe's Poems with a short biographical notice prefixed, which took an exceedingly gloomy and unfavorable view of its subject, giving Dr. Griswold credit for great complaisance in undertaking to edit his works at all, much more for being willing to write a prefatory memoir of him. Whoever the writer may have been, this sketch bore evidence to a melancholy want of sympathy, and a hopeless crudity in the quality of his apprehensions. The publisher, Widdleton, was the same who had originally printed Griswold's complete edition, with memoir, and in bringing out this separate volume of the poems in 1869, it must be said that he was hardly more fortunate as to the biography, than in the first publication of the completed edition.

After another interval, however, he has tried it again, and this time with much better success, having secured the services of a poet in discussing the events of the dead poet's life. Mr. Stoddard comes to his task fully aware of its difficulty. "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," he says, "has been related many times, and always incorrectly," and largely for the reason that his biographers have relied upon Griswold's facts, which were not trustworthy. It is said here of Griswold: "He misused Poe's papers, by using them to his disadvantage solely. He neglected to inform himself thoroughly in regard to Poe's life. The fact is, he took no pains with his work, which abounds with blunders." The worst of these, Mr. Stoddard has endeavored to correct in his memoir, which is an amplified form of one published by him in "Harper's Magazine," in 1872.

By a coincidence, Mr. William F. Gill has come into this perilous part of the field of literary biography at the same time, and attacks Dr. Griswold with much vigor and scorn in a paper published in "Lotos Leaves." Mr. Gill's attitude is one of indignant defense and enthusiastic admiration, while Mr. Stoddard's is becomingly impartial. But their two contributions—the one a hasty and somewhat breathless vindication, the other a measured, methodical, sad-sounding recital of such facts as are known—are very interesting and suggestive, and call up before us once more the question, whether the hitherto generally accepted judgment of Poe be a just one.

Mr. Gill proves distinctly, by documentary evidence, the untruthfulness and great injustice of Griswold's assertion that Poe, in order to break up a marriage engagement, deliberately intoxicated himself, and then behaved so outrageously in the presence of the lady he was engaged to, as to necessitate the calling in of the police to eject him. Furthermore, he convicts Poe's biographer of an amazing act of duplicity and treachery toward Mr. Peterson, his collaborator upon "Graham's Magazine," upon whom, while daily exchanging courtesies with him, he made a scurrilous attack anonymously, in a New York newspaper. The discovery of this rascality cost him his position as editor of "Graham's." And Mr. Gill shows also that the manner of Poe's retirement from the magazine was by no means such as his hostile historian has presented it, but that, on the contrary, Poe withdrew of his own accord, piqued at finding, on his return, after a short absence, "from illness or other causes," that Griswold had been engaged to perform his duties in the interim. These points Mr. Gill gets from Mr. Graham himself, who, it will be remembered, protested in print against Griswold's Memoir, on its first appearance; and, although the latter attempted to cast a slur on the "poor fustian" of this protest, there can be no reason what-

* Poems. By Edgar Allen Poe. Complete. With an Original Memoir by R. H. Stoddard, and Illustrations. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

ever to suppose Mr. Graham's aim to have been disingenuous. Other evidence is brought against Griswold's character; and this, with the upsetting of the most in his Memoir that is discreditable to Poe, seems to establish the fact that he was utterly unfit for his task, and that he has done the poet's memory great wrong. On the other hand, it has been urged that Poe knew the man, and, though he had found him uncongenial, and had even been on hostile terms with him, made him his literary executor. Because to place the materials of one's life in another man's hands is a serious thing, it does not follow that one is going to be absolutely wise about the choice of that man. Without criticising the wisdom of Dickens's choice, we may point to the simple facts, as corresponding somewhat with those in Poe's case, that Dickens and Forster once had a misunderstanding, and that many people have been dissatisfied with Forster's "Life." It seems likely that Coleridge would not have been afraid to have De Quincey talk about him after death, and yet, for our part, we know of nothing more disagreeable in their way than De Quincey's reminiscences of his illustrious friend. If Poe chose Griswold, it might easily have been because he knew that he possessed influence; as, after their quarrel, he had been careful to conciliate him while living, so in death he was anxious to have his influence. With faith in Griswold's respect for decency and fairness, he sought to disarm him by giving him this opportunity to be just. But Mr. Gill suggests, and it seems likely, that Poe never meant a memoir to be written by any one but Willis. The wording of the preface, signed by Mrs. Clemm (and probably carefully composed by Griswold), will be found to evade this point, but so skillfully as to make it seem to the hasty reader that Griswold is indicated as the memoir-writer. To prove Griswold deceitful, however, does not, in itself, settle the question of Poe's character. But evidence has been adduced to show that some, at least—indeed, most—of the damaging stories about him are false or distorted.

None of this evidence seems to do away with the supposition that he was wayward, passionate, addicted to drinking, and apt to reprint old poems as new. With these faults he is apparently clearly chargeable.

On the other hand, there are strong points in his favor. One is his love for his wife, Virginia Clemm, and the remarkable devotion of his mother-in-law to him. Another is this: It was claimed by Griswold, and is now held by some, that in the "Memoir" a sparing and charitable use was made of the means of damning; that, if he had chosen, the biographer could have utterly destroyed the character of his subject, but generously refrained. When Mr. Pabodie, of Providence, refuted in "The Tribune" the scandal about Poe's scheme above alluded to for breaking off his own engagement to a lady, Griswold blustered and threatened to adduce proof, but he never did. He has now been dead nearly twenty years. Where are those abundant damaging papers so kindly withheld? No one has produced them; and, on the contrary, whenever investigation has honestly been made into the facts of his life, the information elicited from authentic sources seems all to have been favorable to Poe, rather than the reverse. Poe had many foibles, much vanity; his adoptive father cultivated the haughty spirit in him, left the prospect of inherited wealth to work balefully upon his idle and impetuous temperament, and apparently did not succeed in balancing the natural activity of the boy's intellect by the development of sound principles of conduct. A being with a better inherited disposition would not have been so ungrateful nor so reckless as Poe was in some particulars, even with his training; but, with the unhappy organization which birth started him with, he went disastrously through life—was hot-headed, unjust, ungentlemanly at times, at times a victim to the passion he early acquired for drinking; and pursued by poverty. He had weak points enough, and his biographer took advantage of them all.

For ourselves, we find it wise to preserve a careful attitude in passing judgment on him. The man, though eager for admiration and good opinions, was unmerciful to himself; we stand aghast at the inevitable visitations upon him for his own wrong doings. The fine enamel of his genius is all corroded by the deadly acid of his own passions. The imperfections of his temperament have pierced his poetry and prose, shattered their structure and blurred their beauty. The same with his character—he lies before us like a fair shell in fragments, broken by its own fall; and we hold the fragments tenderly. We are disposed to discuss the scientific conditions of this singular phenomenon of loss and ruin, rather than the moral wrong of it.

Is not this Poe's worst punishment, after all, that, cleared from his scandalous biographer, he is yet not saved? The unequal conflict of good and evil in his life is continued, will continue always in our thoughts of him. Mr. Stoddard's attitude is honest, his tone slightly cynical. The sketch is probably the best yet existing. But some of the points made by Mr. Gill incline us to hope that at some future time a more thorough showing of the case may be made. It were to be desired, however, that this should be done with not less literary finish than that which marks Mr. Stoddard's work. Why, indeed, should not the finish be identical? In other words, it might be well for the two writers to co-operate, the one supplying new documents, the other his style.

"A Passionate Pilgrim." *

THIS volume offers us the unusual phenomenon of a set of stories, the scene of which, with one exception, is laid in Europe, and which, in every case, embrace characters of more than one nationality; though the American is the only one that remains a constant factor. But the book is unusual, also, in this respect, that all the tales are good, and all nearly equally well written. Mr. James has certainly not lost anything, as Irving probably did, by going abroad to get the material for his brief fictions. But, as we re-read them in the fixed light of a collection, more favorable to the drawing of conclusions than the passing glimpse allowed by their appearance at intervals in magazine form, we find ourselves inquiring also whether he has gained by his foreign surroundings so much as would seem to be implied by the exclusively European cast of these selected specimens. We have seen one or two of his compositions that did not carry the reader out of this country, but which were not inferior either in interest or in technical quality to those now under our eye; and while, of course, the author secures by his foreign excursions a charm of strangeness and of a coloring occasionally more rich and varied than that of this climate, he as inevitably resigns his claims on the popular heart in this country. But it is evident that he is writing consciously for

* A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Tales. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

a small audience,—for people fond of Europe, to whose sympathies in the particular sort of situations he chooses to treat, he can appeal with confidence. These situations involve, in four out of the five longer stories, the perplexities or misfortunes of Americans who, through unsatisfied longings of one sort or another, have got drawn into European society. Rather curiously, too, these persons are all weak characters, except Madame De Mauves, who gives her name to the strongest story of the group. Searle, Eugene Pickering, and Theobald, though presented in different surroundings, resemble each other too closely in feebleness of purpose and capacity for illusion, for the likeness to pass unnoticed.

Thus, it will be seen that Mr. James sets somewhat narrow limits to the field of his imaginative activity. "The Last of the Valerii," is a good study in another direction, and "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes," is an exquisite medallion of the eighteenth century in New England. But, on the whole, it is fair to let the other contributions characterize the book, and to point out as an inference from them that their author has—perhaps, not consciously, but none the less—made his first appearance in volume form as a specialist in fiction of a fixed scope. In this fact we may be allowed to point out a danger—that of his falling into the position of certain painters like Frère or Meissonier, who know of no scene fit for them that has not Niles and palm-trees in it, or little old gentlemen with vinous complexions and cocked-hats. Mr. James's style, fastidious in its polish, gives us the delicate and soothing touch of the miniaturist along with the bold outline and broad effects of a good figure-painter. The expression is singularly adequate to the thought; and, indeed, we could almost wish at times to see more evidence of some secret struggle underlying its finished calm. It reminds us of some of the cleverest French fiction, —the repose of Alfred De Musset and of George Sand's more lucid manner. The study of French novelists is, we think, attested both in subject, form, and expression, throughout; and we fancy that it is in striving for their particular excellences that Mr. James has insensibly come to feel a sort of necessity for getting on to their own ground. If he is satisfied that these excellences are the highest, and also that they cannot be emulated except by placing his fictitious people in Europe, he will of course obey this conviction. But in his passion for "composition," in the sometimes improbable readiness of particular characters to appear at just the right time and place, and the facility for "stating their cases" or describing their emotions, that enables his imaginary persons to address finished literary essays to each other on the shortest notice, we detect—if we do not mistake—a threat of confirmed mannerism. We are not advancing the idea that he is imitative; we only observe a strong influence in active operation; and we wish to be understood as recognizing clearly Mr. James's sturdy imagination and compact realistic drawing.

A distinguishing trait of his art, it should be further said, is his resolute integrity of literary purpose. The direction and style of story-telling which he has adopted are not calculated to lead to a wide popularity, and having chosen them he abstains from all side-excursions in search thereof. He maintains an admirable singleness of adherence to an æsthetic ideal. Yet this involves a disadvantage, possibly. For with all the perfection of his skill, which never fails to bring the most distinct and the completest pictures before the reader, he somehow fails in the main to move us strongly. He suggests pathetic emotions, but does not bear them in upon us irresistibly. We imagine a kind of lurking skepticism of their value, on his part. Perhaps we are wrong; but, judging from these tales, is there not some ground for attributing to the author himself the character he gives to his Longmore, that of "a disappointed observer?" A greater fervor of belief or earnestness of interest somewhere would seem to be needful in this case. In fact, we experience a persuasion that Mr. James is not yet thoroughly convinced even of the value of his Transatlantic element—though we might find it hard to say why. His partiality for people vacillating between Europe and America may be considered, in this connection.

But in one instance surely, in "Madame De Mauves," Mr. James plows deep, and sows a harvest of most living passion. This story is a masterpiece; and its theme of repressed temptation and triumphant, star-like purity, is led through some extremely powerful modulations. Here he has put his finished form to the test, and we should say that the indications are that he ought henceforth to ply it with still greater proportionate weight of feeling: resistance to the strain will develop its best capacities.

MacDonald's "Malcolm."*

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S latest story is in his very best vein, and deserves to be put side by side with "Robert Falconer" and "Alec Forbes." Between the characters in the new book, indeed, and those in the earlier ones, there is, in some instances, a strong family likeness. The same almost perfect appreciation of the Scotch nature, the same minute familiarity with Scotch life and its conditions, which gave to the earlier books their extraordinary charm, are here no less discernible. In the same way the earnest and pure Christian spirit of the author, whether expressing itself in indignation at the caricatures of truth which have so long passed current unrebuked, or in beautiful and loving sympathy with "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report," pervades the story from beginning to end. Whatever it is that MacDonald undertakes, whether it be poem, or criticism, or story, or lecture, or sermon, he is always, in a grand way, a preacher of righteousness, and a witness for the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. His lectures on "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," for example, were not coldly critical nor merely literary studies, but were such as made men better for the hearing of them, leaving an impression of moral earnestness and of religious power upon his audiences. So with these stories of Scotch life—of which "Malcolm" is the latest, and in some ways not the least admirable—they are the very best of preaching, without being any the less excellent as stories.

Comparing "Malcolm" with "Wilfrid Cumbermede," which came not long before it, the advantage is wholly with "Malcolm." There are no indications of weariness and exhaustion, such as appeared in the earlier work. The author is on his chosen field. The scene of the story never passes out of Scotland, never passes away from one small strip of the sea coast of Scotland. The *dramatis personæ* are few and picturesque, and skillfully

* Malcolm: A Novel. By George MacDonald, LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

and strongly drawn. The plot is simple, with an underlying mystery, to be sure, but never exciting by its dramatic complexity. The conclusion is possibly disappointing, in that it concludes only one phase of the story; but pleasantly disappointing, in that it requires and promises a sequel to it. The *Scotchiness* of the conversations will perhaps hinder the popularity of the book among those to whom this dialect is hard to understand; but MacDonald's Scotch is easier than that of any prose writer whom we know, just for the reason that it is better. The peculiar theological tendencies of the author are as undisguised as they are in all his other books. He is an honest and Christian thinker, and cannot play the hypocrite either by speech or by silence. And if any one dreads that these books may be mischievous because, on some important points, they are not what must be called orthodox; or fancies that the Christ-like spirit of this pure-hearted man is not likely to do far more good than any peculiarities of his doctrinal opinion can do harm,—we can only marvel, and decline to argue against such objectors.

It is pleasant to imagine that we can trace, in the freshness and vigor of this latest work of Mr. MacDonald, some good result of his visit to America, and to hope that what renewed his strength for him once may, at some time, when he needs another recreation, do as much for him again. Meantime we shall wait with eagerness the rest of Malcolm's story.

The Good Admiral.

THE splendid fame of Farragut, which was so nobly won at New Orleans and Mobile, and which made him, when he died, the foremost man of his time in naval matters, has partially and temporarily eclipsed the hardly less deserving name of the hero of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson and Island No. 10. Up to the time when Foote, disabled by his wounds and worn down almost to death by the labors and anxieties of his great work upon the Western rivers, retired for a while to recover and prepare himself for other services, his place in the confidence and gratitude of his countrymen was in no way second to that of Farragut. And when, on the eve of his departure for the proposed operations in Charleston harbor, he was stricken by mortal disease and fell, as really a martyr to his own patriotic devotion (as was well said at the time) "as if he had perished on the battle-field" or on the deck of one of his own gun-boats, the expectation of those who knew him best was that he would be equal to an opportunity not inferior to that of New Orleans and Mobile, and would achieve success where even so illustrious an officer as Dupont had failed. In all the qualities which go to the making of a great Admiral he excelled. In seamanship, in inventive skill and readiness, in patient caution, in indomitable bravery, in readiness to assume responsibility, in absolute determination to succeed, in power of eliciting the enthusiasm of his men and of sustaining their devotion and self-sacrifice, the history of naval warfare, rich as it is in splendid names and grand examples, can hardly show a man more admirably furnished than was Foote. And to these qualities, which made him great as an Admiral, should be added the moral qualities which gave him such personal dignity, and won for him such genuine love and admiration as a man. The man who, as his old friend Commodore Gregory once said of him, could "pray like a saint and fight like a devil," and who could do both at once if the occasion required (as sometimes it did); the man who, while extemporizing out of nothing his fleet of gun-boats and equipping them and manning them, and fighting them, in spite of the hinderances thrown in his way by disbelieving army officers jealous of intrusion upon their own branch of the service, found time to preach and to exhort when the opportunity offered, and preached and exhorted, too, to good effect; the man whose cruises always were eventful, because his restless energy could make events when lesser men would have been passive—this man had precisely the stuff in him out of which to make a popular hero—in the best sense of that much-abused and often misused word.

This is the man, the story of whose life has recently been written by Prof. Hoppin of Yale College, and published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. In one respect the work of the biographer was an easy one, in that the life of such a man speaks for itself. But not every biographer would have had the tact and modesty to recognize the fact, and to repress a natural tendency to eulogy and to demonstrative excess in style. Those who were familiar with Prof. Hoppin's qualities as a writer might have been sure beforehand that his work would be marked in this respect, as in others, by good taste and skill. With clear discrimination and analysis of character, with deep and generous sympathy with the religious spirit of the Admiral, with patriotic appreciation of the great services of Foote's busy and illustrious career, Prof. Hoppin has yet preferred, when he could properly do so, to let others tell the story or to let the Admiral's own letters tell it, contenting himself largely with the arrangement and ordering of such material.

With regard to the earlier years of the Admiral's life, concerning which such material was largely wanting, Prof. Hoppin's own narrative is simple, animated, and in every way effective; and the book, as a whole, is one of the choicest in the literature of the war for the Union. There is no boy that can read at all that ought not to be profited by reading such a book as this; and it will do much to perpetuate and intensify the grateful affection which the American people owe, and which they will more and more delight to pay, to the honored memory of "The Good Admiral."

Col. Higginson's "History"*

IT may be said, without reserve, that this history for young people is all that one would expect from the hand of a writer of recognized ability like Colonel Higginson, and that it shows in the van of the new movement, whose object it is to put the best minds, and not the poorest, to the work of instructing children. Quiet and fair in tone; condensed to the last point, and still perfectly clear; written in such pure English that the youngest reader can understand, yet free from an affectation of baby-talk, which is often considered indispensable in children's books,—the "Young Folks' History of the United States" makes a refreshing contrast to the kind of school-book with which Abbott and Loomis, and men of their stamp, have inundated the country. Not that these latter, in spite of bombast and dryness, may not have served a purpose in their day and generation, no better men having come forward heretofore, but that a more thoughtful and scientific age demands better work.

The history opens with the mound-builders, and that still earlier race, certainly extinct, which killed

* Young Folks' History of the United States. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.

mastodons. (Mr. Higginson makes "mammoth" and "mastodon" interchangeable words; but, as we understand it, mammoth is a name confined to the variety discovered in Siberia.) It is certainly a fair question, whether a serious history should deal with non-historical topics, and while the line between historical and non-historical cannot be drawn with rigidness, these races are so far across the line, that they cannot be forced into connection with the real history of the United States. But it must be remembered that the present work is intended for young persons, who require to be assailed, somewhat more than adults, through the imagination, and, also, that the chapters on pre-historic ages are neither dogmatic nor assuming, being merely a sufficient stimulus to a healthy imagination. Col. Higginson does not champion any theory, although he does say, on the first page, with some fearlessness, "we know" that the glacier belt, extending down into the southern part of the United States, advanced and receded several times. When he gets into the historical times, he leaves the impression, without fully stating the fact, that the Norsemen did see New England and the Indians. But as these Norsemen knew the Esquimaux very well, and called them *Skraelings*, it is not likely that they would call so radically different a race as the Indians by the same name. As far, therefore, as that word would go, the evidence points to the American mainland opposite Greenland, once the populous home of *Skraelings*, as the Vinland of the Norsemen. But the old mill at Newport is bravely sacrificed, and with great candor is acknowledged to have no strong probability of Norse origin.

Considering the birth-place of the author, it is natural that New England should come in for a large share of attention; but, on the other hand, New England is the most important part of the United States if we look to the actual work done, more particularly if we remember that the data are more abundant in New England than elsewhere; for its inhabitants were, and are, a people who have a talent for leaving records of all their doings. Thus the hand, perhaps the jealous Southerner may say the cloven foot, of the New Englander is apparent here and there in the Revolutionary and later history, but it must be a very bitter advocate of the lost cause who will not acknowledge the liberality and breadth with which such delicate subjects are handled by Mr. Higginson. He has forsworn the flesh and the devil to the extent of almost entire suppression of the pet theories through which he is widely known. Thus woman suffrage, that physiological folly, is only hinted at on page 239, and spoken of at the close of the book as one of several reforms still under consideration in the United States. No undue prominence is given to the black troops, of which the author was one of the commanders, although, in view of the facts, vanity on that score might be called pardonable. Altogether, no child's history of the United States so good as this has been published, and it is difficult to see how it could be much improved.

Communism in America.*

MR. NORDHOFF has one disqualification for such work as that which he has undertaken in his latest volume, which, though no way discreditable to him, is somewhat serious. It is not easy for a man to tell the truth without prejudice, or more or less of involuntary coloring of his recital, concerning people whose guest he has been, and at whose hands he has requested and received the information which he proceeds to use. Just as it is true that the ordinary traveler in California finds things somewhat more unsatisfactory than they seem to an author whose way is smoothed before him by the courtesy of railway companies and of all affable and hospitable entertainers, who take pains that he shall see what it is best, in their opinion, that he should see,—so it is easy to imagine that a stranger going unintroduced to Lebanon or Oneida, and coming to his conclusions in no way bound by courtesies received or hospitalities enjoyed, might find that his conclusions differed seriously from those of an author known to be an author, treated as an author, and receiving authorized and authoritative facts and statistics fitted to his understood intention. It is no disparagement of Mr. Nordhoff's integrity, to say that Elder Evans, at Lebanon, for example, or Mr. Noyes, at Oneida, evidently—from Mr. Nordhoff's own account—must have known who he was and must have guessed his object when he came to see them. And if they were familiar with some of his previous works, we can even fancy something like a grim satisfaction manifesting itself on their countenances at the thought that, if they were to be put into a book at all, it was into one of Mr. Nordhoff's books that they were to be put. A "man of sin," in their place, might even have put his tongue in his cheek as he bade the stranger welcome.

It is true that Mr. Nordhoff has undertaken his study of "The Communistic Societies in the United States," from the stand-point of the student of political economy, and that his tone is throughout one of dispassionate calmness and fairness. It is true that his book is very readable and full of information, the accuracy of which, so far as it goes, it would be difficult to challenge. And yet one has a feeling, after all, that the truest paragraphs in the book are those in which, forgetting himself for a moment, he breaks out in expressions of horror and disgust at the Oneida beastliness, and lets his honest indignation have its way.

As to the value of such researches as those which Mr. Nordhoff has pursued, and the results of which he gives us in this volume, it is easy to overestimate them. It is, no doubt, useful to see, in the light of some examples, how co-operative industry can achieve a certain degree of material prosperity under conditions where, to the average man, the same degree of material prosperity would have been less certain and less speedy. But material prosperity is not the chief end of man; and there is danger that, without knowing it, we may begin to think it is. These examples of Communism show, no doubt, a somewhat surprising result in the way of material prosperity; but they show an equally surprising result in the lack of culture and effective moral and mental force.

Moreover, it is time that the impression was repudiated, with some earnestness of disavowal and resentment, that such experiments as these which Mr. Nordhoff describes are, in any proper sense of the word, American. There is an impression, specially among our cousins in Great Britain, that abnormal phases of social life are characteristic of American civilization. The truth is, that we only furnish the field into which the fanatics and enthusiasts and crack-brained ignoramuses of other lands enter with their various schemes, and find the opportunity to put their theories in practice. Of the various communities which Mr. Nordhoff de-

* The Communistic Societies of the United States. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers.

scribes, only one may fairly be called American, except in the one fact, that they find on American soil their local habitation. The one American experiment is that of the Oneida Community, and it is safe to say, that this hideous enormity will not long survive its extraordinary founder, if, indeed, the moral sense of the people among whom it has planted itself does not find a way to extinguish it without waiting for its natural end. The Shakers, whom Mr. Nordhoff describes as also American, in the full sense of the word, trace back their origin to Mother Ann Lee, who began to have her revelations and had gathered the nucleus of her sect about her, before she left England for America. We dread to think that Mr. Nordhoff's book may do something to revive the belief among intelligent people beyond the sea, that America is largely inhabited by people with queer notions and queer practices in regard to marriage and all social relationships. Nothing would be more unfair than to charge that this volume could rightly convey such an impression. Mr. Nordhoff has said nothing that could justify it. Any one who will read beyond the title of his book, will see that he is dealing with abnormal and exceptional phenomena.

"David, King of Israel." *

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of the Broadway Tabernacle Church in this city, is well known as among the most useful and, in the good sense of the word, popular of our preachers. It is not so well known that he is pre-eminently happy and useful in expository preaching of the higher and freer sort. There is a style of expository preaching which is of little interest either to preacher or hearer, and which is a mere dry and servile commentary on the text, halting along from word to word with more or less of pedantic exegesis or doctrinal enforcement. And there is a style of expository preaching (of which Frederick Robertson, in his lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians, furnishes an example that may well be a model) which recasts the thought of the text, digests it, reproduces it, vivid, practical, present, clothed with the beauty, and instinct with the fervor, of a new and original creation.

Dr. Taylor's latest volume is evidently made up out of expository sermons of this better sort. It tells the story of the great King of Israel with simplicity, but with scholarly and learned ability, and in a spirit which is at once devout and broad.

Christianity and Science, again.

THE treatises and discussions called forth by Professor Tyndall's famous Belfast inaugural have been so numerous that both the church and the world begin to be a little weary of them, and to wish that if these twain are one they would hold their peace, and, if they are not one, would let one another alone, and mind each one its more especial business, letting its wisdom be justified of its children, its truth and value be vindicated by its works. It is a comfort, therefore, taking up the handsome volume just issued by Messrs. Carter, under the ominous title "Christianity and Science," to discover that it is not a work antagonistic to the Belfast address, having indeed been prepared before that address was spoken; but that it consists of the admirable lectures given, on the Ely foundation, before the Union Theological Seminary, in New York, by the Reverend Doctor A. P. Peabody, of Harvard University. The name of the lecturer is in itself sufficient to indicate a book of scholarly ability, of graceful and persuasive style, and of genuine Christian spirit. And Dr. Peabody, though called a Unitarian, has so long been welcome in so-called orthodox pulpits, and by readers of every denominational sort, that no surprise is felt in finding him chosen as the lecturer before a sound Presbyterian Theological school. The lectures really contain nothing that is strikingly new in thought, but they present the defense of Christianity against modern skepticism by a fair and forcible statement of the threefold argument from testimony, from experiment, and from intuition. In a department of literature already well and amply filled, there yet was room for another volume so fresh, so fair, so good-tempered, and so readable as this. It is a book for intelligent laymen not less than for the professional students to whom the lectures were at first addressed.

"Mischief's Thanksgiving." *

IT is a pleasure to find Susan Coolidge again in her own field, writing for children young enough to believe in elves and sprites, and writing of them in that charming and inimitable way, that mixture of the realistic and the highly imaginative, which very few story-tellers possess. Why people who can do one rare sort of thing well, will persist in doing a commoner sort of thing less well, is among the painful mysteries of life. There are dozens of women who can write very clever and bright stories of clever, bright, little girls who make good resolutions, and keep or break them,—who go to boarding-school, where they keep or break the rules, get Christmas presents, and hate the teachers and the pudding; but there is no other woman in this country who could have given us the peculiar flavor of the "New Year's Bargain," or "How the Umbrella Ran Away with Ellie."

"Railroad Reading." †

IT is something to be able to say of reading so ephemeral in its purpose as are these sketches by Mr. Taylor, that a respectable publisher is justified in giving it permanent form in a substantial volume. We do not doubt, however, that in this instance, the Chicago firm with whose imprint the book comes to us will find their justification in more ways than one. The sketches are really clever and very entertaining. The lightest of light reading, certainly, requiring no thought on the part of the reader—nothing but a quick sense of humor and an open eye—they are never coarse and never silly. Moreover, they have a certain value as pictures—not without a touch of caricature—of some phases of life which have passed away, and of others which may soon follow. Chiefly they deal with varieties of railway travel, and they are especially suitable to be read on a railway journey, as an antidote for dullness.

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*David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Mischief's Thanksgiving, and Other Stories. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† The World on Wheels, and Other Sketches. By Benj. F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Is the Pursuit of Science Hereditary?

In a work recently published by Mr. Galton the author devotes himself to an examination of the descent and nurture of scientific men. The method adopted for the selection of the individuals to be examined, was to take the list of Fellows elected to the Royal Society, and from this select those who had earned a medal for scientific work, and also those who had presided over a society or section of the British Association, or had acted as professors in some important college or university. The list thus framed contained one hundred and eighty names, and to each individual a series of printed questions was addressed. On examining the answers received it was found that out of 100 scientific men 28 had scientific fathers; 36, brothers; 20, grandfathers, and 40, uncles, the numbers being very nearly the same as those obtained in a recent investigation regarding the parentage and relations of eminent clergymen. The influence of the paternal and maternal lines was found to be nearly equal, 100 scientific men reporting 34 distinguished relatives on the paternal, and 37 on the maternal side.

In regard to the mental and bodily strength of the persons examined, Mr. Galton finds that "great power of work is a general characteristic of successful scientific men," forty-two instances being given of energy above the average, and only two of energy below the medium.

In answer to the questions regarding early training, 32 complain of a narrow education. Some complain of too much classics; some think that the too exclusively mathematical training at Cambridge was injurious to them. In the discussion of the relative merits of the linguistic and mathematical methods of training to which these results have given rise, we find the following opinions: "Conspicuous ability in one direction is not unfrequently conjoined with inaptitude for other studies." The wisdom of using the means best adapted to the individual case is self-evident. Another and most important observation deserves especial attention. "We can never too strongly and frequently protest against the tendency to interpret *science* as meaning *physical science*, for in the immediate future, if not in the present day, there are wider and more important fields for the application of scientific method in human than in external nature."

In conclusion, Mr. Galton thinks that, according to the opinions of his correspondents, the proper method of education is, "to teach a few *congenial* and *useful* things very thoroughly, to encourage curiosity concerning as wide a range of subjects as possible, and not to overteach."

Bee Poison.

Mr. G. Walker gives an interesting account in the "British Bee Journal" of a series of experiments on inoculation by bee poison. The method of procedure was to permit a bee to sting him on the wrist, care being taken to obtain the largest amount of poison. On the first day, this operation was performed twice. The effect was a severe superficial erysipelas, with the ordinary symptoms of inflammation. After a few days, these symptoms having disappeared, he caused the insects to sting him three times in quick succession. Though the erysipelatous inflammation was not so severe, a stinging sensation extended up to the shoulder, and an enlargement of the lymphatic glands in the neck showed that the poison had been absorbed into the system. A few days afterwards he again received three stings, which were attended by symptoms of less intensity. After the twentieth sting there was only a slight itching sensation for a short time in the immediate vicinity of the wound, and the effects of the inoculation appeared to be perfectly satisfactory.

Cosmic Iron in the Air.

Examinations of atmospheric air have shown the presence therein of a minute quantity of iron. Though every care was taken to exclude the remotest chance of the introduction of the metal in question, by drawing the air from altitudes to which winds could not have drifted any dust containing it, it nevertheless continued to appear in about the same proportion. On these results an argument has been based, by which the attempt is made to prove, that since the iron was not derived from terrestrial dust, it must have reached the atmosphere from sources external to our earth, and that it is nothing more nor less than a minute form of cosmic matter drifting through space and falling on the earth whenever it happens within the range of her attraction, and in obedience to the same laws that bring meteors of iron and stone to her surface.

In the discussion of the subject, calculations have been made to determine the quantity of this extraneous matter that would accumulate on our planet in the course of a century, and from this the amount has been estimated for geological ages, and a result of millions of millions of tons arrived at. Satisfactory as these experiments appear to be, we cannot yet accept them as final, at least as regards the possible cosmic origin of the iron, for though this metal may not have come from terrestrial dust, it is possible it may have gained access to the air in the state of vapor; and, in support of this opinion, the recent investigations of Professor Langley show that five thousand tons of iron per annum are thrown into the air in the form of vapor or gas by the furnaces of the city of Pittsburgh alone.

The Mud Banks of Coromandel.

A curious phenomenon frequently met with in the Indian Ocean, the real cause of which has not yet been ascertained, is the existence off Malabar, and in certain spots along the Coromandel coast, of vast mud banks, and of tracts of mud suspended in the sea, wherein many kinds of fish find abundance of food, immunity from much disturbance in the surrounding element, and a locality in which to breed. The exact cause of the existence of these large tracts of sea wherein mud remains in solution is still a mystery; but, at any rate, the ocean is so smooth that, even during the height of the southwest monsoon, vessels can run for shelter into their midst, and once there, are as safe as when inside of a breakwater. If the surface is so still, of course so is the water below, and such spots seem to be well suited to the siluroid fishes. These curious patches of sea, and the sea-bottom in the locality, would probably repay careful scientific observation. —["Nature."]

Action of Colored Light on the Eye.

M. KUNKEL gives in a recent number of "Pflüger's Archives," an account of experiments made to determine the time required for various colors to produce their maximum effect on the eye. The results are as follows: 1st. The different parts of the spectrum require different lengths of time to produce their maximum of effect. In all cases, the red took the least amount of time, then followed the blue and green in the order maintained. 2d. For the same color the greater brightness produces the maximum of effect in a shorter time. 3d. With the brightness, the color, tone and saturation also vary, the tendency being toward an impression of white, which, in the case of the blue, passes directly into white, while, in the case of the green and red, the passage to the white is through a yellow.

Gossamer Spiders.

IN describing the work of these insects, Dr. G. Lincecum says: I once observed one of these spiders work on the upper corner of an open, outside door-shutter. She was spinning gossamer, of which she was forming a balloon; and clinging to her thorax was a little cluster of minute young spiders. She finished up the body of the balloon, threw out the long bow lines, which were flapping and fluttering on the now gently increasing breeze, several minutes before she got all ready for the ascension. She seemed to be fixing the bottom and widening her hammock-shaped balloon, and now, the breeze being suitable, she moved to the cable in the stern, severed it, and her craft bounded upward, and, soaring away northward, was soon beyond the scope of my observation.

Animal Heat.

IN an article which deals with this matter, Professor Garrod argues that it is very important for a proper understanding of the subject under consideration, that we should have some idea regarding the mechanism of the living locomotive system. Are the muscles of the body heat-engines, or do they convert the energy of chemical affinity directly into work? All facts and arguments at our disposal are totally opposed to the assumption that muscular fiber works on the principle of a heat-engine. Many cold-blooded animals possess a very effective muscular mechanism, as the grasshopper and frog. In them locomotion is prompt and powerful; yet they are scarcely warmer than the atmosphere. There can be little doubt, as remarked by the illustrious Joule, that an animal more closely resembles an electro-magnetic machine than a heat-engine; and such being the case, it is not to the direct action of the muscles that we must look for the source of animal heat.

A valuable simile, suggested by Fick and Wislicenus, will assist in making this somewhat difficult subject clearer. According to them a bundle of muscular fiber is a kind of machine, consisting of albuminous material, just as an electro-magnetic engine is made of iron, brass, etc. Now, in the battery of this engine zinc is consumed in order to produce force; so in the muscular machine fats are consumed for the same purpose. And in the same manner as the constructive material of the engine is worn away and oxidized by wear and tear, so the constructive material of the muscle is worn away by the exercise of its function.

Origin of Clay Deposits.

THE reports of the "Challenger Expedition" prove that whenever the depth of the ocean increases from 2,200 to 2,600 fathoms, the modern chalk formation is replaced by one of clay. At first sight this would appear to be the result of a very gradual and slow subsidence of the most minute particles brought down to the sea by all rivers, but the opinion is now gaining ground that "red clay is essentially the insoluble residue, the *ash*, as it were, of calcareous organisms that lived in the sea," from which the carbonate of lime has been removed. In support of this, it has been found that when an ordinary mixture of calcareous foraminifera with shells of petropods, forming the globigerina ooze near St. Thomas, was subjected to the action of dilute acid, and the carbonate of lime thereby removed, there remained a reddish mud, consisting of silica, alumina, and the red oxide of iron. It possessed, therefore, not only the appearance, but also the chemical composition of clay.

In explanation of the removal of the carbonate of lime from the cretaceous deposits, Mr. Buchanan says, that though all sea water contains carbonic acid, it is in excess in the water taken from great depths. The bottom water in these deep troughs, being derived to a considerable extent from circumpolar ice, is fully charged with carbonic acid, but is comparatively free from carbonate of lime; its solvent power on the minute calcareous shells is consequently very considerable, and amply sufficient to remove all soluble material during their slow subsidence through half-a-mile or so of the gas-charged water of the deep sea.

If, from these observations, the conclusion should be generally accepted, that clay deposits are of organic origin, geologists must be prepared to believe that in past ages there has been a far greater amount of life on our globe than is generally supposed.

Spontaneous Combustion.

AT the *séance* of the Société de Chirurgie de Paris (October 21st, 1874), a paper by M. Chassaignol, of Brest, was read on this subject. The question of spontaneous combustion was broached for the first time in 1692, and various French authors have accepted it as a possibility. The Germans, however, have denied it. M. de Chassaignol has attempted a careful revision of all the cases recorded, and finds that no medical man, nor any one whose statements are worthy of credit, has ever observed the phenomenon at first hand. Many authors declare that the human body burns with a blue flame and the production of an empyreumatic odor, and it has been imagined that the alcohol with which the tissues of drunkards are saturated might catch fire; but facts are stubborn things. The flesh of drunkards does not appear to be more inflammable than that of other people, after death, and even when it has been soaked for several days in alcohol it burns with difficulty. Again, after injection made into the veins of animals, as of dogs, it was found impossible to effect their combustion. Others have suggested that inflammable gases might be generated, but this also is unproved, and on the whole M. de Chassaignol decides against the possibility of its occurrence.—["The Academy."]

Bruised Meat.

IN discussing the character of sprains, a writer in the "Medico-Chirurgical Review" says: "Some

years ago I had an opportunity of seeing the changes in muscular tissue which result from sprains near joints in the lower animals. A wholesale butcher showed me a few carcases of beasts in which some of the more expensive cuts had to be sacrificed on account of injuries which the animals had received from sudden sprains whilst being driven along the then rough pavement of the crowded streets of our city. If we consider how such animals as sheep and oxen are accustomed to soft pastures with impressible soil, it will be seen how the unyielding surfaces and stones of our roads must interfere with their ordinary habits of locomotion. Hence it is that in traversing our streets they are apt to suffer sundry sprains and injuries, and so in these cases there had been invariably a distinct laceration of many fibers, or bundles of fibers, of fleshy tissue near the hip-joints, as if every now and then, in trotting along, the animal had suddenly straddled or separated its legs over the slippery pavement, and thus torn the fleshy tissue of certain muscles. In these places I always found an effusion of clotted blood, and was told by the butcher that this quickly putrefied when the beast was cut up, and the meat in these parts soon became so bad that it could not be offered for sale."

Meteorology and Sun Spots.

In a report by a committee of the British Association we find the following: "Recent investigations have increased the probability of a physical connection between the condition of the sun's surface and the meteorology and magnetism of our globe.

"In the first place, we have the observations of Sir E. Sabine, which seem to indicate a connection between sun-spots and magnetic disturbances, inasmuch as both phenomena are periodical, and have their maxima and minima at the same times.

"On the other hand, the researches of Messrs. Baxendell and Meldrum appear to indicate a relation between the wind-currents of the earth and its magnetism, and also between the earth's wind-currents and the state of the sun's surface.

"In the last place, the researches of Messrs. De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, appear to indicate a connection between the behavior of sun-spots and the positions of the more prominent planets of our system. Whatever be the probability of the conclusions derived from these various researches, they at least show the wisdom of studying together in the future these various branches of science."

Musical Notes of Waterfalls.

Messrs A. and E. Heim, having investigated the tones of waterfalls, state that a mass of falling water gives the chord of C sharp, and also the non-accordant F. When C and D sound louder than the middle note, F is heard very fully, as a deep dull humming, far-resounding tone, with a strength proportionate to the mass of the falling water. It easily penetrates to a distance at which the other notes are inaudible. The notes C, E, G, F, belong to all rushing water, and in great falls are sometimes in different octaves. Small falls give the same notes one or two octaves higher. In the stronger falls, F is heard most easily; in the weak ones, C. At the first attempt, C is most readily detected. Persons with musical cultivation, on attempting to sing near rapidly moving water, naturally use the key of C sharp, or of F sharp, if near a great fall.

Memoranda.

Mr. Cleveland Abbe has made a series of careful measurements of the tail of Coggia's comet. The size of sections at different distances from the head are given, as well as the length. From these, important facts, such as the direction of the tail, its curvatures, and the changes it has undergone in these respects, will be readily deduced.

Professor Landois states that ants produce vocal sounds, but their pitch is so high as to be inaudible to man. The sound apparatus is, he says, similar to that in the genus mutila.

In a communication to the Church Congress in England, Professor Pritchard says: "It would be a good thing if in the study of every manse throughout England there were found a well-used microscope, and on the lawn a tolerable telescope; and best of all if those who possess influence in our national universities could see their way to the enforcement of a small modicum of the practice knowledge of common things on the minds of those who are to go forth and do battle with the ignorance and failings of our population, and to spread light throughout the land. Depend upon it, whatever may be our suspicions or our fears, the pursuit of the knowledge of the works of nature will increase with an accelerated velocity; and if our clergy decline to keep pace with it, and to direct it into wholesome channels, they and their flocks will be overtaken, though from opposite directions, by the inevitable Nemesis of disproportion."

A writer for the Indian "Medical Gazette" asserts that he has examined the bodies of eighteen persons who committed suicide by hanging, and in every instance intestinal worms were found. He thereupon expresses the opinion that the suicide was caused by the mental depression produced by the worms.

Dr. Lohse recommends the return to the use of chloride of silver in making photographs of the sun.

Professor Leidy has found that a thread-like worm infests the common house-fly. It is about a tenth of a line in length, and lives in the proboscis of the fly. As many as five were found in one insect. The singular position occupied by this parasite shows how numerous are the means by which parasites may be transplanted to the human body.

Vogel has continued his experiments on photographing the red rays, by the introduction of corallin into the collodion. He finds that by a proper adjustment of the quantity of this substance the collodion may be made equally sensitive to all the rays. Too great an addition of corallin is injurious.

From an examination of the observations of the minute star around which Sirius is revolving, Mr. Wilson, of Rugby, concludes that its period of revolution is two hundred years, in an orbit fifty times that of the earth. He also shows that while the sum of the masses of Sirius and its companion is about three times that of the sun, its light, according to the old method of calculation, is more than two hundred times that of the sun.

Fourteen thousand adult pupils are attending the evening lectures established by the Municipal Council of Paris.

Inhalation of carbonic oxide gas is said to produce diabetes.

As the result of experiments on frogs, Herr Harbach finds that when various salts are injected into the blood-vessels of frogs, in small doses, the excitability of the nervous system is exalted. When large doses are injected, it is first exalted, then diminished. Very large doses quickly affect the respiration and the action of the heart, death supervening, not by direct poisoning of the heart, but rather by a paralysis of the muscles connected with respiration.

Large deposits of a magnetic iron sand, similar to that formerly obtained from New Zealand, have been found on the coasts of Labrador.

Thirty-inch lenses are in process of manufacture for the observatories at Paris and Vienna. A silver glass mirror, four feet in diameter, is also to be added to the instruments at the latter observatory.

Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, states that the loss of sound from fog-bells and sirens is not produced, as Tyndall thinks, by reflection, but is the result of refraction, the sound passing over the observer's head.

F. Zollner, in an important paper on sun-spots, arrives at the conclusion that they are cooled scoriaceous products.

Mr. Buckland has proved, in England, that salmon and trout will keep in good condition in enclosed places, with a good supply of food and running water.

It is stated that many of the German brewers substitute prussic acid for hops in the beer they manufacture.

To make an ounce of ottar of roses about 130,000 roses weighing 57 pounds are required. The flowers are gathered in May, the harvest lasting for three weeks. To prevent any loss of the perfume the flowers are distilled in water as quickly as they are collected. The water being distilled, the oil is skimmed from the surface.

Under the authority of M. Leverrier recent determinations of the velocity of the transmission of light have been made by Fizean and Cornu. The light was sent from the observatory to Moutlhéry and back, the total distance being 22,000 yards.

The presence of a dog, it has long been stated, will cause an exaggeration of the symptoms in a person suffering from hydrophobia. It is now asserted that in instances in which the patient was bitten by a rabid sheep or horse, while the presence of a dog caused no increase in the violence of the symptoms, the appearance of an animal similar to that by which the person was bitten was immediately followed by fearful spasms.

To regenerate oil paintings, Dr. Weigelt recommends that air should be blown through a bottle containing warm alcohol, and the vapors directed upon the painting. The varnish is thus softened, and the original beauty restored.

To secure the results of the "Transit" observations made at each French station, the chief was directed to make four complete copies. One was to be buried under a tree or cairn, and a description of the site sent to the Institute at Paris. One was to be given to the captain of the first French vessel that was met, with directions to deliver it himself at the Institute. One was to be handed to the nearest French consul, and the fourth was to be kept by the chief himself.

Ranvier states that when a rapidly intermitting induction current is applied to a red muscle in the rabbit, the muscle shows a single continuous contraction; but when the same current is applied to a white muscle in the same animal, the muscle contracts for every interruption in the current.

ETCHINGS.

Carnivorous Plants.

WHAT'S this I hear,
My Molly dear,
About the new carnivora?
Can little plants
Eat bugs and ants,
And gnats and flies?
Why,—bless my eyes!
Who is the great diskiverer?

Not Darwin, love,
For that would prove
A sort of retrograding;
Surely the fare
Of flowers is air,
Or sunshine sweet.
They shouldn't eat
Or do aught so degrading!

Alas 'twould be
Sad news to me,
To hear your own dear Fido, pet,
Had lost his breath
In cruel death,
Because, one day
In thoughtless play,
He went too near a violet!

Or, horror! what
If, heeding not,
Some cruel plant carnivorous
We ventured near—
Yes *we*, my dear—
And swallowed were,
With no one there
To succor or deliver us!

And yet to die
By blossoms, I
Would call a doom chromatic;
For one might wait
A harder fate
Than have a rose
End all his woes
In pain called aromatic.

Ah, science knows
  Each flower that blows
And all its wicked habits.
  'Tis not for us
  To make a fuss;
  For aught we know,
  The lilies grow
From dining on Welsh rabbits!

But this I'll say:
  If you one day
Should have some fierce thing growing,
  For my sake, dear,
  Let placards near
  Say, by your bower,
  "BEWARE THE FLOWER!"
Lest I should come unknowing.

While Weston was walking his five hundred miles within six days at Newark, New Jersey, nearly the entire population came out to applaud him. The Mayor of the city made a speech on the occasion, and managed to keep up with the quick-stepping little figure for a turn or two around the rink. A parson volunteered among the judges. When Weston stopped for a moment to kiss his children, the men cheered, and the women wept. The Sunday after he had accomplished his plucky feat he went to church. The choir sang, by Weston's special request, the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which they had practiced specially the afternoon before, and the minister preached from the text: "And Enoch walked with God."

Which reminds us: that when Parson Smith's daughter, Mary, was to marry young Mr. Cranch, the father permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she meekly selected, "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild young sister, Abby, was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, and would not even invite to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text, "John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But, says Col. Higginson, whose version of the story we give, no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and mother of another.

Every one remembers Lorenzo Dow's "top-not come down;" and many will remember the preacher who took for his text, "I feared thee because thou art an oysterman," Luke, xix., 21. Having himself been an oysterman, he was able to illustrate and enforce the text with wonderful power.

Another favorite text of his was "The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." This, of course, refers to a horse without a stable. He is exposed to the elements, and goes ungroomed, unfed, and without water. Whereas the stabled horse is amply provided for. The one is lean and weak, the other is in full flesh and good condition. Perhaps it was the same divine who found so much instruction and admonition in the text, "Thou makest my feet like hen's feet." It was a beautiful picture he drew of the motherly creature deftly and industriously scratching the ground for the benefit of her offspring.

In the new "Bric-à-Brac" book (Reminiscences of Moore and Jerdan), we find mention by Moore of the following strange texts: "Take it by the tail," from Exodus ("Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail"); the argument founded upon it being that we must judge of God's providence by the event; "Old shoes and clouted" (Joshua, ix.); but he forgets what the preacher made of the latter. Moore mentions also the celebrated "Top-not" text.

Moore tells the story of the lady who wrote to Talleyrand informing him, in high-flown terms of grief, of the death of her husband, and expecting an eloquent letter of condolence in return; his answer was only, "Hélas, Madame. Votre affectioné, etc., Talleyrand." In less than a year, another letter from the same lady informed him of her having married again; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style: "Oh, oh, Madame! Votre affectioné, etc., Talleyrand."

Sheridan had a way of not opening letters which were sent to him. We quote from Moore: "Smythe, one day, while looking over his table, while waiting to catch him coming out of his bedroom, saw several unopened letters, one with a coronet, and said to Wesley [not the preacher]: 'We are all treated alike.' Upon which Wesley told him that he had once found amongst the unopened heap a letter of his own to Sheridan, which he knew contained a ten pound, sent by him to release S. from some inn where he was 'money bound,' and that he opened it, and took out the money. Wesley said, also, that the butler had assured him he found once the window-frames stuffed with papers to prevent them from rattling, and, on taking them out, saw they were bank notes, which S. had used for this purpose some stormy night and never missed them."

From the same source we learn that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near £500, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of £25 to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "'Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," etc., etc. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask *me* for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask *you* for five and twenty pounds."

When Lord Lauderdale said he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale," exclaimed Sheridan, "a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."

From the Jerdan half of the new "Bric-à-Brac" volume we take the following anecdotes of Turner: "On one occasion Turner, our prince of landscape painters, of whom Lord de Tabley had been a most liberal patron, spent a day or two at Tabley when I was there. In the drawing-room stood a landscape on an easel, on which his Lordship was at work as the fancy mood struck him. Of course, when assembled for the tedious half-hour before dinner, we all gave our opinions on its progress, its beauties, and its defects. I stuck a blue wafer on to show where I thought a bit of bright color or a light would be advantageous; and Turner took a brush and gave a touch here and there to mark some improvements. He returned to town, and, can it be credited! the next morning at breakfast a letter

from him was delivered to his Lordship, containing a regular bill of charges for 'Instructions in painting.' His Lordship tossed it across the table indignantly to me, and asked if I could have imagined such a thing; and as indignantly, against my remonstrances, immediately sent a check for the sum demanded by the 'drawing-master!' * * * * Yet sometimes he was lavish in the midst of his general penuriousness. On a Continental trip an intimate friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Hunt, author of several valuable volumes on Tudor architecture, accidentally encountered him on a Continental excursion. Turner took a fancy to so excellent a boon companion, invited him to travel together, and treated him in a princely style, without costing him a shilling through the whole of their tour."

"*There is in some persons*, as we well know," says Prof. Whitney, "an exquisite etymologic sensibility which can feel and relish a historical reminiscence wholly imperceptible to men of common mould; to which, for instance, the *u* of *honour* is a precious and never-to-be-relinquished token that the word is derived from the Latin *honor* not directly, but through the medium of the French *honneur*. and we look upon it with a kind of wondering awe, as we do upon the superhuman delicacy of organization of the 'true princess' in Andersen's story, who felt the pea so painfully through twenty mattresses and twenty eider-down beds; but it is so far beyond us that we cannot pretend to sympathize with it, or even to covet its possession. If we are to use a suggestive historic orthography, we should like to have our words remodeled a little in its favor: if we must retain and value the *b* of *doubt* (Latin *dubitare*), as sign of its descent, we crave also a *p* in *count* (French *compter*, Latin *computare*), and at least a *b*, if not an *r* also, in *priest* (Greek *presbuteros*); we are not content with but one silent letter in *alms*, as relic of the stately Greek word *eleemosune;* we contemplate with only partial satisfaction the *l* of *calm* and *walk*, while we miss it in *such* and *which* (derivatives from *so-like* and *who-like*). Why, too, should we limit the suggestiveness of our terms to the latest stages of their history? Now that the modern school of linguistic science, with the aid of the Sanskrit and other distant and barbarous tongues, claims to have penetrated back to the very earliest roots out of which our language has grown, let us take due account of its results, and cunningly convert our English spelling into a complete course of philological training."

Jules Verne, says "The Springfield Republican," isn't a new-comer in literature, though only so recently known to us, and even to his countrymen. For he has been working for over twenty years, and only just become popular. He had Alexander Dumas, père, for his friend, and this was the way of his introduction. D'Arpentigny, an old army officer, who considered himself a master of palmistry by some new plan of his own, one day dropped in upon Dumas. "One of my friends," said he, "has shipped to me from Nantes"——"Some fresh sardines!" interrupted Dumas. "No; a young man who wants to enter the literary profession." "Le malheureux!" exclaimed Dumas. "Why in the world could he not have made himself a grocer?" "It appears," said D'Arpentigny, "that he was not qualified. He did not have the necessary aptitudes. I have examined his hands—which, I must tell you, are full of manuscripts." "He is a lost man! What shall we do?" "He wants to make your acquaintance." "Bring him to dinner." The young man who sat at Dumas' table the next day, was Jules Verne. The next day he sent a comedy to Dumas, which that author sent to the Théatre Historique, where it was played with great success.

The world will thank Mr. Gerard for having given, in his sketch of "The Old Streets of New York" (published by F. B. Patterson), a genuine human interest to that hereditary, litigious, perplexing, hackneyed, and dreadful name—Anneke Jans! This lady, widow of Roeloff Jansen, or Jans, took for her second husband Domine Everardus Bogardus. It seems (and we'll print the story, though every one of the hundred thousand heirs should bring suit for libel!)—it seems that Mrs. Anneke Bogardus had, on one occasion, unpleasantly talked about Madame Van Salee; whereupon Madame Van Salee had said that Madame Bogardus, in passing through a muddy part of the town, displayed her ankles more than was necessary! Thereupon the Domine brought an action against Anthony Jansen Van Salee, as husband and guardian of his wife, for slandering Anneke. Under the judgment of the Court, Madame Van Salee had to make declaration in public, at the sounding of the bell, that she knew the minister to be an honest and a pious man, and that she had lied falsely. She was further condemned to pay costs, and three guilden for the poor. But be it observed—Madame Van Salee "had to make declaration." It was not, so far as we know, a spontaneous denial; and we refuse to accept the Court's judgment in the case.

O Anneke! Anneke! a fine figure you make stepping down the pages of history in *that* fashion—your one hundred thousand descendants at your heels.

The Hon. Hugh Rowley has sent forth another volume of puns—yes, just puns from beginning to end! The book is called "More Puniana," and this is the kind of thing:

Why is a furnace for heating cannon balls like the letter S? It makes hot shot.

Quelle difference y a-t-il entre un tailleur et un railleur? Pendant que l'un prend le thé (T), l'autre prend l'air (l'R.)

What place of worship in old English times represents the Church Militant? Battle Abbey.

What are Ritualists? Roman Catholics by rites.

Why are the beaten candidates * * * like "the ends of the earth"? Because they are depressed at the polls.

Nowadays, says the Hon. Hugh in a P.S., people don't laugh—they indulge in merriment; they don't walk—they promenade, &c. Why, one would hardly recognize the old poem of—

> "If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
> Do you think I'd wollop him?—Oh, no, no!
> I'd give him some wuts, and cry, 'Gee wo!
> Gee hup, Neddy!'"

In this elegant version of it:

> "If I had an animal averse to speed,
> Do you think I'd chastise him?—no, indeed!
> I would give him some oats, and observe, 'Proceed—
> Go on, Edward.'"

How can you make a thin child fat? Throw him out of the window and he'll probably come down * * * plump!

What is the Spiritualists' paper? (W) rapping paper.

Why is the capital of Turkey like a whimsical patient? Because it's constant to no pill.

The capture of the Spanish Armada was announced in one word—what was it? The word was * * * Cantharides! "The Spanish Fly!"

Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive? It holds the comb.

To beat carpets.—Use matting; for coolness it beats carpets.

To ascertain the weight of a horse.—Put your toe under the animal's foot.

Why are blind people like newspapers? Because they never come out without a leader.

Why is a tender philanthropist like a horse? Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

To all whom it may concern: A "peevy" is a strong lever of wood, generally made about six feet and a-half in length, the lighter end worked off as a handle, and the heavier end bound with a strong iron ring, or thimble, and armed with a pike. About a foot and a-half from the pike end, at the point where the lever is thickest, there is a second strong ring and staple in which is hung a cant hook, a foot or more in length. The implement weighs from ten to twelve pounds. Its name comes from the inventor, whose name was *Peevy*, or *Peevey*. The "drivers" use it in breaking "jams" and "gluts," and to lift and roll lumber.

A few summers ago—writes one of the readers of Etchings—I spent some weeks very pleasantly with dear and valued friends in a delightful old-fashioned mansion near one of the entrances to Llewellyn Park in Orange, N. J. Almost every hour of the time that was not spent in rambling or driving through the Park, was passed in drives over the mountains from point to point, to command the different views of hill and valley of that beautiful and picturesque country.

My friend's horse, the good and faithful Warwick, full of spirit and fleet of foot, yet kind and docile as a lamb, is not only associated with every pleasant drive, but so won my heart by his many remarkable domestic traits, that I learned to love him as something almost human, and when the parting hour came, felt like giving him an affectionate embrace. But I must tell you of one tender act of kindness in dear Warwick to which I was an eye-witness.

One day, as we were ascending one of these steep, mountainous roads, my friend, Mr. B., remarked that Warwick was a little dull, and I said, "It is not strange, for I think our daily long drives are quite enough to take some of the spirit out of him."

That evening Mr. B. entered the parlor, lantern in hand, and requested us to accompany him to the stable; we did so, and, on opening the door, Mr. B. spoke to Warwick as usual; but, instead of swinging round to greet us, as was his wont, he merely turned his head to welcome us, and we soon saw why he did not move—for lo! between his hind feet, which were conveniently separated for that purpose, in safety reposed a forlorn little turkey—solitary remnant of a rat-destroyed brood—which only noticed our intrusion by the most mournful of peeps. We immediately removed the turkey to the house for protection from the rats, and the horse, relieved of his nightly charge, got his much needed sleep, and soon regained his usual health and spirits.

Apropos of the exchange system of advertising, begun in this number of THE MONTHLY, here are some advertisements which we republish from "The Exchange and Market: The Swappers' Journal," a periodical in which the attempt was made to naturalize this well-known British system of advertising:

I have a beautiful Turkish pipe which I brought from Constantinople; will exchange for good poultry.

The advertiser will exchange a magnificent carved meerschaum pipe, horse-head, large size, for a good self-rocking cradle.

For exchange, a first-class meerschaum pipe, with clouded amber stem; also a first-class pocket pistol. Will exchange for good bred rabbits.—C. Winward, Boston.

One imported duck-wing, and one imported brown red game bantam cock, to exchange for foreign postage stamps; address H. C. Gart, box 150, P. O.

Wanted to exchange *Scribner's Monthly* a week old for *Harper's Monthly* same date.—C. E., 632 3d Avenue, South Brooklyn.

Handsome Gold watch and chain to exchange for good collection of foreign stamps—L. H. B., 148 York street, Jersey City.

Five well-bound books of music, part pieces, part dance music, and some loose pieces, good as new. Wanted offers in cash, or will exchange the lot for jet necklet, coral brooch, onyx beads, opal ring, good bracelet, handsome scent-bottle, or broad sky-blue corded ribbon sash If list required send stamp—1.

Three bound vols of curious cuttings from newspapers of last century. Wanted —A Colt's revolver in exchange.

How simple, and yet how suggestive! Note especially the second advertisement above.

Pat's Criticism.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THERE'S a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
Hung an elegant sign
Depicting a beautiful rill,
And a lake, where a sprite,
With apparent delight,
Was sporting in sweet dishabille.

Pat McCarty one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine,
When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying: "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"Ye've lift out o' that,
Which, be jabers, is quoite a mistake;
It's trim and it's nate,
But to make it complate
Ye shud have a foine burd on the lake."

"Ah! Indeed! pray then tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?"
Says Pat, "Of the same
I've forgotten the name,
But the song that he sings is 'quack!'
'quack!'"

One of the Rothschilds is quoted in the "Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton" as giving as a maxim which brought him great success: "I can do what another man can." He had another advantage, he said: "I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once." Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. "I have seen," said he, "many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?" By aid of these maxims he had acquired three millions of money (about fifteen millions of dollars).

"I hope," said ——, "that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that." Rothschild: "I am sure I should wish that. *I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy.* It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man," said he to Edward; "stick to your brewery,

A ROTHSCHILD.

and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the 'Gazette.' One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear, first, grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humor. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes; it is very amusing." *

"*The Young Roscius*" (William Henry West Betty), who died lately in England, very far from young, was born in 1791. He made his first appearance in 1803, when under twelve years of age, in the character of Osman. Soon after this he undertook the characters of Young Norval and Romeo. His success was "prodigious."

On Saturday, December 1st, 1804, young Betty made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theater. The crowd, according to Mr. Timbs, began to assemble at one o'clock, filling the piazza on one side of the house, and Bow street on the other. The utmost danger was apprehended, because those who had ascertained that it was quite impossible for them to *get in*, by the dreadful pressure behind them, could not get back. At length they themselves called for the soldiers who had been stationed outside; they soon cleared the fronts of the entrances, and then, posting themselves properly, lined the passages, permitting any one to return, but none to enter. Although no places were unlet in the boxes, gentlemen paid box prices, to have a chance of jumping over the boxes into the pit; and then others who could not find room for a leap of this sort, fought for standing places with those who had taken the boxes days or weeks before.

"The play was Dr. Brown's 'Barbarossa,' a good imitation of the 'Mérope' of Voltaire, in which Garrick had formerly acted Achmet or Selim, now given to Master Betty. An occasional address was intended, and Mr. Charles Kemble attempted to speak it, but in vain. The play proceeded through the first act, but in dumb show. At length Barbarossa ordered Achmet to be brought before him; attention held the audience mute; not even a whisper could be heard, till Selim appeared. By the thunder of applause which ensued he was not much moved; he bowed very respectfully, but with amazing self-possession, and in a few moments turned to his work with the intelligence of a veteran, and the youthful passion that alone could have accomplished a task so arduous. As a slave, he wore white pantaloons, a close and rather short russet jacket trimmed with sables, and a turban."

Mr. Timbs quotes from a critic, according to whom Master Betty was sometimes too rapid to be distinct, and at others too noisy for anything but rant, and found no peculiarities that denoted minute and happy study. The wonder was how any boy, who had just completed his *thirteenth year*, could catch passion, meaning, cadence, action, expression, and the discipline of the stage, in ten very different and arduous characters, so as to give the kind of pleasure in them that needed no indulgence, and which, from that very circumstance, heightened satisfaction into enthusiasm.

"In the meantime," writes Timbs, "all the favoritism, and more than the innocence of former patronesses was lavished upon him. He might have chosen among our titled dames the carriage he would honor with his person. He was presented to the King, and noticed by the rest of the Royal family and the nobility as a prodigy. Prose and poetry celebrated his praise. Even the University of Cambridge was so carried away by the tide of the moment as to make the subject of Sir William Brown's prize medal '*Quid noster Roscius eget?*' Opie painted him on the Grampian Hills, as the shepherd Norval; Northcote exhibited him in a Vandyke costume, retiring from the altar of Shakespeare, as having borne thence, not stolen, 'Jove's authentic fire.' Heath engraved the latter picture. 'Amidst all this adulation, all this desperate folly,' says Boaden, 'be it one consolation to his mature self, that he never lost the genuine modesty of his carriage, and that his temper, at least, was as steady as his dili-

* This anecdote and the anecdotes that follow are from "English Eccentrics and Eccentricities," by John Timbs,—an amusing illustrated volume, imported by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. The accompanying illustrations are re-drawn by our artists from those in the book.

gence.' Fortunately for young Betty, his friends took care of his large earnings for him, and made a provision for his future support. He soon retired

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS AS NORVAL.

from the stage, and then became a person of no particular note in the world, displaying no more genius or talent than the average of those about him. When he became a man, he appeared on the stage again, but *utterly failed*."

This is a story of the eccentric Lord Coleraine: "I also once heard Lord Coleraine, as I was passing the wall at the end of the Portland Road, where an old apple-woman, with whom his Lordship held frequent conversations, was packing up her fruit, ask her the following question: 'What are you about, mother?' 'Why, my Lord, I am going home to my tea; if your Lordship wants any information I shall come again presently.' 'Oh! don't balk trade. Leave your things on the table as they are; I will mind your shop till you come back;' so saying, he seated himself in the old woman's wooden chair, in which he had often sat before whilst chatting with her. Being determined to witness the result, after strolling about till the return of the old lady, I heard his Lordship declare the amount of his receipts by saying: 'Well, mother, I have taken threepence-halfpenny for you. Did your daughter Nancy drink tea with you?'"

Here we have the Rev. Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, at dinner.

Forty years ago, his Reverend Lordship lived in Paris, where you might have seen him drag himself along, leaning on his two big lacqueys, "with his sugar-loaf hat slouched down over his eyes." "An immense fortune," says a Parisian journal of 1826, "an immense fortune enables him to gratify the most extravagant caprices that ever passed through the head of a rich Englishman." Perhaps the pen of the journalist from whom we quote may have been not guiltless of such caricature as that which we are used to in the kindred graphic art, but the portrait is certainly striking and original. It was a peculiarity of this peculiar man to return the books which he borrowed; whether he also returned umbrellas, history does not inform us. But he did not merely return the borrowed volume, he sent it home in a carriage. "He gives orders" says the account, "that two of his most stately steeds be caparisoned under one of his chariots, and the volume, reclining at ease in *milord's* landau, arrives, attended by four footmen in costly livery, at the door of its astounded owner. His carriage is frequently to be seen filled with his dogs. He bestows great care on the feet of these dogs, and orders them boots, for which he pays as dearly as for his own. Lord Bridgewater's custom is an excellent one for the boot-maker; for, besides the four feet of each of his dogs, the supply of his own two feet must give constant employment to several operatives. He puts on a new pair of boots every day, carefully preserving those he has once worn, and ranging them in order; he commands that none shall touch them, but takes himself great pleasure in observing how much of the year has each day passed, by the state of his boots.

"Lord Egerton is a man of few acquaintances, and very few of his countrymen have got as far as his dining-hall. His table, however, is constantly set out with a dozen covers, and served by suitable attendants. Who, then, are his privileged guests? No less than a dozen of favorite dogs, who daily partake of *milord's* dinner, seated very gravely in arm-chairs, each with a napkin round his neck, and a servant behind to attend to his wants. These honorable quadrupeds, as if grateful for such delicate attentions, comport themselves during the time of repast with a decency and decorum which would

LORD COLERAINE TENDING AN APPLE-STAND.

do more than honor to a party of gentlemen; but if, by any chance, one of them should, without due consideration, obey the natural instinct of his appetite, and transgress any of the rules of good man-

ners, his punishment is at hand. The day following the offense the dog dines, and even dines well; but not at *milora's* table; banished to the antechamber, and dressed in livery, he eats in sorrow the bread of shame, and picks the bone of mortification, while his place at table remains vacant, till his repentance has merited a generous pardon!"

He died in February, 1829, and by his will bequeathed eight thousand pounds for the writing, printing, and publishing of the well-known "Bridgewater Treatises."

The following is the will of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, who died, April 2d, 1776, at her house in Boyle street, Burlington Gardens:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Margaret Thompson, being of sound mind, etc., do desire that when my soul is departed from this wicked world, my body and effects may be disposed of in the manner following: I desire that all my handkerchiefs that I may have unwashed at the time of my decease, after they have been got together by my old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, be put by her, and by her alone, at the bottom of my coffin, which I desire may be made large enough for that purpose, together with such a quantity of the best Scotch snuff (in which she knoweth I always had the greatest delight) as will cover my deceased body; and this I desire the more especially as it is usual to put flowers into the coffins of departed friends, and nothing can be so fragrant and refreshing to me as that precious powder. But I strictly charge that no man be suffered to approach my body till the coffin is closed, and it is necessary to carry me to my burial, which I order in the manner following:

"Six men to be my bearers, who are known to be the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster; instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff-colored beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for that purpose, and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance, viz., etc., to bear my pall, each to bear a proper hood, and to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff to take for their refreshment as they go along. Before my corpse, I desire the minister may be invited to walk and take a certain quantity of the said snuff, not exceeding one pound, to whom also I bequeath five guineas on condition of his so doing. And I also desire my old and faithful servant, Sarah Stuart, to walk before the corpse, to distribute every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the crowd who may possibly follow me to the burial-place; on which condition I bequeath her twenty pounds. And I also desire that at least two bushels of the said snuff may be distributed at the door of my house in Boyle street."

Then come her legacies. Over and above every legacy she desires may be given one pound of good Scotch snuff, which she calls the grand cordial of nature.

The following stories are in place here: Dr. Fidge, a physician of the old school, who in early days had accompanied the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) when a midshipman as medical attendant, possessed a favorite boat; upon his retirement from Portsmouth Dockyard, where he held an appointment, he had this boat converted into a coffin, with the sternpiece fixed at its head. This coffin he kept under his bed for many years. In his last moments he was asked how he felt: "I feel as easy as an old shoe," and looking toward the nurse in attendance, said: "Just pull my legs straight, and place me as a dead man; it will save you trouble shortly," words which he had scarcely uttered before he calmly died.

THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER AT DINNER.

Edward Nokes, of Hornchurch, by his own direction, was buried in this curious fashion: A short time before his death, which he hastened by the daily indulgence in nearly a quart of spirits, he gave strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually adhered to, the lid being made fast with hinges of cord, and minus a coffin-plate, for which the initials E. N. cut upon the wood were substituted. His shroud was made of a pound of wool. The coffin was covered with a sheet in place of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he directed should be given half-a-crown. At his particular desire, too, not one who followed him to the grave was in mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners appeared to try whose dress should be the most striking.

Job Orton, of the Bell Inn, Kidderminster, had his tombstone, with an epitaphic couplet, erected in the parish churchyard; and his coffin was used by him for a wine-bin until required for another purpose.